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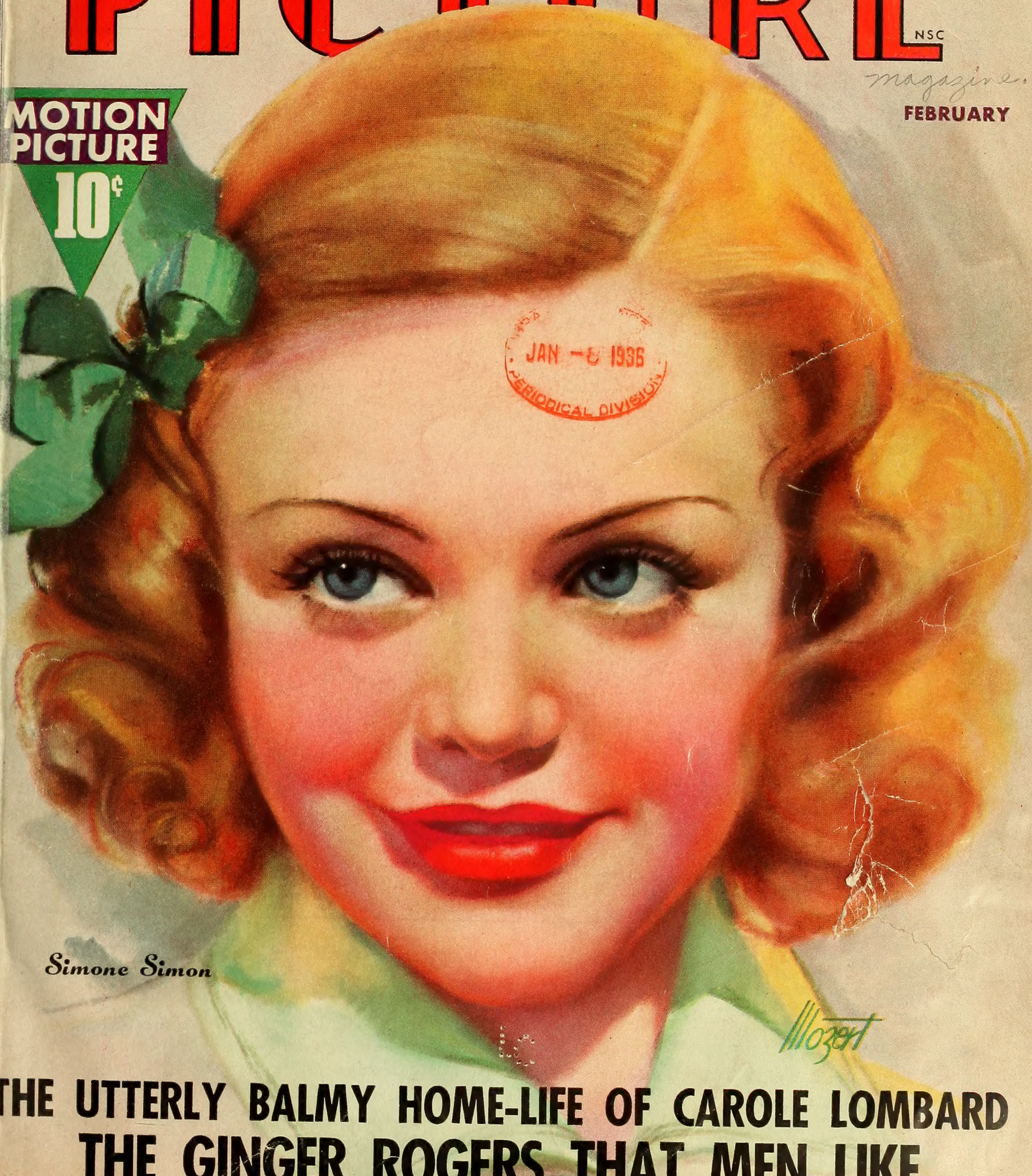
MOTION PICTURE

NSC

magazine

FEBRUARY

MOTION PICTURE
10¢



Simone Simon

JAN -6 1936
PERIODICAL DIVISION

THE UTTERLY BALMY HOME-LIFE OF CAROLE LOMBARD

THE GINGER ROGERS THAT MEN LIKE

PN1993
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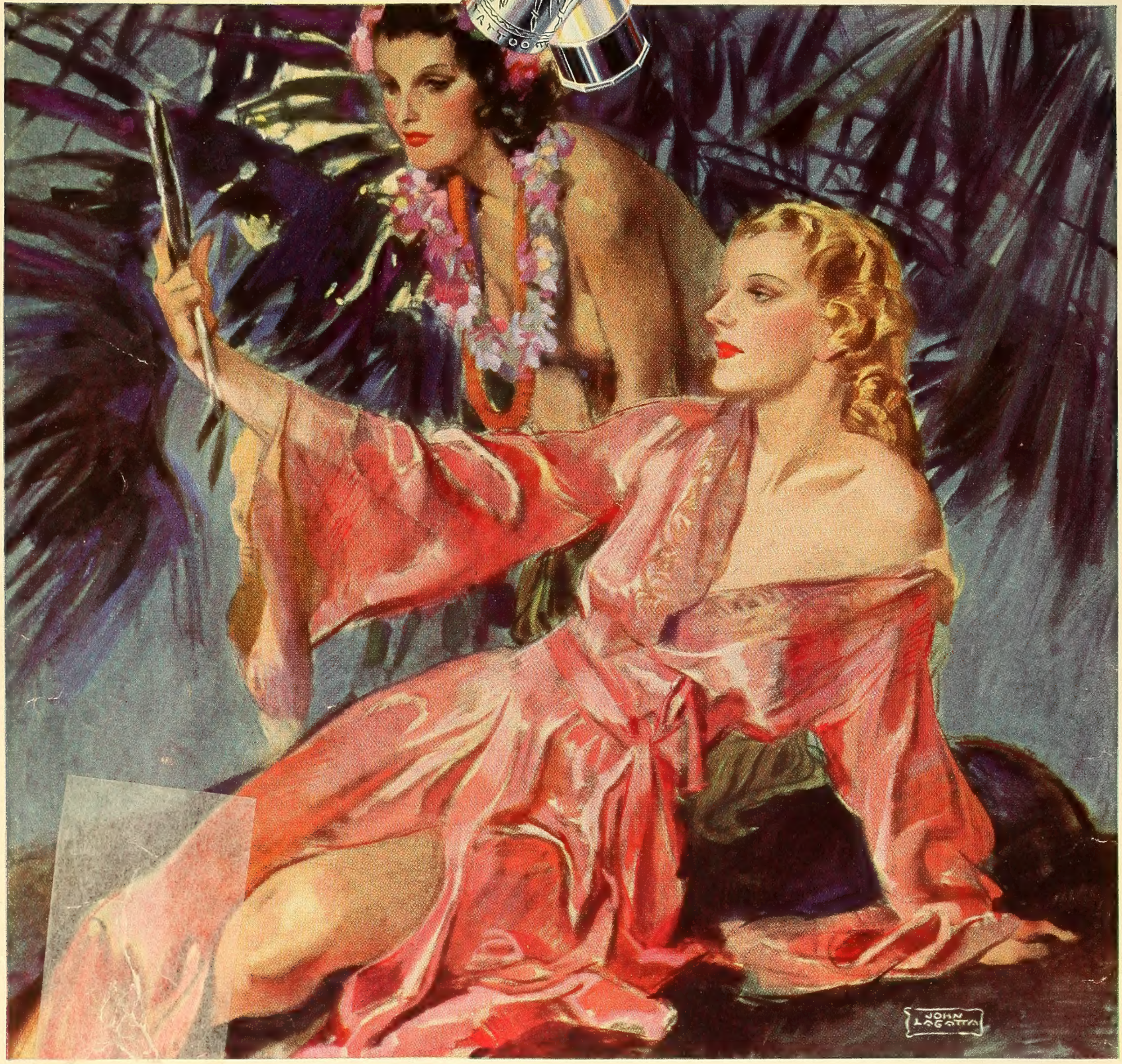
Do as the South Seas
enchantress does . . .

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



The New TATTOO gives them exciting South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible . . yet keeps lips moist, shimmering, smooth . . actually softens them!

* * *

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip color; lasting, loyal *stain* for lips instead of temporary, "pasty," fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too. • We offer it to you as the *New* TATTOO . . . an entirely new kind of indelible lipstick . . . the *only* lipstick that can give your lips the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea color . . . the *only* lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path o'er an iridescent tropical sea . . . at the same time keeping your lips youthfully smooth, wrinkle-free . . . caressingly soft. TATTOO your lips . . . with the *New* TATTOO! One dollar everywhere.

FIVE SHADES . . CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

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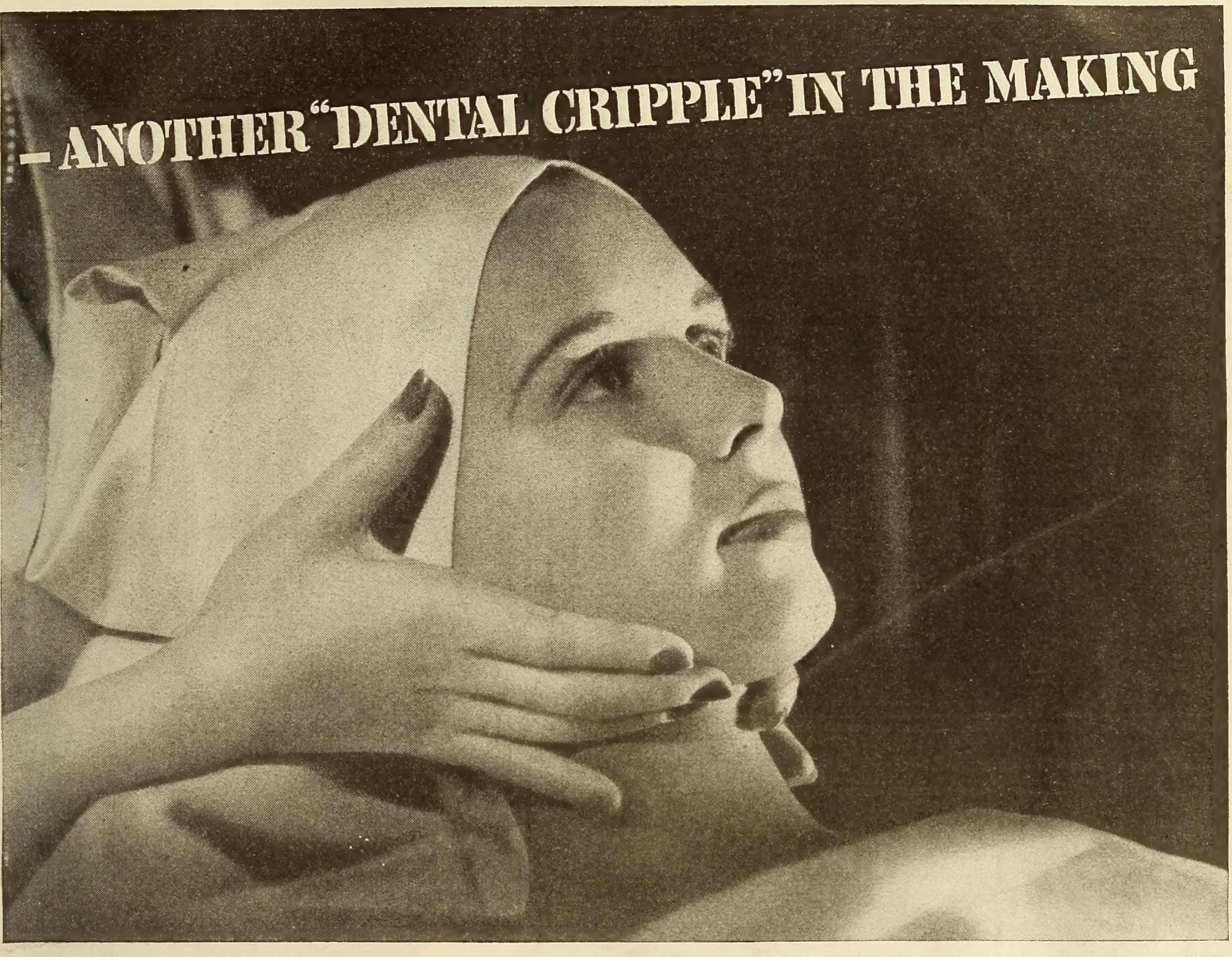
Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums


—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

74

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

SHE'LL sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a disappointing smile—a smile that is *dull, dingy* and *unsightly*—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile *still* could be attractive —with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the *meaning* of that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*go to your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let him decide.* More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft foods that rob our gums of necessary work. And usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life and firmness as circulation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how *brilliant, sparkling.* Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS
NEW YORK

IPANA
Tooth Paste

DcN 15-III-38

The fragrance of her camelias intoxicated his senses . . .

"Crush me in your arms until the breath is gone from my body!"

She had known many kinds of love, but *his* kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before . . . The glamorous Garbo — handsome Robert Taylor — together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta GARBO LOVES Robert TAYLOR

IN

CAMILLE

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
ELIZABETH ALLAN • JESSIE RALPH
HENRY DANIELL • LENORE ULRIC
LAURA HOPE CREWS

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture, based on play and novel "La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camelias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor

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JEANETTE'S ADVICE TO GIRLS IN LOVE

Who could be a better choice than Jeanette MacDonald for giving advice to girls in love? In love herself with Gene Raymond, Jeanette's well qualified to talk about heart problems. This advice from the star of *Maytime* will be only one of the many fine features of March MOTION PICTURE. As usual, it will be chock-full of interesting stories of the top-notch stars, beautiful art, and the last word in news and gossip of Hollywood. Order the March issue of MOTION PICTURE from your local newsdealer now.

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MOTION PICTURE

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Editor

FEBRUARY, 1937

Volume LIII, No. 1 **Twenty-sixth Year**

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AL ALLARD—Art Director

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

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Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

BY HARRY LANG

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

WELL (hmph!!) I guess La Sullavan showed 'em, didn't she? . . . I mean, she showed ex-hubbies Henry Fonda (commonly known as Hank) and Willie Wyler that they weren't the only pebbles on her beach. And I guess she showed Katie Hepburn, too, eh? I mean, up and marrying Leland Hayward, the way she did, stunning Hollywood no end . . . ! ! !

You see, the reason Hollywood got such a kick-in-the-you-know out of the Margaret Sullavan-Leland Hayward marriage was manifold. In the first place, Hollywood has been still giggling up its sleeve about how Sullavan had been playing around with her divorced ones—first with Fonda, and then with Wyler, dangling the two of them pretty well. And then the giggle became a cackle when Hank up and married the socialite Mrs. Brokaw in New York, wearing a high hat and all (Henry I mean, not Mrs. B!). And the cackle grew when Wyler, apparently tiring of the Sullavan runaround, began stepping out with other Hollywood beauty-cuties.

"That's showing Sullavan!" grinned Hollywood. And at the same time, although Hollywood was well aware that Sullavan and Leland Hayward *knew* each other—in fact, Hayward was collecting ten percent of her pay checks as her business agent—nobody suspected that the alliance was anything but, ahem, platonically business.

AND to top it all off, Hayward was considered strictly reserved for Katie Hepburn. In fact, more than one Hollywood now-it-all has believed that Hayward and Hepburn were secretly married. And so—when came the wires from New York announcing that Sullavan and Hayward had dashed up to Newport, R. I., between plays (Margaret is on Broadway in *Stage Door,* y'know) and gotten themselves mr-and-mrs-ed, Hollywood gave up a gasp. But definitely!

It wasn't one of those helter-skelter yuma-ish weddings, either. As a matter of fact, Bride Sullavan was accompanied to the church by her brother and her parents, who all looked on while the Reverend Mr. Knickrehm said the words that for the third time in her young life made Margaret a wife. Margaret told the license man she's 28; Hayward's 34.

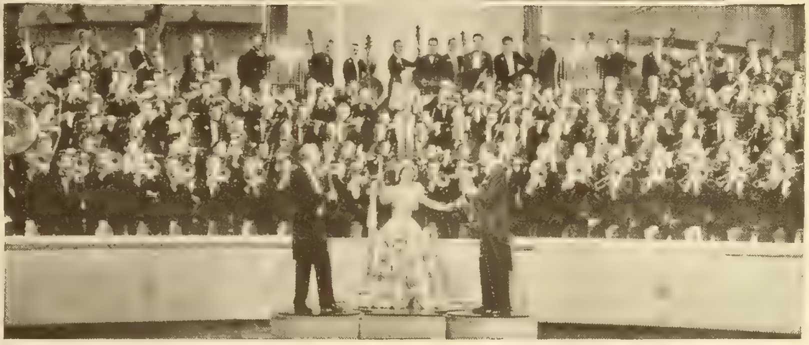
Hayward, too, has been married before—but NOT to Hepburn, despite rumors! In 1921, he startled society by eloping with Inez Gibbs of the Texas 400. He was one of Princeton's undergrads at the time, fur coat and all. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward aren't going to honeymoon, they say. Mrs. Newlywed has to work on the stage, you see. Funniest angle of the wedding was the wire sent the bridegroom by a Hollywood executive, who

[*Continued on page* 8]

Although several "scoop hounds" have taken credit for "letting the cat out of the bag"—declaring that Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard were married (the latest being their friend, Randolph Churchill of England) yet Charlie and Paulette keep mum

Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)



The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"

S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys

Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number

Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world . . Veloz and Yolanda

Gladys Swarthout
and Fred MacMurray
"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"
A Paramount Picture with
Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda
Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

Wide World

There was a flair-up on the Coast between Errol Flynn and his wife, Lili Damita. The tipper-offers came right out and said that the Flynns were separated for good. But Errol and Lili kissed and made up, and are now enjoying a belated honeymoon in Europe

[*Continued from page* 6]

knew Hayward had been Sullavan's ten-percent agent recently. Said the wire: "Congratulation on getting the other ninety percent!"

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gregory La Cava and Doris Nolan—
There's a warm twosome; I mean, no folan' . . . !

• • •

PROBABLY you're just bored to death, by now, with Mr. and Mrs. John Calibanariel Barrymore, eh? But do you mind if I add just one last memo to you, about that quaint marriage of theirs?—it's this: John was supposed to work in a picture at MGM, on the day after the flyaway wedding. But MGM told him to take the day off and rest, instead; they thought he'd need it.

Following day, when John showed up for the day's takes, the whole crew on the picture burst into a rousing cheer. John grinned and bowed. "I'm glad," he remarked, "that I'm married again." His most horrible moment came when a news photographer dropped a flashlight bulb, which exploded with a bang. "OW!" screamed Barrymore, still nervous; "I thought for a moment, it was Dolores. . . ."

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
John Downs and Eleanore Whitney
Still aren't cooling—not a bitney!!

• • •

APPARENTLY, as half of a married couple, Lola Lane isn't any more successful than Lew Ayres, who was her first husband. Lola has just filed suit for divorce again—this time from Director Alexander Hall, whom she married early in 1934, after her divorce from Ayres, who subesquently married Ginger Rogers, who later separated from him—my, this goes on and on and on, doesn't it . . . ?

• • •

CUTEST Love-Item of the month, from Hollywood, is the letter little Freddie Bartholomew got. Freddie's going to be a *bobtaylor* when he grows up, if the attitude of Marian Althouse of Chicago is any index. Wrote Marian to Freddie: "—I am 11 years old, with curly brown hair and white teeth. I love you dearly. I would like to marry you some day, as soon as I am old enough. Yours lovingly, Marian Althouse." Freddie, at latest reports, hasn't quite made up his mind, yet.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino—
They think it's a secret, but (WHOOP!) *We know.*

• • •

MY, my, my, but hasn't Harpo Marx been pulling the wool over our eyes . . . ! Here he's been, in all his screen appearances, furiously chasing blondes around the screen. Why, you couldn't let a blonde get within camera-shot of him, but he'd start chasing her. And then what does he do?—why, he ups and *marries a brunette!!!!!* Susan Fleming, who used to be of the Follies, and whose hair is dark as a playboy's intentions, is the bride, and Harpo just told Hollywood that he and she have been mr-and-mrs ever since last September. "We hoped to keep it a secret," he re-Marxed, "until after the divorce . . . !"

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Binnie Barnes and Don Alvarado—
They're gonna wed (or *I'm* a tomato ! !)

• • •

ONCE again the are-they-or-ain't-they? puzzle about Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard excites Hollywood. Although, for the life of me, I can't see why Hollywood still gets excited over whether or not she is Mrs. C. . . . ! Recent dither was caused by the talking-out-of-turn of Randolph Churchill, son of Great Britain's noted political leader, now in Hollywood on a visit. After visiting with Charlie and Paulette, Randy said: "While I'm not at liberty to quote Mr. Chaplin *directly*—ahem!—I *can definitely* say that they *are* married." He added they've been married for more than a year, and both "have very definite reasons for maintaining secrecy." To all of which Chaplin and Paulette said nothing—but they've been snubbing the outspoken young Churchill ever since.

• • •

AMONG the will-they-or-won't-they? matters that are beginning to get boresome are: Will Lily Pons marry Andre Kostelanetz?

Will Virginia Cherrill marry the Earl of Jersey?

As for the first: Lily and "Kosty," as she calls her orchestra-leader-musical-advisor, have been shuttlecocking marriage talk for months. At first Hollywood was intrigued; now it's disinterested. Even a report that Lily and Kosty actually are already married failed to excite the film capital. And now that they have, flying east,

[*Continued on page* 10]

Wide World

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, who have been "denyin' it" for a year or two or three, have announced their engagement

There she sat . . .
TENSE...SILENT...WATCHING!

The most vividly emotional role in the entire career of this great dramatic star you love! . . . Not even in "The Dark Angel" nor in "These Three" did she approach the excitement and power of this never-to-be-forgotten role . . .

✦

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

MERLE OBERON
BRIAN AHERNE

in

Beloved Enemy

with

HENRY STEPHENSON · JEROME COWAN
DAVID NIVEN · KAREN MORLEY

Directed by H. C. POTTER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

DO THIS FOR YOUTHFUL LIPS

Use Tangee every day—see it change to the one shade most becoming to you... from orange in the stick to natural blush-rose. *Only* Tangee has this Color Change Principle. Tangee *isn't paint*—can't give you a "painted look". Paris says, "*Look natural*". Use Tangee. On your cheeks, use Tangee Rouge, with same Color Change Principle for natural youthful color.

Just Before Bed, use Tangee—feel it smooth and soften your lips. No more faded "morning look"... Do not confuse Tangee Natural—whose special cream base *soothes* lips—with cosmetics you must remove at night. Try Tangee. Two sizes: 39¢, $1.10. Or send coupon for 24-Hour Miracle Make-up Set.

● BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

Painted
Tangee

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________ F27

Louise K. Karchmer of Chicago wins $50, and a screen test. 23 years old, 5 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 109 lbs.

This Month's Winners of Search for Talent Contest

The Grand Prize Winner May Be You!

By John Sutter

Motion Picture *Magazine* is more than happy to present this month's winners in the Search for Talent Contest co-sponsored by this magazine and Hold-Bob Bob Pins which came to a close December 31st, 1936.

The $50.00 cash prize and a screen test was won by Miss Louise K. Karchmer of 70 E. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

The runners-up this month are Miss Marjorie Green, 18 Chestnut Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Jeri Jenkins, 4925 Troost, Kansas City, Mo.

Motion Picture Magazine will announce additional winners in the March and April issues and then begins the task of selecting the grand prize winner—the girl who will sign her name to a bona fide movie contract with the Walter Wanger Productions. Here's hoping the judges select YOU!

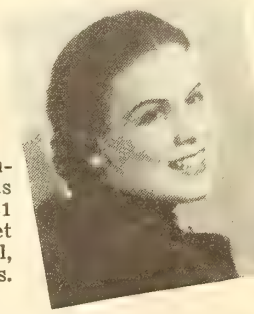
A line or two about the lucky winners this month:

Louise K. Karchmer is 23 years old, 5 ft. 1½ inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Her eyes are dark brown, she has a medium dark complexion and her hair is dark brown. She states that she is a former teacher of ballroom dancing and has appeared as vocalist with several orchestras and has also appeared in several amateur plays as well as with the Tulsa Little Theatre Group. She has been in Chicago six months, coming from Tulsa, Okla., and says that while in high school she won the amateur singles tennis championship of that city.

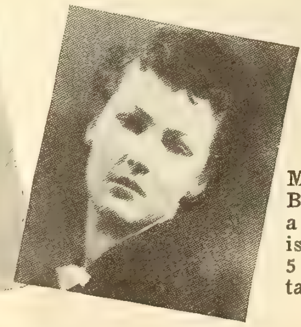
Jeri Jenkins is a drapery clerk and model. Her age is 21 and she is 5 feet 5½ inches tall. She weighs 123 pounds. Her hair is auburn, her eyes brown and her complexion olive. She states that she does tap and ballroom styles of dancing. She has taken part in amateur theatricals in school and also with the Resident Theatre Group.

Marjorie Green is 18 years old, 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Her hair is dark brown, her eyes blue and her complexion fair. She does ballroom dancing and has a soprano voice. She has appeared in high school theatricals.

Following is the "WINNER" list up-to-date: [*Continued on page* 102]



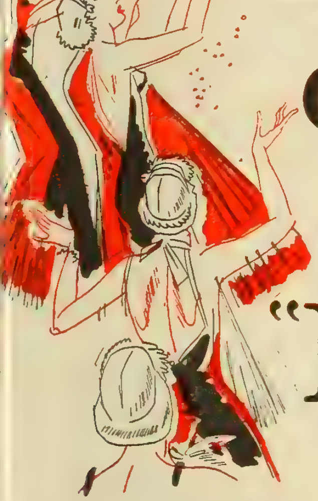
Jeri Jenkins, runner-up of Kansas City, Mo., is 21 years old, 5 feet 5½ inches tall, weighs 123 lbs.



Marjorie Green of Buffalo, N.Y., is a runner-up. She is 18 years old, 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 115 lbs.

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE

$2,000,000 *is the rumored sum Columbia spent to film the fanciful magnificence of this world-famous book. This gorgeous reproduction of the lamasery of Shangri-La (above) seems to confirm this estimate.*



Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

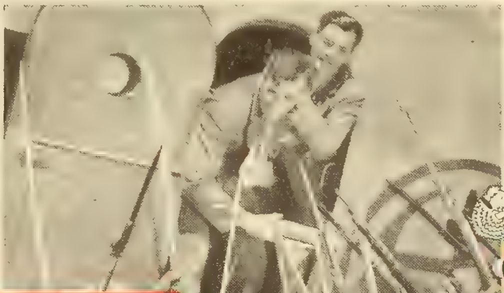
By RUSSELL PATTERSON

THAT man Capra has done it again! And when I say "again" I don't mean that his new Columbia picture is just as good as "Mr Deeds", "It Happened One Night", etc. I mean it's better! "Lost Horizon" is so magnificent artistically and so gripping dramatically that it stands practically alone on my private and unofficial recommended list for the month. I know you've heard about this famous James Hilton best-seller and its unique story of a secret romantic paradise on the roof of the world. So I don't have to tell you what a stupendous job it was to reproduce this fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the screen, and to portray the amazing romance that takes place within its walls But Columbia, Capra and Colman have done it—done it so superbly that for my money "Lost Horizon" is going to be one of those talked-about pictures that everybody just *has* to see. The star rôle is the best thing I've seen Ronald Colman do, and the supporting efforts of Edward Everett Horton, Margo, H. B Warner, Jane Wyatt and thousands of others, plus Robert Riskin's exciting adaptation, all go to make "Lost Horizon" a big picture in every sense of the word. I'm telling you—don't miss it!

PRISONER *in a barbaric paradise, Conway is torn between the bonds of civilization and love of his fascinating captor.*

FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT "LOST HORIZON"

- It was two years in the making
- The cast numbers 1150
- Two complete towns were erected for the production
- One set alone took 150 men two months to build
- Book translated in 14 languages



DEATH *waits outside the mystery plane grounded in a secret corner of the earth from which no man has ever escaped.*

KIDNAPING *an unknown lover (Ronald Colman) from the other side of the earth, Sondra (Jane Wyatt) imprisons him in her fabulous Oriental "hide-out" on the roof of the world.*

[ADVERTISEMENT]

FOR *Girls* WHO WANT A SMART, MODERN HAIRDRESS!

Lovely Miss Madelyn Jones of Salley, So. Carolina was the September winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. *She receives a free screen test, $50.00 in cash and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio.*

HOLD-BOBS have won for themselves *highest favor* among thousands of lovely girls who realize how important a beautifully-arranged coiffure is to their personality and appearance. HOLD-BOBS are not only the favorites of Hollywood—they're "tops" among bob pins, everywhere!

As attractive, young women discover what HOLD-BOBS will do to improve their appearance, they are insisting upon HOLD-BOBS, the only bob pin with the patented, exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair . . . Use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll use them always.

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Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-27, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD-BOB

SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS

Curved Shape Style

★Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .

HOLD·BOB

The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

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DIRECTOR
MEN behind the STARS

MERVYN LEROY

Director of *Three Men on a Horse*

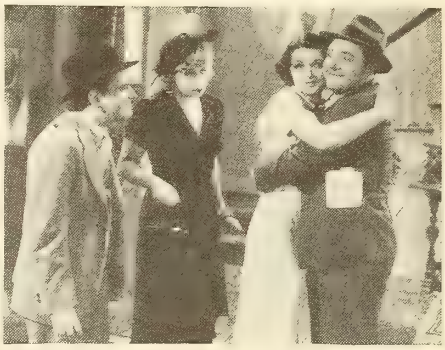
AT NO TIME in history has an harassed and weary World called so loudly for Leaders. And Hollywood, being, after all, a part of the World, now more than ever, does "Stop, Look and Listen" for inspired Youth to sieze the torch from the faltering hands of aging Pioneers. With this scene set, enter . . . Mervyn LeRoy!

They say "youth must be served." But first, youth must serve. Both truths apply to the bold, brilliant young man, who, at thirty-six, is writing "Finis" to one career of achievement to attain greater accomplishment in broader, greener fields. The last chapter of Volume I closes with *Three Men on a Horse.* The initial paragraphs of Volume II will be devoted to *The King and the Chorus Girl.*

The former film is "directed by Mervyn LeRoy." The latter is a "Mervyn LeRoy Production." Therein lies the difference. LeRoy's great departure is in his transition from director to producer. Ranking with Lubitsch, Capra, and the other two-time winners of "Best Ten Picture" critic polls, LeRoy leaves distinguished ranks to assume leadership.

The variety of past contributions to the screen marks him with unequalled versatility of genius. He has coupled such hard-hitting drama as *Little Caesar* with the frivolities of a *Gold Diggers* extravaganza. A prize for public service should have signalized *Caesar,* for it awoke society and broke gangsterism. And the *Gold Diggers* series remains among the greatest of money-making productions.

Some men have "head," others "heart." LeRoy possesses both. The simple humanity of a *Tugboat Annie* is as much within his realm as the headlong complications of an *Anthony Adverse.* The grimness of an *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain-Gang* was limned by the same skilled hand that portrayed the gaiety of *Happiness Ahead.* Such diverse canvases as *Five Star Final* and *Page Miss Glory* demonstrate the scope of the LeRoy talents.



Mervyn LeRoy has proven himself a directorial genius with his job on *Three Men on a Horse.* The cinema is even more hilarious than the play

With his announcement that he would turn producer, mental reference to his record brought offers from every Grade A studio in Hollywood—and London. Because their proposition suited him best, he arranged a Warner Brothers release for Mervyn LeRoy Productions. And *not* because he happens to be happily wed to the clever and charming Doris Warner. In business Harry Warner was the head of a corporation, not the grandfather of his child. He separates "heart" from "head" in more ways than one.

Since leaving the newsboy haunts of San Francisco for the vaudeville stage, the producer has served the motion picture industry in all its varied phases from lowliest to top. Many remember him in early days, and although he has eclipsed them all, none resent his success. In a community jaundiced by jealousies, he is universally respected, admired and beloved. Wealthy, he retains the simplicity, the democracy, the geniality that have distinguished his rise. His door, his purse and his heart are always open.

THOUGH a director and a producer, LeRoy credits neither of these functionaries with primary importance in the making of a motion picture. Nor is he inclined to load a star with laurels. What counts most, he says, is story. A poor tale cannot be made into a good picture by the best of stars, directors or producers. LeRoy agrees with the Warner Brothers' author, Will Shakespeare, that the play is the thing.

Not a star worshipper, he has discovered and developed his share of cinema celebrities. Latest of these is Fernand Gravet, Continental idol, who, sought by many, succumbed to the LeRoy lure simply in admiration of his screen achievements and for the pleasure of sharing his accomplishment in Mervyn LeRoy Productions. He is the producer's first "very own" star, and will make an American debut in *The King and the Chorus Girl.*

Thoroughly prepared for his new career, LeRoy already has acquired several carefully chosen stories, and in Margaret Irving, portrayer of the blonde honky-tonker in *San Francisco,* at least one definite picture personality. As necessary and advisable other troupers will be placed under LeRoy contract as well as writers and directors. LeRoy Marches On!

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Simplicity vs. Glamour

Olivia de Havilland reveals beauty secrets . . . and other beauty tips

By DENISE CAINE

BEAUTY ADVICE

Your beauty problems may seem most puzzling to you, but quite simple to MISS CAINE, our beauty expert. Why don't you write to her today? You may ask her for advice on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. This service is free, of course. All that is necessary is a stamped, self-addressed envelope for MISS CAINE'S personal reply to your letter. Simply write to DENISE CAINE, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

To Olivia de Havilland a soft and fluffy hairstyle is more becoming than elaborate ringlets

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is a challenge to girls who think that a studied expression of boredom is becoming . . . The animated sparkle in Olivia's eyes and the flash of her ready smile make features that would otherwise be merely pretty, radiantly beautiful and alive.

Nowadays, high-school girls and debuntantes spend a great deal of time grooming their faces and hair smartly, and then spoil the whole effect by assuming a dead-pan look that is meant, I suppose, to denote world weariness . . . It's about as much fun to talk to this type of girl as it is to converse with a well-preserved mummy.

Of course, I'm not upholding a false animation . . . I mean the kind that is sincere, that emanates from health and humor and a genuine interest in people and things. I've interviewed some screen stars who were vivacious enough so long as *they* were the topic of conversation, but as soon as the talk veered away to other things, they lapsed into a coma.

Not so with Olivia who hails from a small town near San Francisco. She was just as wholeheartedly interested in talking about other people and situations, in *listening* with a sympathetic air, as when telling me about her rôle in the Warner Brothers' picture, *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Important as external beauty is, it always has been and always will be secondary to beauty of mind and heart. Eyelashes touched with mascara are lovelier when the eyes they fringe are warm and vital; lipstick enhances only lips that know how to smile . . .

That concludes our sermon for today. We won't sing a hymn now, but swing into a more familiar kind of beauty chat. (Just you remember those exhortations, though.)

Being a mere 5′4″ (in two-and-one-half inch heels), I have always bitterly envied tall girls, and have cursed my ancestors every time I've had to have a size ten dress shortened . . . But I feel much better about being a "half-pint" now that I've seen so many glamorous movie stars who are little taller than myself. So, take heart, reader, if you were born to be dubbed "a cute little thing," and remember that the movie producers know what they're doing when they choose actresses who look fragile and feminine leaning against the magnificent chests of movie heroes!

Just keep your measurements down to a scale that would spell emaciation for a taller girl, and you'll be all right. And don't forget to hold your head as high as if you were a Follies girl weaving along under a pagoda headdress. Although Olivia is definitely built on small lines, you'd never realize it, seeing her in, say, the ballroom scene in *Anthony Adverse.* Didn't she look queenly? And it wasn't the slim lines of the Empire dress or the high wig that did it . . . It was her perfect posture and poise!

BECAUSE the costume pictures she's been in lately demand elaborate wigs, Olivia has her hair shampooed only once a week, even as you and I. But each shampoo is a rite, consisting of a thorough brushing and massage, and a combination shampoo-oil treatment. "My hair is so fine and soft," Olivia said, "that it breaks off at the touch of an iron. I always have a Duart permanent wave, which keeps my hair fluffy and well-conditioned; recently, though, when I was in a hurry, I let them curl my ends with a hot iron—and I've regretted it ever since." (Olivia's experience should be a warning to you not to abuse your permanent wave, no matter how rushed you are!)

Olivia loves to have her hair brushed. "It actually *hypnotizes* me," she smiled. "When I'm taking little rest cures in bed, mother always brushes my hair for me. She knows it's the best way in the world to keep me from being restless and getting ink or cracker crumbs all over the bed!" This star's simple hairstyle, with a side part, off-the-face sweep and softly curled ends, bears out her conviction that no one should wear a coiffure for the coiffure's sake.

"A woman's hairstyle, it seems to me, should be subordinated to the beauty and grooming of the hair and face. I think a soft, fluffy effect is more flattering to more women than any of those tightly curled and elaborate coiffures . . . You can't see the hair for the hairstyle!" she paraphrased. We had a discussion about hair colors that resulted in our agreeing that "mouse colored" is a misnomer when applied to that

[*Continued on page* 88]

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SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
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Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately—freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flowing saliva—yet does so with the *safest action ever known in tooth pastes.*

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental ingredient—removes film without scouring or scraping. It *lifts* the clinging plaque off teeth and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel surfaces *spotlessly clean*—then polishes them to a brilliant luster you never even *saw* before!

It's an *amazing* advance in tooth beauty and safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with alluring brilliance that everyone *notices.* Buy a tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin *now* to use this new method that brings flashing luster to your teeth with *absolute safety.*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent contains NO GRIT NO PUMICE. *—Utterly Safe!*

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PRIZE LETTERS

How Readers Rate Them!

CANADA SPEAKS

$15 Prize Letter

RECENTLY I attended a movie that was hailed as a Super, a Spectacle, a Glamorous this-and-that. Well, it was the poorest thing I ever attended. I know the Big Brains didn't think that that picture was the greatest entertainment ever produced. But, like any article of poor quality, it took pressure and ballyhoo to sell it. The quality article sells itself. Producers don't need to be afraid that people won't go to their movies. It isn't necessary for them to sit up nights scheming up new snares and phrases to lure us to the theatres. Hollywood has not grown up with its business.

If Hollywood wants to do something new let it advertise one picture in a few truthful and intelligent words. Every sane-minded person in the country would storm the box-office out of sheer gratitude for being given something sane, like their lives. Hollywood needs common-sense, a fresh philosophy, a new sanity, and a good spanked bottom!—*Eugene A. Huguet, 41½ Inkster Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.*

APPLAUSE FOR SUPPORTING CASTS

$10 Prize Letter

Jane Darwell

TOO OFTEN we credit the star with the success or failure of a picture. We forget, or ignore, the consistently splendid performances of supporting casts.

Supplementing Loretta Young's and Don Ameche's beautiful portrayals in *Ramona*, was Jane Darwell's brilliant contribution. In the scene where she walked with *Ramona* from *Alessandro's* burial, she gave such a poignant, sympathetic interpretation, it gripped one by the throat. It was superb. Lionel Stander furnished much mirth in *If You Could Only Cook* and Eugene Pallette was a fine bit of bewildered fatherhood in *My Man Godfrey*.

This is a tribute to all such players. Henry O'Neill, Robert Barrat, Henrietta Crosman, Alan Mowbray, Reginald Owen, Helen Broderick, Herman Bing, Alison Skipworth, Henry Armetta, and of course, Patsy Kelly. Out of grateful thanks for their skillful and artistic achievements, let's give them a hand. They deserve it!—*Marcia Miller, 631 Highland Ave., San Bernardino, Calif.*

GONE WITH THE WIND

$5 Prize Letter

I WONDER if movie fans realize what a tremendous task producers face of putting 100,000 words in 100 minutes.

The most crucial test of all will come in condensing Margaret Mitchell's colossal *Gone With the Wind*, and the most difficult task of all will be in selecting the star to portray *Scarlett O'Hara*, a sure-enough character, living and suffering and half understanding. She cannot be played as Katharine Hepburn or Miriam Hopkins. She *must* be played as *Scarlett O'Hara*.

Warner Baxter

I tremblingly nominate Gladys George, but even then I'd pray hard. And it will require delicate handling to procure the male lead for *Captain Rhett Butler*, who must be a mixture of the cynic and the sage, for what he says and what he knows, is the theme of the book. If the screen makes him caper, smirk or swagger, it will be tragic for Margaret Mitchell's story. I wonder how many MOTION PICTURE fans agree with me that Warner Baxter would be the logical *Rhett Butler?—Doris S. Miller, 620 No. Graham St., Charlotte, N. C.*

TAKE A BOW, MR. BARRYMORE

$1 Prize Letter

HATS OFF to Lionel Barrymore for his superb portrayal of *Andrew Jackson* ("Old Hickory") in *Gorgeous Hussy*.

Frankly, it is seldom that I attain much satisfaction from seeing a famous actor play the part of a prominent figure of history. There's a reason. Take *The Great Ziegfeld*, for example. William Powell acted the part excellently. But, not once could I forget that I was looking at Powell and not Ziegfeld. Powell still seemed like Powell to me.

Lionel Barrymore

I like to concentrate upon the character portrayed, rather than the actor. Barrymore looked and acted so much like *President Jackson* that, for the duration of the picture, I forgot that such a person as Lionel Barrymore existed.—*Inez Argoe Furtick, Pelion, S. C.*

STAY WITH US, NORMA

$1 Prize Letter

I'LL ALWAYS think of Norma Shearer as *Juliet* after seeing her performance in *Romeo and Juliet*. Mere words cannot express how she endeared herself to the people of this day and age by that one performance.

Norma Shearer

Then, to know the tragedy that entered her life so soon after the release of that grand picture! She may be sure that her public—and it numbers millions—grieve for her. But, surely she will not retire from the screen! Irving Thalberg was an artist and proud of Norma and her work, and we beg of her to continue it for awhile, at least. If she wishes, to do other heavier and more worth-while plays, but to continue for her sake as well as ours. I believe she will find in her work that which she seeks . . . Hearts-ease!—*Mrs. Jack DeMerritt, 220 Carson St., San Antonio, Texas.*

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IF YOU DO NOT *Reduce* **AT LEAST**
3 INCHES *in* **10 DAYS**
. . . it will cost you nothing!

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● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet". —Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Ave., New York

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"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I have reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and lost 60 pounds! I can't thank Perfolastic enough."
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. And I reduced 26 pounds."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic".
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.

Notary Public

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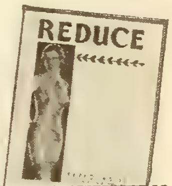

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"I found an easy, grand way to get back those precious pounds"

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Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat...and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

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At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

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			51									

ACROSS

1 Garbo's latest film
7 Her first name is Pauline
8 Whose ex-wife is Barbara Stanwyck?
10 Singing cowboy
12 Whose Swede dialect is always good for a laugh?
14 MR. DEEDS GOES TO—
15 He has lead in WINTERSET
18 —GIVE MY LIFE
19 THE COUNTY CHAIRMAN was based on story by this American humorist
20 She plays opposite Ralph Bellamy in WILD BRIAN KENT
21 Initials of one cast opposite Preston Foster in THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS.
22 She was LIBELED LADY
24 Short for one who was THE MAGNIFICENT BRUTE
27 Rosalind's initials
28 —AMERICAN CHUMP
29 Animal such as Mickey Mouse's friend, Pluto
30 Mr. Horton's initials
32 Is Harpo Marx married?
34 Remember—and Bud?
35 Nelson Eddy's native state (abbr.).
36 One of Moore brothers seen in REUNION
38 Stage star once married to late John Gilbert
40 ADVENTURE—MANHATTAN
41 Places where movie fans may see stars
43 Scandinavian such as Jean Hersholt
45 —MISERABLES
46 What vamps sometimes do in flirtatious scenes
47 —OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED
50 PERCY MAYHEW in THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN THE WORLD
51 Performer such at Katharine Hepburn.

DOWN

1 You saw him in SOAK THE RICH
2 WOMEN—TROUBLE
3 Initials of star of THE GARDEN OF ALLAH
4 Miss Fazenda's initials
5 Article in French films
6 Una Merkel is a blue—blonde
7 He had lead in MURDER WITH PICTURES
9 CONSTANCE OGDEN in REUNION
10 —COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN
11 He was lately divorced by Betty Hickman
13 LOVE LETTERS OF A—
14 Singing star of UNDER YOUR SPELL
15 Month in which Margaret Sullavan was born
16 —Neal Dodd (abbr.)
17 Principal feminine character in a motion picture
23 One of two comedians in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN
25 Her last name is Lupino
26 You may see Our Gang in these
31 Character actor whose first name is Arthur
33 Title given to Nigel Bruce in CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE
34 Possesses
35 Place for Sonja Henie to perform
37 Donald—was GUNNISON in OLD HUTCH
39 Gene Raymond was born in —York City
42 This continent is represented in THE GOOD EARTH
44 COME—GET IT
46 Short for Director Ruggles
48 State in which Sidney Blackmer was born (abbr.)
49 Genevieve's initials
50 —issues of films starring late Will Rogers are now being shown

Last Month's Solution

J	U	D	G	E				B	E	N	N	Y
A	▨	H	E	R	B		D	A	Y	S	▨	O
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"HOW'S FOR A DATE MY FAIR ONE?"

Pretty, popular—on top of the world—the girls who guard against Cosmetic Skin

YOUNG THINGS have a way of knowing what's what in beauty care. Thousands of them everywhere are keeping skin exquisite—guarding against Cosmetic Skin—with Lux Toilet Soap.

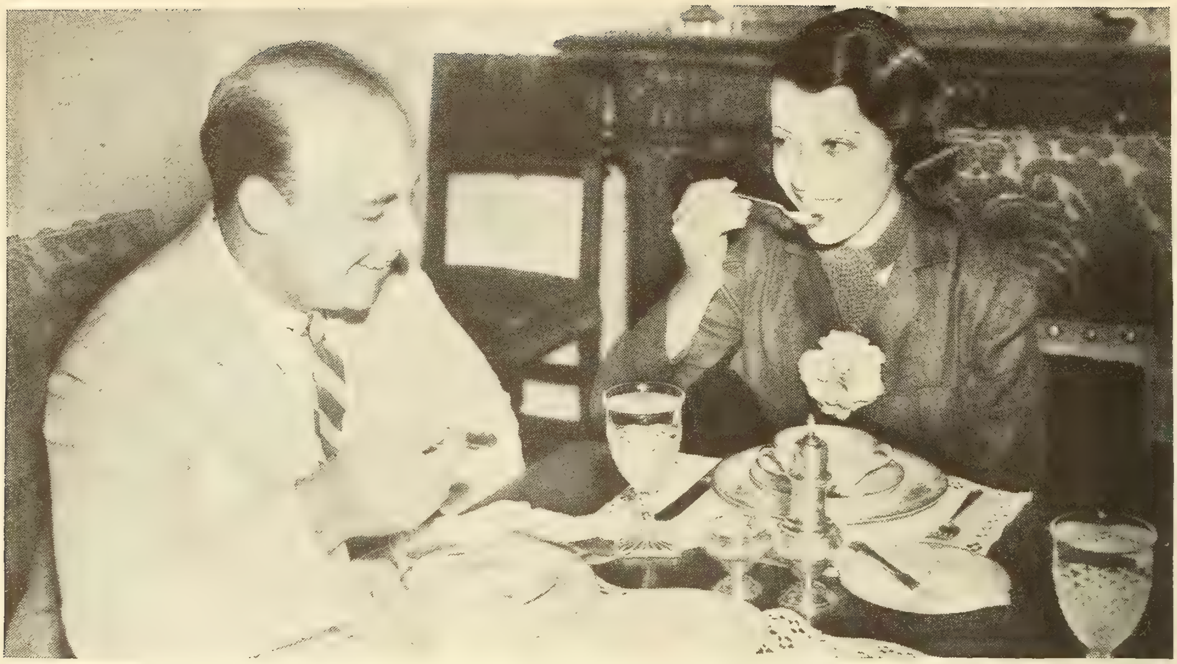
The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks *deep*, carries away from the pores every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. No dangerous pore choking—no risk of the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your skin clear—smooth—*young*. You'll find it pays!

I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT I NEVER LET THEM CHOKE MY PORES. I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP
DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES!

LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

LORETTA YOUNG.. **Star of the 20th Century-Fox Production "Love Is News"**



Andre Kostelanetz is not only Lily Pons' fiance, but her conductor and arranger as well. He praises her concoctions to the sky—just as we all will after the first taste

Simple—but *effective* recipes!

Lily Pons is "cra-zee" about American dishes. She just adds some Continental touches

By Dorothy Dwan

WHILE visiting Lily Pons during the filming of *That Girl From Paris* I came home with a note book full of recipes that are as proudly American as the Statue of Liberty—except that in almost every instance a dash of "something" had been added to give the dishes a zestful flavor—a Continental custom.

This enthusiasm for our dishes didn't astonish me. I had read an article, written before pictures lured the celebrated coloratura soprano from opera, in which Oscar of The Waldorf-Astoria revealed the food preferences of famous personages. He mentioned that while opera stars ate scarcely anything before a performance, they were ravenously hungry after the curtain. Lily Pons often came to the Waldorf for her favorite Irish stew!

It is quite natural that wholesome, nourishing, food should appeal to Miss Pons. While fragile (only weighing a hundred pounds) she is a human dynamo. It follows that food, rest and will power must supply her amazing vitality.

The star's happiness lies in her work. She enjoys eating dinner in bed to summon energy for the next day's task at the studio where she "seengs and seengs ze same song ovair and ovair again" as she expresses it. Possessing a soul-stirring voice is only half the battle in sound pictures.

MISS PONS may always be found in her dressing-room at lunchtime, and usually it's a salad brought from home, that is being enjoyed. They are nourishing, yet light, and accompanied by tomato or fruit juice, send her back to the set refreshed.

One of her favorite salads is a "Southland Salad" because she is "crazee" about avocados. As they are one of our most valuable foods, it would be well for us all to be "crazee" *a la* Pons.

SOUTHLAND SALAD

Cut a medium-sized avocado lengthwise, remove seed. Do not peel. Scoop out main pulp. Scrape out remainder of avocado pulp and place in bowl. (Put this aside for use later.) Combine pineapple wedges with avocado balls and fill shells. To the following dressing, add the remaining pulp which has been run through a sieve.

3 tbls. tarragon vinegar
3 tbls. lemon juice
6 tbls. catsup
8 tbls. olive oil
1 bay leaf
3 whole cloves
½ clove garlic
½ tbls. sugar
½ tsp. salt
2 tbls. chopped green pepper
2 tbls. chopped pimiento

Put salt and sugar in bowl. Add one tablespoon of oil and after combining vinegar and lemon juice, add one tablespoon of mixture and blend well. Continue adding oil and vinegar, one tablespoon at a time, until about four tablespoons of each have been used, then the balance may be added more generously. When mixture is well blended, add catsup and spices. After the mixture has stood for several hours, remove the cloves, bay leaf, and garlic. Add chopped green pepper and pimiento. Add the sieved pulp and when mixture is chilled, shake well and serve on salads.

IN ADDITION to Miss Pons' European triumphs, her vivacious personality and glorious voice also enraptured audiences in South America which, incidentally, is now known in Hollywood as "the land of maté." (Now that tea parties are back in style, this tea, imported from the Southern continent has won over the film center which is always on the alert for something different and tasty. Imagine a star of such magnitude dining many nights in the year on a bowl of our old American standby *—vegetable soup!*

[*Continued on page* 103]

FUTURE FAVORITES
ALAN MARSHAL

By John Schwarzkopf

ALAN MARSHAL, Selznick International player who made his screen debut in *The Garden Of Allah*, has established himself on the screen as a definite personality . . . this is borne out by his likes and dislikes, his habits and idiosyncracies. Alan never wears jewelry and has no superstitions . . . he likes green and grey ties in stripes, always wears a white shirt with attached collar and wears sports coats that do not match his trousers. . . .He never goes fishing but swims a great deal and is considered one of Hollywood's finest tennis players . . . frequents football games and tennis matches and occasionally visits night clubs. . . . In conversation he has an easy repartee and parries all personal questions. He says, "I don't sing and I never wanted to go into business." . . . He lives in a three room apartment in Hollywood that is furnished with Old World pieces. . . . When Alan was 18, he decided he wanted to be a pianist. Shortly after starting his lessons he went on a tour as an actor and each day he spent six hours in the orchestra pit of some theatre practicing. . . . Finally, after three years, the problem of always having to hunt up a piano in some strange theatre became a difficult one and he gave up his desire to become a pianist. But now, when he goes home from work, he relaxes by playing the piano. . . . He usually has dinner with his parents, stage veterans, who now live in Beverly Hills. . . . His favorite dish is Indian curry and he likes Mango, Chutney and Bombay duck. . . . He likes to have a natural tan, but he prefers a cold winter to a hot summer and prefers seasons to the semi-monotonous weather of Southern California. . . . When Alan smokes he prefers a pipe. . . . Alan doesn't like to shave and enjoys nothing more than to be able to skip this chore. He had a good opportunity when playing in *The Garden of Allah* in which he portrayed a soldier lost in the desert. . . . Alan is handsome in a virile way. He wears clothes well. . . . His part in *The Garden of Allah* was a small but very important one, for the message he delivered changed the whole story. . . . He bears a strong resemblance to Ronald Colman. . . . Some say, though, that he looks enough like Errol Flynn to be his brother. . . . However, looking like someone else will never bother Mr. Marshal . . . he has enough looks and spirit of his own to go a long way.

Gentlemen don't talk about it... but

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL ... AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING IS A BATH WITH PERFUMED **CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**

1. THERE'S NOTHING so certain to queer you with a man as the slightest hint of perspiration odor. So, before you go "stepping out," be sure to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of unpleasant body odor—keeps you so sweet and clean—so *fragrantly* dainty.

2. WHEN YOU dine and dance with *him* how safe you'll feel from any danger of offending! How much more *alluring* you'll be, too, with Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still lingering lightly about you! Isn't it wonderful that such a lovely soap costs only 10¢ a cake?

KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . makes your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth. No wonder fastidious women everywhere now use nothing but this pure, creamy-white soap for both the face and bath. Why don't you use it too?

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
COLGATE

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

WINNER!
Miss Lofgren's Beautiful Permanent Wave by Edmond, New York

"Friends Comment on the Loveliness of My Appearance," *says Miss Olga Lofgren, College Park, Maryland.*

ATTRACTIVE Miss Lofgren, chosen MARCHAND BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH for JANUARY, is typical of the many young women who daily become more attractive and popular with soft, lustrous *sunny* hair. Whether blonde or brunette, you, too, can win the admiring compliments of your friends. How? Develop fully your one *natural* charm. Have bright *lustrous* hair!

BLONDES—To have *your* hair truly golden, soft and evenly brighter, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Restores sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair. Keeps your hair soft and golden.

BRUNETTES—With Marchand's you can add delicate glowing highlights that bring out the full lustrous beauty of your dark hair. Or—using Marchand's full strength, you, too, can lighten and keep your hair a lovely golden blonde shade that looks naturally yours.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—Are you risking "superfluous" hair removal? Now use Marchand's to make *unnoticeable* all "superfluous" hair on arms, legs or face. Keep your body soft and smooth with Marchand's. And have all "superfluous" hair soft, invisible through even sheerest stockings!

Start this single effective home beauty treatment today. Get your bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use Marchand's yourself, tonight, at home.

Win FREE Visit to New York!

See details inside your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at your druggist's. Or use coupon Now!

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State.......... F. P. 237

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Hollywood.
Year's Beginning . . . .

Dear:

I'VE **made** all kinds of New Year's resolutions about this monthly fashion letter—things like swearing I'll snoop around and get you the latest possible style gadgets from the top gals in Hollywood. And what happens? The first thing I run into is Betty Furness and one of her *hats!* Can you take it? Well, Betty comes home from New York, a couple of weeks ago, with a new black felt hat—one of those high crowned affairs—and swooping earthward from it was a feather *three feet long!* Measure it—exactly thirty-six inches. Did you ever?

BUT **the** latest of all, in the millinery line, is a hat inspired by Chico Marx! (If you can imagine a Marx Brother inspiring anything.) Anyway, Cecilia Parker took Chico's hat—the one he always wears in his pictures—had it copied in black felt and stuck a feather on it! Makes a mighty cute little top-piece with a semi-peaked crown, narrow turned-up brim and a small bright colored feather stuck in the band.

AND **have** you heard about Merle Oberon's "auto-gyro" hat? Merle designed it herself and had the name copyrighted. It is fashioned of stiffened black velvet, medium wide brim, with an open crown. Over the open crown are three velvet blades, that look as much like auto-gyro blades as velvet ever could. If a strong wind hits Merle, I hope they find her.

EVENING hats are becoming popular for the winter social whirl. Delma Byron, that cute little gal from 20th Century-Fox, has designed one of silver tissue. It has a high peaked crown like an Oriental turban, and from the very top, a multi-colored cascade of ostrich plumes falls to the forehead. A silver nose veil completes it and she wears it with one of those new, metal cloth evening coats. Sonja Henie wears a white ermine hat with her ermine evening coat. The fur of the loosely draped turban is fastened at the side with a carved crystal clip. Joan Crawford goes for comfort in her evening headgear and wears a simply draped black lace mantilla, that also covers her shoulders as a scarf.

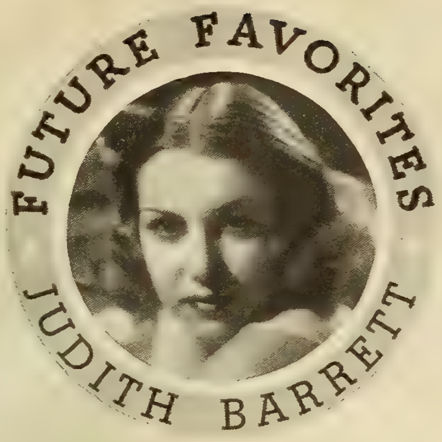
BUT **that's** enough about hats—you have to wear a little more than that even in these days—(and Hollywood). Elissa Landi was walking the Boulevard in one of her self-designed sport outfits. Her inspiration was the uniform of the Royal Flying Corps, whose coat she copied in every detail—fabric, Tommy Atkins belt and all. She wears this with a plain skirt of matching fabric and a military-looking toque.

YOU **may** be shivering with the snow and cold when you read this, but Dolores Del Rio is giving the natives of Palm Springs a treat by appearing on the street in an all-white linen costume, leading her white bull-terrier on a white leash.

SPEAKING of snow and that kind of weather—have you seen the ultra-bright "see-thro" rain coats they have this season? Last week it actually rained in Hollywood and I saw Helen Wood enjoying it in a bright red and blue plaid coat. It was slightly fitted, double-breasted and fastened with large navy bone buttons. She carried a blue umbrella of the same transparent material, wore blue galoshes and red gloves of a rainproof fabric! I'd pray for rain if I had that.

THIS **making** several outfits out of one is still a favorite sport with the movie gals. Claire Trevor has even taken it into the field of formal wear. Claire has a basic wardrobe of afternoon and dinner dresses in printed lame—but she changes her hat and gloves and has a new ensemble. The turban and gloves are of matching velvet in the new "jewel" shades—bright turquoise, reds and blues. . . . Una Merkel, on the other hand, has her dinner gloves made to match her suit. The latest being a pair of black velvet gloves with a turned-down cuff of gold lame to match a black dinner suit. Una is sort of nuts about gloves anyway—she is having her daytime gloves tailored to match her suits and her blouses, and they are lined with a thin wool material so they will be just as warm as the leather ones.

See you next month!—Mlle. Chic



FUTURE FAVORITES

JUDITH BARRETT

By Lee Blackstock

YOU'VE seen Judith Barrett before she made her "debut" in *Yellowstone* for Universal! . . . She is rated as a newcomer in Hollywood, but she has been in pictures since 1930 . . . that is, she was in pictures when she was 16, but retired for a while when she reached that awkward age when she could neither play mature rôles, nor youngster parts. . . . Judith is now *22* and is in full swing on her new career. . . . And, by the way, Judith is another Texas girl who is doing things in Hollywood. . . . Born in Arlington, Texas, on Feb. 2, 1914, she is the daughter of Sam Kelly, a cattle rancher . . . and there isn't an actor or actress on either side of the "house." . . . Judith got her start when she was attending school in Dallas and at the same time, going to dancing school. . . . From this beginning, she made several appearances in the Palace Theatre in Dallas, the place where Ginger Rogers appeared so many times when she was just a beginner. . . . Her big chance came when she was made a star of a lavish commercial film. . . . Hollywood beckoned, and in 1929 she and her mother came out and Judith landed her first picture, a part in a two reel comedy opposite Bobby Vernon . . . she made several comedies opposite Harry Langdon before she went into *Cimarron* as Richard Dix's daughter. . . . It was just after this big production that Judith retired from pictures and went on the stage. . . . Last season, she understudied Doris Nolan in the Broadway production of *The Night of January 16th*. . . . Hollywood saw her in her next play in which she took second lead and she was signed under a long term contract to Universal. . . . Judith has beauty, intelligence and a fine speaking voice, but her limpid brown eyes are her most valuable assets. . . . Remarkably expressive, they have that rare quality of reflecting with instant facility all the emotions of womankind. . . . Judith has made a wonderful start on her new career, what with her lead in *Yellowstone* and her featured part in *Flying Hostess*. . . . You don't have to worry about Judith, because she is going places in a big way! There are several young blades courtin' her, but she is still open to a proposal from "Mr. Right Man."

DID YOU KNOW THAT Hugh Herbert raises chickens and turkeys and calls them all by first names. But when he wants a barnyard dinner he buys the birds at the market to save his own pets?

"DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out!* Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores!* Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (30) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name ________________

Address ________________

City __________ *State* __________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!

Scene upon scene of beauty and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHILARATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking beauty!

'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE

with

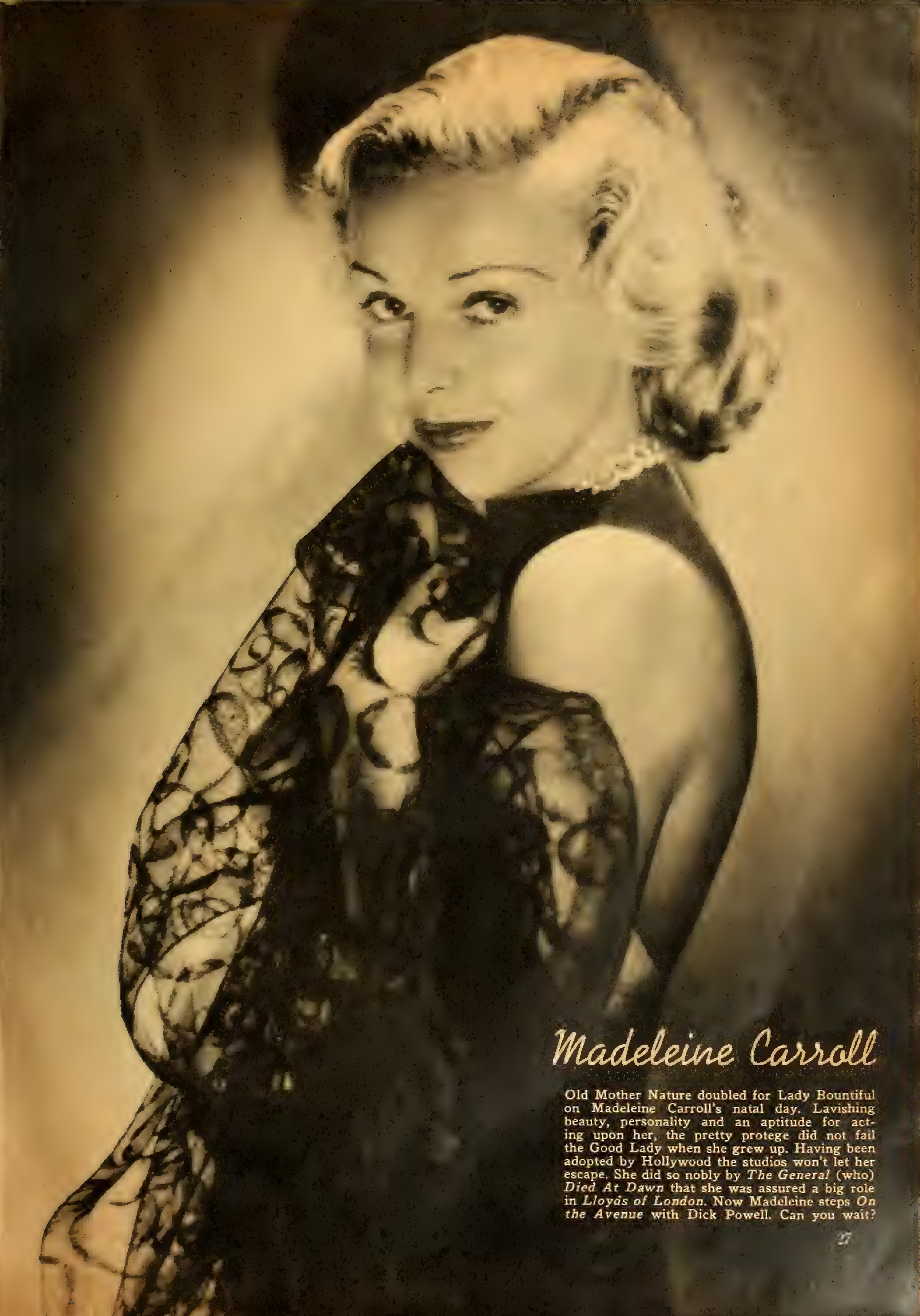
ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECHE
RITZ BROTHERS
ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S SPECTACULAR MUSICAL SMASH... SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!... "One in a Million" "Who's Afraid of Love?" "The Moonlit Waltz" "We're Back in Circulation Again" "Lovely Lady in White"

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!

20th CENTURY FOX
DARRYL F ZANUCK
in charge of production



Madeleine Carroll

Old Mother Nature doubled for Lady Bountiful on Madeleine Carroll's natal day. Lavishing beauty, personality and an aptitude for acting upon her, the pretty protege did not fail the Good Lady when she grew up. Having been adopted by Hollywood the studios won't let her escape. She did so nobly by *The General* (who) *Died At Dawn* that she was assured a big role in *Lloyds of London*. Now Madeleine steps *On the Avenue* with Dick Powell. Can you wait?

Anita Louise

You feel like a bull in a china shop when you encounter Anita Louise. She's an animated Dresden china doll—fragile, exquisite pastel coloring, perfect from head to heel. Considered by artists the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, Anita, still in her teens, is one of the screen's youngest stars. The fairy princess' latest role is that of *Phyllis Dexter,* the young heroine, in *The Green Light.* Errol Flynn is the distracted doctor

Joan Crawford

We give you Joan as our answer to those Hollywood tearer-downers. Yes, Joan has beauty, but she has brains, too, and she's been at the top for more years than we can remember. And, she still loves her husband. Together they'll reach greater heights

The GINGER ROGERS That *MEN* Like

Here are all the answers why Ginger is popular with men

By James Reid

DID you ever hear of Lady Ainsley, "the famous English actress"?

Ginger Rogers told Director John Ford about her, when he was casting *Mary of Scotland*. Ford told Katharine Hepburn. Together, they ganged up on Producer Pandro Berman. They reminded Berman that they were having a terrific time, finding someone to play the part of *Queen Elizabeth*.

Ford said, "I've just heard that the famous English actress, Lady Ainsley, is in town on her way to Honolulu. She has played *Queen Elizabeth* hundreds of times. I'd like to see if I couldn't persuade her to take a quick test."

"Go ahead," said Berman.

In make-up as *Queen Elizabeth,* Lady Ainsley appeared for a test. A script girl, watching the performance, said, "You can't get around it—these English women have something. Look at that woman. She *is Elizabeth*!"

When Berman saw the test, he thought the same thing. He was frantically trying to get in touch with Lady Ainsley, who had left no address, when a columnist spilled the inside story: *Ginger Rogers was "Lady Ainsley"!*

The whole incident was accepted as a gorgeous hoax, another proof of the rampant Rogers sense of humor. And so it was. But it was also something else. It was Ginger's way of intimating dramatic ambitions. Another of her importance, wanting to do drama, would have put up a battle with her studio to get what she wanted. Ginger had this happier idea. And—p. s.—she is going to do drama. It seems that even producers can't resist Ginger Rogers.

Fans are human, too. Let me tell you about three fan letters I have just seen. "Dear Ginger," one letter said, "I used to wonder what made people write to movie stars. Now I am writing to one, myself—for the first time. I want you to know something that I'm keeping secret from the rest of Hollywood, lest it turn green with envy. I have found a girl who is very much like you. So much, in fact, that I am marrying her . . ."

Another said: "We have never met; we are complete strangers. Yet, watching you on the screen, I feel as if I know you as a person. You make me forget that you are an actress. You are real . . ."

And a third: "You are the one star my wife and I agree about. She doesn't have to coax me to your pictures, and *I* don't have to coax *her*. We both look forward to seeing you. And there must be plenty of other couples who feel the same way. I have just read that, according to theatre reports, you are the most popular girl on the screen . . ."

These are excerpts from three letters in a staggering stack of Ginger Rogers fan mail. One was from an American college senior, one from an English officer stationed in the Far East, one from a business man in a small Middle Western city. No one showed me these letters. I came across them, playing a game that studio executives play to find clues to a star's popularity. I was in the RKO mail room, picking out letters at random. There, I made an interesting discovery.

IT ISN'T usual for a feminine star to receive a large proportion of fan mail from men. It *is* usual for Ginger. That is a phenomenon worth noting. If you have ever noticed, it is usually the girl well-liked by women who is most heartily disliked by men. Yet men like Ginger Rogers. They like her more than any other girl on the screen. If they didn't, they wouldn't flock in such numbers to her pictures. They wouldn't write her so many letters.

What is the answer? What is the explanation? You can't explain it by her screen roles. She is just as popular off the screen as on. You can explain it only by Ginger herself. Men

Plenty of men would gladly change places with Rover to bask in the sun with Ginger

see something in her, as a person, that they don't see in any other girl in Hollywood.

And what *is* that something? It isn't beauty—although women are constantly clamoring for her "beauty secrets." Men are afraid of beautiful women. But Ginger is easy on the eyes without scaring anybody. She isn't face-conscious. And that's unusual in this town. Or any town. That's one reason why men like her. It isn't the way she dresses. She has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, and men are conscious of that; they would be blind, if they weren't. But Ginger's popularity doesn't depend on her wearing smart things smartly. If you'll notice, she is in slacks every chance she gets. And slacks, as you know, aren't figure-flattering.

She has a flair for clothes—which women know, and try to imitate. Yet she isn't particularly clothes-conscious—which men sense, and appreciate. That's another reason why they like her. Men *aren't* attracted to women who constantly call attention to their clothes. And so many women stars do, at the sacrifice of naturalness.

It isn't her dancing, either, sylph-like though she is. She doesn't concentrate on dancing. She takes it in stride, as part of the business of making a picture. She isn't constantly hoofing, eternally practicing. No, her dancing isn't the answer. The answer is her naturalness, whether she is dancing, romancing, clowning. That's a quality men place a high premium on, whether they realize it or not. There aren't many girls who are as natural in front of a camera as if it weren't there.

THESE aren't a mere reporter's ideas. I've heard them from directors, cameramen, dress designers—men whose business is glamor. And don't forget the British officer who wrote to her: "You make me forget that you are an actress. You are real . . ."

And an encounter with Ginger, herself, a personal check-up, doesn't dissipate the ideas. It is a good time to see her. She is "between pictures." She is rehearsing for *Stepping Toes* with Fred Astaire, after which, according to the publicity, she is going to do "a dramatic picture."

Between pictures, she looks like a little girl, not a glamor queen. Her hair—which she has just changed from corn-gold to amber-blonde "as an experiment"—is loose except for a ribbon tied about her head. She is wearing no make-up except a little lip-rouge. Her freckles are numerously evident. She is in slacks.

As we sit down at a luncheon table, she says something that is practically treason for an actress to say. She says, "I'm hungry." And she means it. While waiting for our order to arrive, she consumes a roll. I know that she has no reason for diet worries; she loses six to eight pounds every time she makes a dancing picture. But I tell her that she isn't properly self-conscious, for an actress. People may be watching. They may see her eating a roll. Their illusions about actresses may be shattered.

"I have a theory about self-consciousness," she says, between bites. "Self-consciousness is a dead giveaway of an inflated ego. You think everybody is watching you, and you alone. Which, of course, everybody isn't."

Then she never has stage-fright? "Just before I step out on a theatre stage at some benefit, or just before I start a new picture. Then I *know* all eyes are going to be on me. Then my knees start knocking together."

She *feels natural* in front of a camera? "If I didn't, I don't think I'd be there. I couldn't do anything if I didn't feel

[*Continued on page* 96]

Charles Boyer, being a Frenchman, has his own philosophy of love. This story reveals why he fascinates all you femmes

When Charles Boyer met Pat Paterson he knew he had found the right girl

How BOYER Sways Feminine Hearts

By Leon Surmelian

AMONG the better love specialists doing their stuff on the screen today, Charles Boyer packs a distinctly individual wallop of his own. He is a different kind of lover. There isn't anybody else quite like him.

Boyer fascinates the femmes by a sort of mental S. A.,—a warm, compelling magnetism, compounded of brooding tenderness and deep, mature understanding of the human heart. You feel that here is a "true blue" type of lover—one who couldn't flit from one love to another light-heartedly, like a careless Casanova. He is constituted too deeply for that. On the screen, he does not merely *act* as a lover, but actually is one, in all the crazy, feverish, passionate meaning of that word.

Not that this affable, brown-eyed Frenchman doesn't have the looks and physical appeal. He plucks the feminine heartstrings by spiritual fingers—and they respond as they can never respond to mere physicality, no matter how potent it is. Is it any wonder that the average man thinks of woman as a hopeless sentimentalist? He is too coarse-grained to realize that women, born for motherhood, have a deep-seated yen to preserve the spiritual riches of the race. Women couldn't be mothers in a physical sense only. Spirituality is a biological necessity for them, even though some of them do affect a brittle flippancy.

In this respect, Leslie Howard comes closest to Boyer. But Boyer has other qualities his English confrere lacks—at least, for us Americans. There is an air of exotic mystery about him, a vibrant, poetic, impulsive, peculiarly Latin quality, which was the real cause of Valentino's femme draw.

"I like to play mental rather than [*Continued on page* 82]

Frances FARMER

If you have seen *Come and Get It,* you need no introduction to Hollywood's latest sensation. If you haven't, make this one of your New Year resolutions. A newcomer to Hollywood, Frances Farmer stole the show

Elizabeth ALLAN

It's very satisfying to us (and to you, too, we're sure) to know that Elizabeth Allan has at last gained the recognition she so well deserves. This talented English actress will be seen in *Camille*

By Ellen Harris

It's highly probable that David Niven has the inside track to Merle Oberon's heart. But she's waiting to fall in love

Still *Waiting* to be *Swept* Off Her *Feet*

We're still great friends, says Merle Oberon speaking of David Niven. And tells why she won't marry him

HOLLYWOOD will have to wait while the world solves the romance of Merle Oberon and David Niven!

That's not only because Merle is a swell person, a grand actress, as well as being both charming and beautiful (as everyone who knows Merle will agree), but because the word "heroine" was made for the likes of Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson—"O. B." to her best friends!

Why "O. B."? Ask David Niven—he named Merle that and it's stuck. But then David has been an important person in Merle's Hollywood existence, so important that both newspapers and magazines, before she left for England on the *Queen Mary,* had Merle announcing her engagement, and the more importune have intimated that David will shortly follow to meet her at the Niven ancestral castle in Scotland for a wedding!

Is Merle to marry? Or *isn't* she?

Knowing Hollywood, the rumors had me frankly puzzled. When a star says she's blissfully happy in her marriage one may shortly hear the first faint rumblings of discord; when she announces she will absolutely, positively and definitely *not* marry, she is probably busily selecting her trousseau. And—by the same token—when the newspapers announce, gleefully, that wedding bells are about to deafen us with their clamor I say, wait!—what's this all about—and then go about trying to find out!

Charming and gracious and even more beautiful Merle seemed as she warmly greeted me in a lovely

[*Continued on page* 74]

The *Most Likeable* Mug in the World

There are faces and faces—and there's Wally Beery's face, the most fascinating of them all. Here's the complete lowdown on the real Wally, and the things that make him tick

By Henry Langford

IF IT hadn't been for a $400 underestimate, you'd never have seen the "best known mug in the world"—Wally Beery's—on the screen. . . ! It was like this—

Quite a way back, before he became a big shot of the movies, Wally met a girl. She was a swell girl, and Wally liked her a lot. He wanted her to like him, too. She did—all but the face! She couldn't quite take that. She used to take Wally to the movies, and point to Francis X. Bushman's lady-killing profile on the screen, and tell him that there was a face any girl could lo-hove. . . . !

". . . . While yours," she'd say, frankly, "sort of spreads and hangs like an old quilt on an unmade bed . . . !" You see, even in those younger days, Wally's face was no maiden's dream.

It hurt Wally. Not that he had any illusions about the face, mind you. It was merely that Wally wanted to please the girl. So he inquired around, and from a friend he heard reports of a well-known plastic surgeon in Chicago, or some place, who was already, even in those days, gaining a reputation for making-over faces. "He'll change your face any way you want it, for a hundred dollars," the friend told Wally. There, realized Wally, was the solution.

He saved. He worked and saved. In those days, he wasn't making any four-digit salary as a top movie star. He was just an elephant-trainer and tank-show comicker and a hundred dollars was a heck of a lot of money. But Wally got it together—and also enough to get to Chicago. Jubilantly, already anticipating the delighted surprise he'd conjure up in the girl with his pretty new face after the surgeon got done, Wally stepped into the great man's consulting room.

"Here y'are, doc!" he bellowed, and slapped the hundred hard-saved dollars on the desk. "Make this mug o' mine purty, now, so the girls'd like it . . ."

The doctor looked at the hundred. He looked at Wally's face. Sadly, he pushed the money back at Wally.

"My dear man," he said; "I *have* remodeled *some* faces for a hundred dollars. But for *yours*

[*Continued on page* 84]

Wally still has his own face—and he uses it here to help balance up the budget of his trailers, all six of them. By the expression Wally seems to have gotten his figurin' all wrong

—R. H. [illegible]

The Utterly Balmy *Home Life of* CAROLE LOMBARD

TAKE—if you can *stand* it!—Carole Lombard's household—

There's Carole and Fieldsie, her secretary-pal-confidante-companion-advisor-manager-sparring-partner-critic-et-cetera; then there's two dachshunds, one bantam rooster, six doves, two ducks, one pekinese named "Pushface the Killer," two hens, one cocker spaniel, three goldfish, one cat named "Josephine" which insists on sleeping with the dogs; also there's a nice "comfy" mammy cook named Ellen, from Memphis, Tennessee, a butler named Edmund who's also colored, and Carole's personal maid, named Eleanor, who never knows what her mistress is gonna do next . . .

"There's all that," says Fieldsie, "and who knows what else there'll be tonight. Because Lombard's out shopping right now!"

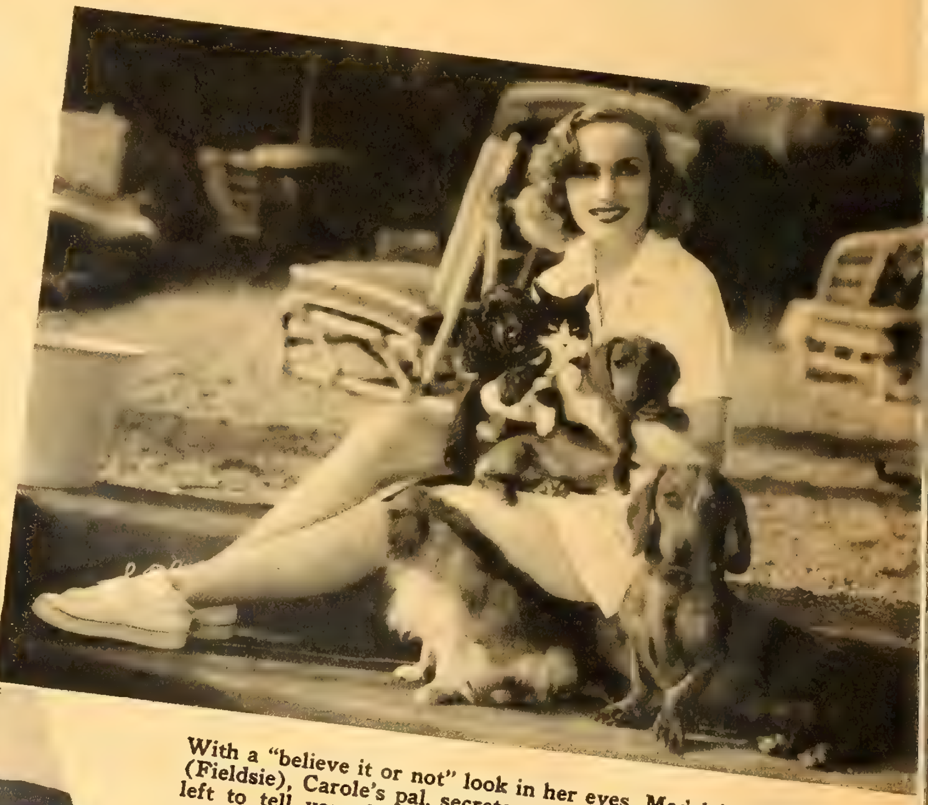
Nuts? Sure, kind-of. But that's only the beginning. You see, you've got to mix all that up to really get an idea of Carole's home-life, if any! I mean, you never know where you'll find any part of that set-up—

Carole, herself, may be down in the kitchen swapping jokes with the cook and Edmund, the cat may be in the goldfish bowl, and ten-to-one, the ducks are wandering around the dining-room. The only place the ducks can't go is the living-room. That's got white rugs!

To add to the confusion, the bantam rooster is named Edmund, and the two hens are named Ellen and Eleanor—so when Carole calls, nobody ever knows whether she's calling the poultry or the household staff into conference.

"That house," admits Fieldsie, "is MAD!"

Does all this sound absolutely batty? Screwy? Insane? Balmy?—o-KAY, then, make the most of it. I simply can't help it. I'm going to tell you about Carole Lombard's home life, and that's all there is to it. You can take it or leave it. All I've got



With a "believe it or not" look in her eyes, Madeleine Fields (Fieldsie), Carole's pal, secretary, *et al*, parks herself at the left to tell you about this here Lombard. Above, the star presents an armful of her pets. The cat, Josephine, sleeps with the dogs. The photos at the right show Carole with the peke, "Pushface the Killer," and Edmund, a bantam rooster

Listen! Wanna step into the merriest, maddest home in Hollywood? Then get a looksee at Lombard's. It'll sure slay you!

By Harry Lang

to say is this—when it comes to the business of getting the most downright, sheer *fun* out of this usually drab business of living, then I hand all prizes unreservedly to Carole Lombard.

There's the telephone at her house. It's all right when Carole's working and at the studio and can't answer it, herself. But when she's home, it's heaven-help-the-caller-uppers! Carole always answers, unless somebody a little more calm can beat her to it. And when Carole answers, you never know what's going to come of it. . . .

"'Alloa—yah, 'alloa—hoo iss diss?" she'll scream into the phone. The bewildered somebody-or-other at the other end'll gasp and ask for Miss Lombard, please.

"Mees Lombaird—ah, zen, she iss not at home, yah!" Lombard will reply, mixing any and all dialects.

"When will she be?" the indefatigable caller-up may persist.

"Ay do not knowing, sank you, pleass. Ay t'ank ay go home now," Carole is liable as not to reply.

"Say, who is this talking, anyway?" the phoner may inquire, if he's wise enough to know Carole's tricks and suspects it's Carole, herself. Then Carole gives way. She just goes into hysterics. "Oh," she screams: "oh, oh, oh—you go jump in a lake, honey—and come on over, I'm giving a little dinner tonight."

That's the [*Continued on page* 86]

Carole is Hollywood's most original home girl

I'll Never Have a Star Complex!

—ROSS ALEXANDER

Want to know why there'll never be any pink swimming pools and yellow roadsters in his life? Because he's always broke!

By Dorothy Spensley

ACUTE inflammation of the ego, a disease common to Hollywood's starry flock, is not likely to affect the newly-wedded six-footer, Ross Alexander, the film colony's, Warner Brothers' and Anne Nagel Alexander's newest candidate for top-billing. We have his word for it.

"I'll probably never have what they call, out here, a 'star complex,'" he says, and follows it up with an explanation. "The reason is that I'm always 'broke.'" And because he insists he's "always broke," Alexander will be saved from investing in pink swimming pools, yellow roadsters, purple-faced butlers, and other accessories of stardom. The best he can do today as it is, in the way of motor conveyances, is a neat little Ford. Custom tailored suits are his one personal extravagance.

If being "broke" (but not in debt) leads to the development of the workable, comfortable philosophy that governs the life of Alexander, then we're all for legislating in its favor. "What's money for, if you can't have fun spending it?" Alexander asks you, with the wry smile that you first saw in *Flirtation Walk* (his initial film), last in *Ready, Willing and Able.*

"You can't take it with you when you go, so why not have fun with it while you have it? There's no more fun in life than buying something for someone. . . . In buying a bottle of champagne, or a gift for someone you like," the fellow continued.

If you get the idea that Warners' runner-up for Robert Taylor honors is a *Champagne Charlie,* spending money with both hands, forget it. Alexander merely uses the glorified fizz water as an example of the beauties of spending.

All of his life Alexander has had the faculty of making money easily. With it went the talent of spending it freely. When he was sixteen, forcibly ejected from continuing his pursuit of the higher knowledge at Erasmus high school in Brooklyn ("kicked out," says Ross succinctly), he went onto the stage in a Blanche Yurka piece, *Enter Madame.* Before he reached his majority he was a wage earner. He was also a wage spender.

AN ONLY son (christened Alexander Ross Smith, Jr.), his parents were prosperous New Yorkers. His father was in the leather business. All Ross had to do was to spend the earnings he made. He didn't have to worry about a "rainy day" because dad was always there. The lean days that most actors bump into before establishing themselves in the theatre, were never encountered by Ross. He was that kind of likable, engaging youngster, talented to his fingertips, who walked from one show to another.

In the process of walking, he managed to appear with Francine Larrimore, Frank Craven, Philip Merivale, plus numerous others. He landed good parts in popular shows like *That's Gratitude, The Stork Is Dead, Honeymoon, No Questions Asked, The Party's Over, Let Us Be Gay,* the famous "angeled" play with a message—*The Ladder.* His favorite stage role is that of *Peter Piper* in *After Tomorrow.* When there were no shows to step into in New York, Alexander always found a stock job in Louisville, or in Boston. Movie moguls brought him to Hollywood several times; let him sit around, under contract, without using him. It was Warner Brothers, on his third trip to the camera coast, who finally presented him to film audiences.

Money flowed readily into Ross' pockets. And out, too, with the same ease. Not a great deal of money, to be sure. But enough to give the kid a chance to demonstrate [*Continued on page 78*]

Who Said Hollywood's No Place To Start?

Usually you have to make good on Broadway first to get a call to Hollywood. But Doris Nolan *got there* by going into reverse!

By Katharine Hartley

DORIS NOLAN claims no theatrical inheritance—unless her kinship with a second cousin who used to carry a spear at the Metropolitan might account for something! Yes, hers was just a normal family, no yodeling in the bathroom even. In fact they were so normal that when Doris suggested she might like to go on the stage, all three of them, Daddy, Mary and Gladys, shouted: "Whoops! Why not! Sounds like it might be fun!"

But, as it all turned out, part of it was far from fun. Doris is only twenty-one now, but in the few brief years of her career she has all but died for her art, and we mean that literally. Oh, not from that most popular of all actor ailments, undernourishment . . . but from a sum total of other things which had her in the hospital twice. First of all there was six months without doing a thing; her first Hollywood contract. Then secondly, that strain she put on her voice when rehearsing for her first Broadway production . . . and from both of these "miseries" poor Doris nearly died.

But to begin at the almost beginning. Nine years ago the Nolan family, in the heat of one sweltering summer, decided to move out of New York and into the very attractive suburb of New Rochelle. They had a cute little house, a dog, a car, practically everything they wanted. Life seemed swell and so they had fun. And they were strictly "fun" people. Daddy was a big laugh-loving Irishman. Mary—that was Mother—was very young, very pretty, very gay. And Gladys and Doris played harum-scarum games and flitted hither and yon—so much so that one day Doris fell down a flight of stone steps and broke off her two front teeth. Her father said, "That's what you get for always hopping around like a mosquito!" and after that they always called her "Squito," or sometimes just "Skeet" for short.

"Of course, it was very funny to them, but it was nothing more or less to me than the tragedy of my youth," Doris recalled as we sat together in the Indian Room at the Universal studio not long ago. "You see, the dentist advised against doing anything about it for a few years, until my teeth got 'set'—so for those few years, which seemed like an eternity, I went around holding my hand over my mouth. Literally! I was even afraid to smile. Oh, it was awful!

"It's strange how things can affect you at that age. Of course, the one thing that I was afraid of was that now I might never have an acting career. I was sure the dentist was only letting me down easily, and that the teeth could never really be fixed. Oh, yes, already I had the acting bug. I got it, I think, when I was five years old and I gave my first performance. I was an angel in a Christmas pageant—done up in white crepe paper and gilt that flecked off . . . you know the kind of costume I mean. And need I tell you that I carried a wand! From that minute on I was certain I was cut out to be a Bernhardt.

"I grew even more certain of it, more morbidly certain, during those broken-teeth years. However, that, in a way, was the compensation . . . I grew even more determined. I decided that if, and when, I ever did get my teeth fixed I'd certainly become an actress, right that minute. [*Continued on page* 80]

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HEPBURN Goes in for HOBBIES in a Great Big Way

There are as many hobbies in Hollywood as there are army beans. But Katie Hepburn is choosey about hers. One hobby is raising cockers—another is her work

By Dan Camp

Katie's screen work is her most intense hobby. Just now she's fiercely interested in playing *Quality Street* with Franchot Tone

AND was Katie Hepburn *mortified* . . . ? !—I mean, about the dog. Or didn't you know? Well, let me tell you. . . .

First off, to appreciate this fully, you've got to understand how Katie is, and about how she goes at things. When Katie Hepburn takes anything up, she employs all that fierce enthusiasm, that extreme vitality, that all-consuming extremism that makes her the great screen actress she is. That's what makes Katie Hepburn what she is—her tremendous, sincere intensity at whatever she's doing, be it her screen role, or her latest offscreen hobby.

This time it was breeding dogs. You see, Katie had for some time owned two important dogs. I mean, they were pedigreed, prize-winning cockers, named "Peter" and "Michael." One's liver-colored, the other's white, but I can't remember which, and anyway, it doesn't matter. They were both, as you may gather from their names, gentlemen—by gender, and usually by inclination.

Then, all of a sudden, Katie got an idea. She figured if she got a nice lady cocker—not *too* much of a lady, you understand—she could raise prize-winning cockers. Breed 'em. Go in for dog shows and blue ribbons and all that sort of thing. It seemed like a good idea to Katie, and so was born, then and there, the latest Hepburn Hobby. And, as I've explained, she went at it big—gave it the tremendous attention to detail that is Katie's characteristic.

She got a lady cocker. I never have heard her name—maybe she just doesn't have a name. Maybe she's just Mrs. Peter. Or Mrs. Michael. Or maybe she's just a cocker bigamist. Anyway, Katie introduced her to Peter and Michael, and Peter and Michael were properly appreciative, and eventually, Nature took its course, as Nature does. That was what Katie wanted.

From then on, Katie's solicitousness about the lady cocker was something sweet and tremendous to see. Expectant motherhood has had somewhat of an appeal for Katie ever since her childhood. It's told that her father, a New England doctor, used to take Katie with him now and then when he made professional visits to assist Old Doc Stork in a happy landing. And so Katie, with a warm memory of the blessedness of motherhood, took awfully good care of the lady cocker.

No bed was too fine for her. Her quarters were the last word in canine scrumptuousness. Katie personally supervised her diet, her daily care. These cocker puppies, when they came, were to be the world's finest specimens. Katie would see to that.

WELL, the days went by and so did the weeks, and the lady cocker grew positively expansive. She did everything except

Katie has her mind set on raising prize-winning cockers and springers. And then enter them in dog shows and grab some blue ribbons

knit baby clothes. Katie surveyed her with a pleased eye, and contemplated the numerical possibilities. She began to consider plans for kennels to house all the puppies when they began growing up. The lady cocker would tilt her head as if she might be hearing the patter of little feet.

And so time went by and the Great Week arrived. Katie, having studied everything she didn't already know about such things, had a pretty good idea of when the lady cocker should conduct her blessed event. She even had the day fairly well figured out. But that day passed, and the lady cocker was still singular instead of plural.

Well, that didn't worry Katie. After all, either arithmetic or Nature could have made a mistake. Another day passed. This time, Katie began to fret just a bit. Fun was fun and all that, but—and so a third day went by, and yet not the slightest sign of any long-legged bird with a bundle of cocker puppies hanging from his bill. Katie began to worry in earnest.

And when another couple of days passed, Katie knew something had to be done. Obviously. After all, there were such things as Caesarian operations, when necessary. So Katie bundled the lady cocker into her famous Ford station wagon, and went kihooting to the veterinarian.

"Doctor," she demanded, "what's the matter with this dog?"

"I'll see," said the vet, and took the lady cocker into his operating chamber, while Katie worried and fretted and waited. After a while, the doctor came out, handed the lady cocker back to Katie and said:

"Miss Hepburn, there's nothing whatever the matter with your dog. She's in the pink of health. Except maybe that you've fed her too well. . . ."

"But the puppies," protested Katie. "What about the puppies?"

"Puppies?" asked the doctor. "There are no puppies. You're—ahem—mistaken. Your dog is not that way, she's just fat . . .!"

And, as I said at the outset, *was* Katie mortified . . . ? !

However, say this for Katie. She took it like the rather swell gal she can be, when she wants to. She knew the joke was on her. Instead of throwing the dog over the fence, as one might conceivably understand her doing, Katie took the lady cocker home, reintroduced her to Peter and Michael, and [*Continued on page* 90]

You can count Katie's hobbies on the fingers of one hand. She likes to take candid camera shots of people—and is fair enough to permit them to "shoot" her, too

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What? No Faults? You Tell 'Em, PAT!

You don't have to believe all you've read about Pat O'Brien. He's human like you

By Dick Pine

Wide World

The Pat O'Briens lead a very ducky home life—all for one and one for all. Pat can hardly wait to get home to the Missus and kiddies, Mavourneen, and Patric Sean, the newly adopted baby

THIS is a story about an Irishman. It seems there is an Irishman called Pat,—Pat O'Brien. I had been reading about him, hearing about him, for some years. Women had gushed orally and in print, over his good looks. Columnists had reported his generosity, his helping hand to old ladies crossing the streets, his charities, his kindness to small boys, his sentimentality, his Irish superstitions. His across-the-street neighbors joined in the panegyrics, and told me of his domesticity, his devotion to his family, his unfailing hospitality, and so on, *ad nauseam.*

"By the Shades of Saint Pathrick!" sez I to mesilf. "This bhoy sounds too good to be thrue! It's mesilf that doesn't believe it. There can't be that much virtue stuffed away inside any one Oirishman!" (You see what Pat's done to me? I'm Scotch, not Irish.)

I first met Pat at a party at Alan Mowbray's some two years ago. That good-natured pan of his didn't look so saintly as we puttered about, knocking balls round the billiard table; but, before the evening ended, I saw him make a gesture so courteous, so tactful, that I began to think, "Now, maybe, it's all true."

But I wasn't entirely convinced. Maybe I brooded over it. Anyhow, one day, I backed him into a corner, and, assuming my most incredulous air, I barked: "Now, look here Pat! I don't believe that you can possibly be as perfect as everyone says you are. Come now, give! Haven't you any faults at all? One secret vice? Don't you push doors marked "PULL"? Don't you touch wet paint just to see if it is really wet? Don't you ever throw a soiled shirt on the floor? Don't you, in the heat of anger, sometimes push somebody?"

"Snakes alive! Whoever told you that I didn't?" he exploded. (When Pat explodes, there is quite a concussion; shamrocks fill the air.)

"Everybody," I breathed softly, brushing mangled shamrocks out of my eyebrows, and hoping that a soft answer might turn aside even an Irishman's wrath. It did.

"WELL," he admitted, "I suppose my worst vice is going to auctions. But now, see here, Jim Cagney is partly responsible for that. He started me on it, and now I can't resist 'em." He added, darkly, "They're probably going to be my downfall.

"Then again," he went on, "I hate to get rid of anything. I hoard things. When we bought this home in Brentwood, I set aside a special room where I kept old theatre programs, newspaper clippings, pipes, old hats, and oh, you know the kind of things to which men cleave. Of course, I know they're dust traps, and all that; but I want 'em. And oh, say,

[*Continued on page 76*]

Myrna introduces Bill (her husband) to her imperious aunt, Jessie Ralph

After The Thin Man not only presents Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in the rôles they originated in *The Thin Man,* but it also gives Elissa Landi a chance to shine

AFTER THE POWELL MAN

Remember that amazing picture, *The Thin Man?* In this sequel Bill Powell's *after him* again

By Carol Craig

WILLIAM POWELL is becoming difficult to keep up with. You have the impression, in the morning, that he is making a certain picture. But by mid-afternoon, as likely as not, you'll hear that he has finished *that* picture and started an entirely new one.

Really, it's almost that bad. And it's deucedly unconventional, we'd have you know. Great big movie stars just don't step from one picture right into another.

If you're a great big movie star, you're entitled to vacations. Movie-making is *such* grueling work. And, besides, it isn't supposed to be healthy to expose yourself to a camera more than three times a year; if you go over that quota, you'll probably overtax your popularity.

Yet Bill not only blithely continues to make picture after picture; he seems to be in the best of health and the best of nerves; and his popularity is assuming Rooseveltian proportions. In fact, there is a report that Bill is winning even Maine and Vermont.

He worked for months in *The Great Ziegfeld.* And the minute it was finished, what did he do? Betake himself, exhausted, to some mountain retreat? He rushed over to RKO to become *Mr. Bradford* to Jean Arthur's *Ex-Mrs. Bradford.* No sooner did he have that situation well in hand than he raced over to Universal, to be with Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Powell, in *My Man Godfrey.* With Carole's voice still ringing in his ears, he dashed back to M-G-M to be the focal figure in the funniest quadrangle ever filmed, *Libeled Lady.*

As Bill steps off the train with Asta (yep, the same dog) he is stampeded by reporters. You tell 'em Myrna

It's high time you become re-acquainted with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy who as *Nick* and *Nora,* the amazing couple of *The Thin Man,* have delightful scenes in its sequel

Dorothy McNulty, late of Broadway musical comedies, has a singing and dancing rôle in *After The Thin Man*

And now, before anyone can say "Loy," he is married to Myrna for the sixth time (and the third time in one year) in *After the Thin Man*—the sequel, and rumored topper, of that surprise hit of two seasons ago, *The Thin Man.*

How does he do it? *Why* does he do it? The answers can't be found by guesswork. They have to be found by detective work.

WE COME across our first clue by accident—in an unexpected quarter. Namely, on the set of Lily Pons' new picture, *That Girl from Paris.* At RKO, miles from M-G-M. Mischa Auer is on the Pons' set. Mischa played with Bill in *My Man Godfrey.* And because of what he did in that picture, Mischa is tremendously in demand—to his own amazement.

He never expected that, when everybody became conscious of him, it would be because of a burlesque of a gorilla. (Remember how he stuffed olives behind his lower lip and started climbing chandeliers?) Mischa at first was inclined to be disillusioned by "fame."

He reveals that he mentioned this to Bill. And Bill's answer was: "Forget about the Academy awards. Make them laugh. And you'll be around a long time." Mulling over that bit of Powell philosophy—that clue to the inner Powell—we gumshoe onto the set of *After the Thin Man,* after Bill himself. And more answers.

On first entering, we sight everyone but the hero of the piece. Momentarily, we wonder if he can be off on another sound-stage, starting another picture. That's always something to wonder, in Bill's case. We see Director W. S. Van Dyke, who was responsible for *The Thin Man*—and the first casting of Bill and Myrna as a married couple. We see Myrna, plying knitting needles on the sidelines. Elissa Landi, back in Hollywood after a year abroad, and looking very well. James Stewart, playing an unusual rôle. Jessie Ralph, playing a Bay City dowager as in *San Francisco.* Dorothy McNulty, late of Broadway musical comedy. Joseph Calleia, whose "sinisterness" is limited strictly to the screen.

Searching for Bill behind the scenes, we note a tall, odd-looking box, with a door on one side. It is like nothing ever seen on a sound-stage before. It is smaller than the collapsible canvas crates laughingly known as "portable dressing-rooms." Yet it is too large to be a telephone booth, which it resembles in shape. What is it?

We investigate the cubicle. There is nothing inside except a bare wooden chair (tenement style), a small clouded mirror hanging on one wall, and, directly under it, a small shelf bearing one powder-puff and one box of powder. And nothing else.

"Looking over my little abode?" asks a voice at our elbow. A suave, familiar voice. The William Powell voice.

"Your abode? We thought this was probably where they kept Asta, the dog."

"No, no. This is my own small sanctuary, my own haven of rest—in short, my dressing-room."

And, believe it or not, it is. It isn't half the size of an ordinary "portable dressing-room" because Bill doesn't spend half as much time in a dressing-room as any other star in the business. He doesn't need to relax between scenes, because he's relaxed *in* the scenes. So he wanders. He is all over the set, talking with people. He is as gregarious as a collection-taker at a revival meeting—and as democratic.

At the moment, time is being taken out for refreshments. In his left hand, Bill holds one of those individual bottles of milk. You may have noticed, on the screen, that he is left-handed. But it's a rude surprise, seeing him with a bottle [*Continued on page* 89]

PICTURE

WINTERSET

—AAAA—

A powerfully gripping drama of life in its most harsh and ironical version is portrayed in this picture by Margo, the strange girl of the tale, who gives a vivid and moving performance, and Burgess Meredith (superb in his screen debut), in the rôle he made memorable on the Broadway stage. It is a vital and stirring play of the highest quality which relates dramatic episodes in the life of a boy who, growing to manhood, lives only to clear the name of his father, an innocent victim of a miscarriage of justice. The setting is in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, the heart of the slums of New York, with the rain beating down, producing a weird dramatic quality of action that is intense and penetrating. The cast is faultless. Every character has been selected with something close to inspiration with several of the stage principals in their practiced rôles. While the reaction to the story is not instantaneous, it is an impressive departure from the customary channels that will evoke an increasing amount of interest as time passes on. Its unconventional, sociological study of human nature places it in a class by itself, giving it popular appeal.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE PLAINSMAN

—AAAA—

Presenting Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in an outstanding historical drama and glorious romance, set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West, that is so superlative it leaves *The Covered Wagon* in the background like a shadow in the darkness. Gary is at his best as *Wild Bill Hickok*, his most successful rôle to date. Jean Arthur is enticingly lovable as *Calamity Jane*. Cecil B. DeMille presents one of his most powerful productions in this story woven around the plot of smuggling repeating rifles to the hostile Indians. The backgrounds are excellent and the costumes are colorfully appropriate right through to the finale. The supporting cast which includes Helen Burgess, James Ellison as *Buffalo Bill*, Charles Bickford as the villain who imported the rifles, Victor Varconi as the Indian, *Painted Horse*, and numerous others, is deserving of honorable mention. The historic and dramatic punch of the picture, together with its stirring appeal, makes it one that every member of the family will enjoy from beginning to end. Jean and Gary Cooper made *Mr. Deeds* memorable. You'll surely not want to miss them in *The Plainsman.*—*Paramount.*

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ

—AAAA—

Grand holiday entertainment. Just the thing for a Jubilee present to Adolph Zukor. Gay, charming, sparkling, full of the joy of life and with an effervescent quality which touches the head as well as the heart. Gladys Swarthout as *Elsa Strauss*, the beautiful daughter of the *Strauss* Waltz family engaged in a romance with that reckless, delectable bandmaster from America, Fred MacMurray, sings the lilting waltz tunes with charm and esprit, while the spirit of jazz and laughter rescues her and her father from tradition and poverty in their old Vienna Palast and transplants them to an American cabaret where syncopation and swing music reigns supreme.

The picture is magnificently mounted. Veloz and Yolanda contribute ball-room dance numbers; Jack Oakie ensnared by Baroness Vivienne Osborne, supplies one merry gag after another and Fred MacMurray in Yankee fashion sweeps all before him giving, incidentally, probably his best characterization to date. We must not forget a bow to Ernest Cossart, embodying the wisdom and humor of a knowing better.—*Paramount.*

CARD INDEX OF

PARADE

GARDEN OF ALLAH

—AAA½—

This fascinating story, which was a sensation a generation ago, has been superbly produced in Technicolor, proving to be the most artistically beautiful and atmospherically compelling picture of the year. Marlene Dietrich is rapturous in color while Charles Boyer is most impressive and convincing as the Trappist monk who succumbs to earthly temptations, breaks his holy vows and flees the monastery. Boyer further establishes himself among the screen's leading actors in this production, which is ideal for him to display his talent. His characterization is thoroughly in key. Miss Dietrich delivers the most persuasively human and least affected performance of her career. The plot itself is one in which romantic and religious fervor are substitutes for dramatic urgency, but is acted sensitively and brilliantly. Splendid work is done by the supporting cast which includes Tilly Losch in the most colorful scene in the picture (the bazaar, rich in color and movement), Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Marshal, John Carradine, Lucile Watson, and others. The music is an outstanding factor and the direction by Boleslawski is an achievement in pictorially striking effects. A delicate theme handled with discretion. Don't miss it!—*Selznick Int'l.-United Artists.*

LLOYDS OF LONDON

—AAA½—

This is the unveiling of a new historical film and a new screen personality (Tyrone Power). It presents a romance that is never dominated by the background. Historical characters that were influential in the development of the great insurance institution known as *Lloyds of London* (the unique insurance company of the world), supply the material for the production. Tyrone Power, (*Jonathan Blake* as an adult), makes an excellent stride toward stardom in the stellar rôle and romantic lead opposite Madeleine Carroll, who is seen as the unhappy *Lady Elizabeth Stacy*, wife of *Lord Everett Stacy* (George Sanders). Freddie Bartholomew is admirable as *Blake* the boy, and Douglas Scott, as the boy *Nelson*, wins applause in his own right. Sir Guy Standing as the astute *John Julius Angerstein*, C. Aubrey Smith as *Old "Q"* who contributes the light and amusing moments, E. E. Clive as a comical judge, and Virginia Field, who makes the secondary female lead stand out in her characterization of *Lloyd's waitress*, are assets to the cast. It is a distinguished film, lavishly produced and depicted against the colorful background of London between the stirring years of 1770 and 1808.—*20th Century-Fox.*

LOVE ON THE RUN

—AAA—

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are teamed again, in a sure-fire comedy hit that is filled with spontaneous gags, excellent comedy dialogue and plenty of action, with Franchot Tone contributing antics in his rôle, giving Gable plenty of keen competition. The story relates the friendship of rival newspaper reporters in Europe, with each reporter, Gable and Tone, promising to cover the other on assignments. The fun starts when Gable humorously double-crosses Tone as he gets a scoop on a runaway-heiress-bride (Joan Crawford). Joan is excellent as the heiress who doesn't like newspaper reporters or notoriety, but gets both when she strikes up a romance with Gable. The humorous situations top each other in rapid succession, and with the directorial touches injected by W. S. Van Dyke, the picture moves on with an insane dash over all Europe with all characters involved in the flight. Mona Barrie and Reginald Owen are good as the menaces. William Demarest does a first rate job as the raving city editor. This one is a laugh-provoker that will please the entire family.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE LATEST MOVIES

PICTURE

BANJO ON MY KNEE

—AAA½—

Sparkling romance with a pitch of comedy and a musical background makes this production different from anything on the board. A story of the Mississippi River folk, their lives and manners aboard houseboats off the river banks, it has as its main characters Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanwyck and Walter Brennan. Barbara portrays a land girl brought into the river clan as a bride by McCrea. Barbara and Joel provide the suspense in their sincere portrayals as the headstrong, troubled bridal couple. Barbara's performance gives further indication that she merits star billing on any program. Walter Brennan proves to be the hit of the show in a hilarious and exceedingly difficult rôle which he fashions into one of the best pieces of acting seen on the screen in some time. With a style all his own, he is rapidly becoming one of the greatest character comedians of the screen. Remember him in *Come and Get It?* The entire cast is excellent, their performances being always in keeping with the mood of the story. The famous Hall Johnson Choir supplies a musical background that is quaint, to say the least!—*20th Century-Fox.*

BORN TO DANCE

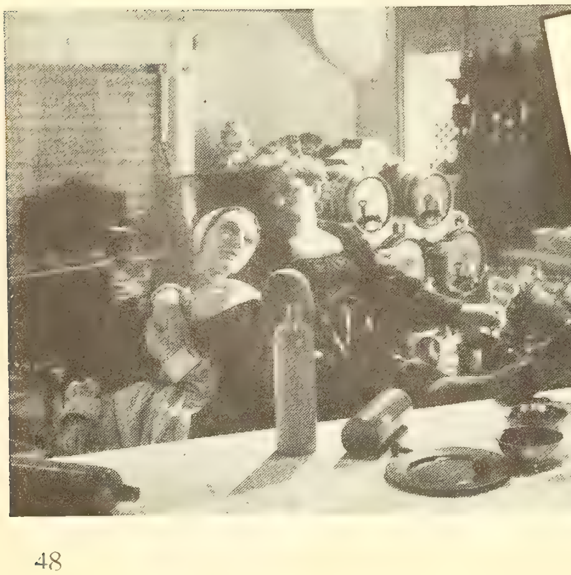
—AAA½—

A spectacular and sparkling musical assembled around the nimble feet and radiant smile of Eleanor Powell, the talented young lady whose dancing seems more magical each time one sees it. She fulfills every expectation in her romantic moments as well as in her dance numbers. The outstanding songs are *Rap, Tap on Wood, I'm Nuts About You* and *Swinin' Away*, giving Miss Powell every opportunity to score—and she never misses! James Stewart, playing opposite, shows more ability than he has demonstrated heretofore. Virginia Bruce, Frances Langford and Alan Dinehart contribute noteworthy performances. Comedy is furnished by Sid Silvers, Una Merkel,. Buddy Ebsen and Raymond Walburn—with a hilarious specialty by Reginald Gardiner. The story, dealing with a submarine, has one of the best openings, with scenic effects that are most unusual. It also has a grand finale—a real eye-opener. The music and dancing are as much a part of the show as the dialogue and the film reveals a brand of teamwork on the part of the principals and the supporting cast that retains all the merits of good musical comedy. It also introduces several departures that are most impressive.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

REMBRANDT

—AAA½—

Starring Charles Laughton, one of the foremost character actors of our era, in the title rôle, this picture depicts the life of the great Dutch painter, his struggles for recognition and his success and downfall as inspired by his great loves. Although the story is somewhat rambling and episodic and fails to develop any definite dramatic interest or sequence, yet the millions who have always enjoyed Laughton's pictures (as usual he is cast in an interestingly different character) will not miss the chance to see him here. The unveiling of the masterpiece which *Rembrandt* paints under protest should be especially appealing to the artistic-minded fans. The rendition, by Laughton, of numerous lengthy biblical passages, provides the highspot in the story. Elsa Lanchester, as *Rembrandt's* servant maid, contributes an outstanding performance. Her ability, grace and charm are an asset to the production. Gertrude Lawrence, as the painter's nagging housekeeper, who is self-centered and unsurpassably selfish, merits honors for her surprisingly poised and dignified portrayal. The typical Dutch costumes are uniformly correct and the photography, with Holland as its subject, is interesting and impressive.—*Alexander Korda—United Artists.*



CARD INDEX OF

PARADE

REUNION

—AAA—

The Dionne Quints are starred in this comedy-drama, contributing as enjoyable a bit of entertainment as you'd wish to see. You will hear the Quints talk; see them frolic in and out of their cribs, stage a free-for-all with their toys, and present a hilarious finale when they are turned loose with a piano and other musical instruments. Jean Hersholt is again the famous country doctor, loved by all. He stages a reunion of all the babies he has brought into the world and brings together a diversified crowd with human problems; a marriage that is about to go on the rocks, a love affair in danger and a couple who want to adopt a child. It is the wise old doctor who takes these affairs in hand and instigates a happy ending. Rochelle Hudson merits considerable credit for her portrayal of the doctor's nurse, and heart-interest for Robert Kent. Dorothy Peterson as the Quints' nurse, John Qualen as their father, and Slim Summerville as the constable, are outstanding in their rôles, and Esther Ralston, Helen Vinson, Alan Dinehart, George Ernest and J. Edward Bromberg lend excellent support. There is just enough of everything to make it enjoyable from the opening scene to the finale, and the new and bewitching antics of the Quints will warm the hearts of young and old.—*20th Century-Fox.*

ONCE A DOCTOR

—AA½—

While this production is not the best fare on the screen today, it has a dramatic touch, speedy direction, good photography and an exceptional performance contributed by Jean Muir, in the end proves to be pleasing entertainment. Based on the dramatic situation: Will Donald Woods, a famous surgeon who has been discharged from his profession, perform an operation only he can do, to save the life of his most bitter enemy? Jean Muir, though she has little to do, shows fine possibilities and is exceptionally lovely in her romantic rôle. When she tearfully reminds Donald of his doctor's oath and professional ethics, his answer is obvious. Woods handles his part with discretion and sincerity. Joseph King does good work as a doctor, whose protection for his son, George Oliver, caused Woods to be discharged. Oliver is good as the juvenile and Henry Kolker is, as always, up to par as the surgeon who has confidence in Woods, despite opinions to the contrary. The exciting climax takes place on a yacht after a wild race through a raging storm.—*Warner Brothers.*

MAD HOLIDAY

—AA½—

A wild, hilarious murder mystery that depicts all the craziest situations imaginable—that's *Mad Holiday* for you. Edmund Lowe is cast as a Hollywood film star who is fed up on murders, corpses and playing detective. He walks out on his producer and starts on a sea voyage to get away from it all, but is followed by Ted Healy, studio publicity hound. The first person he meets on the boat is the despised, mysterious *Peter Dean*, author of his screenplays, in the person of Elissa Landi, a ravishing beauty. Miss Landi dotes on murders but has never seen a corpse. The fun begins when one murder after another piles up and Miss Landi and Lowe become tangled up in mysterious events. Lowe is, as usual, the suave and distinguished detective and his performance reveals more than his usual assurance. Miss Landi, appearing glamorously beautiful in a smart wardrobe, plays her part with spirit and charm. Ted Healy is good in his slapstick rôle and Zazu Pitts is hilariously funny in her nitwit part. It's chocked full of laughs. Be sure to see it!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

THE LATEST MOVIES

Rembrandt

Rembrandt, the great Dutch master, comes to life in the portrayal of Charles Laughton. The Prince of Shadows, whose eloquent canvases hang in the important galleries of the world, is also brought into a living, thrilling canvas, himself, under the gifted art of Laughton, the Prince of Cinema Shadows. He humanizes the immortal painter with the genius that marked his *Ruggles, Captain Bligh* and *Henry the VIII.* It takes a master of his art to portray a Master of Art. Hail to Laughton!

ALICE FAYE –and this thing called LOVE

Alice has her moods but Tony Martin has the inside track

Howsabout this love-call, Alice? You make it plain here that you want the real thing—one that includes marriage and your career

By Maude Cheatham

SEVERAL weeks ago, while lunching with the glamorous Alice Faye, in the picturesque Café de Paris at the 20th Century-Fox studio, she said to me, "No one experience can satisfy a woman. Now that I've won some success on the screen, I want a broader life that includes marriage. I want it *along with my career,* for I'm confident I can manage both and not neglect either one. In fact, each should prove an inspiration to the other. Why not? Men don't pass up marriage because they have work to do. I want to marry and have children while I am young enough to enjoy them.

"I don't know exactly what I want in a husband," she continued, gaily. "Not wealth, nor must he be dark an' handsome. But he must be understanding and loyally devoted. I'm very old-fashioned when it comes to love and marriage, and unless there is great love between two people who marry, I do not believe there can be the perfect understanding which is necessary to make it a success. In the few years I have been in Hollywood, I've seen what *passes for love,* blaze like a skyrocket and then flicker out very suddenly. Such a thing is devastating to the soul. I've observed, too, that

[*Continued on page 92*]

Gladys Swarthout has found the secret to a happy marriage. She is first of all a wife and her professional career plays second fiddle

A MARRIAGE *That*

"WE DON'T want our marriage to change into a dull, routine, stereotyped affair." It was Gladys Swarthout speaking in that musical, cello-like voice of hers. "It started as a romantic adventure, and we intend to keep it a romantic adventure. We don't want to 'settle down.' As the years go by, we try to keep our marriage more colorful and adventurous than anything we have ever experienced before.

"A mistake a great many married people make is trying to submerge the personality of their partner into their own. My husband is still Frank Chapman, and I'm still Gladys Swarthout, and we intend to remain two separate and distinct individualities. After all, why do people fall in love and marry? Because they see in each other certain characteristics which are complementary to their own and draw them with a magnetic power. I firmly believe that we are born with physical and temperamental traits which, in themselves, are half and incomplete, that every normal person has in him or her an urge to find the person who has the qualities that will supply the other, the missing half.

"That's the mystery of love. These qualities usually are different from one's own—the attraction of opposites, you know. This is especially true in the case of artists, whose personalities develop along highly differentiated lines. Instead of hindering or trying to suppress the individual qualities of their partners, married people should cultivate them. That will keep the freshness and zest of their first days together.

"Another secret of a successful marriage is to let the wife have plenty of responsibilities. There are a lot of men who, prompted by a sense of false chivalry or the masculine idea of I-must-have-to-do-it-all, pamper their wives too much, try to relieve them of all responsibility, don't let them do anything. Nothing will make any sensible, self-respecting wife more discontented than that.

"When I go home, I love to putter around, to attend to the kitchen and the dusting and the marketing and planning. Frank thinks I'm a wonderful housekeeper. No critical praise about my singing could make me more proud than that. I never want to forget the fact that first of all I'm a wife. I hope to be Mrs. Frank Chapman long after

[*Continued on page* 94]

Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in Champagne Waltz

By Cyril Vandour

"Our marriage started as a romantic adventure. We intend to keep it that way"

Remains a ROMANCE

The TALK *of* Hollywood

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

PRIME Giggle-of-the-Month from Hollywood, as per a typographical error in a press-agent's copy about Kent Taylor. It read: "Kent Taylor has individual banks for his pennies, nickels and DAMES . . ." (—or maybe it *wasn't* a typographical error?)

Actress Anne Nagel's eyes have it here, curtained as they are with long, curly lashes. Her dark Irish beauty so captivated Ross Alexander that he up and married the girl

Strong Comeback

TALK of Hollywood is still Mary Astor—and how successfully she's turned an ill-wind around to blow her good. At the time of the diary, there were dark whisperings and forebodings that "Mary's career is over; this'll kill it!" There were even printed reports in the Hollywood trade papers that Mary had been fired by producers who had tentatively taken her for certain roles.

Then came *Dodsworth*—and the storm of applause that greeted her work in the film. And now—well, now Mary is running Barbara Stanwyck a neck-and-neck race for the Comeback honors of Hollywood. More producers want Mary than she can work for at once. And all the would-be little unknowns in Hollywood are said to be furiously scribbling diaries . . . ! ! !

He's off to sea again, girls—meaning the Gable mans. No mutiny this time. He's the co-skipper with Joan Crawford in *Love on the Run*—and then *Parnell*

Garbodings

ABOUT Garbo there rages, still as always, a fury of gossip and counter-gossip and assertions and denials . . . First, you'll have it from an absolutely unimpeachable inside source that Garbo is seriously, desperately, horribly ill and that it'll be a wonder if she finishes another film. And the very next day, you'll hear that she's been skyhooting around the lot like a chorus girl full of champagne, cracking jokes with Bob Taylor, and running him foot-races.

Then you'll be advised that she's through forever after *Camille* with movies, and will go back home to Sweden forever—and five minutes later you're told her next picture is already all set, and that all she'll do between *Camille* and it is to take a boat trip of a week or two. And you'll learn, on assiduous inquiry, that she's still as remote and unapproachable as ever—and then you'll find out that she attended a party the other night, and goes to movies in the neighborhood theatres. And all you get out of it is that Garbo is still Garbo, and so what . . . ?!

This young fellow—Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—plays a cat-burglar in *Jump for Glory*. Can it be that he stole Dietrich's heart?

—*Wide World*

A famous Dietrich leg, soapy and shapely, goes on display in a tub for *Knight Without Armor*

Ann Sothern is called *The Smartest Girl in Town* in that picture because of the formal beaded gown she wears

Facts are these: Garbo *has* been ill. But she is healthy again, and in her illness, she shucked off poundage and, although thin now, is in fine vigor. She *does* like Bob Taylor, but he never goes further than calling her "Miss Garbo." However, George Brent is still calling on her—despite all the hush-hushing—and Li'l Danny Romance seems to be hovering steadfast on the sidelines when he does! And I'll bet that George doesn't call her "Miss Garbo."

As Maine Goes . . .

WHAT'S happening to Shirley Temple's popularity?—ominous are the latest figures from the box-office front, that barometer that determines irrevocably a star's standing. Heretofore, Shirley has consistently held the top spot in exhibitors' reports from all over the country—never for more than a year dropping below second place. BUT *—last month's figures show La Temple sliding down to fifth place!*

Reason? Unanimous opinion seems to be that Shirley has been given too many musicals.

Other box-office leaders: first place, Ginger and Astaire. Second place, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. Third place, Bill Powell, thanks to *Godfrey* and *Libeled Lady*, not to forget *Ziegfeld*. *Libeled Lady* also sent Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy zooming topward again—which shows that you fans really want stories first, big stars second. Or does it?

When Mae Clarke goes to Palm Springs (it's always summer there) she takes along her blue polka-dotted satin bathing suit

And Phyllis Dobson keeps abreast of summer in sunny climes by wearing a one-piece suit of red and white cotton print

No Irish Confetti, Please!

HOLLYWOOD Home news of the month is that Jean Harlow is going to have a new house, built entirely (except foundation and roof) of *glass!* However, before you go reserving front seats for the show, let me explain that it'll be the new type of glass building bricks—

In seeing *Lloyds of London* you couldn't miss Virginia Field. Her ultra-feminine features should take her fast to stardom

And here is *that* famous profile in silhouette. And who could it belong to but Bob Taylor. Altogether girls, a long sigh

they admit light, but you can't see through them. Nevertheless, Jean better not go throwing stones.

Young Back Fencers

BACK to Shirley Temple again—for I've just got to re-tell the giggler that's been tickling Hollywood's funny-bone. It seems those two little film kiddies, Sybil Jason and Charlene Wyatt, were talking about Shirley Temple. "Isn't it funny," asked Charlene, "about Shirley Temple saying she's only seven years old?"

"Yess-s-s-s-s-s?" sibillated Sybil; "I don't want to be catty—but she'll never see eight again!" Who says film tots don't learn fast?

Dogged Resistance

TALKING of Shirley, her menagerie has progressed from the stage of being purely fun to being also useful. Newest addition is a big German shepherd dog, trained as a guardian for the child. You see, although Shirley's new home is equipped with all sorts of anti-kidnap gadgets (including alarms that are sprung by an intruder crossing an invisible beam), and although Shirley has a 24-hour armed guard who even sleeps in the bedroom next hers, and although there is trick machinery to illuminate every square inch of the Temple house and grounds instantly at night, in case of alarm—still the powers-that-be weren't satisfied for Shirley's safety. So Mrs. Temple added the dog. Shirley doesn't realize the dog is a new kidnap-foiler. She just thinks he's something to add to her zoo of other dogs, cats, pony, ducks, canaries, and several score rabbits.

Up Planes and At 'Em

VICTOR McLAGLEN—who loves to fight better than anything else—is expanding his militaristic preparations . . . For a long time, now, he has been organizer and active head of the McLaglen Light Horse Cavalry, a uniformed troop of men (both in and out of films) who are taught all cavalry maneuvers, and whose purpose (although currently they just take part in parades) is to form a reserve troop in case of war.

Now Victor goes a step further. He is organizing the McLaglen Aviation Corps—an escadrille to be composed of 125 men. McLaglen plans to have fifty first-class planes at call for the training and use of his flyers. Already, a group of noted aviators have donated use of their ships, and their own services as instructors, to Vic. McLaglen will pick his own corps members, and all they'll have to do is buy a uniform and pay a small membership fee. That'll give McLaglen mobile forces by land and by air. And wouldn't it be just his luck to have 'em attack him by sea?

Upping Bob's Salary

"YOUNG Man Makes Good" climax of the season was what happened to Robert Taylor, the other day—. His bosses at M-G-M called him in, tore up his old contract (which paid him a three-digit salary) and gave him a brand-new one. The new one, it's reported, begins at $2,500 a week, and scales up to $4,000 a week! And that, for a kid who wasn't considered very hot by the co-eds at the Pomona College he was going to a couple of years ago, is pretty good, eh?

Also Pays the Price

THE new contract shows how valuable Bob is as a piece of property to M-G-M. Even more indicative is the extent to which they're going to protect him—They have, for example, ordered him not even to ride on that motor-scooter he bought to travel around the lot with!! Even a kid could run one of those in safety—but Bob's bosses don't want him to fall off and skin a knee or something. Moreover, when Bob innocently said he was going to the old home town for a visit with the folks, did they let him go as he wanted to—without fuss, and quietly, and alone? No-sir!! They sent along a special emissary, to see that Bob was fully guarded against any kind of racket, too-demonstrative gals, or anything else that might rebound evilly. Bob is learning that the price he must pay for film fame and film-pay is loss of Privacy plus Normalcy!

Trying *Them* On the Dog

NEWEST racketeer in Hollywood's studios is a 9-year-old lad who owns a trick puppy. His latest victims, mulcted of hard cash by his scheme, include Doris Nolan, Hugh Herbert and George

They grow 'em nifty in Arkansas. And Hollywood catches them sooner or later. The superior *ones* displayed here belong to Helen Seamon, formerly of Pine Bluff. She's in *Gold Diggers of 1937*

England's Margot Grahame is ready to sail into stardom. At present she's piloted in the title role of *Night Waitress*

A healthy, prosperous and happy New Year is symbolized by Shirley Temple. As the chubby New Yearlet Shirley will star in *Stowaway*

Scotland's Ella Logan, whose song and dances have entertained night-clubbers everywhere, debuts in Universal's *Flying Hostess*

Murphy, all of whom the young gyp artist "took" on Universal's *Top of the Town* set the other day—

The lad appeared (nobody has discovered how he crashed the studio gates) with the dog in his arms. It was a cute pup, and the kid looked ragged. "Wanna buy a dog, lady?" he asked Doris. "I gotta sell him."

The cute dog and the wistful lad touched Doris' heart. She forked over a dollar and took the pup, and the boy strolled off. But a minute later, when she looked for the pup, it had fled . . . Then she discovered, in a far corner, the boy again—and the dog was back with him!—and the boy was selling the dog to Hugh Herbert, this time!!! Doris, seeing the joke, didn't interfere. She watched Hugh pay for the dog, saw the boy wander off, and then saw the trained dog slip away from Hugh and speed to the lad again. And then both she and Hugh watched the child sell the dog the third time to Murphy! And then the boy walked to the door of the stage, whistled, and the dog came running—and both of them legged it out the studio gate as fast as they could go—plus three dollars.

We recognize Anne Shirley who has THE Chair. She wants you to know that she appears soon in *Make Way for a Lady*

Sews As She Reaps

JANE WITHERS' ma is certainly foresighted—and taking no chances. Full well does she know that most child stars go suddenly into oblivion when the gangling age comes. And so she is preparing Jane for precisely that eventuality—

Regardless of the fact that by then, Jane will have earned and stored up a pretty fortune, her mother is teaching her the good, old, homely virtues which girl children used to have to learn: sewing, cooking, and housekeeping. "Being a picture star is fine," explains Mrs. Withers, "but it's more important that Jane should grow up to be a normal young woman who some day, I hope, will have a husband and children and home of her own. Knowing how to cook and keep house and sew won't have any bad effects on Jane's acting ability, certainly."

Fan Mail Velly Good

BECAUSE so many Chinese are writing to him since *The Good Earth* casting, Paul Muni has had to be given a Chinese college youth in his fan-mail department, to read and answer the letters!

A Rose By Any Name

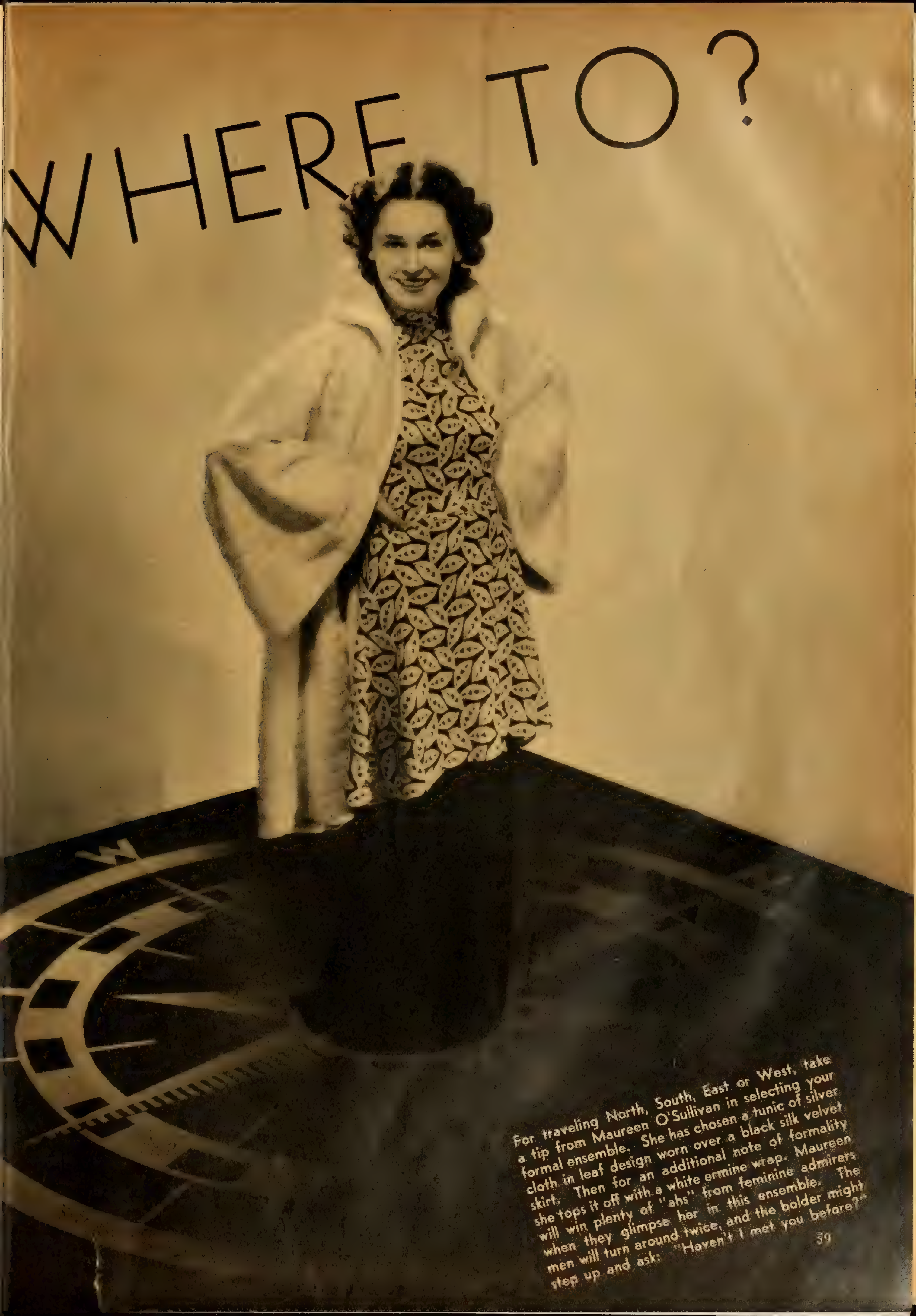
EXTRA—EXTRA!—Tala Birell's name is going to be Tala Birell! And that's the latest change-of-title news from Hollywood, where a name or a picture-title is only something to be changed, usually. You see, for weeks and weeks and weeks the new moguls at Universal have been trying to think of a new screen name for Tala, figuring that the one she's been using was either a flop or unpopular. BUT—after all that thinking, they couldn't devise a better one, so they've told her to go ahead and be Tala Birell, if she wants to. Inci-

[*Continued on page* 68]

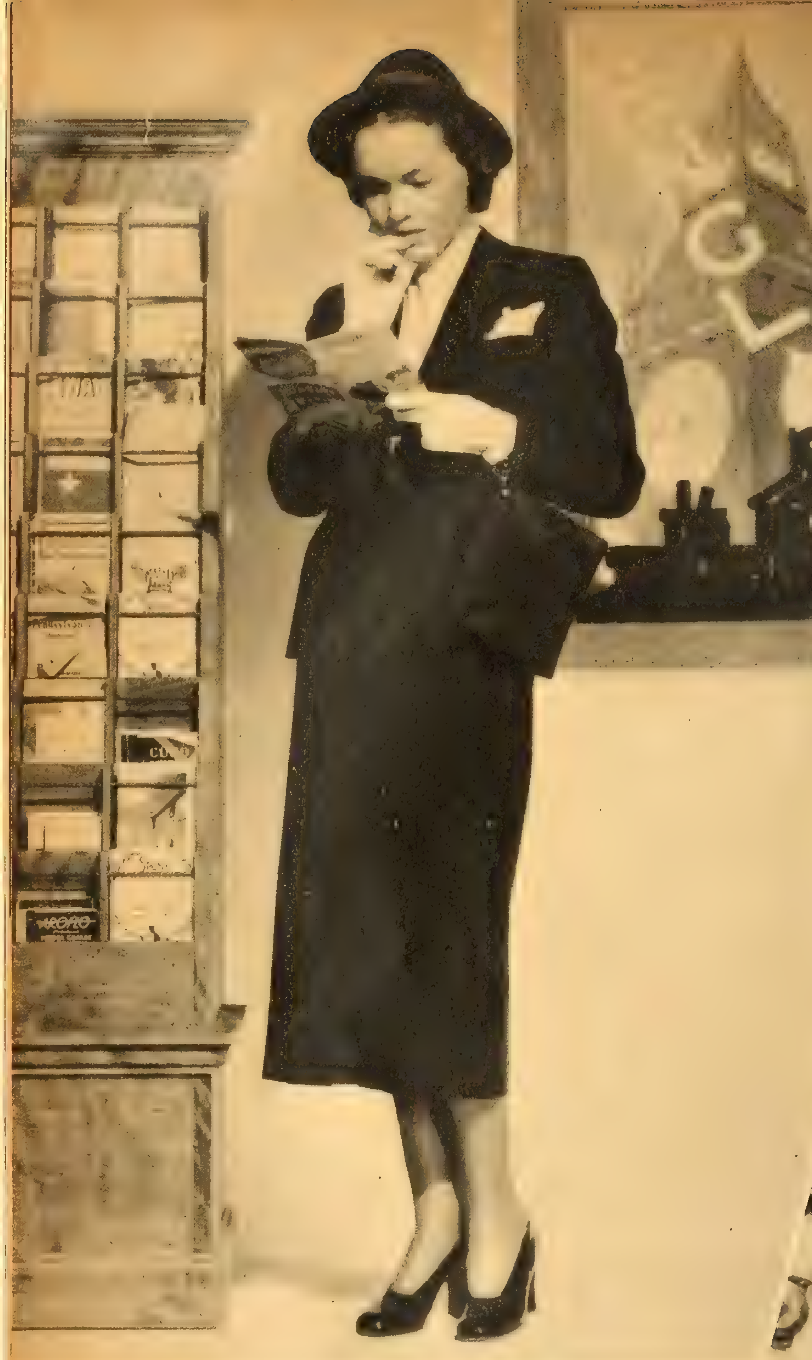
Spencer Tracy

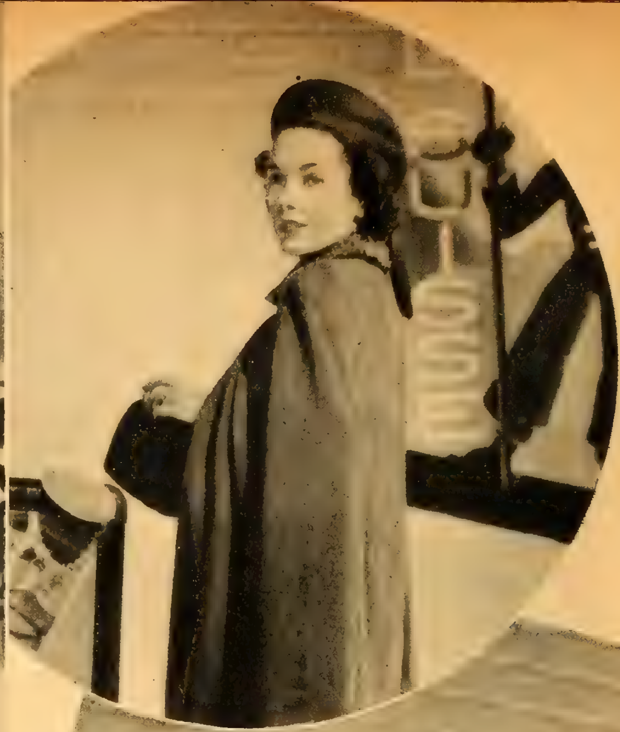
No actor in Hollywood has made faster strides to stardom than your old pal, Spencer Tracy. His name doesn't even have to be in lights. His appearance in the cast is enough light to attract you. Cameo performances have been his dish. Look for another in *Captains Courageous*

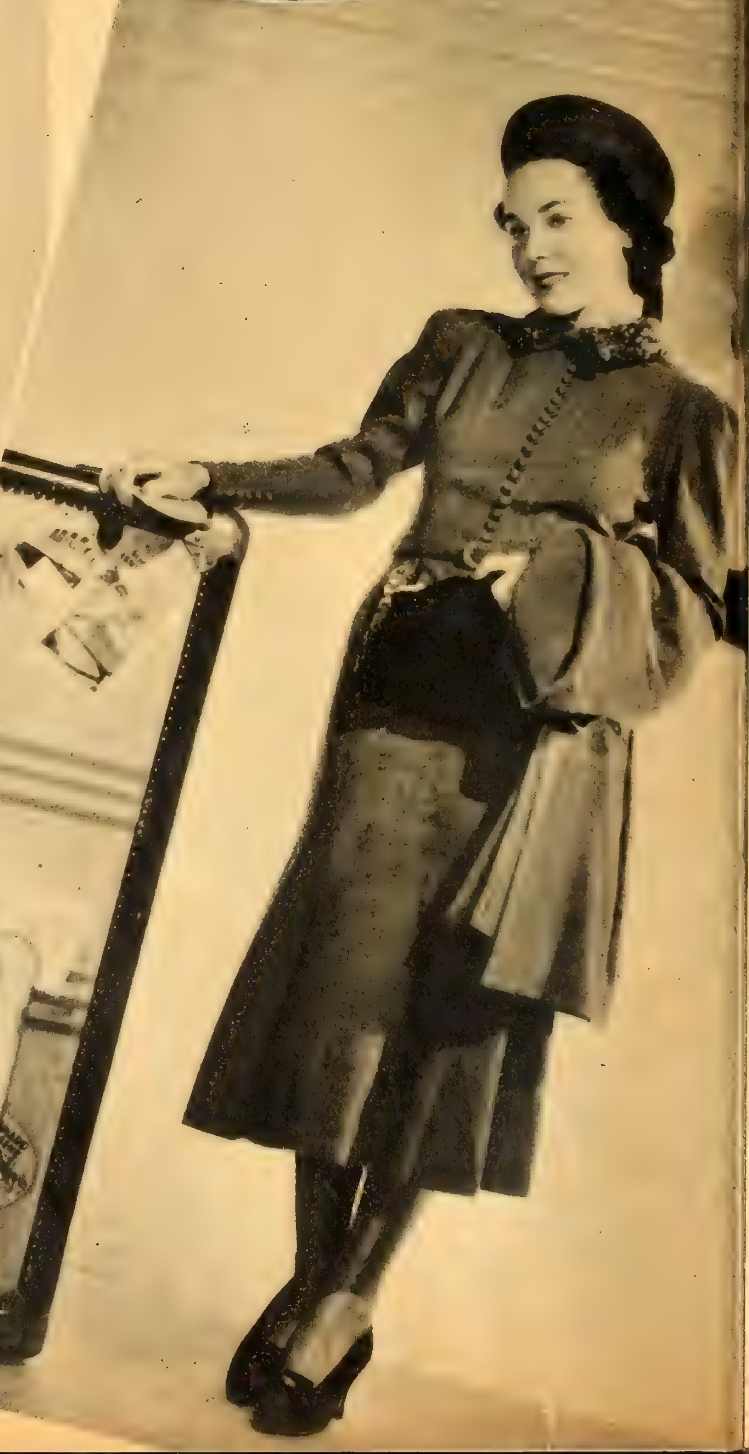
WHERE TO?



For traveling North, South, East or West, take a tip from Maureen O'Sullivan in selecting your formal ensemble. She has chosen a tunic of silver cloth in leaf design worn over a black silk velvet skirt. Then for an additional note of formality she tops it off with a white ermine wrap. Maureen will win plenty of "ahs" from feminine admirers when they glimpse her in this ensemble. The men will turn around twice, and the bolder might step up and ask: "Haven't I met you before?"

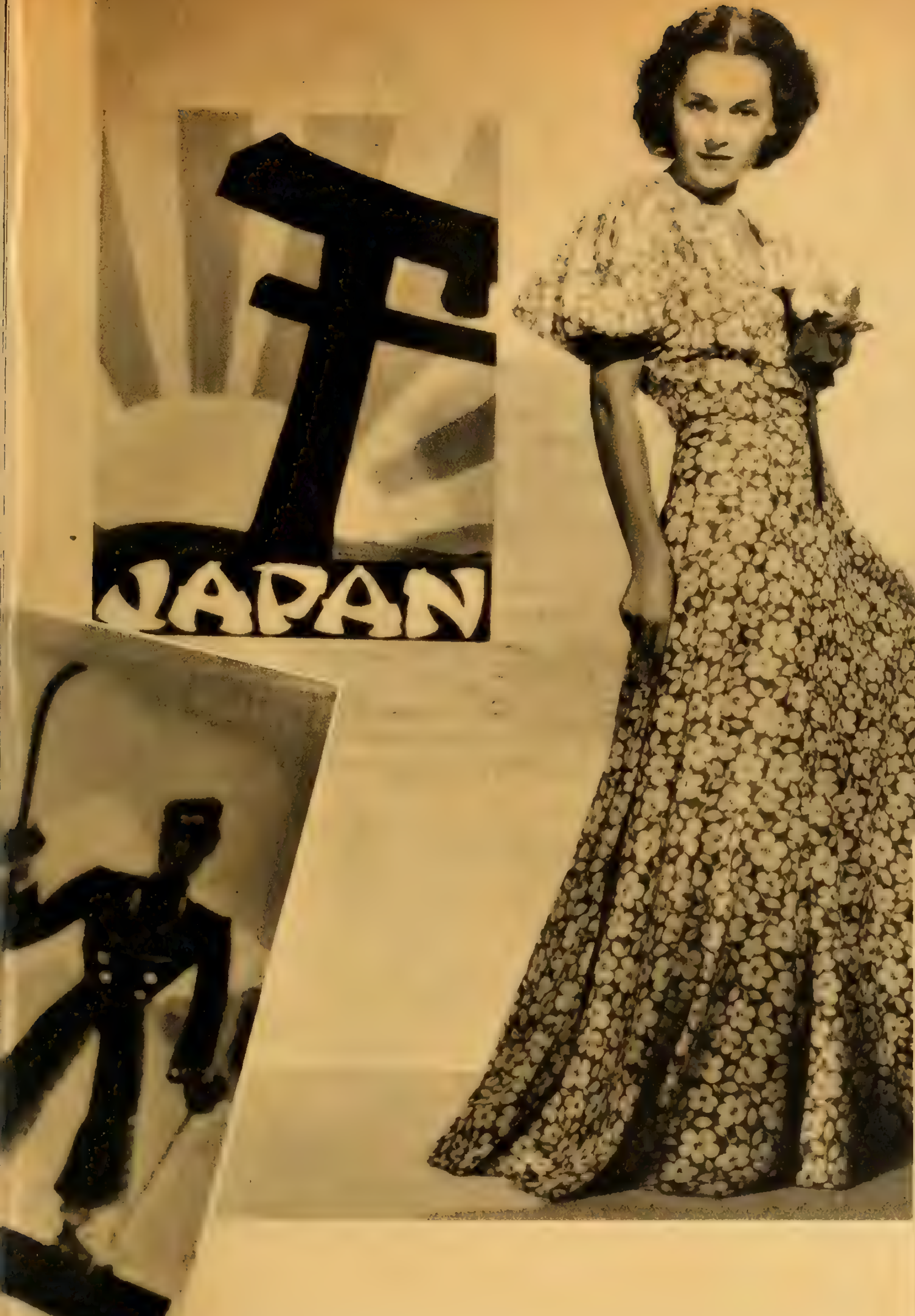






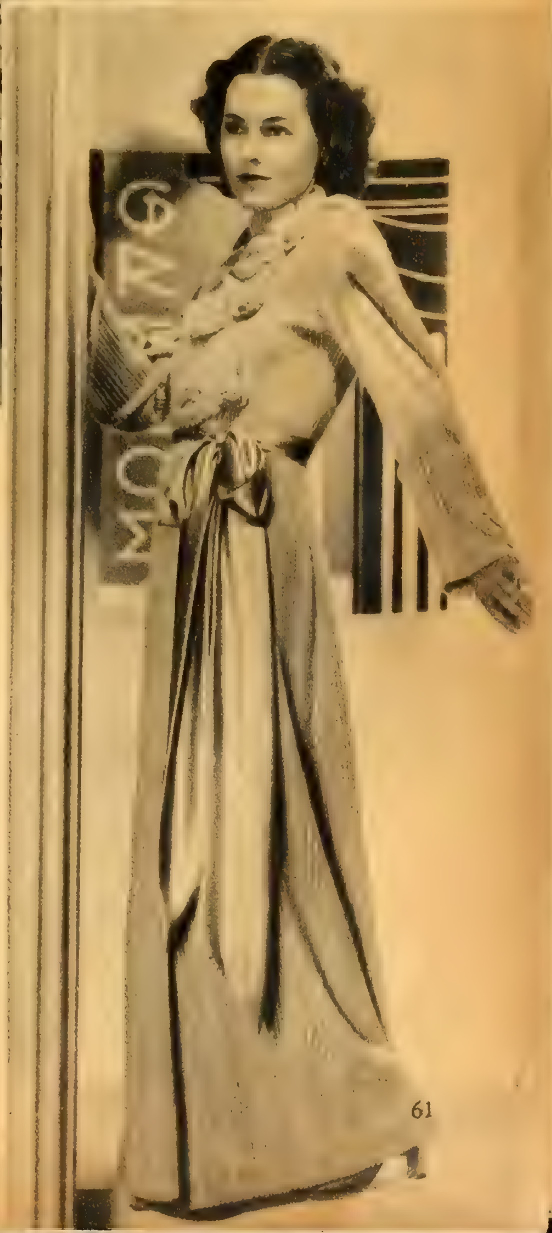
There's nothing so appropriate as a smart tailored navy blue suit for your wardrobe, according to Maureen. It always fits neatly in one's travel plans. Maureen also affects a white crepe blouse—it adds additional smartness. The navy-off-the-face hat features a bright jade green band. When she finished *Tarzan Escapes*, Maureen consulted travel folders to help her with her vacation

At the right Maureen suggests for the going-away ensemble a slate grey woolen dress. It is trimmed with a tailored collar of grey Persian lamb, topped with a square shoulder cape of the same material. You will note the squared effect of the shoulder in the top inset. A navy blue or jade green or grey off-the-face hat helps to complete the ensemble



Write to Sally Martin, fashion editor, MOTION PICTURE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, for personal help with your wardrobe. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope

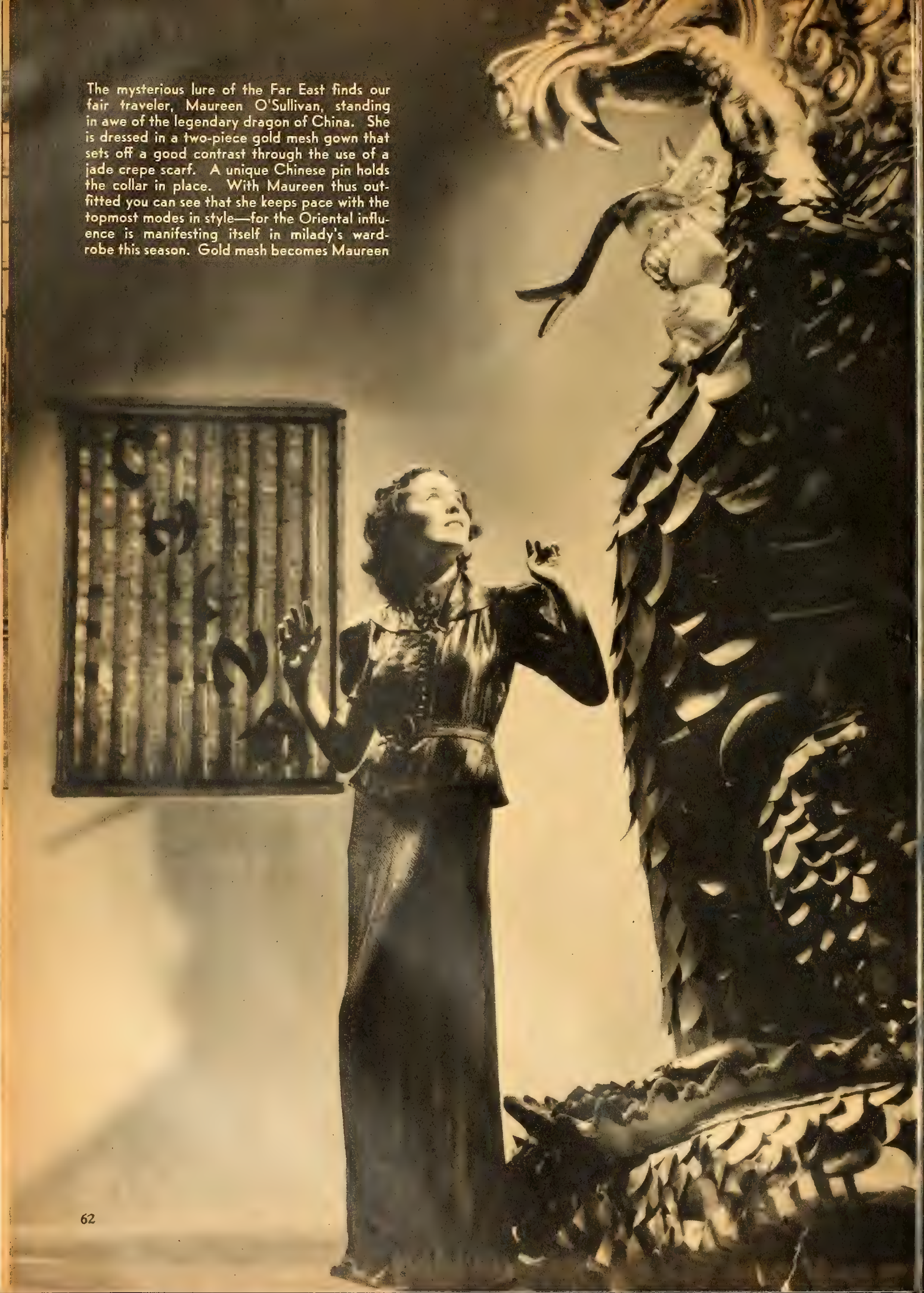
At the top is seen the Japanese influence as it affects milady's wardrobe this season. The formal gown worn by Maureen features a cherry red background and blossoms forth with a white flower design. The dress is of crepe and the white and red flowers attached to the bodice are of the same material



When it comes to tailored smartness you will find it reflected at the right in this dusty rose woolen negligee worn by Maureen. It is just the thing to make her feel comfy around the house. The robe features yarn frog fastenings on the bodice. A satin bow of contrasting shade is tied at the waist

By SALLY MARTIN
Fashion Editor, Motion Picture

The mysterious lure of the Far East finds our fair traveler, Maureen O'Sullivan, standing in awe of the legendary dragon of China. She is dressed in a two-piece gold mesh gown that sets off a good contrast through the use of a jade crepe scarf. A unique Chinese pin holds the collar in place. With Maureen thus outfitted you can see that she keeps pace with the topmost modes in style—for the Oriental influence is manifesting itself in milady's wardrobe this season. Gold mesh becomes Maureen



Binnie Barnes

Here is the new Binnie Barnes giving you a profile and a different coiffure. Binnie is one of the most original stars in Hollywood—and one of the most talented. Is she busy? You bet. Having outsmarted *Three Smart Girls,* she'll waste no time in making a splurge in *Delay in the Sun*

Wendy Barrie

And here is Wendy Barrie, who like Binnie, hails from Merrie England. A tall, willowy type, she has succeeded in making a big dent in the w.k. Hollywood atmosphere with her *different* personality. She supported Lawrence Tibbett in *Under Your Spell,* and like Binnie is in *Delay in the Sun*

Errol Flynn

Because he wasn't like anyone ever seen on the screen before, Hollywood wanted him. Errol brings a different romantic "feel" to his roles—and takes them in stride. He has never made a picture that didn't click—and has never gone upstage about it. He doesn't have to look around for opportunities; they look around for him. When they knock on his door Errol shouts a friendly "Come in!" You know the rest. Now he steps out of heroic swashbuckling to play *The Green Light*

MIRIAM HOPKINS' *Latest Design for Living*

By Elza Schallert

MIRIAM HOPKINS had just returned from an eight months' stay in Europe the day I visited with her. She had been in London to make a picture entitled *Men Are Not Gods*, for her friend, Alexander Korda, guiding genius of London Film Productions. She had enjoyed the gay and high social life which the British capital offers when one knows the interesting people.

There were dinners—small, exciting groups of guests—attended by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Rebecca West, English novelist, also G. B. Stern. Yes, and there were gown fittings at Schiaperelli's, and cordial chats at that famed establishment with the banner-lined Mrs. Wallie Simpson, of Baltimore.

And then Miriam Hopkins spent a week in Paris, where she was entertained by Gertrude Stein, cosmopolite and writer of weird verse. A trip through the south of Germany . . . Nuremberg, Munich . . . guesting at the American Embassy in Berlin, with her friend, the daughter of the Ambassador . . . formal state dinners and dances.

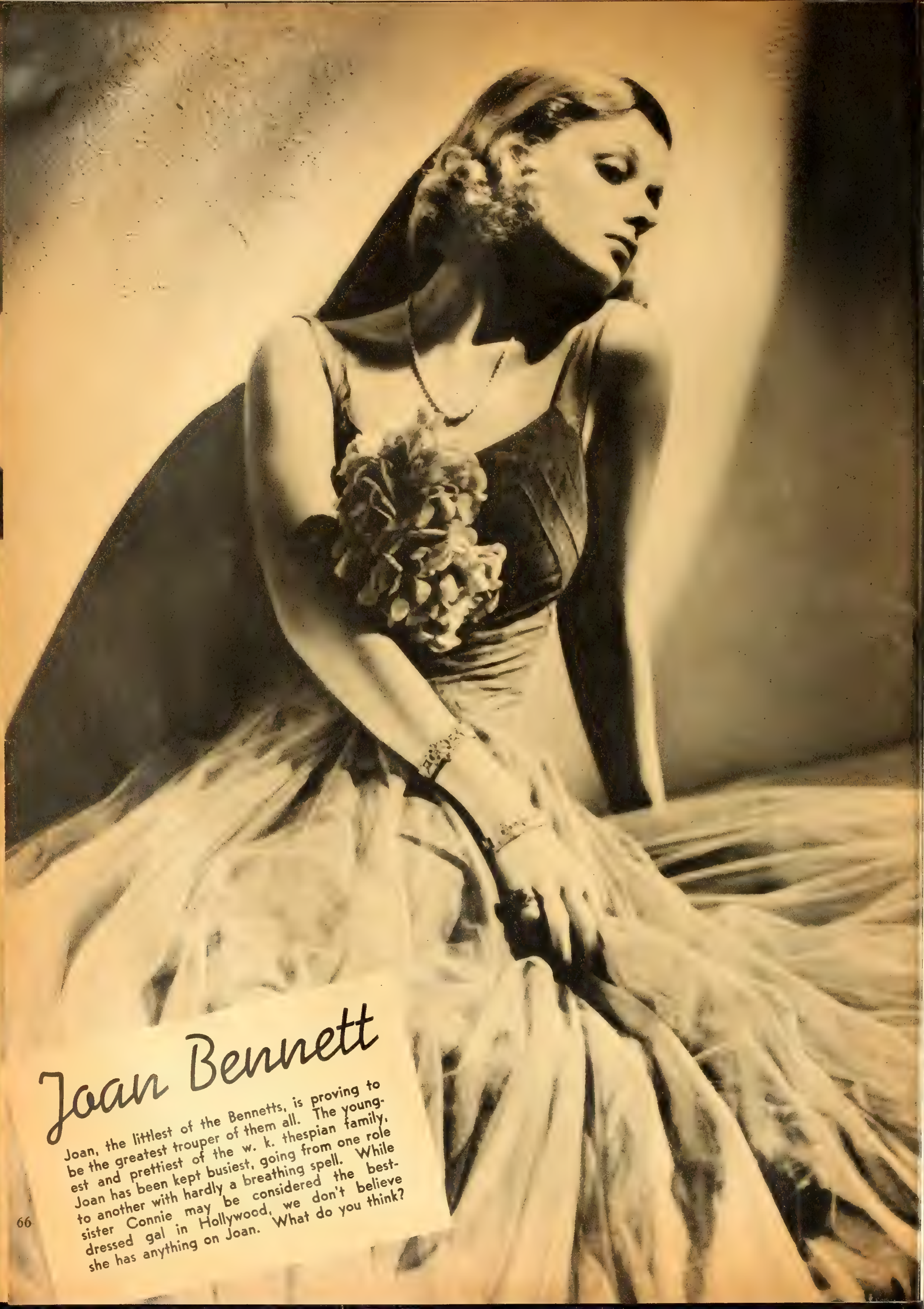
Next Vienna . . . after that ten days in Budapest with some writer friends of director Ernst Lubitsch . . . and finally Venice, at the very hour that Mussolini announced his rulership of Ethiopia, through conquest.

This was the first interview that Miss Hopkins granted on her return to Hollywood. It has been my privilege to have known the scintillating and brilliant star for some time. However, the matter of getting her to consent to something that sounds as prosaic and forbidding as an "interview" becomes a very elusive business. Like chasing a rainbow, or trying to pin down Charlie Chaplin for the same purpose. Both Miss Hopkins and Chaplin have a similar evanescent quality with reference to being questioned for publication. But once a contact is made with either one, an "interview" becomes a social event of cosmic character. Every subject under the sun is discussed. The conversation goes on and on and could last forever.

IT WAS such a social afternoon that I spent with Miss Hopkins. She had just moved into the Beverly Hills house formerly occupied by Marlene Dietrich. The house has an easy, informal quality. Attractive, but not pompously decorative. There is is a most inviting sun-room done in white and splashes of yellow, and adjoining it is a diminutive, and very chic, aperitif nook with red and white leather decor. Circular benches hug the walls, and a table seating four or six guests is part of the design. It was in this room that we lunched and chatted. When Miriam Hopkins talks it is like opening a bottle of old and rare champagne. She effervesces and sparkles. Her enthusiasm of the moment was over the house.

"Don't you think it's divine," she stated, rather than asked. "It's charming informality . . . the convenient nursery and playroom arrangement for Michael and 'Mademoiselle,' his devoted nurse . . . and the yard space and tennis court . . . all these things appealed to me the moment I saw the house. And I simply adore it because it has no dining-room. There is nothing to remined one of the stiff formality of [*Continued on page* 98]

"It's the best tonic in the world to get away from Hollywood. It gives you new ideas."—Miriam Hopkins



Joan Bennett

Joan, the littlest of the Bennetts, is proving to be the greatest trouper of them all. The youngest and prettiest of the w. k. thespian family, Joan has been kept busiest, going from one role to another with hardly a breathing spell. While sister Connie may be considered the best-dressed gal in Hollywood, we don't believe she has anything on Joan. What do you think?

Reduce Pores... *Soften* Lines

WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN
TREATMENT
Age signs begin here
Under your skin are tiny active glands, blood vessels, fibres. When they function poorly, age signs start!

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY... you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are —little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly*. The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat ... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CB, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________________ State ________

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 57]

dentally, Gloria Swanson and Carole Lombard are now Gloria Swanson and Carole Lombard, also. The catch: before she went to court and had the Swanson handle legalized, Gloria's name was really Mrs. Gloria Farmer. And before the law made her Carole Lombard, she was Jane Peters—and that's a swell name for glamor, isn't it . . .?

Tops In Taps

MAYBE *you* think Fred Astaire is tops—but the Dance Troupers of America, Inc., have elected Eleanor Powell as "the foremost dancer of the world." They've given her the title of Grand Trouper.

Whittlings From Holly-WOOD

SHE likes America so well that Norwegian Sonja Henie is going to take out citizenship papers as soon as she finishes *One in a Million* at 20th-Fox . . . Eleanor Powell has bought a German police dog that has been trained to do some of her tap-dance steps and now she dances a duet with him . . . and she's going to have a pair of special tap shoes made for his front feet! . . . all of which so intrigued Bill Powell that he's having a special raincoat made to order for "Asta," the dog you saw in the *Thin Man* films . . . Adolphe Menjou is off on a new clothes-buying rampage again . . . because he's gotten thinner, he's had to replenish his wardrobe, and ordered 47 suits and five topcoats at one time! . . . you'd think Bela Lugosi would pick an old-fashioned, dark, mysterious-looking place for a home . . . but instead he bought the most modernistic glass-and-chromium place he could find in all Hollywood . . . giggle at this: Connie Bennett's colored chauffeur's name is—*Bennett* . . . because of a flood of kidnap threats, they've hired a 24-hour bodyguard for Freddie Bartholomew, which puts him in Shirley's class . . . oddest fan-mail gift of the month was the 25 dollar Hong Kong bank note Carole Lombard received, with a note asking that she turn it over to her favorite charity . . . Joan Crawford still brings her own lunch to the studio in a lunch basket . . . she's recently equipped it with an entirely new set of dishes . . .

Boy Grows Older and Richer

LAST month, I wrote you an item telling about the apparent end of Jackie Cooper's screen career—on any big scale, at least—with the dropping of his contract by MGM. But don't feel too sad—Jackie's mother just turned in an accounting of his funds, as required by law, and revealed that in cash, bonds, real estate and other investments, Jackie now owns about $50,000.

Maizie Maizie

MARGO likes to be called Margo. She certainly doesn't like to be called Simone Simon! ! And so, when a fan made a mistake in identity the other day when Margo appeared with Francis Lederer at a restaurant, Margo burned up when the autograph hunter said to her: "Please, Simone Simon, may I have your autograph?" Without a word, Margo took the autograph book and scrawled a signature in bold, big letters. The fan smiled happily—and then howled in amazement when he looked at the book and discovered she'd written—*"Maizie Jones. . . .!"*

Cooking Up a Club

THE Filipino cook Robert Taylor fired for bum cooking may have been a bum cook, all right—but he was a smart Filipino, nonetheless. His name is Victor Gay'la—and during the few weeks Bob tried him out, Victor learned, if nothing else that Bob got a lot of mail. So, when Bob finally let him go, Victor started The International Robert Taylor Fan Club. He paid particular attention to launching branches in the Orient, of course. And now Victor's club has thousands of members, and he publishes a Bob Taylor Newspaper, of which Bob is honorary editor. And oh, yes—by the

STAN WOULDN'T WANT ME
READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST RUINED TINA'S DATE FOR THE PROM
HE'S MARVELOUS LOOKING...
ISN'T HE TOO THRILLING-AND HE'S ASKED ME DOWN FOR THE PROM NEXT MONTH-OH, TINA-YOU'RE GOING, TOO, AREN'T YOU - WITH STAN?
WHY-I-YES HE DID ASK ME-BUT I-I DON'T THINK I CAN GO NOW - I'VE GOT TO BE HOME —
TINA DEAR, WHAT IS WRONG?
TH-THESE AWFUL PIMPLES-I JUST C-CAN'T HAVE STAN SEE M-ME LIKE THIS — THEY'RE HORRIBLE - HE'D HATE ME -I KNOW-
MY GOODNESS - WHAT'S GOING ON - WHO'S GOING TO HATE YOU TINA?
OH AUNT KATE, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF PIMPLES. JUST LOOK AT ME...
WELL-I HAVEN'T BEEN A NURSE 20 YEARS FOR NOTHING. FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED CHILD. EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY- AND THOSE PIMPLES WILL CLEAR UP, I'M SURE

way—Victor is *treasurer* of the club.

The Story They Stick To

SCOOO-O-O-O-OOP! — Jean Harlow is wearing an engagement ring . . . ! ! ! ! !—a square-cut diamond and ruby ring. And she wears it on her engagement finger, too. But both she and Bill Powell deny that it means anything at all. The ring was a gift from Jean's mother, she explains. And Bill adds that the only reason she's wearing it on her engagement finger is because it won't fit on her middle finger, for which it was intended. Anyway, that's their story. . . .

Autographers Take Note

HOLLYWOOD, always trying to find some escape from the autograph-hunter deluge, has a new plan up its sleeve—a new plan which originates in New York, and will save Hollywood ones many hours and much dodging hereafter, if it works. The plan is for Hollywood stars to notify the central organization of the autograph hunters (yes, they plan to organize) when they plan to visit New York. Then they will set a half hour or so, during which they will receive all autographers and sign their books—in return for which, the autograph hunters promise to leave them alone for the rest of their New York stay. At the same time, various stars are planning to back a move whereby they will demand certain stamps be affixed to autograph pages before they'll sign. Said stamps to be sold by the Motion Picture Relief Fund, and the proceeds to go to charity. Meantime, the crush at the Vendome and the Trocadero and the previews continue unabated.

Grounded

NEXT time you see a sleeper plane in a movie—an interior shot of the ship, I mean—don't be too sure that you're looking at the interior of a sleeping plane . . . It seems that movie calls for the new American Airlines' night ships were so numerous, it interfered with the company's flying schedules. So what?—so they built an exact replica of the plane's interior which can be supplied gratis to studios—and leave the real planes free to fly. The prop plane, which is a breakdown affair that can be rushed to various studios by motor truck, has everything the real plane has—except wings, wheels and motors.

Never the Twain Shall Meet

FROM the news that *both* Mary Astor and Mrs. George S. Kaufman (remember the diary?) are on Samuel Goldwyn's payroll, you might anticipate an explosion on the Goldwyn lot. But it won't happen. Because while Mary works for Sam, Kaufman's wife remains in the East, writing and working as his *eastern* story editor. And 3,000 miles ought to be safe.

Plenty of Savvy

LEW AYRES is a gallant lad. . . . Here's the excerpt from a letter from Lew (who recently traveled in Europe) received by Bodil Rosing, that swell character actress who plays so many mother rôles . . . "Here I am in your home town, Copenhagen," (wrote Lew) "and I want to say it is the most attractive of all the cities I've visited. All the girls look like you—and Greta Garbo!"

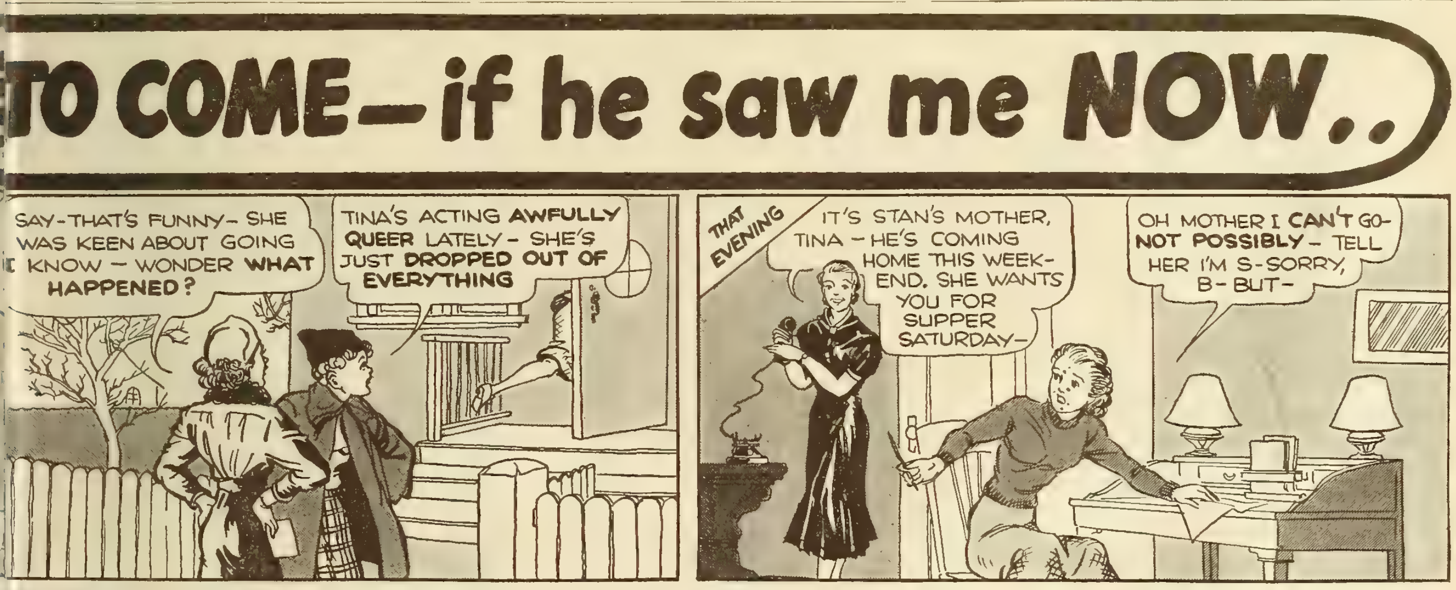
Bob Taylor Chases Girls

A REPORTER on a Hollywood paper got the thrill of his life, just the other day. He's got a gal friend who works in movies and lives at the Girls' Studio Club, where a score or more of the screen's most beautiful young actresses live. The reporter's phone rang, and his gal friend's voice, all excited, screamed. "Come over quick—Robert Taylor is loose on the second floor of the club, and he's chasing all the girls into their rooms . . . "

The reporter, envisioning the sweetest story he'd ever covered, waited not. He dashed furiously to the club. And there, he discovered, Robert Taylor actually *was* loose and chasing the girls. BUT—Robert Taylor turned out to be just a little long-haired dog, who wandered into the club several days before, and was adopted by the girls and christened "Robert Taylor." Wouldn't they?

Goodby Dolly, I Must Leave You

ANNE SHIRLEY *used to* have a doll collection. Maybe you've read about it—the 300 dolls she collected from all over the world—big and little, in all imaginable styles and costumes. But now Anne's grown up. She doesn't play with dolls any more. So, the other day, she gave them away to the head of a Los Angeles childrens' charity organization, and the 300 famous dolls will have been, by the time you read this, Christmas presents to little girls who otherwise wouldn't have had one. Anne held out five of the dolls. "For sentimental reasons," she explains.


TO COME—if he saw me NOW..
SAY-THAT'S FUNNY- SHE WAS KEEN ABOUT GOING I KNOW - WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?
TINA'S ACTING AWFULLY QUEER LATELY - SHE'S JUST DROPPED OUT OF EVERYTHING
THAT EVENING
IT'S STAN'S MOTHER, TINA - HE'S COMING HOME THIS WEEK-END. SHE WANTS YOU FOR SUPPER SATURDAY-
OH MOTHER I CAN'T GO- NOT POSSIBLY - TELL HER I'M S-SORRY, B- BUT-

LATER
GEE, TINA - AM I GLAD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND AND CAME - Y'KNOW, YOU GET PRETTIER EVERY DAY
STAN, YOU MAKE THE NICEST SPEECHES
OH DON'T I LOVE AUNT KATE FOR GETTING ME TO EAT THOSE YEAST CAKES
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES"

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes *daily*, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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"GIVE ME YOUR MEASURE AND I'LL PROVE IN THE FIRST 7 DAYS YOU CAN HAVE A BODY LIKE MINE!"

No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

I'LL give you PROOF in 7 days that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvements! Then I continue to re-build, renew and "overhaul" your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your clear eyes, the breadth of your shoulders. You will be the fellow who will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job. Mail coupon below for a FREE copy of my new book. It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling into a husky who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where needed! Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting trim!

Actual photo showing how CHARLES ATLAS looks TODAY

And I'll also give you rugged health that banishes constipation, pimples, skin blotches and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life!

I haven't any need for contraptions that may strain your heart and other vital organs. I don't dose you or doctor you. **Dynamic-Tension** is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out.

48-Page Book FREE

Tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. Shows, from actual photos, how I develop my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for you, too.

Don't keep being only half of the man you CAN be! Put your name and address on the coupon, or a post-card, and mail it today. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 94P, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Big Silver Cup Being Given Away

This valuable solid sterling silver cup stands about 14 inches high. I will award it to my pupil who makes the most improvement within the next 3 months. Therefore, no matter what your measurements may be now, you have an equal chance to win this cup—with YOUR name engraved on it!

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 94P,
115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

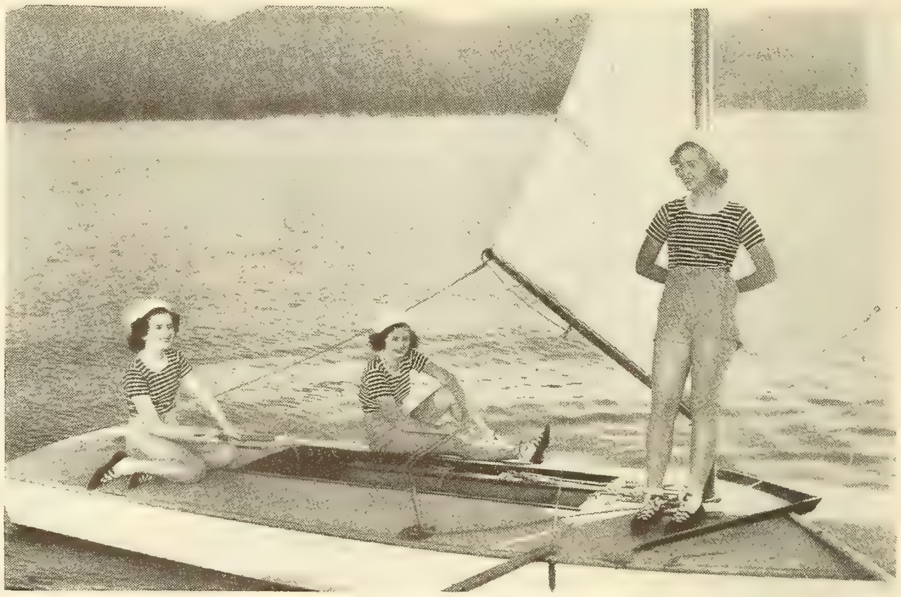
I want the proof that your system of **Dynamic-Tension** will make a new man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name ....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address ....

City ....State ....

On the SETS *with the* STARS



With Deanna Durbin, Barbara Read, Nan Grey making *Three Smart Girls* the boat capsized

THIS is the tale of how MGM "lost" Garbo. It was on location during the shooting of *Camille*. There was one of the long "set-up" waits, while the crew of technicians were setting their gadgets for the next take—a romantic interlude in the open air, between La Garbo and handsome Bob Taylor. But finally, all was ready.

"Ready Miss Garbo," called Director George Cukor. No answer. "READY, MISS GARBO," he dared cry, louder. Still no answer.

"HEY, HEY MISS GA-A-A-ARBO—READY!!" he yelled. After all, Garbo might be Garbo, but she couldn't keep a whole company waiting forever. Finally came a faint sound . . .

"Yess, here ay am," it sounded.

They hunted. And finally, high in an oak, they found Garbo!!! Kittenish, she had climbed up the tree. But she couldn't get back down. And Bob Taylor had to climb up and help her back to terra firma. And never once did he call her anything but Miss Garbo.

IN Paramount's *Souls At Sea* you'll see the darnedest boat in all man's knowledge. It's a sort of installment-plan vessel. You see, it's like this—the quarterback, aslant, was built on a barge for scenes showing the sinking. The cabin of the captain is on Stage 8 on the Paramount lot. On Stage 10 is the hold of the ship. The starboard deck and rail are on that part of the Paramount lot called the Tank Stage, where they use real water for water scenes. On another stage still is the vessel's main salon, built on a huge steel platform that can be rocked to simulate the ship's motion. For the long shots, they use the only real boats in the production—the old sailing ships "Star of Finland" and the "Lottie Carson." Incidentally, Paramount had to sign a special agreement with the striking sailors and seamen to permit them to shoot the scenes at sea during the recent strike.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S production of *Beloved Enemy* furnishes news aplenty. For instance, there was the day wasted when they discovered that a scene in a blackberry patch couldn't be shot because there were no blackberry bushes near Hollywood. While Merle Oberon and the others in the cast waited, the studio had to send a truck and men 400 miles north to bring back a load of bushes for the shot. But the thrill of the production came when two whole square blocks of buildings, erected on the United Artists lot, were burned for the big fire scene. Thirty buildings were destroyed—and the scene was so dangerous that several companies of the Los Angeles fire department, with trucks, full personnel, and hoses ready-coupled, stood guard so the conflagration wouldn't spread to studio buildings and dwellings nearby. Cameramen and others of the crew had to wear asbestos jackets while filming the flames.

AT MGM, a little bit of fingernail polish cost several thousand dollars . . . ! They were showing the rushes of one of the day's takes on the Eddy-MacDonald songfest, *Maytime,* when suddenly the director howled. "Look—look at those girls back there—those extras!" he screamed. "What's the matter with them?" asked another looker.

"Their fingernails are tinted!" howled the first. And, because girls in 1850 (the period of the story) didn't wear fingernails like Comanches, they had to reshoot the scene with natural-nailed gals in the extra ranks.

FOR FOUR years, it has been Alan Dinehart's luck to be cast in rôles where, quite often, he got a punch in the jaw from the hero. Alan says that he has been hit in the face, in rehearsal and takes and retakes, no less than 150 times in his screen career. So when he read the script for *Born to Dance,* he got the biggest kick of his whole four years. He discovered that, for the first time, he gets a chance to do the punching. He socks Jimmy Stewart on the nose. "What a sock *that's* going to be," he promised. "It'll make up for the 150 I took." Jimmy, at last reports, was trying to borrow a football player's noseguard.

TO film the exquisite skating grace of world-champion Sonja Henie, 20th-Fox, for the first time in movies, put into use a super-slow-motion camera, heretofore used only in scientific studies. The camera takes 11,060 exposures a minute! When this film is projected, it produces on the screen action nine times slower than normal action.

MGM's *Parnell* led to open warfare between Clark Gable and Director John Stahl. The battle, as this is written, isn't yet settled. Stahl is a stickler for authenticity in detail. The Gable part in *Parnell* requires him to wear a beard. So Stahl ordered Clark to grow a beard. "A make-up beard wouldn't look right," he insisted. Clark rebelled. He recalled the days when he worked as a lumberjack in the northwest. He grew a beard then—and it itched. He told Stahl that he wouldn't grow another one. Both sides went to the big bosses at MGM. Finally they have reached a compromise. Clark has been given a short vacation. He has agreed to go on a hunting trip and not shave. If he can stand it, he'll come back and play the *Parnell* rôle with his real beard. But if it itches, he swears he'll shave. Or anyway, offer a compromise on sideburns.

IN 20th-Fox's *Crack-up*, a story about a transoceanic flight, there are long under-water scenes. To protect Brian Donlevy, Peter Lorre, Ralph Morgan and Thomas Beck (who play the water sequences) from pneumonia, special suits of skin-fitting rubber underwear were devised.

Those wots got 'em shows 'em. Lois (Honey Sugar) Lindsay of ol' Miss., shows hers standing on money bags she dug up for *Gold Diggers of 1937*

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TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane steal a clinch while Winifred Shaw cheers her man up in *Smart Blonde*

Theodora Goes Wild—AAA½—Irene Dunne proves herself a talented comedienne as a prim New Englander who writes a sophisticated novel, then invades New York and goes wild. Melvyn Douglas supports her in a commendable manner. *—Columbia.*

Flying Hostess—AA½— Exciting melodrama, romance and comedy supply thrills galore in this film which glorifies the air hostess, featuring Judith Barrett, William Gargan and William Hall. *—Universal.*

Under Your Spell—AA½—Lawrence Tibbett renders three singing numbers in a magnificent voice and does well in a romantic rôle, playing opposite Wendy Barrie. Gregory Ratoff and Arthur Treacher share the laughs.*—20th Century-Fox.*

Go West Young Man—AA½—The huge stage success, *Personal Appearance,* comes to the screen presenting Mae West in her typical rôle for those who are interested in something spicily different.*—Paramount.*

The Big Show—AA½—Gene Autry doubles for a western film star in this pleasing and amusing production with plenty of music and singing and an exciting script. Kay Hughes supplies the romance.*—Republic.*

Charlie Chan at the Opera—AA½—Warner Oland gives an excellent and well-timed performance, while Boris Karloff shares honors as an opera singer, giving Oland plenty of competition. The best of the Charlie Chan series.*—20th Century-Fox.*

Country Gentlemen—AA½—Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson bring their hilarious antics to the screen as wildcat promoters who deal in gold and oil stocks. Lila Lee and Joyce Compton share the fun.*—Republic.*

Laughing at Trouble—AA½—Opening with a trial and conviction, this drama revolves around the efforts of a woman editor (Jane Darwell) to unravel the crime so young romance can resume its normal course. Allan Lane is the convicted man.*—20th Century-Fox.*

Make Way for a Lady—AA½—With serious and gay moments, this good entertainment has Anne Shirley, as an imaginative adolescent, upsetting the romance of her father, Herbert Marshall. Margot Grahame and Gertrude Michael are the ladies involved.*—R-K-O.*

Black Legion—AA½—Taken from current events, this tells of the recent prosecution and conviction of a group of self-apopinted guardians of private and public morals, whose activities end in murder.*—Warner.*

Career Women—AA½—Claire Trevor does a good job in her rôle as a young law school graduate who sets out to convince Michael Whalen, ace criminal attorney, that the law is worthy of dignity. Isabel Jewell is the girl on trial.*—20th Century-Fox.*

The Jungle Princess—AA—Showing great promise, Dorothy Lamour, young newcomer, portrays a female Tarzan in this exciting story of the jungles. Ray Milland supplies the romance with Miss Lamour.*—Paramount.*

Smart Blonde—AA—A mystery-comedy-drama revolving about a girl scribe (Glenda Farrell) and her boy-friend detective (Barton MacLane), who attempt to solve murders with surprising results, Glenda proving herself a better detective than MacLane.*—Warner.*

Can This Be Dixie?—AA—A take-off on the Old South and the traditional southern colonel, this musical features Jane Withers in song-and-dance numbers that prove to be the highlight of the picture.*—20th Century-Fox.*

Crime Over London—AA—American gangsters, finding it too hot at home, descend on London and plan a spectacular raid on a big department store. Basil Sydney is the gangster-in-chief and Margot Grahame the moll.*—United Artists.*

Song of the Gringo—AA—Tex Ritter, radio favorite who won acclaim by his cowboy ballads, makes his screen debut in this western which offers an outstanding feature in the person of Joan Woodbury.*—Grand National.*

Hideaway Girl—AA—Martha Raye's clowning is the high spot of this complicated comedy-romance-melodrama. The story revolves around Shirley Ross, who is supported by Robert Cummings, Elizabeth Russell and Monroe Owsley.*—Paramount.*

Night Waitress—AA—Margot Grahame, as a waitress in a waterfront cafe, and Gordon Jones, skipper of a shady schooner, become innocently involved with gangsters who have hijacked a gold shipment. An interesting melodrama.*—R-K-O.*

The Lonely Trail—AA— Reconstruction following the Civil War Days is the plot for this historical western, featuring John Wayne and Ann Rutherford.*—Republic.*

15 Maiden Lane—AA—A semi-mystery, dramatic story about thieves in the diamond business and a girl who succeeds in hoisting them by their own petard. Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero head the cast.*—20th Century-Fox.*

Missing Girls—AA—This picture is based on Martin Mooney's recent experience in investigating criminal rackets, and resulting in his being sent to jail in contempt of court for refusing to divulge the source of his information.*—Chesterfield.*

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Surprise your friends and add to your own enjoyment of new movies by knowing the complete fiction story of each film before it is shown in any theatre.

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In the February issue now on sale you will find: *Interlude,* starring Grace Moore and Cary Grant; *After the Thin Man,* with William Powell and Myrna Loy; *Love Is News,* with Loretta Young and Tyrone Power. Ten complete movie stories and you'll thrill to them all. Get your copy of ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES today.

Claire Trevor is not in sympathy with Mike Whalen's amusement during a tense scene in *Career Woman*

The Beloved Vagabond—A½—Although this film isn't up to the unique Chevalier vitality, the fans will be pleased to see Maurice again. He is cast as a French architect in love with an English girl, Margaret Lockwood.—*Columbia.*

The Case of the Black Cat—A½—A murder mystery with a black cat as the principal suspect and friend. Ricardo Cortez, as a criminal lawyer, carries the show.—*Warner.*

The White Legion—A½—Relating the efforts of five medical scientists sent by the government to Panama, during the construction of the Canal, to stamp out the yellow fever epidemic.—*Grand National.*

The Gallant Defender—A½ Taken from a story by Peter B. Kyne, this is a dramatic western with Charles Starrett and Joan Perry sharing honors in the leading rôles.—*Columbia.*

The Captain's Kid—A½—Guy Kibbee, May Robson and Sybil Jason give good individual performances. Otherwise the story is unreal and nothing startling can be expected.—*Warner.*

Everybody Dance—A½—Cicely Courtneidge and Ernest Truex furnish the comedy in this story of complications that arise when a notorious nightclub queen attempts to pose as a woman farmer in order to adopt a couple of orphaned children.—*Gaumont-British.*

Killer at Large—A½— The exploits of a female Sherlock Holmes, in the person of Mary Brian, who plays a department store detective, is the basis for this one.—*Columbia.*

Mandarin Mystery—A—The disappearance of a valuable Chinese Stamp and its recovery, with a murder to complicate matters, is the plot for this story. Eddie Quillan and Charlotte Henry have the leads.—*Republic.*

The Sea Spoilers—A—The Coast Guard service, with its colorful equipment and traditional romance, lend a glamorous background for this entertaining feature. John Wayne and Nan Grey have the romantic rôles.—*Universal.*

Don't Miss

any of the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it:—*The Charge of the Light Brigade,* a thrilling production based on Tennyson's poem with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland and an excellent cast. . . . *Come and Get It,* Edna Ferber's best-seller, beautifully filmed and talently portrayed by Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer. . . . *Three Men On a Horse,* even more hilarious than the play which is in its third year on Broadway. . . . *Tarzan Escapes,* an exciting and romantic sequel in the *Tarzan* series with a new star—Cheetah, a chimpanzee. . . . *We Who Are About to Die,* Ann Dvorak, John Beal and Preston Foster in a dramatic treatise on capital punishment. . . . *Libeled Lady,* the laughs come too quick to count them when delivered by such favorite comedians as William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy. . . . *Romeo and Juliet,* a beautiful production, superbly cast, with Miss Shearer and John Barrymore taking the honors. . . . And, if it isn't too late, don't miss *Dodsworth,* a splendid film, based on Sinclair Lewis' novel and play, starring Walter Huston. You're missing some grand entertainment if you fail to see any of them.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization.

Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold.

They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for *a cold treatment!* A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside.

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They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

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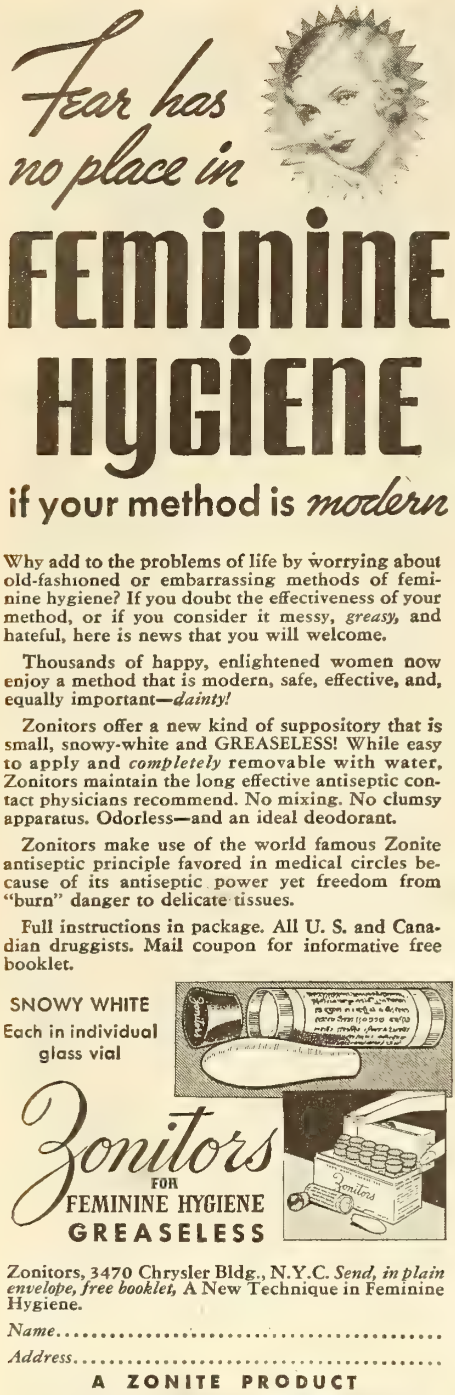
RADIO NOTE: *Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.*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Still Waiting to be Swept Off Her Feet

[*Continued from page* 34]

daffodil-yellow hostess gown which revealed and yet concealed her dainty form.

"MERLE," I began, "tell me, if you will, about your marriage plans. I came here to get the whole story—the true story from you—and I'll tell as little or as much about it as you wish!"

"There aren't any plans," she answered simply, with her crisp English accent. "I'm not going to marry David and that's the truth. I've never intended to and nothing has changed; we're still the same great friends we were many months ago when I flew to New York and David flew after me. I'm still 'fancy free!'"

"But why," I pressed, "haven't you scouted those, at first, thinly veiled rumors which have since been tacitly accepted?"

"Because I never troubled to, before," she said frankly. "People say you're going to marry and no amount of denying seems to make the slightest difference," she laughed, "once they've made up *their* minds. So I just let it go at that. But really, that's the way it is." And who am *I* to doubt her?

BETWEEN Merle and David has existed one of the sweetest friendships that all too infrequently, have grown out of Hollywood. As to whether Merle will, eventually, capitulate, I'm neither a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, or a crystal-gazer. I only know what I read in her eyes—and for David there is sympathy, understanding and an honest respect; but she insists that she wants romance, wants love, a home, a husband and children—and if David were the man of her choice I can't see any reason in the world why they would not be married!

As ambitious, as intelligently interested in her career as Merle is, I believe she would cast her opportunities aside without a second thought if a deep and abiding love were at stake.

Instead she is on her way to play opposite Charles Laughton in *I, Claudius,* presumably to be followed by *The Divorce of Lady X,* and then she will return to star, in all probability, in *Angels Making Music,* with Gary Cooper opposite.

IN Hollywood Merle is most intimate with Norma Shearer and Constance Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, the former Lady Sylvia Ashley, Gloria Swanson, and, of course, the Astaires. It was Fred who introduced David Niven, who had met Merle once, previously, in London.

It was this way, Merle says:

"David and I had met in London and when he arrived in Hollywood he was just as homesick as I, although he didn't know just how homesick that was! Eventually he got up enough courage to ask Fred, also a friend of his, to arrange to meet me again, believing I'd forgotten, and when I remembered our former introduction and invited him to visit, I think he was almost as happy as I, for, together, we weren't homesick any more!"

That, of course, was a most normal beginning to a deep and close friendship—as well as their mutuality of interests, for Merle, who is often to be seen driving around in David's small tan car, loves sports and dancing, riding and even fishing

[*Continued on page* 104]

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Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

PARTY-LEADER of the month in Hollywood's doings was, seemingly, prima donna Grace Moore. Your Party Reporter has no fewer than three *gracemoorish* affairs to report, this time—First of all, there was Grace's big-time cocktail party, thrown for all her friends soon after she began work in Hollywood again in *Interlude* at Columbia (even though she vowed, not so long ago that she was through with films forever, because they made her milk a cow in her last one). Grace was assisted at the cocktail matinee by her hubby, Valentin Parera. The party itself had a Spanish motif—but that doesn't mean that civil war broke out. I mean the decorations were Spanish, and the music was a lot of caloric rhumba stuff by Edward Durant's Spanish orchestra, with rhumba numbers by Charlos Ruffina.

UP AMONG the top flight of guests were Grace's close friends, Director Harry Lachman and his beautiful Chinese wife, Chia (of whom more, later on). Naturally, the music world was out in force, with such guests as the Irving Berlins, Lily Pons and her conductor-fiance Andre Kostelanetz, Dr. and Mrs. Mario Marafioti (the doctor being one of Hollywood's best-known voice coaches); Gladys Swarthout and Hubby Frank Chapman. Non-singing guests also included such film biggies as Myrna Loy, Frank Capra, Gloria Swanson, Kay Francis, Charles Boyer, Ronnie Colman, Cary Grant, Mary Brian, Ruth Chatterton and on and on and on. . . .

LESS huge and more fun was the dinner party Grace and hubby threw several nights later. The occasion was Grace's purchase of some land out Brentwood way (that's getting to be the No. 1 movie residential colony, now) for her future home here. On the property stands an ancient, deserted farm house, which will be removed to make way for the Moore mansion.

HOWEVER, it was that old deserted farmhouse that was the setting for Grace's dinner, at which the guests were Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, and Jane Draper and Buddy Woolf. The dinner was prepared by Grace, herself—and Grace knows her cooking, as you'll discover when you see the book on foods she's now writing. This time, she prepared chicken, Spanish style, over a log fire in the farmhouse fireplace. And, because there were no chairs, the host and hostess and guests all sat on the floor. And for dessert, they topped the novel proceedings by stepping out into the gardens and picking fresh fruit off the trees there!

I TOLD you I'd tell you more about Chia Lachman later. Here it is. Grace and Chia knew each other when both were in France, studying voice, years ago. But not since then had they met until Grace went into *Interlude* which Chia's husband is directing. Returning Grace's cocktail party invitation, Chia had the songbird and her hubby as guests of honor at a gorgeous formal dinner, a week or so afterward. And the dinner, in continental fashion, began late and the guests didn't leave their chairs until after 1 a.m. Guests included Loretta Young, Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, the Frank Morgans and most of the guests who attended Grace's original cocktail shindig.

HOLLYWOOD'S younger gang, in the meantime, leaves the formal affairs to the elders and the big-timers, while they whoop things up for themselves in less dignified but more hilarious party doings. . . . The Monday Nighters, for instance, after a summer let-down, started the ball rolling again with their roller-skating riots, down at Culver City's huge rollerdrome. Among those who whizzed skates and bumped you-knows were such clownsters as Cesar Romero, who hosted this particular affair with a buffet supper at his home before the skating began, Inez Courtney, and a gang of other film folk.

DUTCH treats are becoming more popular too among the youth crowd. The Paula Stone-Eleanore Whitney-Dennis Moore-Henry Willson-et-al gang go in for that sort of thing. Their last Dutch Treat took place at the Trocadero (which is a swell place to have a Dutch treat, from the host's standpoint).

AND once again, too, the Venice Amusement Pier, with its roller coasters, its fun-house, its slides and its other gags, is coming in for evening whoop-te-do, even among those old enough to know better. Consider, for instance, this crowd doing the dips—Mrs. Clark Gable, Gloria Swanson, Fred and Mrs. MacMurray, the Herbert Mundins, Jack Benny and wifie, Mary Livingstone, and so on. Chinatown slumming is in vogue, too.

All Day long

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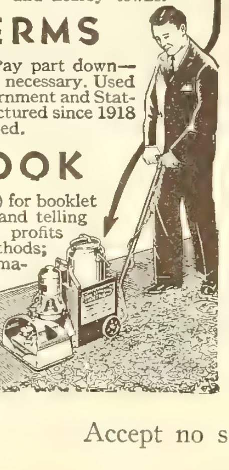

What? No Faults? You Tell 'Em Pat!

[*Continued from page 43*]

I've some grand, old fishing tackle in there, too!

"After we acquired the first baby, Mavourneen, we added another wing to the house, and when Patric Sean O'Brien arrived on the scene, it seemed that we should need still some more room. It didn't seem practical to do any more building on the lot that we had, so I thought the only thing to do was to buy a larger place.

"Then Eloise, my wife, surveyed the contents of my "squirrel room," and decided that we could never move all that junk. We'd have to stay where we were, and squeeze some more space from the garden for another room or two." He paused, ruminantly. "It's more desperate than that now," he continued. "It's come to where we may have to sacrifice the swimming pool to make room." He added, ruefully, "That's what comes of going to auctions. I go to them," he added dreamily, "on Monday evenings,—or, if they come on any other evenings, I go to them just the same."

"And so the auctions turned into a vice!" I snapped. (I was still on the trail of Pat's vices.)

"I'll say they did!" he averred. "Now we have to have an extra room for books. I'll tell you about the books in a moment. But, y'know, I bought a desk the other day. It's a honey of a desk. It took ten men to get it into the house. You see, it's not just books that have got me down, it's furniture as well!"

THEN he confessed something which seems a real vice. The neighbors, who are my friends, and of whom Pat is very fond, have wondered of late why he hasn't visited them more often. I asked him about them.

"I can't bear to go there," he confessed, miserably. "They have such beautiful old furniture. I feel I daren't look at it. My fingers begin to twitch. You know that dining table of theirs! Well, it's come to the point where I try to get them to come to my house, instead!"

From there, he went into a dissertation about his books; his first editions; his treasures. He began to look so uplifted as he discussed them, that I thought, perhaps, I had better get him a drink. We strolled on to the *San Quentin* set. A grip burst upon us with: "Say, Pat, how many rounds did you give Armstrong in the fight last night?"

Pat snapped out of his bookish trance, and became the fight connoisseur. "Six," he said, promptly, "two to Belloise,—or maybe three, and one even."

We proceeded to talk sports,—all kinds of sports. Pat played football at Marquette, boxed in the army, played handball here, basketball there, baseball elsewhere. I found him one of the best informed men on sports I have ever met,—and I've written sports columns.

THERE is no such person as Mister O'Brien in Hollywood. We had an appointment for lunch the other day at Warner Brothers' Studio. I was early. When the waitress brought the menu, I told her that I was Mister O'Brien's guest, and that I would wait for him.

She looked a little puzzled. Then a light seemed to dawn. "Oh," she said, brightly, "you mean Pat? Of course, he'll be along any moment now."

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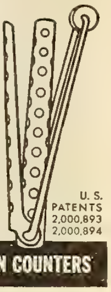

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The luncheon that followed must have impaired his digestion. We were at a table for two, but we might as well have been at a table for fifty, for Pat was busily employed between bites, firing back answers to wise cracks from the thirty or so other tables, and I had no chance whatever to pursue the subject of his imperfections. However, I suppose the meal did him no harm, for words roll from Pat like ripples from Tennyson's well-known babbling brook. He is one of the fastest talkers in the world, and has been clocked, on the set, at four hundred words per minute!

I soon found out that luncheon on his home lot was no place to find out his faults. I gave it up. Conversation was impossible. After he had disposed of his hot roast beef sandwich without gravy,—he hates *wet* sandwiches,—he found he had time to do an errand on the Boulevard. The errand was to buy baseball equipment for a sand-lot team of kids.

We got into his car. I wished that I had equipped myself with dark-colored spectacles. It was the greenest car I have ever seen, and I have ridden in green cars, in Belfast and Dublin.

"I tried to buy a green car, but this is the best they could do for me," he remarked apologetically. Wondering what Pat would call a real green car, I enquired weakly.

"Tell me about your shamrock-shaped swimming pool that I've heard so much about."

"What shamrock-shaped swimming pool? How could one swim in a shamrock-shaped swimming pool? It's just an ordinary shaped swimming pool." He added more mildly, "There's a shamrock worked in the titles at the bottom of it, if that's what you mean." So bang goes another legend.

I RETURNED to his faults. "Isn't it true," I asked sternly, "that you are likely to bring home a horde of sand-lot baseball-playing youngsters, without any notice?"

He hung his head.

"Isn't it true," I proceeded, "that you deceive people? Did you, or did you not telephone innocent people, and invite them to a 'small, intimate barbecue,' and that when your 'intimates' assembled, there were about four hundred of them? What does Mrs. O'Brien think of your stuffing the house full of furniture, books, sand-lot players, old hats, souvenirs, and small, intimate parties of four hundred?"

He chuckled. "She's just as bad as I am," he announced triumphantly. "She revels in it all!"

"Or has given you up as a bad job!" I snorted. "Does she revel in straightening up after you, when you are afflicted with one of your fits of 'straightening up,' which consists of leaving the books all over the library floor?"

He grinned uncomfortably. I felt I had him on the ropes, and thought it might be a good time to take up the feminine gushings over his good looks, even though I'm not the brave lad who would like to annoy Pat to the point where he might decide that a good poke in the nose was what I needed.

"Well," he said, meditatively, "you can tell by looking at me that I'm not in pictures on account of this pan of mine. Y'know, one of the finest compliments I have ever been paid, was from a man I know in New York, who told me that he never went to see *Pat O'Brien* in pictures, but went to see the characters that Pat O'Brien created."

Faults? Vices? Shortcomings? Well, I've done the best I can with them, but I'm much afraid they don't sound so very terrible!

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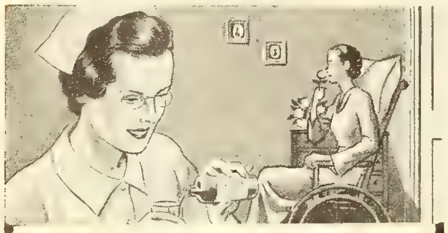

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I'll Never Have a Star Complex!—Ross Alexander

[*Continued from page* 38]

his philosophy of keeping the nation's currency in constant circulation. Hobbies engaged his attention. Finding the glamour surrounding championship hockey games and heavy-weight boxing bouts (his favorite spectator diversions) growing thin, five years ago Ross discovered a hobby that packed the wallop of both. Also, one on which he could spend a lot of money.

In the days before Christmas, 1931, Ross' convivial friends asked him what he wanted Santa Claus, the old rogue, to bring him. "An electric train!" Ross answered, and he didn't lisp it, either—get that. The friends thought, of course, that the old concussion of three years before that had knocked Ross from the running-board of a speeding taxi and into the hospital for six months (three of which found him unconscious) had at last taken its toll. "Poor guy," they said, "balmy! Wants an electric train. Well, it's too bad."

Christmas morn dawned, and Ross got his electric train. He bought it himself. It was a pre-streamline masterpiece, and it whizzed around the floor on its splendid tracks, stopping at flaggings and semaphores, its coaches rattling to a halt with the *aplomb* of a Burlington *Zephyr*. Fascinated, his friends stopped shaking their heads at Ross' folly and started playing with the darned thing themselves.

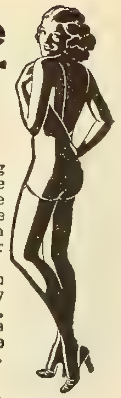
From that day to this, his electric trains—he has a switch yard full of them now—have remained Alexander's prime interest . . . as far as hobbies go. When he found that he would do a five-year stint for Warner Brothers, he immediately sent East for his trains; had to rent a studio across the street from his first Hollywood home to accommodate them. Now they are spread over the floor of his basement recreation room in his Encino home, and whenever he changes dwellings, Ross' first thought is for a place big enough to house his miniature rolling stock.

IT doesn't seem likely that Ross will look for another residence very soon. Not until he decides to buy and build on an acreage in the fertile San Fernando Valley where he now rents a ten-acre place. Lavish with what money he makes, the recent Depression has, nevertheless, had its stabilizing effect on the twenty-nine year old actor. He was born July 27, 1907. He now has more than the expenses of himself and his wife to think about. The late lull in industry managed to strike a death blow at his father's leather business, with the result that Alexander has gladly assumed the financial responsibilities of his parents.

Radical as Ross' ideas are concerning the future and financial ease, he is really as reactionary as the most ardent conservative. Whether his newest enterprise is a hobby or a side profession, can't be said. And Ross, least of all, would be the one to label it. Despite the fact that the aggressive youngster, with the glib tongue, doesn't believe much in laying aside for a "rainy day," he has a hobby, avocation, "sideline," call it what you may, that will ultimately bring him a comfortable income, if he can manage it successfully.

On the ten-acre ranch that borders the one of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler near Encino, California, Alexander is raising

How to Remove Leg or Arm Hair



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ducks for the market. He had seventy-three Pekins, Muscovies, Mallards, the day we talked, and was raising more. Also, grunting about the place, at a great distance from the comfortable house to which he brought Anne Nagel as his bride on September 16th, are fat piglets, leaping goats, chickens, cooing pigeons (squabs, to you epicures).

ON days when Ross is not smearing grease-paint over his likable, slightly irregular-featured face, and performing for Messrs. Warners' cameras, he is to be found, with Vivian, his colored man-of-all-jobs, fussing around with the livestock. He has a couple, William and his wife, to "do" for him in the low California bungalow that is a stone's throw (if you're a Big Leaguer) from Warren William's and Edward Everett Horton's nearby estates. Ross thinks, by the way, that Eddie Horton's mother is just about tops in "nice people."

Completely democratic, utterly realistic, Alexander hates the idea of being called a cynic. Cynicism is a pretty low form of human belief, or disbelief, he reasons; and boredom is something else that he can't understand anyone becoming infected with, save at a Hollywood night club. Life, to Alexander, is too full of experiences, which he indulges in with gusto, to allow boredom to get you. Another pain in his classic neck is the publicity racket, indulged in by the film industry.

An interview, to Alexander, means that he is subject to a lot of personal questions at the hands of a prying person, and that he has to put on a collar and meet the interviewer in the exclusive atmosphere of the Green Room Cafe, frequented by the de luxe artists on the lot. Ross would prefer to grab his two-inch steak, sprinkled with Worcestershire sauce, plus French fried potatoes and onions, at the commissary where Jake Prop chins with Pete Grip, and the coffee comes in thicker cups. The *ultra* in anything does not appeal to Alexander.

With this lack of caste distinction, plus his penchant for being "broke," Alexander is doubly protected from ever suffering a "star complex."

IF these traits did not keep him from losing his perspective, his humor would. Ross has a wit as healthy as his own strong, muscular body. Also he has a healthy contempt for anything commonplace. Asked, kiddingly, to reveal his private vices, Alexander looked sardonically at his third lunch companion and said: "Shall we tell her about the opium?"

Cast as a "hoofer" in the new Ruby Keeler film, *Ready, Willing and Able,* Alexander, whose definite talents have always been expressed in drama, had grave doubts about his dancing and singing abilities. His tongue found vent for them. "Bobby Connelly (the dance director) is going to have an awful time with my two left feet," he cracked.

Twice-married before, to actresses, Ross' recent marriage to his co-star of *Here Comes Carter* (Anne Nagel) seems to be just the right thing for him. "I'm a man who likes a home and a wife," he says. "Playing around doesn't interest me." All things indicate that Irish Anne (she was a Dolan of Boston) and her new husband are headed for a long-term matrimonial alliance. Why? For one reason Anne is putting all she earns under her Warner Brothers' contract into a fund to insure a college education for their children.

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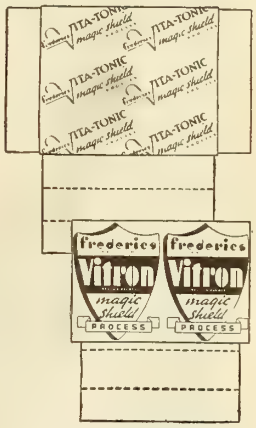

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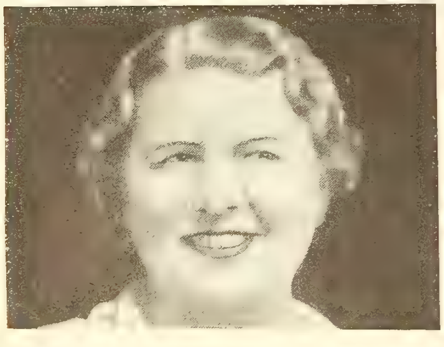

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Who Said Hollywood's No Place to Start?

[*Continued from page* 39]

I wouldn't wait for old age to overcome me first. It was as though the tooth episode were a warning—you know, act while you can. Never let a delay like this happen again!

"Well, I did get them fixed along about my junior year. And did I blossom out then! Why, there was no holding me!" Doris laughed loudly—a laugh a bit on the Carole Lombard side. "Oh me, oh yes, oh my, a dramatic club production and the class play all the same year. In one I played the part of somebody's very flirtatious maid, and the skirt I borrowed for the part was too small for me, so I had to bridge the gaps with a safety-pin. At the end of the second act, the safety-pin grew tired, and as the curtain slowly dropped, so did the skirt. It was very embarrassing. I don't remember very much about the second play except that I just sort of traipsed around in a very luscious negligee . . . this costume was borrowed too, but you can be sure that this time I borrowed it from the school's fat girl. By this time you can bet that I was a full-fledged amateur!"

IN FACT, Doris was destined to continue as an amateur, practically, until after her first screen contract. It was after she had finished High School that she joined Reginald Goode's acting school at the famous Provincetown Theatre in New York's Greenwich Village.

"That year I spent there was the grandest thing that ever happened to me. We did countless one act plays, lots of Shakespeare, but, most important of all, Mr. Goode taught us to 'imagination act.' Now let me see, how can I explain what that was without having it sound too silly. Well the idea was this. At some time during the evening's performance, Mr. Goode would come out on the stage and explain that he was trying to develop ease and poise in his players, and, to help him in this respect, would some member of the audience suggest a scene which he would like to see the actors and actresses play—any scene, something out of the imagination preferably—then the actors would do the scene, making it up as they went along. Usually we had to work in pairs for this trick, or sometimes we worked individually. Suppose, for example, some one would call out: 'Have them be a man and wife on their honeymoon, and have the husband complaining about her cooking!'—we would have to create that scene right there and then, on less than a minute's notice.

"That, incidentally, was one of the most sensible and sane ones I ever remember having to do. Sometimes I got some awful ones to do . . . crazy things . . . but no matter what they were we had to do them. That was one of the rules of the game. Once I remember I was alone on the stage and Mr. Goode had made his speech and some fresh fellow stood up and said 'Have her act out "From the Frying Pan into the Fire".' Don't ask me how I did it, but I did! But wait, that wasn't the worst! . . . heavens, no! Once someone yelled for me to imitate an oyster being swallowed! Oh, I feel like one right now as I recall it. And you can imagine how the audience loved all this goofiness! They loved it and at first we suffered . . . but after a while it got so you could do anything, be anything on any stage. When we had finished the course not one of us had the least self-consciousness left.

"WHY, I can also remember sometimes when we'd be rehearsing a play and maybe I'd act a little affected in my part, Mr. Goode would say, 'Now if you don't mind, Miss Nolan, would you please run through those lines again . . . only this time hop on your left foot from beginning to end!' Just try and be affected after that. Why, even my first movie test held no qualms for me, and that really was a feather in Mr. Goode's cap.

"He had formed a summer stock company by that time and we were playing in a renovated barn in Clinton Hollow, not far from New York. A lot of the scouts used to come up there and one of them, the one from Fox, offered me a test. It's funny . . . I wasn't terribly excited about it, even when they offered me a contract. But the family held a pow wow and though the money wasn't much, Mary said she'd always wanted to go to California, so I signed the contract and off we went.

"And right there is where my troubles began. As an amateur, acting, I was completely happy. As a professional, not working, I was miserable. I didn't have a part, or what could strictly be called a part, all those six months. The only time I even set foot in front of the camera was when they sent for me for George White's *Scandals* and the director said, 'Yes, I think there's something for you in this picture. Just a minute I'll get you your lines.' Well, there they were on a piece of paper—all one of them—consisting of three words, 'Isn't she pretty!' And I had to put make-up on for that! But I did it. And then just to make my ignominy complete they dropped me right on the cutting-room floor. Only three words and they cut me out of the picture completely!

"I wonder if you can really understand how much I suffered because of all this. You know . . . to leave the old home town, to come to Hollywood to be a star, all the family and friends waiting on pins and needles . . . and then nothing ever happens. It was awful. And to make matters worse—you can't save much on $150 a week, what with commission and the clothes you have to have, for doing nothing, but in case you might—so when my contract was up I had exactly one hundred dollars to my name.

"IT'S strange, though. The very day Mary and I were packing up to leave in Tiddlepot—that was the second-hand Ford we bought—my agent called and insisted that I stay over to play the lead in a play at one of the Hollywood little theatres. No money . . . but if the play were a success it might go to New York afterward and perhaps I could go along with it. Well, that's just about what happened. The play was *Daughter of Cain* and A. H. Woods, the famous New York producer, was very much interested in it. The day after the play opened he offered me a contract to star in it in New York. As it happened, Mr. Woods didn't do that particular play . . . not then at least . . . but he did give me an important rôle in another one, *The Night of January 16th.*

"But wait! It wasn't all as easy as that. Mary and I left Hollywood in July with only seventy-five dollars now to our name, and started driving back to New York.

All the dust storms, hurricanes and cloudbursts scheduled for the year happened that week, it seems—and Tiddlepot leaked! We got stranded in the wet in Utah and Kansas and again in Ohio . . . I developed laryngitis and no sooner got home than they had to take me to a hospital. I got out of the hospital and went right into production of *The Night of January 16th.* My first New York production, my first big rôle, and I was too weak, really, to even sit up in a chair! What's more, I was scared.

"You see, the part was written around a woman of the world. The Shuberts, who also had a share in the show, took one look at frail, drab little me and said 'She'll never do.' They began bringing stars around to the rehearsal, hoping to put one of them in my place. Tallulah Bankhead was their first choice and how they begged, and all but threatened Mr. Woods to take me out and give the part to her. But—God bless him—for some reason he had faith in me.

"As I look back on it I don't really know why. If you could have seen me dragging in from New Rochelle every day to rehearsals in a little orange linen dress, looking exactly like a school-girl with a cold, you would have wondered, too. And I was so meek and mild, with such a little thin voice—and the Shuberts wanted Bankhead! It was enough to make anyone meek and mild. But finally Sarah Paden, she was in the show, too, took me out one night between rehearsals for dinner, fed me three Scotch and sodas and did a little coaching from the sidelines. Showed me how to bring my voice down . . . make it husky, throaty, alluring—no doubt the whiskey helped too, but no matter, I went back to the rehearsal and wowed them! They praised me so that from then on I had more confidence; felt the part was really going to *stay* mine.

"But then we opened in Philadelphia, in the rain, and it was damp and cold backstage and while my voice stayed down my temperature went up, and that whole first week, believe it or not, is a blank to me still. I don't know how I ever got through it. I was in bed every minute I wasn't on the stage, with mustard plasters and what not, but I honestly do think my weakened condition was the thing that helped me get good notices in the part. They thought it was boredom and world weariness . . . it was really ill health."

SO THROUGH all this strain and stress Doris Nolan crashed through to a second movie contract—this time with Universal. And to date she has already made two pictures, *The Man I Marry* and *Top of the Town.* It's strange . . . most young actors and actresses have to get on the New York stage to be recognized by the movies, but Doris reversed the precedent . . . came to Hollywood first and then found success on the stage back East. In spite of all those growing-pain jitters she suffered during those first few years of her career, she, nevertheless, kept her sense of humor, and her sense of fun . . . and the constant flash of her dimples proves it. Yes, she has amazing dimples for one whose face is so thin. She has a loud, hearty laugh and a vital voice, too. Hazel eyes, blonde hair and she stands just five feet and four inches tall. She usually dresses very quietly, in tailored suits—"My father is a woolen importer and I try to carry on the good work," she explains. She has never been in love and doesn't expect to be for some time, either. "Just haven't got time for it now!" She rides horseback well, and her greatest ambition is to raise horses of her own.

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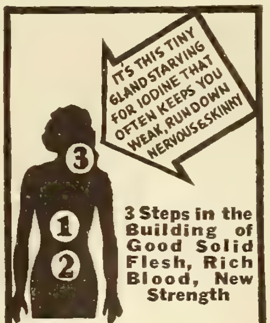
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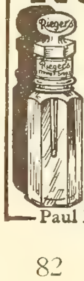

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How Boyer Sways Feminine Hearts

[*Continued from page 32*]

physical parts," he told me the other day. "I don't think I can have the physical appeal of American actors." He smiled, like a man who admits a shortcoming. Your first impression of Boyer is that here is a thoroughly civilized fellow who could be arrogant, but is surprisingly modest. There are three things about him you notice: his remarkable eyes (the eyes of a deep thinker); the light sprinkle of gray at his temples, which adds a finishing touch to his distinguished manner; and his old-world grace. He blows smoke rings into the air in the best manner of a Parisian cosmopolite, and is a clever raconteur, if you can follow his rapid-fire French. He speaks in a hearty, rich bass. His English, more slow and deliberate, is well nigh perfect, and he has an amazing command of American slang, habitually using such words as "swell," "okay," "grand." But he is very self-conscious about his accent, which, if you ask a million or more American women, they wouldn't want him to lose.

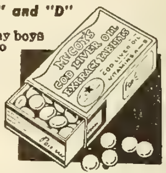
NOW, Boyer isn't exactly the kind of screen lover who will readily air his views on romance and marriage—he doesn't have such titillating patter on tap for interviewers. In fact, he wants to talk about nothing but the theatre, motion pictures, the ancient and honorable art of acting. We had to assure him that to give us his slant on what makes love go round and round would not be against the highest ethics of his profession.

"Love-making is a more subtle art in France than it is over here," he said. "Flirtation is a more exciting game with us. We have certain restrictive conventions. The sexes do not mingle over there as freely in their most formative years as they do in America. There are separate schools for boys and girls, co-education is unknown below the university grade.

"I would not say that French girls know more about love-making, but steeped as they are in the romanticism of their country, they follow certain well-established precedents, and are neither too backward nor too forward in receiving affections. Of course, I'm speaking of the real France, and not of certain sections of Paris.

"I had a normal and, on the whole, a very happy childhood, although my father's death, when I was ten, was a great shock. Ours was a typical bourgeois French family, extremely conservative. The Boyers have been business people for generations. I'm the only one who has taken to the theatre. I was a very restless and romantic boy, smitten hard by one young mademoiselle after another, and I even wooed ardently one of my teachers in the primary school." He smiled. "She suggested, when I could no longer hide my feelings toward her, that I wait a few years. She told me I might become an acceptable lover when I grew up, but I was ridiculous in that rôle right then.

"AT THE *lycée,* 'dates,' so freely enjoyed by American high school students, were rare secret rendezvous with us, brought about after much sly passing of notes, with the boy doing all the pursuing. The French girl was brought up to depend on the man, with one purpose in mind, a conventional marriage. But now all this is changing. We still have the



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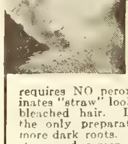

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separate schools, but French girls and boys are getting to be more like Americans."

We asked him if this change is for the better or worse.

"I am an ardent feminist," he said. "I believe in the independence of women—provided, by being independent they do not lose their feminine qualities. I'm afraid I'm a little old-fashioned in that respect. Blame it on my boyhood background."

BOYER takes his acting very seriously—it's a sort of religion with him. An only child, precocious, at times unruly and willful, extremely sensitive to beauty and human suffering, he displayed his talents very early in life. He would entertain the guests at the Boyer household by giving one-boy performances of his own creation, in which he played all the characters. At nine, he could recite long passages from the dramas of Racine and Shakespeare. Graduating from the *lycée* with a brilliant record in literature and the classical studies of French secondary schools, he went to Paris, a romantic dreamer of 18, and enrolled at the Sorbonne.

In Paris, he lived at a *pension*, rather exclusive, with strict house rules. He could go out only on certain nights, and was expected to be back at stated hours. He knocked around with his two pals, Pierre Blancher and Phillip Herait, both ardent followers of the late Lucien Guitry, kingpin of French drama, and No. 1 hero in Boyer's life. Pierre is a well known French actor today, while Phillip has distinguished himself as a novelist. To study Life in all its aspects, they roamed the streets of Paris, wandering along the famous bookstalls that bank the Seine, lolled at sidewalk cafes, explored the slums and vice-dens, took part in the rowdy festivals of the Latin Quarter, gave little parties of their own in this or that *pension*, attended funerals, weddings, clinics, political meetings—always watching the gestures and behavior of people, garnering the knowledge they needed to serve their beloved theatre. The actor's job, Boyer believes, is to interpret life, and he must draw his material from primary sources. Actors who move within the narrow limits of theatrical or motion picture society, hamper each other's creative abilities, he believes.

Getting his degree in philosophy, he entered the Conservatoire of Drama, that citadel of the glories and traditions of the French theatre, rich with memories of Rachel, Bernhardt and Coquelin. Within a few years he became the theatrical rage of the French capital, the darling of Parisian salons, and an actor's actor. He has no story of hunger and privations. He went through the rigors of the theatre without suffering its time-honored terrors. He was a success, born under a lucky star, like our own Bob Taylor.

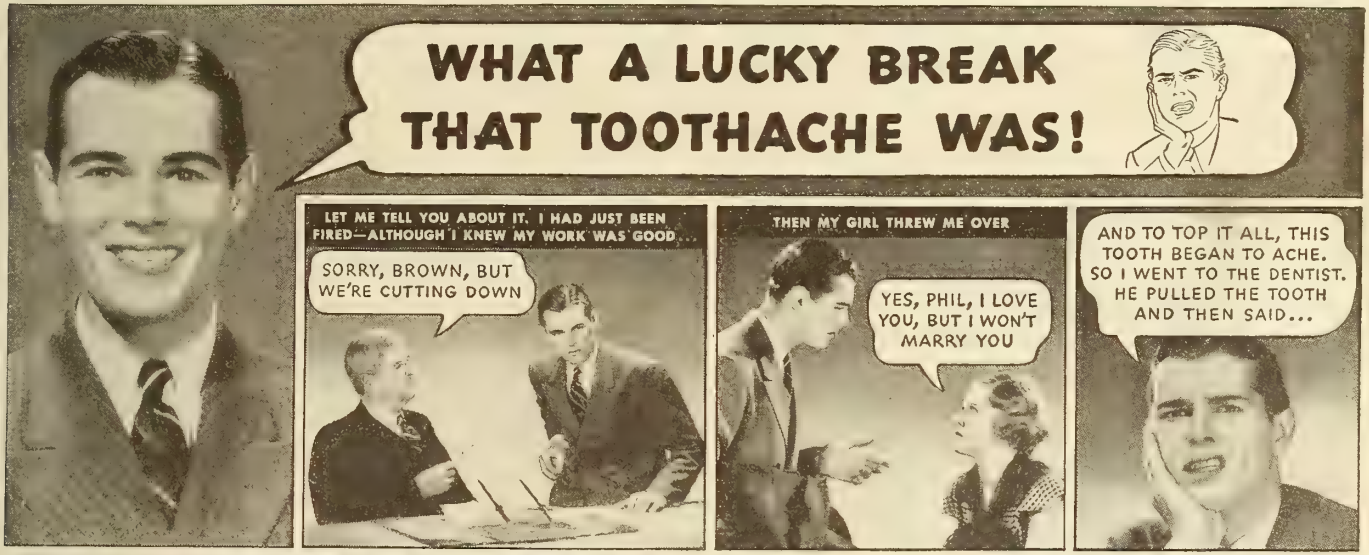
AS YOU know, Boyer first came to Hollywood in the early days of the talkies, to be starred in foreign versions. But the studio that had him under contract discontinued them, and he was given insignificant rôles, totally foreign to his temperament and training. Nevertheless, even as Jean Harlow's chauffeur in *Red-Headed Woman*, he proved to be an eye-opener for the femmes. Discouraged, he returned to Paris, and resumed his brilliant career on the European stage and screen. Again, he was invited to come to Hollywood, and cast in another hapless rôle, the Gypsy fiddler in *Caravan*. He asked for a release from his new contract, and was preparing to leave for Paris, when a chance meeting with Walter Wanger started his present happy association with this energetic producer. He clicked solidly in *Private Worlds* as the French psychiatrist, and another star rose on the firmament of the American screen, shining with a brilliance of its own.

And then he met Pat Paterson, the English beauty, and instantly knew, with that instinctive knowledge which is the surest guide in choosing one's life partner, that she was *it*—the girl he had always dreamed of, whose image he had always carried in his soul. "I felt I had known her for a long time, when we first met." He visualized in her all the qualities he had longed for deep in his unconscious self.

HIS hobbies? "I swim, play golf, read, do a little writing. But you are so busy in Hollywood, you can't really have a hobby." His pet aversion is insincerity. "It's so much smarter to be sincere." His greatest ambition is to put more *qualité* in his work. This is one of the few words he pronounces as in French—quite unconsciously. He has enormous respect for our stage and screen. "The American stage in New York now leads the world. What terrific progress Americans have made! I was tremendously impressed by the plays I saw in New York."

We asked him, as a parting shot, what life has taught him, what personal philosophy he has developed, as man and artist. He meditated, blowing a succession of smoke rings into the air. Then, the lights playing in his eyes, he said:

"What my life has taught me is this: That love is the greatest thing in the world. Success, achievement, service, all those things have their value, but what's their use if you can't share them with somebody you love—with your life's partner. There is a beautiful English expression! Life's partner! Otherwise, man is doomed to an eternal loneliness."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The Most Likeable Mug in the World

[*Continued from page* 35]

—it would be at least *five* hundred!"

So, anyway, Wally still has his own face . . . !

By this time, he's not only resigned to that face; he's glad of it and proud of it. The phrase I used earlier—"the best-known mug in the world"—is probably truer of Beery's homely countenance than of anybody's else. I know, definitely, that it's been a challenge and an inspiration and a taunt to more cartoonists and caricaturists, amateur and professional, than any other I can think of offhand. On the walls of Wally's dressing-room, in an old bungalow on the MGM back lot, hangs incontrovertible proof of that claim—for the walls are literally covered with all manner of delineations of the Wally pan. There are tiny pencil caricatures; there are huge framed oil paintings—all of them depicting Beery as the artist "saw" him. Some of them are outrageous, some are astounding, some are scarey enough to frighten children.

UNLIKE another famous funny-faced comedian, Berry is not sensitive about his face. This other comedian—we'll call him Joe E. Brown—gets a bit miffed, now and then, when people poke fun at his mouth. Not Wally. Wally knows his face is his fortune, and Wally, himself, is the first to admit it—nay, even brag about it.

That reminds me of Wally's explanation the day he set a world's record in the MGM portrait gallery. He went in for a sitting of face portraits, which usually takes hours, with most stars. But Wally came out of that sitting exactly 21 minutes after he went in!—and in those 21 minutes, the cameraman had taken 40 successful studies of the Beery face! Never before or since has that record even been approached. Why, that's less than 30 seconds for each portrait . . . !

"Well, it was simple, wasn't it?" Beery roars. "Heck—all I've got is a mug, and as long as he gets a shot of that, there's nothing else fancy to fuss around with . . . !"

However, it wasn't quite that simple, the explanation. You've got to add to it another fact that very few people know. That is that Beery, himself, is one of Hollywood's amateur camera experts. I'd say without hesitation that he's the best non-professional photographer in movieland. He knows more about cameras—all kinds—than many a man who gets paid for it! Consequently, when he stepped into that camera gallery, Wally knew all the tricks of the profession—he knew how to pose, he knew the angles, the lighting, the shadows, the thousand-and-one things an ace cameraman knows. And, consequently, he wasted no time. That's the one thing in the world Wally hates to do more than anything else—waste time at his job of being a movie star. I'll tell you more about that in its proper place in this story. Right now, I'm telling you about his cameras—

HE buys nearly every new camera that's put on the market, he's such a fan. He has a photographic laboratory in his home. That lab is as complete as a studio lab. He develops, prints and fusses with his own snapshots there.

He takes, on the average, more than 2,000 pictures every month—month in and month out. He takes them all, develops them all, makes all the prints himself. Most of them, are, of course, of Carol Ann, his adopted daughter. Nobody in the world's history has ever been crazier about anything than Wally is over Carol Ann. But that's getting away from Beery, himself—and anyway, the Carol Ann thing has been publicized so hugely that you certainly know all about that angle of the Beery personality thoroughly, yourself.

But there are certainly innumerable other angles about that amazing personality that I'll bet you *don't* know about. I'll tell you this—fascinating, interesting, attention-compelling as he is on the screen, Beery is infinitely more challenging and amazing offscreen! More than any other actor in Hollywood, the offscreen Beery is a far more colorful and exciting and amusing figure than the big wallowing guy you know in the flickers. Onscreen, he's just a bellowing, hulking lout who manages to give you a mixture of laughs and tears like nobody else can—but offscreen, Wally Beery is many people in one. He has more interests than any other actor—and his interests are more oddly contrasting with the screen Beery than you'd ever believe.

Why, let me tell you, for example, that this big bully of a Beery, whose hands you'd imagine couldn't handle anything more delicate than a steam shovel without breaking it, actually raises the most fragile flowers in Hollywood . . . ! It's so startling that it even has Wally, himself, worried. . . !

They're imported tulip bulbs from Holland. He has them planted in his place at Beverly Hills. Gardening is one of this he-man's less he-mannish hobbies. These bulbs have never been known to grow in this country before, except for a few feeble shoots. No horticulturist has ever been able to make them bloom in America. That challenged Wally. He planted some, with his own hammy hands. Before he knew it, they were shooting up through the loam. Right now, they're thriving fiercely.

AND another thing—Wally Beery, with that mug and those huge paws, can and does play the piano with an artistry and a charm that makes many a concert pianist envious. More—he composes music, and has written some pieces that for sheer sweetness and melody are charming. But he won't have them published. "Aw," he wants to know, "what would people think if they learned that Wally Beery, the mug, writes pretty music . . . !?" He won't even let a cameraman get a picture of him at the piano.

But this tulip-fancying and this piano-playing are only one side of the many-faceted Beery. As you'd expect, most of his varied interests really are big, hard-boiled, he-man stuff. Hunting is the greatest passion of all to him—excepting, always, his home and family, of course. Hunting and fishing come next, I guess. And other "outdoorsy" stuff—farming, driving like a bat out of hell in his fast cars, sending his speedy airplanes zipping through the sky at 200-mile speeds.

Yes, I said farming. And not in the namby-pamby San Fernando ranchette fashion that so many stars are trying. Wally has a big ranch in the valley, and he himself is planting things like alfalfa and cabbages—no prissy walnuts or oranges . . .

He himself, drives a big tractor around. Only now and then he forgets it's a tractor he's driving instead of his auto, and he gets into trouble. Right now, for instance, the tractor is bogged down in a mess of caked, drying mud that Wally drove it gaily into, the other day. He got stuck in it, and had to wade out through mud up to his knees.

MEANWHILE, he's taken time to fly to New York to buy a new airplane. That's one thing he does, religiously—he buys a new airplane, or at least a new air engine, at least once a year. He will not drive a plane with an engine that's more than a year old. Wally is an expert aviator—holds a commercial transport pilot's license. It has been said of him that in Beery there is no fear for anything. That's wrong. In Wally Beery, there is fear—there is fear of inadequate, poor equipment causing an air crash.

But if you ask world-famous flyers about that, they'll tell you they all have it—Lindbergh and the rest of them. They'll add that the flyer who has no fear is a flyer who won't live long. The flyer who isn't afraid is a damfool, they tell you. And you can never say of Wally Beery that he's a damfool.

It isn't his own life, alone, that he trusts to that plane of his, and its engine. It's the lives of his wife and of Carol Ann—infinitely more dear and more precious to him than his own. He uses his plane to give Carol fun—once flew her to New York one day, back the next, just to show her a play there. So he isn't taking even the slightest chance on the ship and its engine not being topshape.

On the ground, Wally likes his outing equipment just as good as in the air. I'll bet you never knew that Wally is probably the world's trailer-champion, if there's any such title. Beery owns, at present, *six* trailers . . . ! And, since he's shopping now in New York for a plane, I wouldn't bet two cents that he doesn't also buy another trailer or two . . .

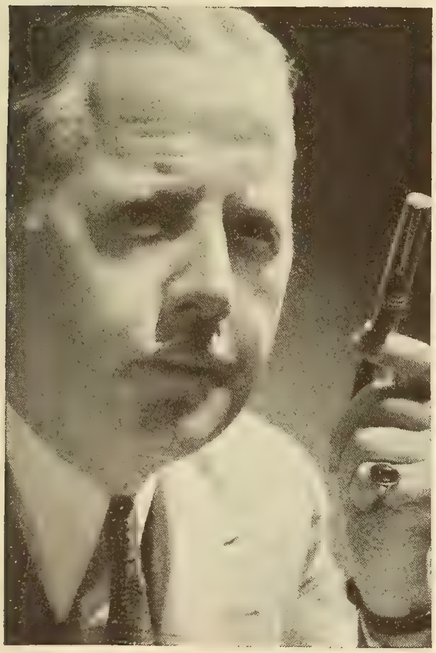
There's no "June in January" this year, but there's *Maytime* with Julie Haydon

He keeps these trailers scattered—some at his Sierra place; some in Beverly Hills, some in his ranch in the valley. Wherever he happens to be, if the mood strikes him suddenly, he can get in a trailer on a half hour's notice, and go places. Many times, he's suddenly bundled his wife, kids, caretaker and any friends and servants within catching distance, into a trailer and gone skyhootin' off for fish and game.

BUT that doesn't mean that he's unaware of his value to the studio. Or that he isn't serious and hard-working about his movie-making. On the contrary, he's so serious about it, and takes it as earnestly as the work he's there to do, that he has made more than one person misunderstand his attitude.

You see, with Wally, he has no illusions about "Art" or things like that. It's a job. It's a job to be done well, to be worked hard at, a job in which to give the best of what he's got to the studio that's paying him. He sees to it that they pay him—plenty. He drives a hard bargain, and sits in on his own contracts. When he works, he works harder than anybody on the lot—and he demands that everybody that's working in the picture with him work just as hard and just as conscientiously. In Hollywood, a lot of people don't like that. In Hollywood, a lot of people like to take a 9 o'clock call for an 11 o'clock call. Beery, on the other hand, is on the set, in full make-up and with his lines learned and all ready to work, before nine hits the bell. He wants everybody else to be there ready to work on the stroke of nine, too. If he, the star, can be there at nine, why can't they? And that makes some people peevish.

But as punctilious as he is about that, he's just as hard about quitting-time. When it comes five o'clock, the day is done, for Beery. He quits at 5. He's just as hard-boiled and positive about it as Garbo, and he makes it stick. He has given his hard work all day long; he has given it in full measure. But from then on, his time is his own—and he is jealous of it; fiercely jealous. That's when his time comes to live and be Wally Beery—to go home to his family, to Carol Ann, to his cameras and his woodworking shop where he makes toys for the kids, to his wife, to his den with its bearskins and its antlered heads, to the other offscreen things and doings and interests that are the real Wally Beery.



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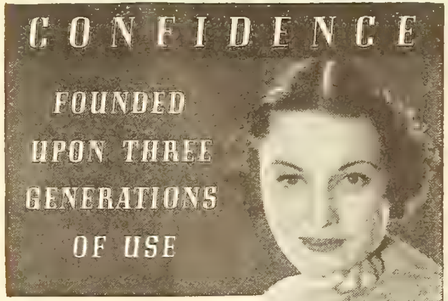
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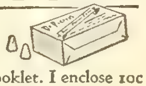

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The Utterly Balmy Home Life of Carole Lombard

[*Continued from page 37*]

way it goes. "I wonder what kind of a crew people think we've got here," wonders Fieldsie, "when Carole answers the phone—she may be a Jap, or a Swede, or a Filipino, or a Russian, or a Chinaman as the mood takes her. I tell you, Lombard on the phone just drives you CRAZY!"

And there's the bee-bee gun. It was a gag birthday present to Carole from—well, anyway, there's the bee-bee gun. Carole takes it out in the backyard and shoots it. She's got a target on some bushes, but she'd rather shoot anything and anybody else.

"I don't dare go out in that yard," says Fieldsie, "when Carole's got the bee-bee gun, without wearing a red hat. With that gun, Lombard is just TOO bad—!"

It isn't only the gun that takes Lombard into the yard. She gardens, too. Oh, yes—she's got orange trees and lemon trees and she picks the fruit and she works in the garden. She always dresses for it, though—overalls, white cotton gloves, and a sunbonnet-sue top-piece. Lombard "dresses the best gardener I ever saw," says Fieldsie. That's another thing about Carole that just kills Fieldsie—"no matter what she does, she always dresses the part!"

BUT about those animals, I mentioned. You wanted to know more about 'em, didn't you? Well, I meant it when I said you'll like-as-not find the ducks in the dining room. They were baby ducks when the gang at the studio gave them to her, but they're growing up now. They have the run of the house, except nights. Then they're locked out. But in the morning, Lombard has to go out and say good-morning to them—or if she doesn't feel like going out, then they're let in to say good-morning to her. The rooster and the hens were given her by her servants, as a gag, too. That's the kind of grand household this is—even the servants can play gags on Lombard. But Lombard's going to have to get rid of the rooster. Because not long after she got him, an agent for the Bel-Air subdivision, where Carole's house is, came and explained that the neighbors liked Carole and all that, but roosters crow, "and in your contract there's a clause about no poultry, so you know, we *can* put you out . . . ." So Carole's going to give the rooster away, because she's having too much fun living there.

The dogs? Oh, they're assorted gifts. "Fritz," one of the dachsies, was just about hi-jacked, though, by Carole. It belonged to Mr. Whoozis—a friend of Carole's—who was going away on a hunting trip or something. He loves to hunt.

"Why don't you leave Fritz here?" Carole suggested.

"No," said Whoozis.

"Why?"

"Because I know you'd never give him back to me."

"Hmph!"

So Whoozis went away, and left Fritz with his own servants. Now it so happens that his servants are the mother and father of Carole's maid. And ma and pa came to visit. And they brought Fritz along. "Why don't you just leave him here? You might just as well," suggested Carole to them. They did. And so Whoozis came back from the hunting trip, and there was Fritz in Carole's house. Fritz didn't seem particularly excited when his master returned.

"See?" crowed Lombard; "you've been gone three months and now he doesn't even *know* you!" So Whoozis gave up, and now Fritz belongs to Carole.

"Pushface the Killer" came because Carole hates Pekes. A friend asked her one day: "You like dogs, don't you?" (This was before Pushface's advent, and led to it.)

"I just *L-O-V-E* dogs," Carole cried.

"Pekes, too?" asked the man.

"I H-A-A-A-T-E Pekes!" howled Lombard.

That settled it. Because Lombard plays positively outrageous practical jokes on everybody she knows, everybody she knows plays outrageous practical jokes on *her*. So next Saturday, a big basket of flowers arrived for Carole from the man who talked about the dogs.

"Ooooo," cried Carole, delighted, and buried her face in the flowers.

"Yap! Yap! Yap!" went the flowers, and something nipped Carole's nose. "Those," she protested, as she dropped them, "are the utterly weirdest flowers I ever saw. They bark and bite."

Investigation revealed, buried deep in the posies, the Peke pup—six inches long, but full of vinegar! Carole's hatred for Pekes ceased instantly, and now that she's found the ideal name for him, "Pushface the Killer," he's lord of the household.

Josephine, the cat, just was there when Carole moved into the house, and wouldn't move away. So Carole can't do anything about it, and neither can the dogs. Josephine just lives with them, the shameless creature. The cocker spaniel is another birthday gift from Carole's friend. The goldfish—oh, Carole bought them herself, one day. She doesn't know why, yet. And nobody seems to remember when, where, or how Carole got the six doves.

OF routine, there's no semblance in the Lombard asylum. Except when she's working. I mean, don't get from this story an idea that Carole's "tetched in the haid"—anyway, not much. Honestly, when she's in work, during a picture, she lives a hard and strict routine. Hardly any play, no parties, just work, study, eat and sleep. But between pictures, I mean—

Well, she'll get up at any hour at all, and begin telephoning. She'll telephone people at 8 a.m., and make them like it! That's an index to Carole's real personality—when people don't get mad when they're called up at 8 a.m., then the caller-upper must be swell. She is. She'll call up her mother. Then she'll call up Mrs. So-and-So.

And so it goes on. By the time an hour of phoning is done, Carole has personal-and-social-secretaried all her friends, and she is up and about with a glow of boy-scoutish good-deeds-done-for-the-day pride. Then heaven help Fieldsie . . . . !

Fieldsie may be hard at work on the Lombard books. In busts Lombard:

"Hey, Fieldsie, you old bookworm; I feel like talking!"

"I don't. Beat it," commands Fieldsie.

Carole sits down. "Look at poor ol' Fieldsie, slaving away at those nasty ol' books" she begins. "Poor ol' Fieldsie—gotta work, while I can play and have fun. *Whee!*"

Fieldsie stands it as long as she can. Then she gets up and goes to work on Carole. Fieldsie outweighs Carole. When Fieldsie gets up, it's Carole's cue to flee. She does, and Fieldsie goes back to work

—if she can. "She just drives me mad!" says Fieldsie.

Then Carole makes the rounds, saying good morning to Ellen, the cat and dogs, Eleanor, the ducks, the chickens, Edmund, the doves, the goldfish and whatever else is around. Then she decides to give a party that night.

NOW, parties are something with which the Lombard reputation is inseparably linked. But get this strange truth—*Lombard, for all the party-reputation she has, gives and goes to fewer parties than most other stars in Hollywood!* In the last few years, she hasn't been to nite-clubs more than a half-dozen times; three or four parties a year is all she goes to. But she *does* like to give them—and yet, not as many or as big ones as you'd imagine. A half dozen guests is her idea of fun, rather than a 200-guest brawl. What gives Lombard a party-name is that her parties are *different,* always.

"She can't stand the idea of just giving another party," explains Fieldsie. "It's got to be different. She couldn't give an *ordinary* party if she wanted to!"

And you never can tell what idea is going to hit her. The night after she got the chickens, she gave a party. The chickens gave her an idea. "We'll make it a barnyard party," she decided. So she spread some straw and hay around the place, let the chickens in, put some hard-boiled eggs here and there, spread red-and-white-checked table-cloths around, hung a few barnyard lanterns over the dining-room lights, and wham—the next day the columns reported Carole's Great Barnyard Party.

In the line of food, she's a wow. She knows her foods, orders them herself, and always has something grand, something new, something odd. The other night, when dessert-course rolled around, the guests fell into heaps of shrieking laughter when Edmund, not a smile on his perfect serving face, came in with handfuls of ice-cream cones for dessert!

"Ice-cream cones! Imagine!" says Fieldsie; "that *Lombard* . . . . !!!"

Funny—but Lombard can cook! Maybe it's the last thing in the world you'd expect a gal like Lombard to do, but she does it magnificently.

But she can't even sew a button on!

THE servants are heroes. They never know when dinner's going to be, for example. It might be 6, or it might be 11:30 p.m.—just as the mood and the opportunity strikes Carole. And there may be two or twelve people in. Always, the staff is ready. And they love it. That, too, is a tribute to the Lombard personality —I don't think that anywhere else in the world will you find a mistress of a household who could keep a staff of servants on an utterly mad schedule like that. Yet Carole does—and Ellen and Eleanor and Edmund love her. Carole loves them, too. They're not just servants to her—they're human beings, with problems and happinesses that dig into Lombard's heart. You'll find Carole down in the kitchen laughing with the servants and sympathizing with their personal woes, when the need be . . .

But that's characteristic of her. There's just one thing in the world that can get Lombard "down"—that's somebody else's grief. She has the biggest heart in Hollywood, even though she does try to hide it under a screen of hard-boiled worldliness. Her own troubles rarely bother her, much. But let some friend—even some chance acquaintance—suffer grief or trouble, and if Carole hears about it, down she plunges into the depths of sympathetic sorrow. She'll torture her mind to help the other person devise a way out of grief. She'll do all she can materially—and everything she can, spiritually. Hospital-visits take up much of her time. She sends flowers, gifts, necessities to where they're needed, always. And it's not an act—it's real. She can crowd more of other people's troubles into her heart than you'd ever believe.

GREATEST delight at home to Lombard is—here's a new slant on the gal!—the radio.

"Sundays, from two in the afternoon until bedtime, is just nobody's business," says Fieldsie. "That's when all the big-time radio programs are on—Magic Key, Stoopnagel and Budd, Joe Penner, Bob Ripley, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor—all of them are on, you know . . .

When she has time between radio and animals and the telephone and sending flowers and gifts to people and plotting dinners and parties, Carole usually's thinking up a gag to play on somebody. Like plastering an actor's dressing-room with cards, on the night he was to play George Washington over the radio, reading: "Now the Great Lover becomes the Father of his Country!" Or giving him a decrepit Ford for a Valentine present. Right now, she's seriously considering buying an old fire-engine that's for sale on a Hollywood used-car lot, and sending it to him.

Or maybe she's thinking up some new way to break in on Fieldsie when Fieldsie has work to do.

"She just *kills* me!" says Fieldsie, who really loves Lombard more than her own life. "But honest, sometimes *I* could kill *her!"* Fieldsie concludes. But you know she doesn't mean it.

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Simplicity vs. Glamour

[*Continued from page* 16]

indefinite shade of hair that is professionally called "drab brown."

"Every mouse I ever saw," declared Olivia, "was a greyish-mauve . . . So I think drab brown hair should be called 'chipmunk colored'!" She was inferring, modestly, that *her* hair is drab, but it's really not. Rather a warm, deep brown, with plenty of sheen.

AN AVERSION to make-up that looks as if it had been on for a week, causes Olivia to remove and re-apply her street cosmetics several times a day. In removing dark, heavy screen make-up, she uses three applications of cream, and then finishes off with soap and water. She prefers a white wash cloth, for this, so that she can tell when every vestige of color is removed. A creamy powder, and rouge and lipstick with a rosy rather than a yellowish cast, are her favorites. And she likes a lipstick that is not too greasy.

"I think you should be able to see the texture and outline of the lips underneath the lipstick," she explained. "Then the mouth doesn't look unnatural or painted."

Just to remind you that Duart permanent wave pads, insuring a successful wave, are individually packaged, the sealed carton is presented in the accompanying group picture of beauty aids . . . In front of it is a brand new Duart product—their Creme of Milk Lipstick, a permanent and emollient stick that is a bargain at $1. The cerise enameled case with accents of white is of the durable and convenient swivel type. "Cinema Red" and "Desert Flame" are two intriguing shades.

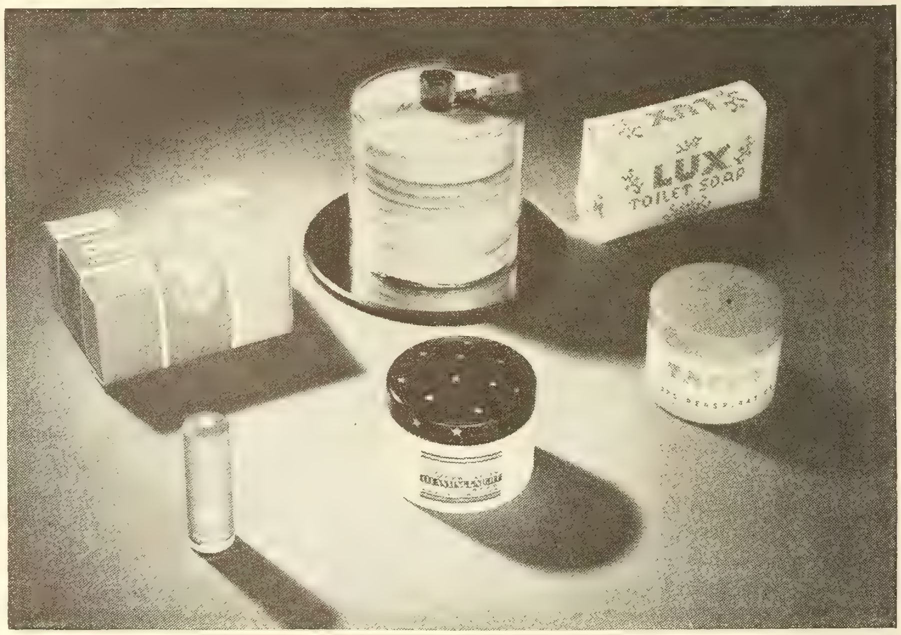
Noxzema fans may not know that they can buy a combination cleansing and night cream made by the same firm and containing the same medications as those in the famous Greaseless Skin Cream . . . A small size jar of this comparatively new preparation is shown in the photo. Noxzema Cleansing and Night Cream cleanses, lubricates and also acts as a powder base. It's effective, too, for use at night as a softening hand cream. A large, economical jar costs $1.

Clean powder puffs play a stellar rôle in preserving skin beauty. That's why you should never buy them one at a time. Keep a supply on your dressing-table, so that you can have a fresh puff every few days. Those attractive Hygienol Powder Puffs, in a flat, disk shape, come in dressing-table holders containing a dozen. The base of the sanitary celluloid holder is a deep blue mirror, harmonizing with the blue and peach colored puffs. One of these inspirations by Hygienol should repose in your guest room, and another in your own room.

In a discussion of skin cleanliness, the familiar object next to the powder puffs—Lux Toilet Soap—deserves a place. A favorite of movie stars, its low price keeps it from being monopolized by them . . . The active lather and delicate floral scent of this creamy white soap make it both profitable and pleasurable to use.

Taboo, the new non-perspirant that insures freedom from one of the worst social errors, is posed in the lower right-hand corner. When it's applied correctly, this cream checks perspiration, and does so easily and safely. You simply apply a bit under the arms (preferably at bedtime, when the perspiration glands are least active) and remove the excess cream with a damp cloth. To hasten absorption, which is necessary to Taboo's effectiveness, *massage* it gently into the skin. Taboo is nicely packaged, in a white jar with rose trimmings and is modest in price.

Remember that hair cleanliness is as important as body cleanliness in preventing offensive odors. So don't neglect frequent shampoos just because you're busy . . . Mar-O-Oil, an oil shampoo, represents a minimum expenditure of time and a maximum of cleanliness and hair beauty . . . It rinses away in clear water, and conditions as well as cleanses the hair, due to its olive oil base. Inexpensive (a six ounce size costs 60 cents) Mar-O-Oil is on sale at most toiletry counters.



Above: Duart Permanent Wave Pads, Hygienol Powder Puffs, Lux Toilet Soap, Duart Creme of Milk Lipstick, Noxzema Cleansing and Night Cream, Taboo Non-Perspirant

After the Powell Man

[*Continued from page* 45]

of lactice liquid. In the picture, it's a cocktail shaker to which he is addicted. He disposes of the milk, sits down to talk. And immediately confesses.

"I HAVE a strange liking for this fellow, *Nick Charles.* I liked him in *The Thin Man,* and I'm enjoying him even more now. He's human. Particularly for a detective. If you remember—and I hope you don't—I was a detective in a succession of mysteries a few years ago. I never *did* take to that fellow much. He was a hollow shell, something created as a dramaturgic device. He never really came alive. He had no warmth, no mellowness. He didn't have 'the common touch.' I tried to give him a little humor, but I always felt as if he was resisting me.

"*Nick* is different. He's a human being before he's a detective, while he's a detective and after he's a detective. An amusing human being. That's even more worth noting.

"If you remember *The Thin Man,* the finish found *Nora* and *Nick,* with the mystery solved, aboard a train heading westward. The new picture takes up where the old one left off. The train is arriving in San Francisco, their home town. As *Nick* steps off the train, he is stampeded by reporters. He is a returning hero. They fling questions at him. One of the questions is: Will he take any more cases? He replies that he's retiring from the detective business. He has married a wealthy girl—and he's devoting his time to taking care of her money. Refreshingly blunt, this fellow *Nick.* He never does or says the expected thing.

"The greatest charm of *The Thin Man* was the married life of *Nick* and *Nora.* That's what people remember. And the same theme carries through this picture, an obligato to the mystery. They still are making life amusing for each other, still romancing in their unorthodox way. Now, a marriage like theirs offers endless possibilities . . ."

The *Nick-Nora* brand of wedlock looks interesting even from Bill's side of the camera. Before the first murder occurs (there are three in the course of the picture), you have ample opportunity to become re-acquainted with *Nick, Nora* and their quaint marital habits. You also become re-acquainted with Asta, their dog (the same identical wire-haired terrier you saw with them before), and that omnipresent cocktail-shaker of *Nick's.* You first see all of them again in a Pullman stateroom, in whose cramped quarters, *Nora* complains, no woman can hope to have any mystery left after three days. To which *Nick* replies, "Darling, *you* don't need mystery; you have something so much better, so much more alluring"—and prepares to duck. "You have *me.*"

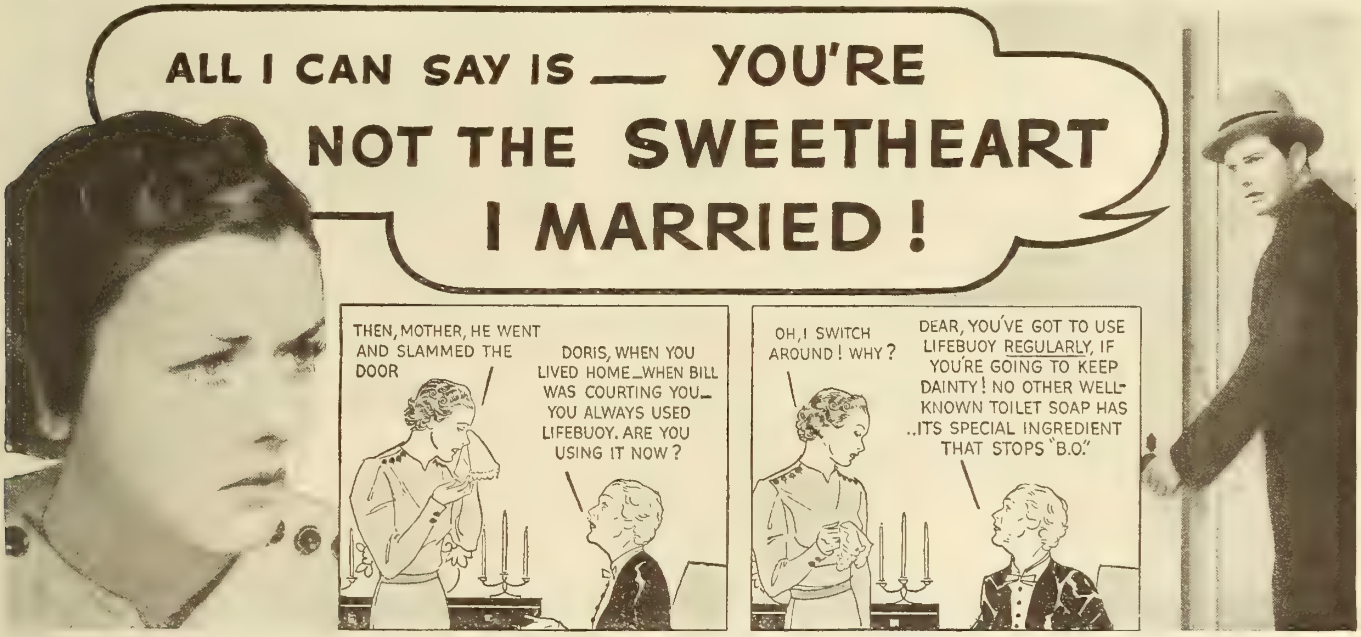
You follow them out onto the train platform, into a limousine, up Market Street, San Francisco, into their house (where some total strangers are throwing a surprise party for them), thence to the home of *Nora's* imperious aunt (Jessie Ralph), and from there to a Chinese cafe during a New Year's Eve celebration. Up to that point, the story is an amusing insight into the private life of *Nick* and *Nora,* in settings three thousand miles from those of *The Thin Man,* which was laid in New York.

IN SPITE of himself, Bill had a vacation during the course of this picture. The company went to San Francisco to film the outdoor scenes. And any trip to San Francisco—even a location trip—is a vacation.

But while they are in the Chinese cafe, *Nick's* resolves to give up detecting to manage *Nora's* money are suddenly shattered—and he finds himself in the thick of another murder mystery. It is very late when they finally arrive home, dead tired.

The subsequent scene is typical of scenes between them. *Nora* is already in her bed. *Nick* gets in his bed, carefully removing the phone from the hook to prevent any possible disturbance of his slumber, and settles down to anticipation of a vast rest. *Nora* discovers that she is hungry. She begins to praise the virtues of scrambled eggs—especially the kind of scrambled eggs that *Nick* can make. He feigns sleep. She changes her tactics. She asks him if he has any baby pictures. Sleepily, he mutters that he'll have one taken in the morning. She asks him if he can reach the water carafe. He makes an effort to get to it. Oh, she doesn't want it—she just wanted to make

[*Continued on page 102*]


ALL I CAN SAY IS — YOU'RE NOT THE SWEETHEART I MARRIED !
THEN, MOTHER, HE WENT AND SLAMMED THE DOOR
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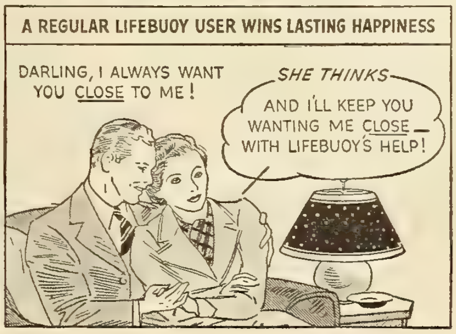
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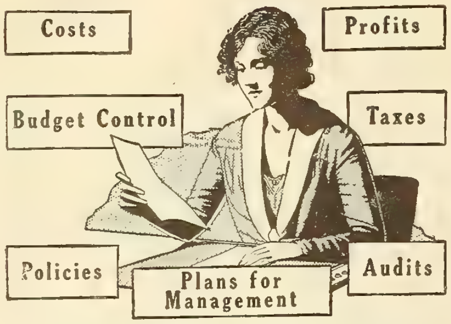

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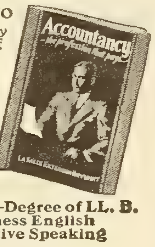

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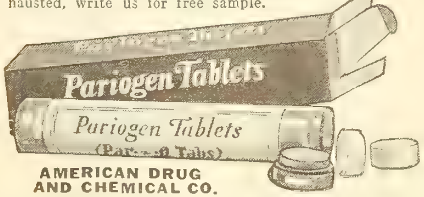

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Hepburn Goes in for Hobbies in a Great Big Way

[*Continued from page* 41]

had a heart-to-heart talk with the three of them. They were not to listen to dogs who didn't believe in large families. And she's still sticking to her hobby. Why, at this very moment, I have before me a piece of copy from her personal press agent. It says: "Miss Hepburn plans to breed cockers in the near future."

BUT as a hobbyist, it can better be said of Katie Hepburn that she's an intensivist, instead of an inclusivist. Silly words—but what I mean is this: Katie doesn't go in for a *lot* of hobbies, but she does go in *fiercely* for the few she does indulge.

I can list Katie Hepburn's hobbies on the fingers of one hand—and still have *one* finger left free for the merry Hollywood pastime of putting the finger on somebody.

Besides this cocker-raising hobby, Katharine Hepburn's hobbies are these: shooting candid camera shots of her best friends when they aren't looking, collecting funny little glass animals, doing things in the great outdoors, and her work. And the Greatest of these is her work.

Getting down to being serious—I sincerely admire Katharine Hepburn for the fact that she makes of her screen work her most intense hobby. Personally, I believe that it is this which has lifted her to the cinematic heights on which she shines. She lacks certain supposedly essential qualifications for the screen—a casting director seeing her for the first time—and not knowing who she is—would turn thumbs down on her at once, because she is not beautiful, her voice is harsh, and she is ungainly and hoydenish. No gal with those drawbacks, he'd say, could possibly click in movies.

But since childhood, acting has been Katie's No. 1 Hobby. And because she's ridden and is riding that hobby for all it's worth, Katie is among the top ten stars today. But all this is generality, isn't it? Let me give you a specific idea of what it means to Katie to have a *hobby*, and that hobby be acting. . . .

IN THE first place, I'll make a bet that Katharine Hepburn can enter any meeting of film technicians, and know everything they are talking about and even know more than a lot of them. She could direct a picture better than a lot of directors I won't mention.

Between takes, Katie Hepburn doesn't run off the set and hide in her dressing-room. She stays right there, and usually beside the director, or the head cameraman, or the electricians' boss, or some other technician. She sits there quietly, with her mouth shut and her ears and eyes wide open. And everything that is done, she learns why and how it's done.

Without the slightest question, Katharine Kepburn knows ten times more than any other star today about the technical problems and points of making movies. And she applies this knowledge to her work. When she makes a move, changes her voice inflection, shifts her camera angle, does any of the many things she does before the camera, she's doing it with a full knowledge of how it will technically better her performance, her appearance in the finished reel.

One other instance of how she rides her hobby—work. Before *Mary of Scotland,*

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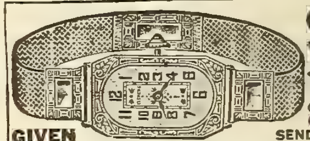

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Katie was in New York. That's where she got the wires from the coast telling her that it would be her next production. Also east at the time was Walter Plunkett, wardrobe chief of the studio. Plunkett got similar advices. At once, Plunkett went to the New York libraries and began reading up on costumes, customs, details of the days of the tragic queen, so that his work for the production would be accurate.

But here's the point: wherever Plunkett went to get his books and his research materials, *he found immediately preceding the blank space where he had to sign his name for receipt of the books, the name of Katharine Hepburn.* The moment she had word from Hollywood that she was to play *Mary,* Katie Hepburn began riding her hobby. And she even beat Plunkett, whose job it was to make such research, to the books!

HER work-hobby leaves Katharine Hepburn little time out for such other hobbies as she has. Chief is her outdoor hobby. She's simply nuts about it—to descend to the most apt colloquial term for anything we rhapsodize over. She'd rather hike ten miles than have her hand kissed by King Edward. She'd rather ride than dance. At golf, she's such a wow that a lot of her men friends won't play with her because she beats them. She shoots in the low 80's on a man's course. She swims, plays tennis. She doesn't like cards, parties or dancing.

That outdoor hiking hobby almost got her shot, once. With Laura Harding, her inseparable secretary-companion, and Peter and Michael, Katie was hiking back of her home, in the Hollywood hills, one afternoon. Suddenly, the silence was split by the crack of a rifle, and Katie and Laura heard a bullet buzz near. The dogs set up a fierce barking. Katie, believing some boy hunters might have mistaken their movements behind the low bushes that cover the hills for the movements of animals, stepped up on a rock and waved her arms and yelled toward the distant figures whence the sound of the shot had come. She figured that the shooters, seeing a girl there, would realize their mistake. But imagine her surprise when the distant figures, apparently youths, raised their rifles again, and two more shots sounded, and again the whine of a bullet hummed close to Katie and Laura. . . . !

Katie didn't wave any more. Katie just started running, instead of hiking. Laura and the dogs kept pace with her. That day they hiked twelve miles around the back way to get home rather than pass the place where the mysterious gunmen had shot at them. Of course, they reported the matter to the police, but to this day, the mystery of who shot at Katie Hepburn and why has never been solved.

WELL, what with her work and her outdooring, you can see that Katie hasn't much time left for other hobbies. Most hobby-ish hobby she has is that collection of little glass beasties—tiny blown-glass dogs, cats, giraffes, horses and even animals that defy naming or description. The kind you can buy for fifteen cents in a souvenir shop or the kind that cost real money. Katie has them all—several hundred of them. She started it herself, years ago, because they were pretty and kind of "cute." It's one of her most feminine phases, this collecting of pretty little toys.

Her most disturbing hobby, to others, is her candid camera. And that's where the hoydenish Hepburn rides roughshod over the feminine Hepburn who collects pretty toys. With her candid camera and its collection of trick lenses, color filters, telescopic gadgets, and other devices, Katie goes around shooting friend and foe alike in the most amazing postures. . . . ! When they're not looking, when they're not expecting a camera to be aimed at them, when they wouldn't have a camera trained on them for worlds if they could help it, Hepburn is just as liable as not to be clicking the shutter of her little candid camera.

She doesn't develop them herself. With Hepburn, taking candid snaps is the hobby. And boy, oh boy, oh boy, has she got some honeys. . . . !

HOWEVER, let this be recorded. Hepburn recently has allowed candid shots to be taken of herself. That's a new development in Hollywood. Stars guard nothing more furiously than "how they look." Most stars' contracts have clauses that permit the stars, personally, to see, okeh or reject all pictures taken of them before the pictures are permitted to be printed anywhere. And they exercise that privilege religiously. Hollywood cameramen have more portraits and snapshots of stars destroyed by the stars, themselves, than are ever seen in printed pages.

But Hepburn has become the exception. Once she didn't like anybody taking sneak shots of her. But since she began taking sneak shots of others, she's reasonable enough to play the game both ways. And as a result, over at RKO, they have some amazing shots of Katie Hepburn, quite unposed—pictures whose revealing frankness would lead any other star in Hollywood to tear 'em up.

But maybe that's just another manifestation of what you might call Hepburn's dominant hobby of all. That is the hobby of being herself. However, in the final analysis, that really isn't a hobby. It's a mania. And anyway, that's another story. So let's skip it.

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Alice Faye—and this thing Called Love

[*Continued from page* 51]

the friendship that gradually grows into love is far more lasting than the love-at-first-sight kind.

"I would want my husband to remain my sweetheart. I hope I never become so sophisticated that I'll lose my sentimental ideas—all the little things that illuminate love and make it the most precious experience in a person's life. I'd like to have anniversaries remembered with flowers, a note, or some little gift that forms a happy secret between two lovers. These romantic incidents grow into tender memories with the years. I couldn't be happy without these demonstrations for it is just such moments that keep the spark glowing."

RECENTLY while visiting her at the hospital where she was recovering from a siege of intestinal flu, I recalled this conversation. Alice looked very lovely, very fragile, propped up among the pillows, her soft "amber blond" hair held in place by a white satin ribbon with a fragrant gardenia nestling in its bow.

Every morning with her breakfast tray, comes a new ribbon with its romantic message—from Anthony Martin! Sometimes it is a blue ribbon, with a tiny bunch of forget-me-nots, again it is pink, with a cunning bouquet of Cecil Brunner roses, or a yellow ribbon and cornflowers. Daily, too, he sends huge bunches of all kinds of blossoms until her room resembles a summer's garden. Plainer than any words, do these thoughtful gifts spell the sweet love story of Alice and the ardent Tony, which is still so new, so wonderful that she hesitates to talk about it. Perhaps it was her serious illness that made them realize that their congenial camaraderie had grown into something deep and infinitely tender.

Tony happily admits he has been an Alice Faye fan for a long time, and tells how he used to watch her on the screen, wishing he could know her. Then, suddenly, things began happening to this one-time football player of St. Mary's College, and he was in Hollywood. His very first scene before the cameras was with Alice in *Sing, Baby, Sing*,—that gay episode where she discovers him perched on a lamp post singing, as he polishes the lights. So, the romance began and today, they are living in a magic world all their own. Plans? They haven't considered any—*yet!*

TODAY, Alice is one of 20th Century-Fox's most luminous stars, with a weekly salary of four figures and a fame that encircles the world. She has made the stride with surprising ease, without losing her sincerity and honesty. She has developed stronger ambitions during these intervening years but she isn't the least burdened with inflated ideas about her "career," and accepts her honors with less hullabaloo than anyone I know.

"I've grown up," explained Alice. "I've had to think and act for myself, and I have learned that life is to be *lived*, not understood. This has made me a fatalist. I firmly believe that what is to be, will be. It was following a serious automobile accident, just before I came to pictures, that I first caught a glimpse of this idea. I could so easily have been killed, or terribly disfigured, but by some miracle—*I came out of it whole!*

"This was the most momentous experience of my life, and during my convales-

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cence I tried to figure it out; the only solution seemed to be that things happen by inevitable necessity, that our destiny is decreed by an unknown power we call, *Fate!* So, if I'm to remain in Hollywood and become a really great screen star, nothing can keep me from it. If not, there is no use of my worrying and fretting, it just isn't to be."

The real truth, so Alice believes, is that if she hadn't won success rather easily, first as a dancer, then on the radio, and later in pictures, she wouldn't be in Hollywood at all, because she isn't persistent, she has no driving ambition, no sublime courage to sweep obstacles from her path. On the contrary, she is too easy-going to become intense over such matters and had there been too many bumps, she wouldn't have bothered with them, but turned, blithely, to something easier to attain. These three years have held a lot of excitement and have been fun, but she wouldn't want to live them over because the novelty would be gone. To Alice, it is the novelty that spurs her on to effort.

Among the things Hollywood has taught her is that screen fame never lingers long in one spot and while enjoying all that is hers, she is able to stand apart and view her success in a detached way that keeps her from losing her head.

She said, "The screen has never lost its thrill for me and I intend staying as long as I'm wanted; but when my day is over I'll take it on the chin and you won't find me hanging on, trying to beat back to favor. I hope television will be waiting for me just around the corner. I'd love that. The living audiences paralyze me with fright, the camera is so impersonal that it throws me back onto myself, but the unseen listeners of the radio seem so close and so friendly, that I'm always perfectly at ease with them. The radio will ever be first in my heart."

We give you a sister act in the Brewster twins—featured in GN's *Hats Off*

HER personal loveliness will always make Alice the heroine of the drama, whether it be played upon the screen or in real life, for she possesses that intangible quality that focuses attention upon her. Men like to be seen with her; she's a sweet and highly decorative companion, and what is very important, she never loses a certain dignity.

She gives her provocative, mischievous humor to her comedy film characters, but is surprisingly quiet and demure off the screen. She never has wise-cracks or "hot" comebacks to offer, and at parties and gay night spots, where the mirth may sometimes grow a little boisterous, Alice is never in the ring, she views it calmly from the side lines.

It was while he was playing opposite to her in *Sing, Baby, Sing,* that the attractive Michael Whalen confided to me, "Alice is the only truly glamorous person I've ever met. It doesn't take a special rôle, nor an elaborate and romantic background to make it evident, she just *is* glamorous. Unconsciously so. It comes, I think, from an inner sweetness and charm."

Three years in Hollywood, and this blonde star is still a loyal New Yorker.

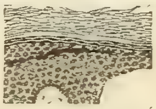
"It's the eternal sunshine that gets me down," she complained. "Every morning when I awaken to find the sun flooding the world I want to weep. I love the fog, the rain, and a keen, biting wind blowing in my face.

"Your perfect weather is like being with people who are just too, *too* sweet. You know how it is, you finally reach the point when you want to push them over a cliff." Then, she gaily flipped, "that's one thing I couldn't endure, a husband who was too even-tempered. I'd rather have some surprises, a few fireworks and flashes of temperament clear up the matrimonial atmosphere. It would be frantically boring to come home to a constant *smile!*"

Alice may look like a perennial sunbeam but she is a moody girl, restless and very changeable. Today she wants one thing, tomorrow it may be something very different. Right now, it is love, a *true romance,* that she wants above everything else and it looks as if this has come to her, fully, beautifully, through the loyal devotion of Anthony Martin, whose good looks and sympathetic voice promises to carry him to screen fame as a singing star.

She seemed such a very little girl as she looked up from the pillows as I was leaving, and said, "I'm not planning my future, I'm letting Fate take care of it. It will anyway, you know."

Skin Flaky?
WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?



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A Marriage That Remains a Romance

[*Continued from page* 53]

my professional career is over."

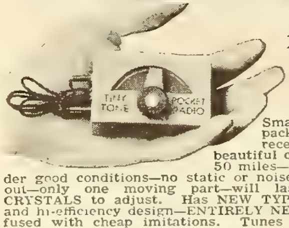
SHE likes to talk about her marriage. "I first met Frank at the Opera House in Florence, while I was visiting my sister Roma, whose husband was the American vice-consul in Florence. She told me there was a distinguished American baritone in town, and wanted me to meet him. He was the only non-Italian member of the Opera Company, and seemed to be very popular with the English colony and the younger Florentine set.

"We went to hear him sing at the Polichiamo, the great opera house in Florence. He stole the show from the Italians. Between the acts, as he was going out to buy some cigarettes, I met him in the lobby and congratulated him for his grand performance. But he acted like an Englishman, terribly aloof and superior-looking. I thought he was very snobbish and conceited. He was so absorbed in his work that I mistook his preoccupied attitude for snobbishness. Really, he wasn't as human then as he is now. There isn't a more democratic man in the world than Frank, but I didn't realize it then.

"WE MET again in New York, when I made my debut at the Metropolitan. I remember the day, November 15, 1929. I had the rôle of a blind mother, and wore a funny old torn dress and a horrid make-up. But that did not discourage him from coming back-stage and congratulating me. 'You remember, we have met before, in Florence,' I told him laughingly, thinking he might have forgotten it. Oh, I didn't know he was an elephant! Frank never forgets! And would you believe it, now he accuses me of being snippy with him on that glorious night, when I felt like hugging and kissing the whole world! He says I didn't give him a chance to start a conversation, and he vowed he'd get even with me."

Miss Swarthout was now thoroughly warmed to the subject of marriage. "Our third meeting took place at his debut in *Faust* with the American Opera Company, right across the street from the Met. Even though his costume didn't fit—I'll never get over that costume, he looked so funny in it!—I went back-stage to congratulate him. Then, one day we found ourselves on the same program for a morning musicale at the Plaza, and during the rehearsals our attitude toward each other underwent a complete change. Before, I had merely admired him, but now I began to feel more than mere admiration. As we came to know each other better, he invited my sister and me to spend a week-end at the country house of his parents. And that was the real beginning of our romance.

"One day we were lunching together in a restaurant, when he said it would be a good idea if we got married. He didn't make a flowery speech, nor, figuratively speaking, did he drop on his knees. He proposed very casually, as if it were the most natural and unavoidable thing in the world. I told him, very casually, that I'd marry him if he could get my mother's consent. But, as it turned out, my mother didn't need much persuasion, and two hours after he proposed, we were married. We had to hurry because I was going on the road with the Met.



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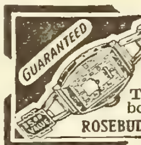

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THERE is no profession which makes marriage a more difficult problem than that of the operatic singer. In fact, as Nelson Eddy says, singers should not marry. His life is a constant round of rehearsals, concert tours, mad dashes across the country, and, at times, from one corner of the world to the other. A male singer might be able to drag a wife around and have her share his crazy, hectic, high tempo life, but this joint vagabondage would be well nigh impossible in the case of a woman singer, unless the husband gives up his own business and career and concentrates on hers.

Frank Chapman chose to be his wife's critic, guide and philosopher. He has not given up his own career as operatic baritone entirely, and recently they sang in the Hollywood Bowl together, but he has definitely subordinated it to hers. He is her manager and vocal supervisor, and, in the latter capacity, was on the Paramount payroll during the filming of *Champagne Waltz*.

They are inseparable, and completely wrapped up in each other. Every day Frank was on the set, and left his wife alone only during intimate love scenes, for, as you know, Fred MacMurray is very shy, and couldn't very well make love to Miss Swarthout with her husband looking on. A Princeton graduate who fought in France with the Marines in the same company with Gene Tunney, ruddy and athletic, Frank is decidedly a man's man.

"I DON'T know what I'd do without him," Miss Swarthout continued. "I may seem to be in a glamorous profession, but there is much plodding and struggling along in this business. There are times when I feel I've lost my way, and can't help wondering if the end is worth the means. When I lose faith in myself, Frank gives me faith and inspires me to greater efforts. I can lean on him; he gives me stability and balance. In marriage, the ideal partner is the person without whom the other couldn't cope with life's difficulties. And that's the kind of support Frank gives me.

"A lot of people think I have great poise, that I never get excited, that I take things as they come, and am not overly ambitious." She smiled, flashing her perfect teeth—a sad, almost cynical smile. "They don't know I have the jitters all the time! That's my greatest shortcoming. The older I get, the more I do, the more responsible I feel toward my work. At every performance I get more nervous. I have set a certain standard for myself, and I must surpass or at least equal my previous performance. You can imagine the nervous tension this causes. It's a complex. I must be psychoanalyzed."

Gladys Swarthout does not conform to operatic traditions—at least, not to Hollywood's conception of them. She has no eccentricities, doesn't stage temperamental fire-works. She loves fun. She called Fred MacMurray "Teacher's Pet! Teacher's Pet!" whenever an admiring femme brushed away a fleck of dust from his coat or combed his hair on the set. And poor Fred tightened his lips and squirmed.

It is no little honor to Gladys Swarthout that *Champagne Waltz,* in which she is co-starred with Fred MacMurray, has been selected by Paramount as its jubilee picture. At the studio they are raving about her singing and acting in this flicker. For the first time since her film career began she has been well cast. It should make her as sensational a star of the screen as she has been on the air and operatic stage.

And if you search for the secret of her amazing success, you'll find that it's *Love* and the *Right Man*.

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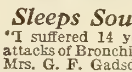
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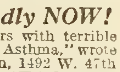
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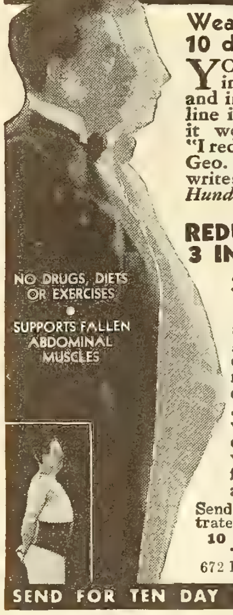
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The Ginger Rogers That MEN Like

[*Continued from page* 31]

like myself, doing it." But this is very disconcerting. People expect actresses to "put on acts," to keep them guessing. If she keeps on being herself, people will soon be getting acquainted with her.

"Putting on acts must be awfully inconvenient, though. Remembering what you were last week, and the week before—and planning what you will be next week, and the week after . . ."

IT'S just a passing thought—but no one ever *dared* her to be herself? Her eyes laugh at the question. "No," she answers.

This subject of dares has possibilities. Does she believe in taking dares? "Yes—of a certain kind. A very subtle kind. If anyone 'dares' me to do this or that, I'll back out. Like when Margaret Sullavan dared me to fly to Mexico City with her. I wouldn't go.

"When someone dares me to do something, I feel as if high-pressure salesmanship is being applied to me. I feel as if I'm being told, 'You've *got* to do this, because we're daring you.' And my sales resistance really goes into action. But if someone says, 'I don't think you can do this, Ginger,' then nothing can stop me. For then I'm daring myself. I'm telling myself, 'You can dare to *try,* anyway.'

"Everything I have ever accomplished, I've accomplished by saying that to myself. When I was a Charleston dancer, people said, 'That's as far as she can go.' They said the same thing when I did a baby-talk act in vaudeville. When I hoofed in musical comedy on Broadway. When I started on the screen.

"If they hadn't said it, and if I hadn't dared myself to try to show them, I wouldn't be anything today. I didn't have any carefully planned campaign of progression, leading to some far goal. I've just gone ahead, step by step, letting the future take care of itself. I don't know today what I want to be five years from now. And I'm just as happy, not worrying about it."

BUT what is this studio announcement that she will do a drama, after this new dancing picture? "To hear people talk, and see them throw up their hands in horror, you'd think I am laying plans to be some entirely different person—a total stranger to the person I am now. Probably that misconception comes from the loose definition of 'drama.' To some people, it means tragedy; to others, melodrama; to others, anything that isn't musical comedy. I'm not going tragic or melodramatic. At least, I hope I'm not. I want to do amusing things—romantic, amusing things. I wouldn't call that a radical change. Except that I may not dance."

What is the thing that she really regrets most in her life? Her answer is prompt, frank. "The fact that I haven't had more education. When I was fifteen and won that Charleston contest in Texas, and had a vaudeville offer, I thought I had had enough schooling. That was the one time in my life when I was cocky. And I've been wondering ever since what it cost me.

"Maybe I'm as far today as I would be if I had a diploma to frame. Life has taught me things I probably wouldn't have learned in any class-room. But I have a feeling that I've missed something—that some things might have been easier if I had

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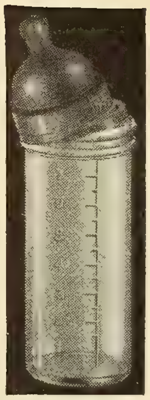

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The Mervyn LeRoy trademark contest closed too late for the editors to include the winning names in this issue, but the announcements will be made in an early issue. Starting in the March issue is a new $1000 contest—order your copy now!

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finished school before I began the battle. One of these years, I'm going to have the time to go to night school—and *find out* what I've missed."

SHE is a slight girl, yet she never seems to break under the terrific strain of weeks of difficult dance rehearsals. What are her health secrets? "Sleeping, eating, laughing, forgetting my nerves."

She and Fred relax by framing elaborate gags on each other. At the moment, she thinks Fred is "one up." He invited her to see some rushes one noon. What flashed on the projection-room screen was unused film shots of Ginger dancing, with strange sound effects. Every time she made a movement, there was a grinding or ripping noise. Fred had arranged with a sound man for those effects. And Ginger is still laughing about it—and planning a funny surprise for Fred. That's the answer to the rumors that they "aren't getting along."

"The only reason why we're both planning to do pictures later with other partners is that we want the public to think of us, a little, as separate entities."

Is she worrying at all about the future? "I'm a fatalist. And that's very convenient. It saves me worry. Also, I have faith in my producers, my directors—and Fred. We have a lot of troubles, but most of them never happen."

Isn't she worried about the prophecy that the title of "best-dressed woman on the screen" is headed in her direction? "No," she says, with a smile, "because I'm not out after it. I'm flattered when other women copy my clothes—any woman would be—but I don't want that 'best-dressed' title. Living up to it would be a career in itself. I'm busy enough now."

She has a habit of helping out newcomers, encouraging them—even though they are potential rivals. (Harriet Hilliard and Lucille Ball are two recent examples.) What is the explanation of that? "On my way up, no star ever gave me a helping hand. I've never forgotten that."

Reporters are learning to think of Ginger as one star who won't fool them, who means what she says. When she and Lew Ayres were going together and an elopement was expected any moment, Ginger said that she was going to have a church wedding. She had a church wedding. When she and Lew parted, a year and a half later, she said that there would be no divorce "for a long time." She said that there was no one else. And there *is* no one else. No divorce has yet been filed. She may go dancing with Jimmy Stewart; she may have a date with Robert Taylor—but it doesn't mean a thing, romantically speaking. Ginger says so. She will admit that she likes every one of the men with whom she is seen. And every one of them will admit that he likes Ginger.

Try to find a man who *doesn't* like Ginger! A good-looking girl who isn't face-conscious. A well-dressed girl who isn't clothes-conscious. A girl with a lovely figure who isn't figure-conscious.

An actress who doesn't put on an act. A star whose principal success secret is the fact that she believes in taking dares—her own dares. A star who is frankly sorry that she hasn't had as much schooling as most extras. A star who isn't afraid to help newcomers. A girl so busy that she never has a real chance to relax, yet has one of the world's best dispositions. A star so unself-important that she has a sense of humor, a liking for laughter, an appreciation of jokes on herself. A girl who doesn't worry, but takes life as she finds it. A girl who couldn't be on the screen, if she couldn't be natural there.

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A noted director tells how he almost deprived the world of Norma Shearer, one of the screen's outstanding stars.

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MOVIE CLASSIC
NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

Miriam Hopkins' Latest Design for Living

[*Continued from page* 65]

sit-down dinners. Here I feel my friends can come and have a bite of food, a sip of wine and hearty conversation. Casual entertaining, I think, is so much more fun than elaborately planned and formal functions. I'm going to be happy here, I know, because this house is homey, and yet it doesn't suggest shackles. I love simplicity because it represents freedom. That's why I always seek it."

Overhead we heard the racing feet of Michael chasing his Irish terrier, which he brought back from London. Master Michael is now three and one-half years, going on four, and as radiant as a sunflower.

What's more, he talks with an English accent which he acquired in London, and which amuses Miss Hopkins immensely. Michael told me with great style and diction that his dog was afraid of New York, when they arrived there, and that he had a hard time dragging him from under the bed each day. And, furthermore, that the dog had a very sly habit of slipping his head out of his collar when the three of them—his mama, himself, and the terrier—went walking in New York Central Park. I also gathered that it became a matter of embarrassment for Miriam to walk along holding a leash and collar, but no dog.

There was talk of the picture called *Escadrille* which the star is making for RKO on loan from Samuel Goldwyn, for whom she has two more pictures to make under her contract. Anton Litvak, Russian director, whose biggest successes have been with producing companies in France and England, directs *Escadrille,* as he did the French version of the story.

HOLLYWOOD has been buzzing with rumors of romance for Litvak and Miss Hopkins ever since the star and director returned to America. They met aboard ship, saw each other in New York, and continued their friendship in Hollywood. When I queried Miriam Hopkins about the romantic whisperings, she replied: "Mr. Litvak is a charming and distinguished man, and the type who makes friendship such a delightful experience."

I can't remember the time when Miriam Hopkins wasn't surrounded by attractive, gay, witty, clever and capable men. At the cocktail hour when she isn't working, and on Sundays at tennis, with noon breakfasts in her garden, one may always find several writers—a director, perhaps—a painter, maybe—and invariably some distinctive visitor from foreign shores. She attracts interesting people, men and women, and this magnetism is something quite apart from her physical charm and grace of manner. I think it's a mental quality that she possesses. A spirit of awareness and aliveness of what's happening in the world, an eagerness to see, hear and read everything of vital interest. Consequently, she is never dull.

She loves people who are doing things, and while she absorbs from them, she gives generously in return, with her gifts of gay repartee, anecdote, and lively information on happenings and famed personalities. Her background of training and experience as a dancer, and as a stage and screen actress has enriched her sympathetic understanding of all creative artistic expression, whether it be music, writing, the theatre,

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painting. Her reactions, therefore, to conditions in Europe at the present time, and the importance of Hollywood, seem especially interesting. She said:

"I HAD to be in Europe for nearly seven months, entirely away from Hollywood, to realize the importance of motion pictures as the great, living art of today, and of tomorrow, too. I believe that just as we, today, contemplate on the artistic glories of the past, so coming generations will talk about our present great age. They will discuss our times as the most wonderful age of mechanical development in the history of the world, and they will talk, I am sure, with much more respect and admiration, of motion pictures than we are often inclined to now. As we review with almost reverence the great periods of musical creation, and literature and painting of hundreds of years ago, in the same way, and with the same spirit, future generations will view motion pictures as probably the greatest of all artistic expression, because of its appeal to all classes—the poor, the rich, the simple folk, the cultured. Getting away from Hollywood for a long spell, is really the best tonic to make you appreciate the greatness of America and the greatness of motion pictures.

"I loved working in London, because the American actress going over for a picture is treated with such unusual consideration. And while, of course, the facilities for producing pictures in Hollywood are so much greater and further advanced, still enormous sums of money are being invested in England for improving their productions. The borrowing of American stars and directors and writers seems to have given English pictures a new impetus, and, personally, I think it's a splendid idea for Hollywood and London to exchange artists. Certainly there's a natural sympathy between nations which speak the same language, even if the accents sometimes vary a bit."

ABOUT the highly publicized Mrs. Wallis Simpson, Miriam Hopkins commented: "Mrs. Simpson attended school with a friend of mine, and my acquaintance with her is slight. However, we both fitted clothes at the same place in London—Schiaparelli's—and chatted together informally on several occasions. She is attractive. However, I wasn't aware of the tremendous interest that she evoked until I returned home and read the headlines. The British press, of course, is much more restrained than we Americans are."

Miss Hopkins' plans for the future are to return to London sometime next summer, at the expiration of her contract with Samuel Goldwyn. She has two more pictures to make for him. The first one is to be a story adapted by Sam and Bela Spewak, and the title of it is *The Woman's Touch*. At present, there is some talk of Joel McCrea playing opposite the star.

"I don't want to be tied down to a definite contract, much as I like the security of such an arrangement," Miss Hopkins commented. "Because I want to feel free to do a play or a picture, as the occasion arises, and to be able to travel to different parts of the world and see what is happening in these terrifically interesting times of change and new ideas for living.

"For instance, no money could ever compensate me for the experience of having been in Europe during the past half year. Some of it was joyous and stimulating. Some of it was saddening and appalling, but it made one think . . . it made one reflect on the past and hope for the future, and be thankful for the glorious present that our country represents."

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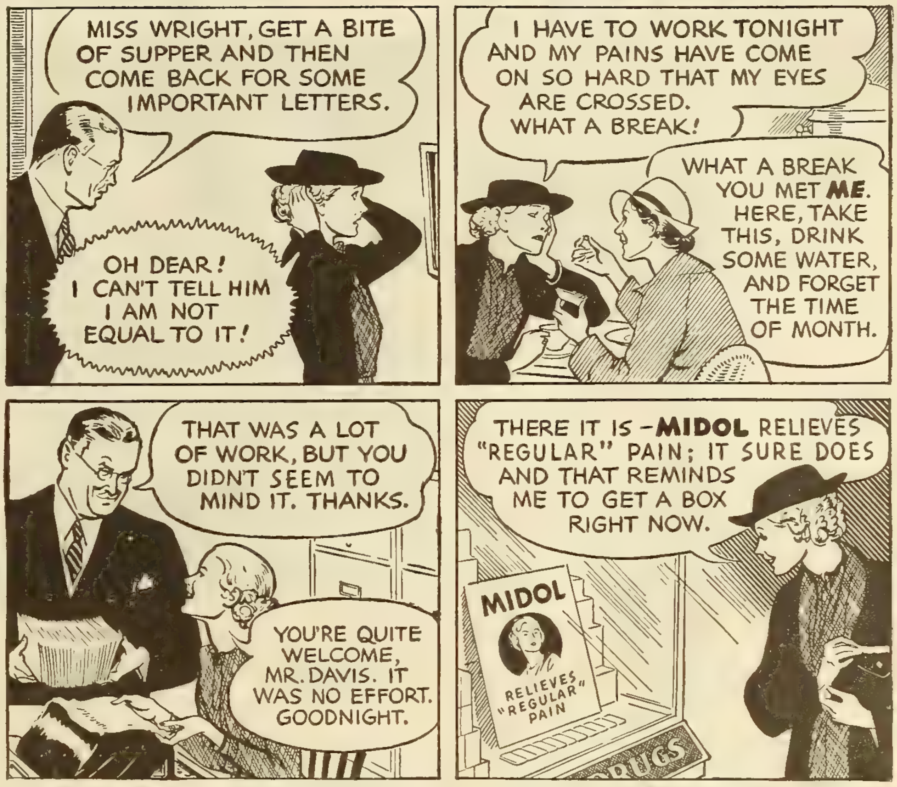
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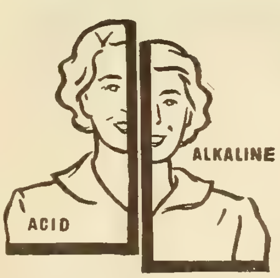

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 10*]

Wide World

Ma, that man's in again! Often a bridegroom, but never so quickly, John Barrymore eloped with protegê, Elaine Barrie

Hollywood coocoo some time ago, married Marta Eggerth, the blonde Hungarian songstress whom Hollywood already considered his wife—the marriage of Director Boris Petroff and Jane Mann—elopement of Guy Bates Post, 56-year-old veteran of stage and screen, and Lilian Kemble Cooper, noted actress, to Las Vegas and matrimony. Second marriage for both.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Fritz Lang and Doris Dudley—
They're plenty warm and plenty cuddly.

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LIFE isn't at all funny for Laurel and Hardy, off-screen. . . . Life, instead, seems to be a matrimonial mess for both and each of them. Laurel, for instance, is all tangled up in court financial proceedings between two women, each of whom claims she's Mrs. Laurel. And Hardy is being sued for separate maintenance by his wife Myrtle, who says she and he couldn't get along. In court, Laurel kept his straight face, but never cracked it with his screen smile. Hardy, however, broke down and wept right in open court when he faced his wife—and the judge had to clear the courtroom to give him a chance to pull himself together.

And pulling Babe Hardy together is a pretty big job!

● ● ●

NO couple in Hollywood act more devoted than the Jimmy Gleasons. Know how far they carry it?—why, when Mrs. Gleason took to bed with the flu recently, Jimmy himself caught the flu, too, and popped into bed, also. That's lo-oo-o-o-o-o-o-oove!

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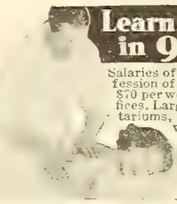

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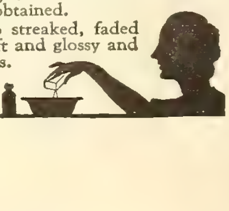
You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



CUPID'S COUPLET:
Howard Lang and Tala Birell—
There's a romance that's pretty
swell.

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD BABY-NEWS OF THE MONTH: newest arrival in Hollywood via the Ol' Doc Stork transcontinental flyer is the son of Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie orchestra-leader Nelson. It happened in New York, but the Western Union and Postal companies had to put on special service to carry all the Hollywood congratulations to Harriet.

—Still continues the Hollywood adoption scramble. Latest couple to take a baby as their own, from the famous Cradle in Illinois, are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graves. They adopted a boy which, they swear, looks exacty like Bob. Adds Mrs. Graves: "We expect him to become president, some day!"

—And now Grace Moore lets it be known that she's planning to adopt a child. Only this one will not be a Cradle foundling—it will be 4-year-old Luisita Parera, niece of Valentin Parera, Grace's husband. Luisita is one of three children of Valentin's brother, and she's so talented that Grace plans to bring her to Hollywood to develop her abilities.

—Steffi Duna and John Carroll, married stage and screen couple, don't bother with adoption, though. They just let it out that they've got a date with Doc Stork pretty soon. And, adds Steffi, she's going to give up her screen career and devote herself to the all-important business of being a wife and mother.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ann Doran and Ralph Malone
Just can't leave each other alone!

● ● ●

WHAT Cesar Romero wants to know is, just *whom IS* he engaged to, anyway?—It seems the Hollywood talker-uppers are busy on Cesar, and within the past fortnight, I've read or heard that Cesar is betrothed to (a) Martha Raye, (b) Sheila Manners, and (c) Rosalind Marquis. But, says Cesar himself: "It's all news to me—and I'm sure it must be even more than news to the ladies. It must be positively a *shock!*"

● ● ●

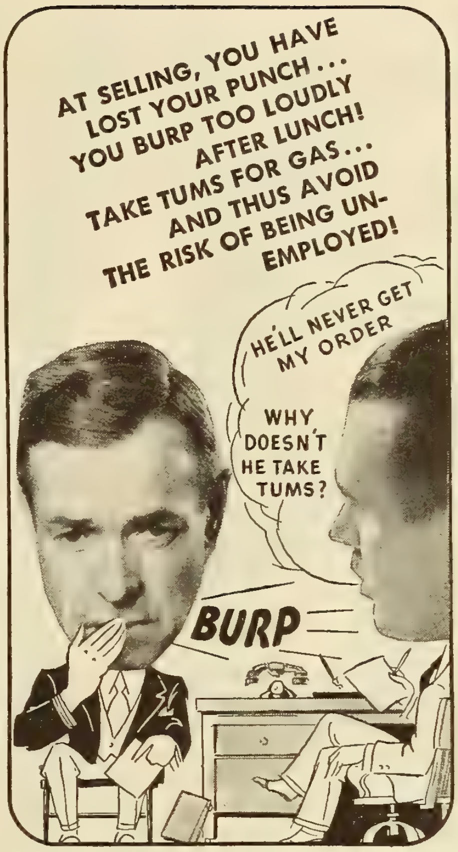
DIVORCE NEWS OF THE MONTH:— Cecil DeMille's daughter Cecilia files suit for divorce from studio executive F. E. Calvin, charging non-support.

Visit Movieland

1937 Vacation Tours Now Being Planned

Hundreds of letters from enthusiastic readers who saw Movieland in the 1935 and 1936 Movieland Tours have urged that Fawcett Publications repeat the Movieland vacation tours in 1937. Because these tours have been so successful, we are planning two more tours for the summer of 1937.

And what grand tours they are! Visit Hollywood! See the stars and their homes. Meet them and talk with them. Every effort will be made to make the 1937 tours even more successful than the two preceding ones. Watch for full details in next month's issue of this magazine.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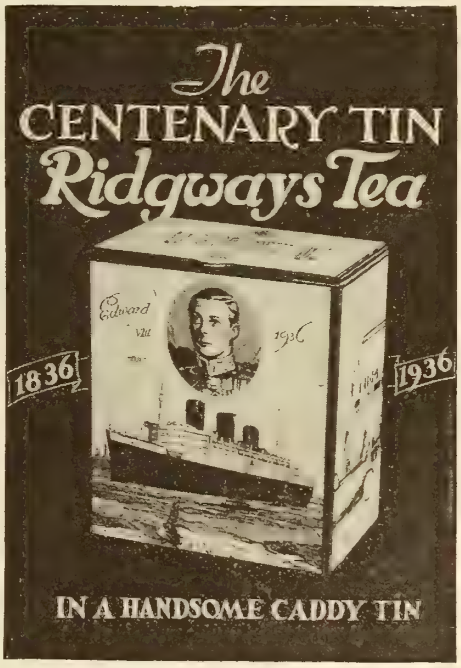

Ideal for Christmas use

Ridgways Centenary Tea in its handsome colorful caddy tin (hinged cover) is splendid for holiday use. Makes a fine gift, inexpensive, attractive and in very excellent taste. And what could be more practical than a full pound of delicious superior quality orange pekoe tea, blended by the world's largest sellers of quality tea—Ridgways. This beautifully illustrated tin was produced this year by the House of Ridgways in celebration of the 100th year since its founding. It is also timely in view of the forthcoming Coronation.

Obtainable at the better grocery and Dept. Stores or send $1.25 (check or money order) to Ridgways Inc. 230 West St., New York, and a 1 lb. Centenary Tin will be sent you, all charges paid.

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HOTEL ROYAL WORTH, West Palm Beach
HOTEL DIXIE COURT, West Palm Beach
HOTEL LAKELAND TERRACE, Lakeland
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ROD & GUN CLUB, Everglades
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Wire reservations collect to hotels or write for booklet or apply to Travel Agents. For information on all, address Collier Florida Hotels, Tampa, Florida, or New York Office, 220 West 42 St. Telephone Wisconsin 7-2000.

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Hotel Royal Worth
Hotel Dixie Court
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MAJOR KORD, Dept. F 23, DEL RIO, TEXAS

COURSE $1 COMPLETE

After the Powell Man

[*Continued from page* 89]

sure that he *could* reach it. He gives up. He goes downstairs with her to see about those scrambled eggs.

Bill relishes the amusing, life-like intimacy of the *Nick* and *Nora* tete-a-tetes. So do all the onlookers on the set.

No one ever sees him studying his lines on the set. He has learned today's lines last night—at home.

HIS nightly studying explains, too, how he manages to enjoy himself so completely on a set. He has disposed of all his worries at home. He has time to trade stories with Van Dyke (they continually have their heads together), time to get acquainted with the people around him, time to hold "chinning" contests with Jimmy Stewart, time to send Myrna into peals of laughter. He calls her "Mrs. Charles" between scenes. She calls him "Mr. Charles." There is banter in their voices even between scenes. And their on-screen humor infects their off-screen actions.

There is more mystery in *After the Thin Man* than in its predecessor. Suspense is piled on top of suspense, with *Nick* the epitome of nonchalance. "The formula is familiar now," says Bill. "It's been copied a hundred times since *The Thin Man.* But the discovery of the murderer packs a wallop that no mystery of recent date has had. People are even likely to remember it. And I've never made that prediction before about a movie murder mystery."

If you have never seen *Nick* and *Nora,* that won't keep you from enjoying them now. But if you did see them in their first appearance, you will appreciate them all the more now. For one thing, they are back in their home town—and you see what their home-life is like. Their dog, Asta, has the same embarrassing leash-pulling propensities as of old—and has added another embarrassment to his repertoire; he chews up clues. Again, *Nick* tries to keep *Nora* away from the danger zones—but tries in a new way, and fails in a new way. And, this time, *Nick* becomes involved with *Nora's* family. In fact, both the comedy and the mystery are close to home.

"Nobody else has thought of variations for the *Thin Man* formula—but Dashiell Hammett, who originated it, has. All I hope is that it doesn't start me on another detective cycle." Bill is under suspicion of hoping that *After the Thin Man* will be so amusing it will discourage imitations.

This Month's Winners of Search for Talent Contest

[*Continued from page* 12]

Miss Evelyn Gresham, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Miss Betty Middleton, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Miss Gerda Egloff, Dallas, Texas
Miss Madelyn Jones, Salley, S. C.
Miss Jeane Megerle, Fort Thomas, Ky.
Miss Louise K. Karchmer, Chicago, Ill.

RUNNERS-UP

Miss Jean Fadden, Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Jane Carson, South Bend, Ind.
Miss Betty Bickel, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Margaret Dolph, Aurora, Ill.
Miss Noel Adrien, New York City, N.Y.
Miss Elissa Mojica, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Carol Williams, Hollywood, Calif.
Miss Dorothy Watt, Jonestown, Miss.
Miss Gladys Semidey, New York, N.Y.
Miss Bonnie Belle Ballentine, Chicago, Ill.
Miss Jeri Jenkins, Kansas City, Mo.
Miss Marjorie Green, Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss Ethel Hare, Wichita, Kansas.

Simple—but effective recipes!

[*Continued from page 22*]

"Et ess so good and good for you," she said simply.

DINNER SOUP

1 lamb shank
1 veal shank
1 lb. shortrib
1 small beef bone
3 tbls. chopped parsley
3 medium sized onions
1 small carrot
1 bunch celery, cut fine
2 cloves of garlic
1 cup canned corn
2 cups canned tomatoes
Fresh vegetables on hand
Salt and pepper to taste

Cover meat with cold water and simmer until about half done. Add vegetables except tomatoes and corn, and simmer until water on meat has been reduced about one third. Season when meat is almost done. Add tomatoes and corn one half hour before removing from range. Remove bones from kettle, skim off excess fat. Sprinkle filled bowls with parsley and serve hot.

"DON'T you think you should give me at least one foreign recipe to pass on to interested readers?" I asked as she prepared to leave for the set, and I realized that soup and salad wasn't what I had expected from such a cosmopolite.

"The Amer-e-cans weel like my Crepes Suzette," she declared and eagerly gave me her own recipe that she learned during her long sojourn in Paris.

CREPES SUZETTE

2 eggs
½ cup milk
1 tbls. sugar
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. baking powder
¼ cup pastry flour
⅔ tbls. grated orange peel
⅓ tbls. grated lemon peel

Sift flour once, and then measure. Add sugar, salt and baking powder, then sift twice. Beat eggs well, add milk and peel. Gradually add dry ingredients. The resultant mixture must be very thin. Drop small tablespoonfuls on hot baking surface. Cook slowly till brown on lower side, then turn with care. Remove to table. Place teaspoon of strawberry jam on upper surface and roll. Place close together in shallow vessel (not metal). When ready to serve, cover with the following sauce, and heat in the same vessel into which the crepes have been put.

1½ cups powdered sugar
1 tbs. butter
2 tbls. grated orange peel
½ tbls. grated lemon peel

Cook slowly until thick and clear. Just before adding to crepes, put in liquor as follows, ½ tbls. brandy, 1 tbls. curacao, and 1 tbls. wine. Pour over crepes and heat just to boiling point, no more. When ready to serve, cover with ¼ cup of pure brandy, and set on fire. Serve blazing.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Bob Taylor used his gasoline scooter recently to make the 30 miles from studio to his home, then skinned his arms and legs in a spill almost at his doorstep—and that his bosses have forbidden him to ride his new motorbike?

KILL KIDNEY ACIDS

Win Back Pep,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When acids and poisons accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and cloudy—you actually feel and look years older than you are. And what is worse, functional Kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Swollen Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting, Itching, and Acidity.

The only way your body can clean out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slow down beacuse of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the diuretic action of the Kidneys with a Doctor's prescription, Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. G. B. Knight

Dr. Geo. B. Knight, of Camden, New Jersey, recently wrote: "When Kidneys don't function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, aches develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or injurious ingredients. I consider Cystex a prescription which men and women in all walks of life should find beneficial in the treatment of functional Kidney disorders." And Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is intended especially for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders, it is swift, safe and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 48 hours—it must make you look and feel years younger and work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at all druggists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with neglect. Ask your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-Tex) today.

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Artificial Ear Drum

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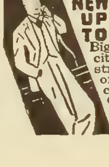
MEN WANTED to WEAR SUITS and SHOW FRIENDS!



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Frontier Asthma Co., 1-B Frontier Bldg.
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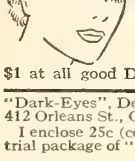
YOU WOULD HAVE TO APPLY ORDINARY MASCARA 60 TIMES . . . BUT—



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One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks.

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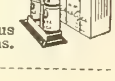

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412 Orleans St., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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Still Waiting to be Swept Off Her Feet

[*Continued from page 74*]

as well as David and doing so from the surf, a row boat, a barge, a stream or even a scow!

At one time I recall she said:

"I like Englishmen better than American men because they are most dominant, and I like American women better than English women because they are always smart in thought and appearance."

However, when I asked Merle pointedly if, when she does decide to wed, it will be to an Englishman, her reply indicated she has since come to like American men, too!

"Not at all," she answered. "I should be as much attracted to an American—and certainly I wouldn't find it at all difficult to marry one, once in love!" So judge for yourself!

"YOU'VE really found something worth-while in that Hollywood which once terrified you so?" I asked, because I know, as few realize, that Merle has an inferiority complex, else why would she say, "I must forever be doing something to keep alive faith in myself."

Remembering the girl of two years ago who faced the Great Unknown with inward trepidation and an outward veneer of exoticism, I was frankly curious as I asked, "But what, specifically, do you feel it has done for you, Merle?"

"Everything," she explained with quiet intensity. "It has given me depth. It has given me a perspective—a yardstick by which to gauge my own work. When I see others do something that I know is wrong, I, then, am able to profit by their mistakes. It is a working colony—whereas in England one works at Elstree and leaves it to become a part of London's social life." (And did you know her "crowd" in that English capital included the dashing and then younger Prince George?). "And I know, too," she added, with more seriousness than I have ever seen in her before, "that the making of motion pictures is a great industry and it has made me realize what it is all about!"

DURING the filming of her latest production, Goldwyn's *Beloved Enemy*, in which, for the first time, David appears with her—he stood before her on the set playing, of all things, the disappointed lover! This was the third take and Director Potter was becoming annoyed as he cried, "Cut!" David was supposed to be proposing to Merle and he was putting such extravagant fervor into his acting that Potter felt in over-emphasis its sincerity might be questioned on the screen.

"Niven," said Potter, as kindly as he could, "you'll never win a girl if you propose so ardently. You've got to *feel* the part—you've got to mean it!"

And, David snapped back:

"If you don't think I mean it, you're crazy!"

* * * *

As for Merle, there will always be men adoring her, wanting to marry her.

But why *won't* Merle marry?

Because, like you and me, she wants love—the realization of *all* her dreams—and until that phantom figure arrives who can sweep her off her feet and make her shout "Yes!" I guess young Cupid will simply have to wait for an answer.

Will it eventually be David Niven?

I've told you Merle's side—what do *you* think?

Enchanting . . . Hair

The fascinating allure of henna-treated hair has long been recognized by stars of screen and stage. To be absolutely safe and to obtain just the desired shade, always insist upon genuine Hopkins Rajah Brand Egyptian Henna.

J. L. Hopkins & Co., Dept. H,
220 Broadway, New York

HOPKINS
RAJAH BRAND
EGYPTIAN HENNA

▶BURNS◀

Ease the agonizing pain quickly and reduce soreness by immediate use of

Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 5-N, Balto. Md.

YOUR FACE CAN BE CHANGED

Straight regular features! Charming new beauty! They can be yours. Dr. Stotter (grad. of University of Vienna) reconstructs faces by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Large Lips, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, etc., are all quickly corrected. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet "*Facial Reconstruction*," (mailed in plain wrapper).
Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 48-L, New York

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

Why suffer with that rupture? Learn about my Appliance for reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion assists Nature to close the opening—has relieved thousands of men, women and children. No obnoxious springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores. Write today for confidential information sent free in plain envelope.
Brooks Company, 139-B State Street, Marshall, Michigan

Hand Out FREE CIGARETTES

EARN UP TO $95 WEEKLY

Introducing NEW WAY TO SMOKE. We furnish you Free Cigarettes. Ask any man to have a Free Smoke. Hand him LIGHTED Cigarette from beautiful pocket-size "Magic Case." Just touch button. Presto! Out comes LIGHTED Cigarette automatically. No batteries or electricity. Get Magic Case for 15 days' trial at our risk. State favorite brand cigarettes.
MAGIC CASE MFRS., Dept. B-981,
4234 Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Charles Laughton will probably not come back to America, having lost interest in Hollywood after the death of Irving Thalberg with whom he was under personal contract. He was scheduled to do *Good-By Mr. Chips*, but isn't interested now?

IF YOU AGREE TO SHOW THEM TO FRIENDS I'LL SEND YOU 2 ACTUAL SAMPLES SNAG-PROOFED SILK HOSE

And Show You How To Earn Up To $22 In A Week

Thrilling news! Amazing New patented process makes women's Snag-Proofed Chiffon Hosiery resist snags and runs, **wear twice as long, and cut hosiery bills in half.** Individual lengths to fit all customers. Lowest prices. Write for 2 actual samples to show your friends. **Send no money. AMERICAN SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. L-61, Indianapolis, Ind.**

BACKACHES NEED WARMTH

Thousands who suffered from backaches, muscle pains and chest congestion, now find genuine relief in an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER. It's simply wonderful for muscle pains of rheumatism, neuritis, arthritis, sciatica, lumbago. It draws the blood to the painful spot and gives a glow of warmth that makes you feel good right away. Make sure you get ALLCOCK'S, the original. No other porous plaster goes on and comes off as easily—or does as much good. 25¢ at druggists.

She Got $400⁰⁰ for a Half Dollar

Mrs. Dowty of Texas, sold B. Max Mehl one-half dollar for $400.00.

I PAID $200

to J. D. Martin of Virginia for Just One Copper Cent

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." Julian D. Martin, Va.

Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr Manning, New York, $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pennsylvania, $13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, $200.00 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid $1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee, of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: "Your letter received with the check for $1,000 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last thirty-six years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), $100.00 for 1894 dimes ("S" Mint), $8.00 for 1853 quarters (no arrows), $10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

I Have Been Buying OLD MONEY for 36 Years

Any bank in Fort Worth or Dun & Bradstreets will testify as to my responsibility. My volume of business, built on fair and prompt dealings for 36 years, is such that I own and occupy my own building devoted to my coin business. You will find every representation I make to be true and not exaggerated. It will pay you to do business with me.

I Will Pay CASH for OLD COINS, Bills and Stamps

There are single pennies that sell for $100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900 for a half dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

HUGE PREMIUMS *for* OLD STAMPS

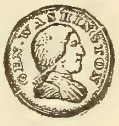
Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin Folder—*It will open your eyes!*

Use the Coupon Below

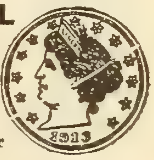
Send the coupon below and 4 cents for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. WRITE TODAY for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. It may mean much profit to you.

$200 FOR A PENNY



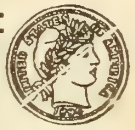
I paid Julian D. Martin $200.00 for one old Copper Cent of the year 1793. There are numerous other Cents worth large sums in everyday circulation,

$50 FOR A NICKEL



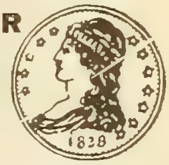
As proof that coins do not have to be old to be valuable, James House, Mobile, Ala., received $50.00 from me for a 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo). This coin is just one of many thousands of premium pieces for which I am looking.

$100 FOR A DIME



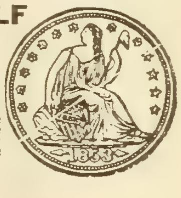
Another comparatively recent coin for which I will pay a big premium is the 1894 "S" Mint Dime. I offer $100 for any of these coins sent me in good condition.

$150 for a QUARTER



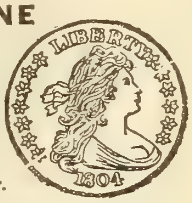
There are many Quarters worth large sums. For instance, I offer $150 for 1827 Quarters. There are Quarters of other years for which I will pay up to $100.

$400 FOR A HALF DOLLAR



There are a great number of Half Dollars of many different years I am seeking and for which I will pay large sums. I paid Mrs. Dowty of Texas, $400.00 for just one Half Dollar.

$1,000 FOR ONE DOLLAR



There are many Silver Dollars for which I am looking. There are Silver dollars of different years that command big prices. For example, Mr. Manning of N. Y. was paid $2500.00 for just one single dollar.

Largest Rare Coin Company in the U. S. A. **Established 36 Years.**

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FILL OUT and MAIL NOW
—*and GET Large Coin Folder!*

B. MAX MEHL, 405 Mehl Bldg.,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Dear Mr. Mehl:—Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

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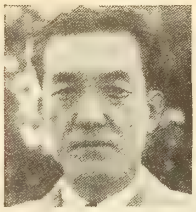
B. MAX MEHL *Director Numismatic Co. of Texas.*
405 Mehl Building · FORT WORTH, TEXAS.



Sessue Hayakawa

Pola Negri

Mae West

Mary Pickford

Geraldine Farrar

William S. Hart

ADOLPH ZUKOR *Has a Silver Jubilee*

Adolph Zukor

Swarthout—*Champagne Waltz*

Paramount celebrates the 25th anniversary of Mr. Zukor as a maker of movies and stars

CONGRATULATIONS, Adolph Zukor.

Congratulations not only for the twenty-five years you have devoted to the great business of making motion pictures, but because of the accomplishments of those 25 years. In the early days when pictures in motion were something to be sneered at you introduced Sarah Bernhardt, James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore and James O'Neill to the screen. Labeled "visionary" and "fanatic" at first; you proved the theory that better pictures were not only artistically but financially successful.

You have fought, but you have fought clean all the way, and as a result of your energy and enterprise you have seen your organization emerge from the nickelodeon on 14th Street to become a powerful and necessary force in the development of modern life. And when you press the button on January 7, (your 64th birthday) your Jubilee picture *Champagne Waltz,* will be flashed upon the screens of every civilized capitol throughout the world.

Among the top-notch personalities of the silent era (some of whom you discovered) who earned world-wide fame under your forceful leadership were: Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Wallace Reid, Pola Negri, William S. Hart, Sessue Hayakawa, Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino. When the movies ushered in sound and voice you brought forth Maurice Chevalier, Ronald Colman, W. C. Fields, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West and Carole Lombard. But why go on—their names are legion. Several of these stars were famous in silent pictures but went on to greater heights in talkies. You made possible such grand spectacles as *The Ten Commandments, The Covered Wagon* and *Beau Geste.* You fostered the spirit of such classics as *Peter Pan, Peter Ibbetson, Farewell to Arms* and *Ruggles of Red Gap.* In days when pictures were little more than peep shows, you brought to the screen such great dramas as *Monte Cristo, The Prisoner of Zenda, Tess of the D'Ubervilles* and during the quarter of a century which followed you have never wavered in your acknowledgement of the debt you owe to the stage—a debt you contracted years ago when on the walls of your funny little studio in the old Chelsea district of New York you hung out your motto, "Famous Players in Famous Plays." You obtained the American rights to *Queen Elizabeth,* a four-reeler, starring Sarah Bernhardt, which had been produced in France. Being the first artistic screen play shown in America, it paved the way for the abandonment of two-reelers and the adoption of feature-length films.

For these accomplishments, Mr. Adolph Zukor, Chairman of the Board of Paramount Pictures Incorporated, we, the oldest motion picture publication in the magazine field, salute you and we join the entire motion picture industry in the hope that your special Jubilee production, *Champagne Waltz* will be the most gratifying and successful in your long and enviable career-*Editor.*

Valentino—*The Sheik*

Peter Pan

Colman—*Beau Geste*

Swanson—*Manhandled*

Bernhardt—*Queen Elizabeth*

Dietrich—*Morocco*

Dix—*The Ten Commandments*

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TRY SPEED COOKING WITH

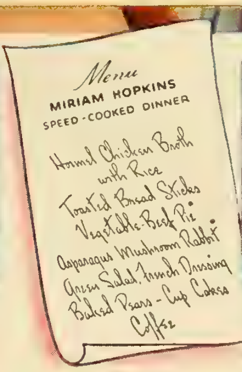
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

HORMEL SOUP

1011 VALUABLE PRIZES IN NEW CONTEST

SEE MIRIAM HOPKINS IN "A WOMAN'S TOUCH." AN ALEXANDER KORDA PRODUCTION. RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS.

Enjoy this original dinner that popular Miriam Hopkins suggests.



Menu
MIRIAM HOPKINS
SPEED-COOKED DINNER
Hormel Chicken Broth with Rice
Toasted Bread Sticks
Vegetable-Beef Pie*
Asparagus Mushroom Rabbit*
Green Salad, French Dressing
Baked Pears - Cup Cakes
Coffee

*VEGETABLE-BEEF PIE

Quickly made with Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup

Blend 2 tbsp. butter with 2 tbsp. flour. Add 1 can Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup. If you have a cupful of leftovers (diced meat, carrots, peas or potatoes), pop them in, too. Cook and stir until slightly thick. Pour in a pie plate and cover with a crust of Bisquick dough, cut in rounds or triangles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes until brown.

There you are—a richly flavored meat pie! It's a triumph for that new art—SPEED COOKING!

Chicken Broth with Rice

*ASPARAGUS MUSHROOM RABBIT

Quickly made with Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup

Make a sauce with 3 tbsp. melted butter, 5 tbsp. flour, 1¾ cups Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup. When thick and smooth, add 1 package Creamed Old English Cheese, shredded, and stir until blended. Season and serve on hot, buttered asparagus tips. Garnish each portion with strips of pimiento—a feast for the eye, a festival-food for your tongue! Try this new taste sensation today! (It's extra good for after-bridge or theater spreads!)

FIRST PRIZE

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD

OR $500.00 IN CASH

TRY THESE new recipes. They're typical of SPEED COOKING—the art of using soup to make good things to eat in a hurry.

Hormel Soup, of course. For only Hormel Soups, with their true beef stock, have the richness, the flavor, the substance you need in speed cooking.

Try Hormel Vegetable-Beef Soup in this good beef pie; try Hormel Cream of Mushroom Soup in an Asparagus Mushroom Rabbit. Use soup to stretch the leftovers, to make thrift dishes go further.

And don't miss this big chance to win one of the 1,011 prizes in this brand new contest!

READ HOW EASILY YOU CAN WIN

Enter this big new contest. The winner gets: **A free trip** and vacation in glorious Hollywood **(or $500)**! Visit a big moving picture studio, dine with Miriam Hopkins herself!

5 Second Prizes—beautiful **Benrus Wrist Watches** for men or women, worth $45 each. 5 Third Prizes—new de luxe **Toastmaster Hospitality Tray Sets** with toaster, worth $23.50. 1,011 other prizes: lovely handmade luncheon sets in gay peasant colors, one apiece to a thousand women.

Here's what you do: Write one sentence—25 words or less—on "Why I like Hormel Soup best." Send this sentence and a label from one can of any Hormel Soup (or a facsimile) to Contest Department C, George A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn. All entries must be postmarked before midnight February 15, 1937.

That's all you have to do. The 1,011 best reasons, in the opinion of the judges appointed by Hormel, will win the prizes. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after contest closes.

All entries become the property of Hormel and will not be returned. Contest not open to Hormel employees or members of their families. *Don't delay—mail your entry now!*

HORMEL
Flavor Sealed
VEGETABLE-BEEF
SOUP

Go to the grocer who displays Hormel Soups. There you'll get... free... the menu and recipes for the Miriam Hopkins Speed-Cooked Dinner, and other assistance which may help you win a prize. Tell him if you win he wins the same prize you do. He will keep Hormel Soup on display and aid you in preparing your entry.

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HORMEL SOUPS

THE ORIGINAL DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

CREAM OF MUSHROOM · NOODLE · CREAM OF TOMATO · VEGETABLE-BEEF · ONION · VEGETABLE · PEA · BEAN (Tomato Bretonne) · CHICKEN BROTH · CONSOMME MADRILENE

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

A CHARMING PHILADELPHIAN SPEAKS HER MIND

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd

PERSONAL

HOBBY?	Designing my own clothes	PETS?	Sealyhams— mine's named Daffy
ARTS?	Painting— I do botany prints	FAVORITE LINER?	The Normandie
ENTERTAINING?	Little dinners	FOODS?	Mushrooms under glass
INTERIOR DECORATION?	Chippendale and Modern	CIGARETTES?	Camels- I can't help adding "for digestion's sake!"

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, of Philadelphia, New York, and Nassau, photographed in the grand dining salon of the S. S. Normandie. "A meal isn't complete without Camels," Mrs. Drexel says. "They make food more enjoyable, and help digestion too."

When dining, think of digestion too!

A welcome mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On shipboard," says O. Naffrechoux, Maître d'Hôtel Principal of the Normandie, "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
- Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles*
- Miss Mary Byrd, *Richmond*
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston*
- Mrs. William I. Hollingsworth, Jr. *Los Angeles*
- Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne *Virginia*
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III *Baltimore*
- Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, *New York*
- Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer *New York*

COSTLIER TOBACCOS—Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand

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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS

MOTION PICTURE

COMBINED WITH

Movie CLASSIC

10¢

MARCH

JEAN ARTHUR

MY ADVICE TO MYSELF—JEAN HARLOW

CK YOUR FAVORITE STAR—WIN $1000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

For Your Dream of Romance-

HOLD HIM *TONIGHT*- with HOLLYWOOD'S thrilling NEW BEAUTY SECRETS

True it is that beauty's business is to charm! Then be what he wants you to be—be what *you* want to be—lovely—fresh—young—vibrant! Let Hollywood Mask Matched Make-up work its glorious magic, as no other make-up can — because Hollywood Mask is matched make-up keyed to your most important complexion factor—your natural skin type.

Listen, Blonde head, Brownette, Brunette, Redhead—beauty experts and America's most discriminating women agree on these make-up rules:—

1—Powder, rouge and lipstick should be color keyed to the most important complexion feature—the skin.

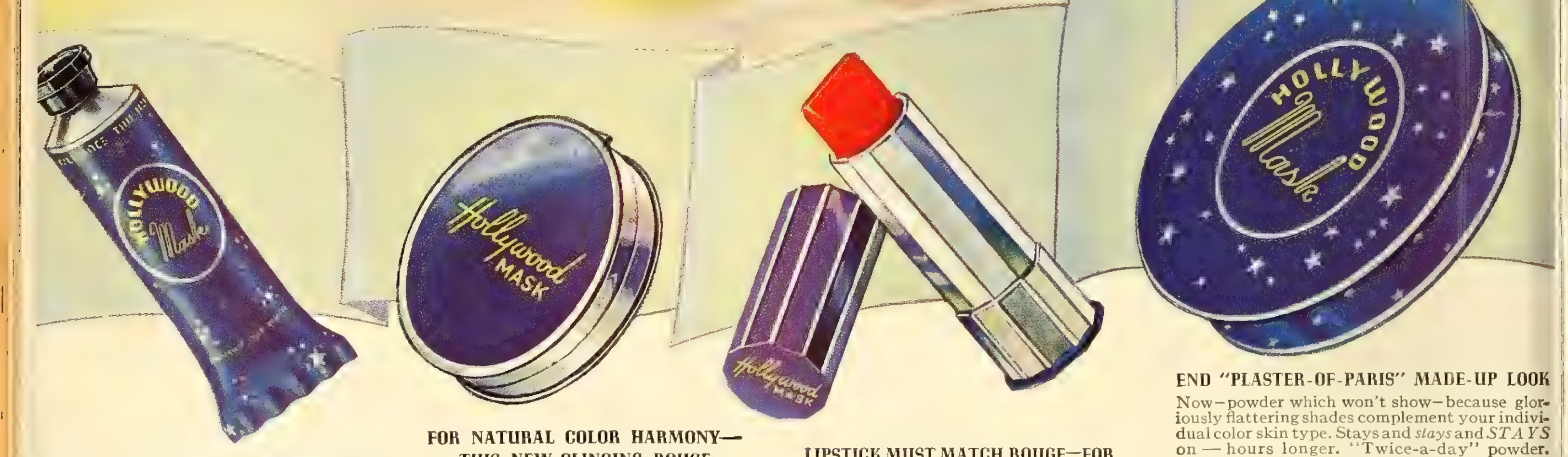
2—Powder, rouge and lipstick should *accent* your natural type of beauty.

3—Powder, rouge and lipstick color shades must not clash—must harmonize for natural appearance.

4—A facial such as the exciting new Hollywood Mask is vital to intelligent skin care.

All over America women have turned to Hollywood Mask's new blending secrets, new balanced color ingredients. Here is *matched* make-up for gloriously natural-appearing loveliness.

Try Hollywood Mask make-up TODAY! Obtainable at drug and department stores. Introductory sizes at 5 and 10 cent stores.



AVOID WRINKLES, LARGE PORES

Skin must be healthy to be lovely. Don't resign yourself to wrinkles, blackheads, large pores. Let Hollywood Mask Facial stimulate underskin tissues. Purge pores of dirt, rancid oils. Spread it on. Rinse it off—and behold! Skin looks fresh, clear, glowing. Large tube $1. Trial 10c.

FOR NATURAL COLOR HARMONY—THIS NEW CLINGING ROUGE

So important—that your rouge accent your individual type. Blends evenly. Glows through powder to give youthful effect of natural healthy color. Try Hollywood Mask Rouge.

Peachbloom, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large size 50c, Purse size 10c.

LIPSTICK MUST MATCH ROUGE—FOR TRUE NATURAL HARMONY

Transform lips into a luscious tantalizing red with Hollywood Mask Lipstick. Flatters you most because matched to your special rouge. Indelible. Keeps lips soft — prevents chapping. Lasts out many more kisses.

Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry. Extra size 55c. Trial size 10c.

END "PLASTER-OF-PARIS" MADE-UP LOOK

Now—powder which won't show—because gloriously flattering shades complement your individual color skin type. Stays and *stays* and *STAYS* on — hours longer. "Twice-a-day" powder.

Rachelle, Creole, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large size 75c. Purse size 10c.

★

Check below a list of your favorite matching shades of powder, rouge, lipstick. Try the refreshing new facial. See how much more Hollywood Mask matched make-up can do for you! Mail NOW.

Hollywood HOLLYWOOD MASK

Hollywood Mask, Inc., Dept. 437, Hollywood, Cal.

Send purse size cosmetics I have checked. I enclose 10c for each as checked to cover packaging and mailing.

Name ....

Street ....

City.................... *State*......

Powder
☐Rachelle
☐Creole
☐Brunette
☐Peach
☐Natural
☐Blanche
☐Suntan

☐**Hollywoo Mask**

Lipstick
☐Light
☐Medium
☐Dark
☐Orange
☐Raspberry

Rouge
☐Orange
☐Poppy
☐Raspberry
☐Peachbloo

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MOTION PICTURE

Combined With

Movie CLASSIC

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Editor

MARCH, 1937

Volume LIII, No. 2 Twenty-sixth Year

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AL ALLARD—Art Director

IF MYRNA RULED AS HOLLYWOOD'S QUEEN

If Hollywood was a kingdom and Myrna Loy ruled as Queen she'd make certain that her power was absolute. She might make Bill Powell Prime Minister because of his persuasive manner. She might issue a ukase that romance begins with marriage. She would knight people for being interesting . . . not wealthy. The list of possibilities of what she might do is endless. You can read about Queen Myrna, as well as enjoyable stories about Bette Davis, Loretta Young, John Boles and many others in the April issue of MOTION PICTURE. Order your copy from your newsdealer now.

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W. H. FAWCETT
President
ROGER FAWCETT
Secretary-Treasurer
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

7

PETITE—
LDN'T SLEEP!

● Don't tell *me* about old-fashioned laxatives! While I wasted time on them, my constipation got worse. My breath was offensive. Nightmares ruined my sleep. Even the sight of food made me sick. My complexion? Well, let's not go into *that!* Then I did myself a big favor by taking my druggist's tip. "Try FEEN-A-MINT," he said, "it's *different!*"

BUT IT'S DIFFERENT NOW!

● When FEEN-A-MINT frees accumulated wastes, life is brighter at once. Constipation's bilious headaches go. Natural appetite returns. A cleared intestine helps bring back the natural joy of youth, the normal sleep of childhood. Why not put *yourself* in this thrilling picture? FEEN-A-MINT tastes so good, acts so *differently!*

HERE'S WHAT DID IT!

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

One of the big differences of delicious, mint-flavored FEEN-A-MINT is in the 3 minutes of chewing. Scientists agree this helps make FEEN-A-MINT so dependable—so satisfactory. Its benefits work g-r-a-d-u-a-l-l-y in the lower bowel—not in the stomach. No griping or nausea. No break in sleep. The *favorite* laxative of 16 million users. Economical, too! Write for free sample to Dept. M-6, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, New Jersey.

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

For adults and children
Feen-a-mint
The chewing gum
LAXATIVE
No taste but the mint

Slightly higher in Canada.

The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

BY HARRY LANG

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

POOR old 1936 is dead and gone! But in Hollywood, it'll always be remembered with a bit of awe as "the year in which Li'l Danny Cupid walloped the daylights out of Ol' Meany-Man Divorce!" Because—believe it or not!—1936 saw more famous romances hotfoot it to the altar than any in Hollywood's history. Look—

Ariel Barrie got her Caliban Barrymore. Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Sylvia said their "I-do's" and before the year was out Mary ex-Fairbanks Pickford told the world that she'd marry Buddy Rogers. There were the Myrna Loy-Arthur Hornblow, Joan Blondell-Dick Powell, Fred MacMurray-Lillian Lamont, Margaret Sullavan-Leland Hayward marryings. Oakie, Fonda, Eddie Lowe, Randy Scott got married. Ditto Maureen O'Sullivan, Jean Parker, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Irene Hervey, Claudette Colbert. And on and on and on—scores of others, many of them big-timers. Why, even Harpo Marx married—and that's *SOME*thing. . . ! !

To wear the latest thing in playsuits you must be styled *a la* peasant. Jean Rogers wears her quilted linen suit in all colors

Acme

According to the latest whisperings the wedding date for Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond is set for next June—17th

Of course, Ol' Meany-Man didn't take his licking laying down. He managed to get in a few right-and-left divorces on Cupid's chin. Sylvia Sidney, Helen Twelvetrees, Dorothy Sebastian, Myrna Kennedy, Bert Wheeler, Bessie Love—they shucked spouses. But, in toto, it was a year that shook the foundations of the Associated Cynics' Circle, which clings ruggedly to the world-wide belief that Hollywood is still the world's divorce capital. And 1937 will be even more "cupiddy." Why, Ol' Man Tattler wouldn't be surprised if even Shirley Temple gets herself, anyway, engaged. . . . !

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Rochelle Hudson and Austin Parker—
There's a bran-new, two-way sparker!

● ● ●

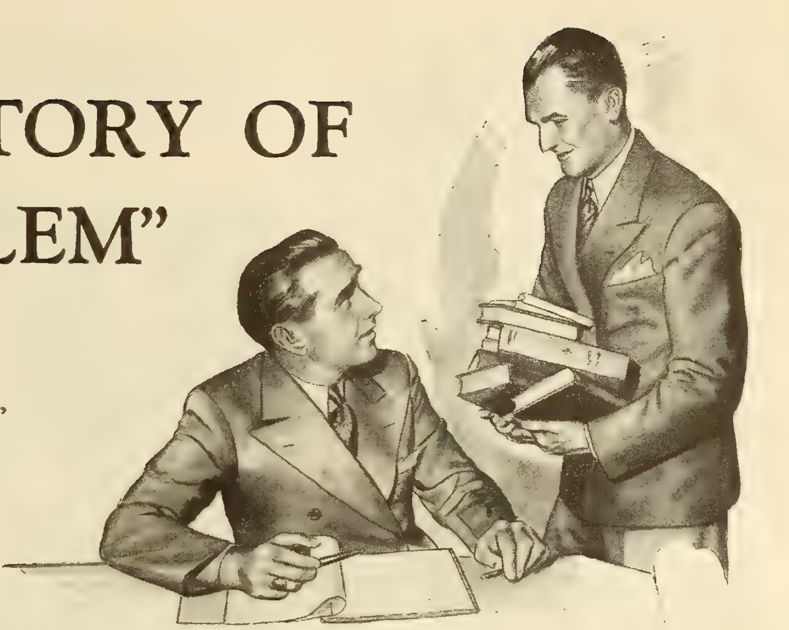
EVERY once in a while, Hollywood is treated to the warming-over of an old romance that was believed dead. Latest warmer-uppers to delight film-

[*Continued on page* 8]

THE INSIDE STORY OF "MAID OF SALEM"

By FRANK LLOYD

(Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk", "Mutiny on the Bounty")



Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

NATURALLY, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

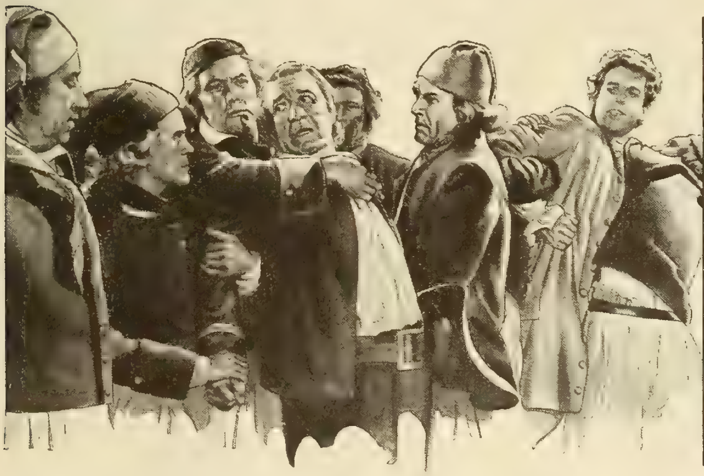
» Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn . . ."Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

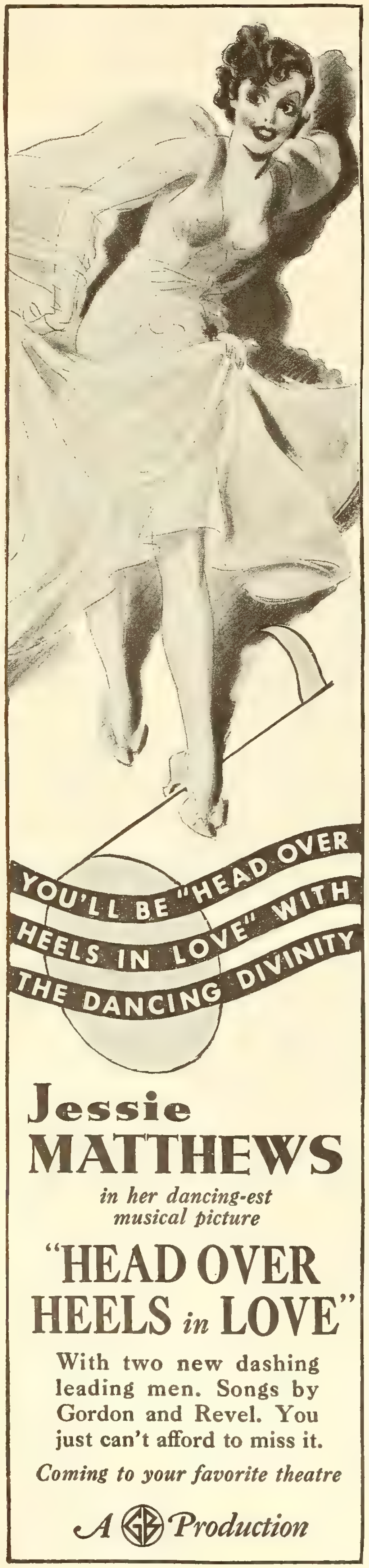
Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem"

Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero . . . . .



A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm . . . . .

Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword . . . . .



Jessie MATTHEWS

in her dancing-est musical picture

"HEAD OVER HEELS *in* LOVE"

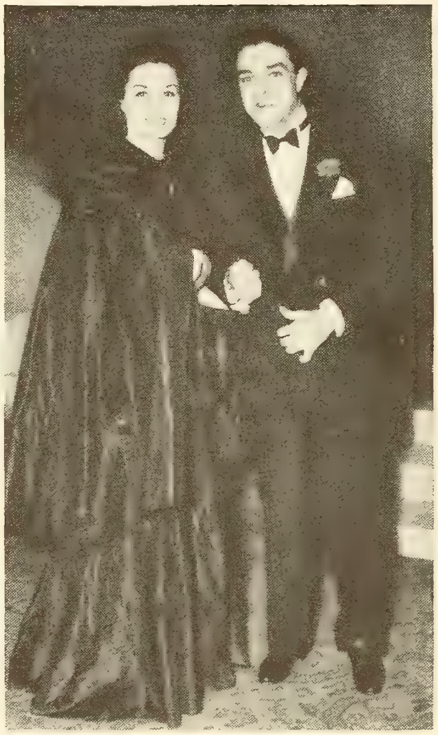
With two new dashing leading men. Songs by Gordon and Revel. You just can't afford to miss it.

Coming to your favorite theatre

A GB Production

The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

[*Continued from page 6*]



Acme

In setting-up housekeeping Gail Patrick and Robert Cobb won't have to buy a cook-stove. It'll be eats on the house at Bob's *Brown Derby*

land are Constance Talmadge and Townsend Netcher, her estranged hubbie. The very evening Constance arrived in Hollywood after a long absence, she had dinner a-la-twosome with Netcher. And she's been having dinners with him ever since, and nobody in Hollywood'd be surprised to hear of a 100 per cent reconciliation.

• • •

GOOFIEST marriage proposal of the month:—Groucho Marx got a letter from a widow in Cleveland, who said she was rich, but bored. She wanted to marry Groucho, she went on, because she could support him for life, and in return, he could keep her laughing. Groucho had to refuse. He's married.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Alan Marshal and Mary Brian—
She's hard to get, but Alan's tryin'

• • •

ALL the whisperings about Gene Raymond's mother's disapproval of his wedding plans have died down—and right now, it looks as though next June 17 will be the day on which Gene and Jeanette MacDonald take the altar walk and say "I do." It'll be a glamorous wedding—none of that Yuma stuff for Jeanette, who wants a church ceremony with ALL the trimmings, veil an' everything. Their plans include at least a month's leave of absence. They've each asked three months—Jeanette from MGM and Gene from RKO—but the inside dope is that they'll consider themselves lucky if they manage to wangle a month apiece for their honeymoon. They're going to spend it in Hawaii. And when they come back, they'll move into the honeymoon ranch they are building in San Fernando Valley.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Johnny Howard and Andrea Leeds—
They seem to fill each other's needs!

• • •

BRING on the asbestos suits!—Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg have made up again, and the world's aflame. It all happened in London, but the repercussions have thrilled Hollywood, which has never, never gotten reconciled to the idea of Joe and 'Lene heading separate ways. It took a serious illness on Joe's part to effect the rejoining. Learning that the director was ill in a London Hospital, Marlene forsook the side of Doug Fairbanks Junior, with whom she's been doing London high wide and handsome. She hastened to Joe's bedside, and then and there the big we're-together-again act was played and now Marlene and Joe are here and there and everywhere together. And once again, the Joe-Lene team will go to screen work again. All Marlene's plans have been switched, and it's announced that she'll make at least three pictures under von Sternberg direction.

[*Continued on page* 18]

Judith Barrett needn't think of perishing in the California "snow"—not with Bill Powell's St. Bernard to do the rescuing

SING! SWING! YOUTH HAS ITS FLING!

Ruby
KEELER

Lee
DIXON

Louise
FAZENDA

Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ... A grand all-round show ...new dances...new song hits... and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!...with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING and ABLE"

Allen
JENKINS

Winifred
SHAW

Carol
HUGHES

Teddy
HART

Ross
ALEXANDER

Ray Enright directed...Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles... And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening"

Warner Bros.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

The new, fashionable hairdresses need HOLD-BOBS

Charming Louise Kaye Karchmer of Chicago was the October winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. *She receives a free screen test, $50.00 in cash, and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio.*

THERE'S no difficulty in *preserving* the smart beauty of the new hairdresses —not if HOLD-BOBS are used! For HOLD-BOBS really do more than ordinary bob pins *can do*. That's why Hollywood has named HOLD-BOBS its favorite bob pin and that's why beautiful women everywhere refuse to dress their hair without HOLD-BOBS. Only HOLD-BOBS have these exclusive features: small, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair.

Ask for a card of HOLD-BOBS today . . . and swing compliments your way by *keeping* your coiffure always neat and beautiful.

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Straight Style HOLD-BOB
SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
Curved Shape Style

★Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .

HOLD·BOB
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

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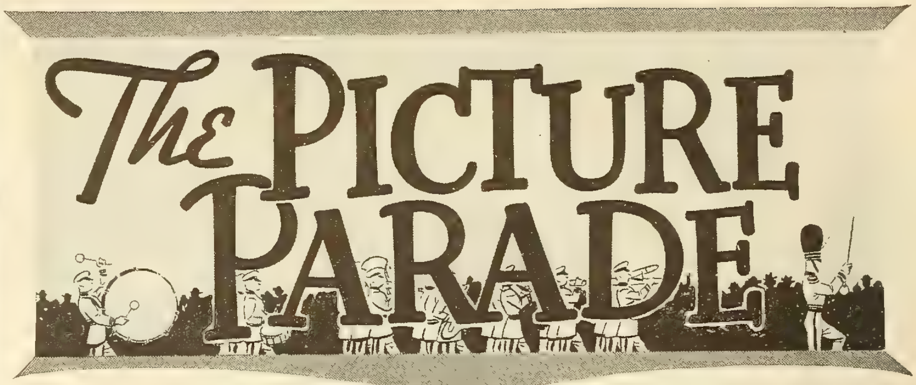
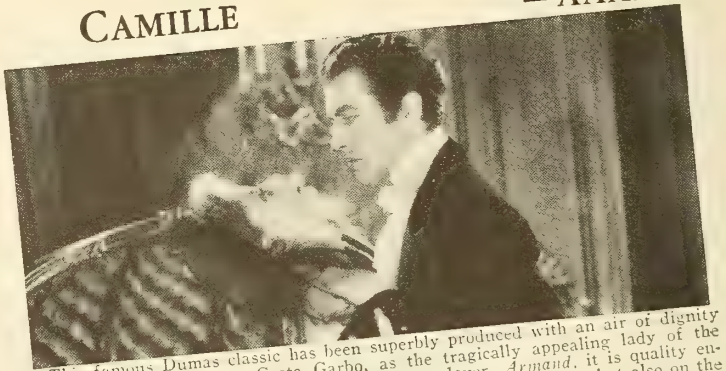
The PICTURE PARADE



CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

CAMILLE

—AAAA—



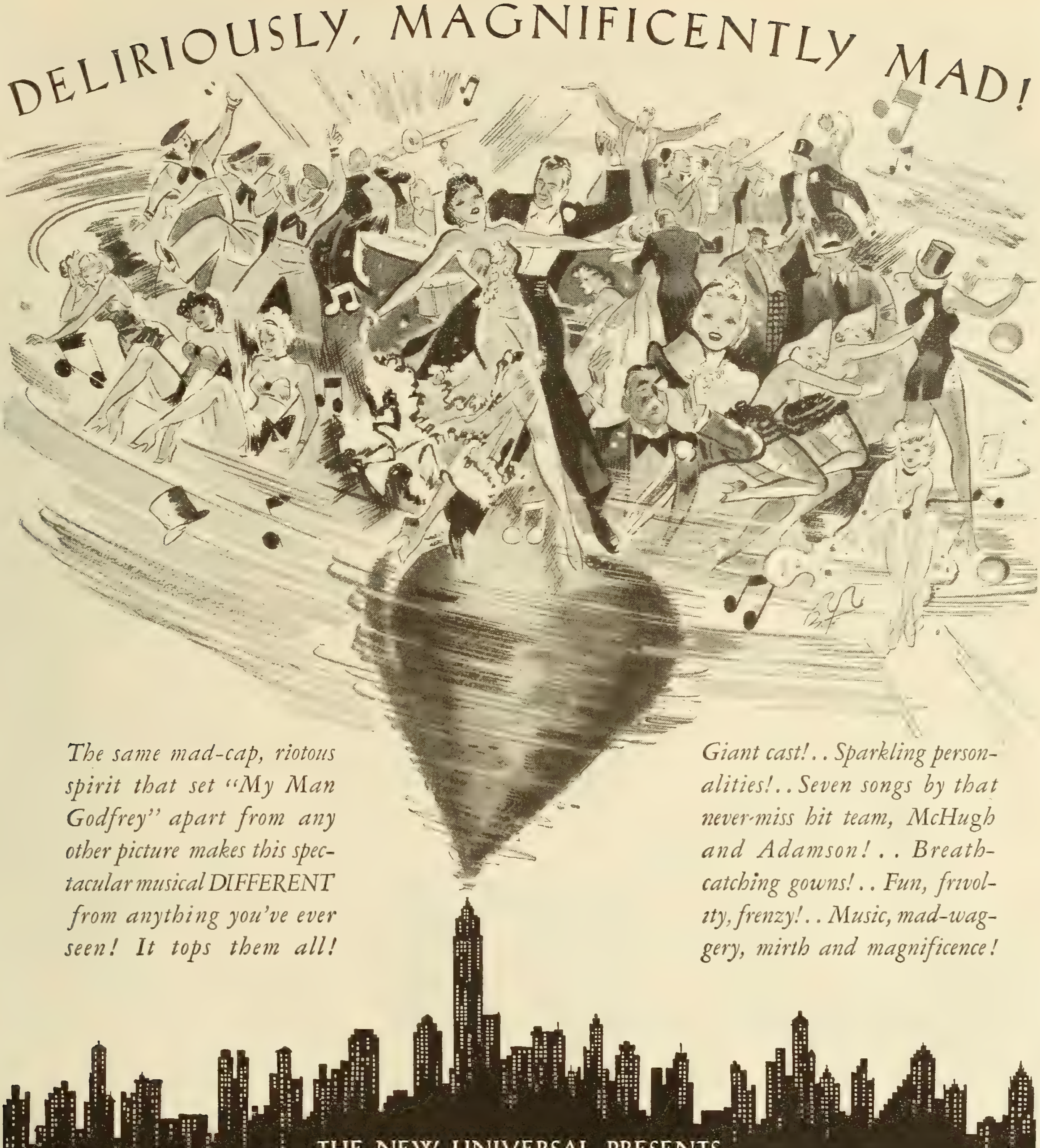
This famous Dumas classic has been superbly produced with an air of dignity and lavishness. Starring Greta Garbo, as the tragically appealing lady of the *Camellias*, and Robert Taylor, as the handsome lover, *Armand*, it is quality entertainment, based not alone on its value as a dramatic love story, but also on the intelligence, dignity and understanding of the case. Garbo's role is made to order for her and she dignifies it with sincerity, pathos and emotional power that promises to bring tears from male as well as female audiences. You will see a new Garbo, contributing a performance straight from the heart. Although overshadowed by Garbo, Robert Taylor creates his best role to date, one that is skillful and deeply moving. Lionel Barrymore gives an excellent characterization as *Armand's* father. One of the most touching scenes in the picture is when he appeals to *Camille* to give up his son. Jessie Ralph is outstanding as the servant and guardian of Garbo. Lenore Ulric's splendid version of the balked competitor of *Camille* for the favor of *Baron de Varville* (Henry Daniell), is one of the highlights of the production. Laura Hope Crews and Elizabeth Allan, and others in the cast, merit honorable mention for their effective portrayals. George Cukor's direction combines excellent taste, delicacy, beauty and dramatic power that is completely satisfactory. The Garbo-Taylor combination is irresistible and will please all the fans!—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

AFTER THE THIN MAN

—AAAA--

Here is an ultra-sophisticated production, starring William Powell and Myrna Loy, who made motion picture history in *The Thin Man*. The story carries on where *The Thin Man* left off, and does it in a way that will make you more than ever sold on the Powell-Loy team. Returning from a honeymoon to their San Francisco home, Powell and Myrna are immediately faced with the problem of solving the mysterious death of a cousin's philandering and hateful husband, who proposed to give up his young wife (Elissa Landi) to a former suitor for $25,000. Powell marks his detecting with the usual suave manner that has won him acclaim in numerous similar roles. James Stewart, as the young society lad, who lost Miss Landi to the rounder, has a swell role which he handles to perfection. Joseph Calleia, as a night club manager, Dorothy McNulty, entertainer, who has been alert for the victim's money, Paul Fix, her secret husband, George Zucco, a psychiatrist, William Law, a sinister Chinese tongman, and Miss Landi are involved in the mystery. Miss Landi's relatives, led by Jessie Ralph, join with Powell in trying to clear the family name and exposing the murderer. Mr. and Mrs. Asta, Powell's two wirehairs, add a lot of fun to the picture. Direction by "Woody" Van Dyke is superb and the dialogue is ultra-smart to the point of being a bit on the risque side to those not broad-minded. Don't miss it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 12]


DELIRIOUSLY, MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!

The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!

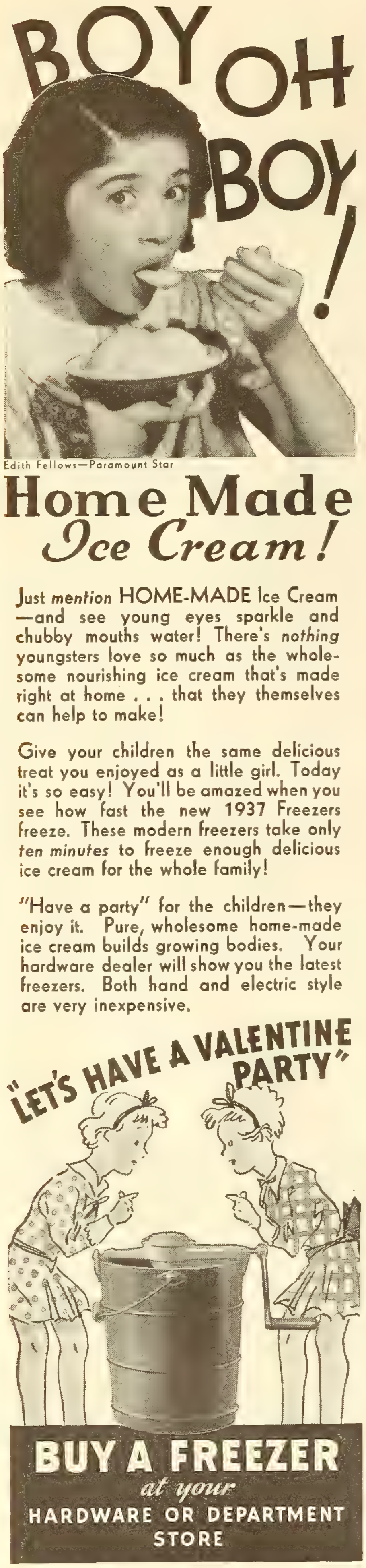
Giant cast!.. Sparkling personalities!.. Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!.. Breath-catching gowns!.. Fun, frivolity, frenzy!.. Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:
Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan
Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart
Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!



Edith Fellows—Paramount Star

Home Made *Ice Cream!*

Just *mention* HOME-MADE Ice Cream—and see young eyes sparkle and chubby mouths water! There's *nothing* youngsters love so much as the wholesome nourishing ice cream that's made right at home . . . that they themselves can help to make!

Give your children the same delicious treat you enjoyed as a little girl. Today it's so easy! You'll be amazed when you see how fast the new 1937 Freezers freeze. These modern freezers take only *ten minutes* to freeze enough delicious ice cream for the whole family!

"Have a party" for the children—they enjoy it. Pure, wholesome home-made ice cream builds growing bodies. Your hardware dealer will show you the latest freezers. Both hand and electric style are very inexpensive.

BUY A FREEZER *at your* HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

The Picture Parade

[*Continued from page* 10]

ONE IN A MILLION

AAAA—The world's champion figure skater, Sonja Henie, makes her screen debut in a smash hit production with a musical background and a novel plot dramatizing her spectacular rise to fame as a skater. There are varied skating sequences, which take the place of song and dance numbers, affording Miss Henie an opportunity to exhibit her talents. She is seen as the devoted daughter of an innkeeper (Jean Hersholt), in a little Swiss village. For several years he has been training her to win the Olympic skating championship. A fire in a nearby resort hotel causes a troupe of American entertainers to find refuge at the inn. With them arrives an American newspaperman (Don Ameche), to run down the story of the fire, but he discovers a more interesting story when he sees Sonja skating on a beautiful realistic pond. Miss Henie radiates beauty, personality and an unaffected naturalness. The music is lively, and swell dialogue furnishes an opportunity for good comedy. The direction is perfect and the photography striking and distinctive.—*20th Century-Fox.*

BELOVED ENEMY

AAAA—Unfolding at a swift pace, this emotional love story portrays Ireland's struggle for its freedom. Tense situations are built up around a handful of fighting Irish and the armed, but ineffective, forces of England. As the secret leader of the Irish, Brian Aherne is a carefree, dare-devil who risks his life at every turn, but who, sly as a fox, eludes the enemy. Merle Oberon, daughter of *Lord Athleigh* (Henry Stephenson), arrives with her father from England to encourage peace. She and Aherne are destined to meet, love and be parted. Their struggle for and against each other, and their parting as the price they must pay for Ireland's freedom, develops into tear-impelling situations. Aherne is exceptional in his role, and Miss Oberon is convincingly appealing as the English noblewoman. Karen Morley is tragically impressive as the wife of one of the heroic patriots. Henry Stephenson wins honors for his characterization of the English lord and David Niven, as his aide, does good work. Donald Crisp, as the menace, displays his usual talent. Jot this one down on your "must see" list!—*Goldwyn-United Artists.*

THAT GIRL FROM PARIS

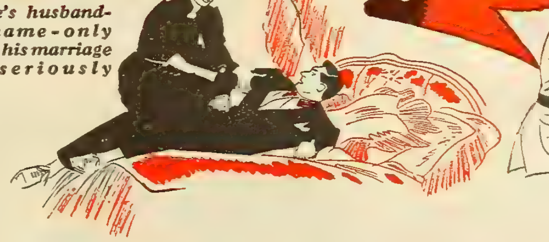
AAA½—A classical, humorous, gay and human production that is a combination of romance and music, this operetta is swell entertainment. Lily Pons' golden voice renders merry tunes that, alone, are worth the price of admission. Her rendition of *Tarantella*, conducted by Andre Kostelanetz, is superb and proves delightful to the musical ear, even to those less receptive to melody. Three ballads, sung by Miss Pons, are destined for top-rank over the radio. Excellent support is contributed by Gene Raymond, as the romantic leader, in one of his best performances; Jack Oakie, who walks away with the comedy honors, especially when he sings two comedy numbers for howls; Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Lucille Ball, Frank Jenks and Gregory Gaye. The story opens with a French opera singer (Lily Pons) running away from a loveless marriage, leaving the bridegroom at the altar, and, as a stowaway, boarding a ship that is sailing for America. Exciting events begin when she is discovered. Miss Pons—as she did in her screen debut—cleverly capitalizes on her ability as a charming light comedienne.—*RKO-Radio.*

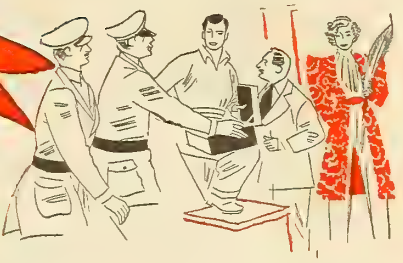
THREE SMART GIRLS

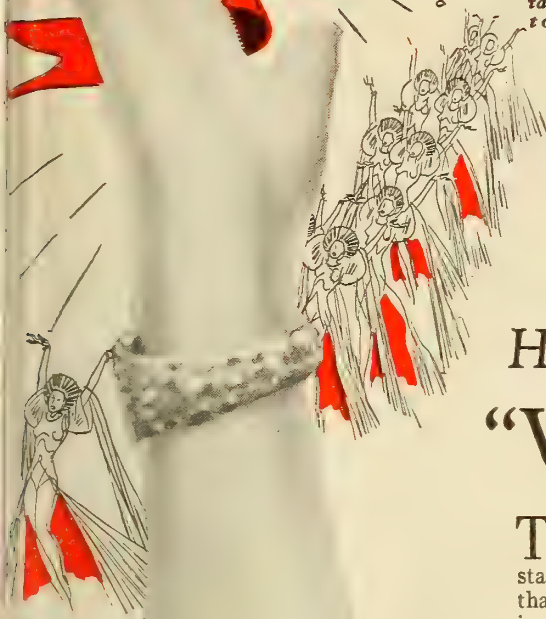
AAA½—Presenting three new stars, Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey and Barbara Read, this skillfully directed story becomes a fine picture through the inspired performances of the cast. Miss Durbin displays talent that promises her a very successful screen career. Her personality, vitality, beauty, acting ability and singing voice are all that could be asked for to please the theatre-goer. Although the honors go to this talented trio, the supporting cast deserves much applause. Charles Winninger and Alice Brady constitute the comedy team, but Mischa Auer, as an Hungarian count with imbibing tendencies, clowns through the picture and produces some good belly laughs. Binnie Barnes merits honorable mention for her performance of the society gold-digger trying to snare Winninger into marriage. Alice Brady, as Binnie's mother, is also in the front line for comedy credits. The story concerns the three girls who left a broken-hearted mother in Switzerland and went to New York to save their father from marrying Miss Barnes. Their maneuverings to confuse Binnie and her mother are the highlights of the picture. The entire family will enjoy it.—*Universal.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S
MONTHLY HIT PARADE


Grace's husband-in-name-only takes his marriage too seriously


His "passport bride" sicks the Mexican gendarmes on Cary Grant


liked the slinky show girls in the festival scene

GRACE MOORE

Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,

"When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out"

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By **RUSSELL PATTERSON**

The "Whistling Boy" number is a delightful novelty

This patio scene is one of the show's big musical thrills

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3 PIECE NAVY TAFFETA SUIT $5.98

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This offer is open to all women—single or married—who need money and are ambitious enough to accept this easy way to get it. You just represent the world's leading dress-making plant—Fashion Frocks, and show the gorgeous new 1937 spring dresses to friends and neighbors. It is interesting, pleasant work because all women love to look at the smart new dress styles and will be glad to give you their orders—especially when you save them real money. You can earn up to $23, and even more, in a week for yourself, besides you can get your own dresses without a penny of cost, to wear and demonstrate. Send no money. Just mail coupon for amazing free offer.

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many as low as $2.98

Fashion Frocks styles this new Spring Season are more exquisite than ever. They are last minute styles direct from fashion headquarters in Paris and Hollywood, and are worn and approved by some of the best dressed Movie Stars. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised in all the big women's magazines and are endorsed by leading Fashion Editors. They are never sold in stores, but by authorized representatives only.

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Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, without canvassing house-to-house. We will help you build up a successful, permanent dress business—working full or spare time—that pays you a good regular income.

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Mail coupon at once for this marvelous free opportunity. Get the whole story how you can make up to $23 or more in a week and get your own dresses free of any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Rush coupon today.

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Tell me how I can represent Fashion Frocks—make up to $23.00 in a week and get sample dresses free to wear. I wear Size.......
Name ....
Address ....
City ....State ....

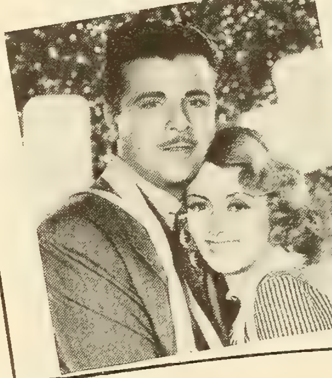
The Picture Parade

[*Continued from page* 12]

GREAT GUY

AAA—James Cagney has staged a comeback in one of his best roles to date. Adapted from the original *Johnny Cave* stories, it is Cagney's own selection and proves to be right up his alley. Cagney is on the side of the law and makes every effort to track down the chiefs of the weights-and-measures racket. It is a slam-bang, tough guy role that gives him every opportunity to use his fists in several spectacular fights. There is a clever comedy angle and plenty of action, presenting interesting and exciting episodes, one after the other, with never a dull moment. Mae Clarke supplies the romantic interest with Cagney. Her personality fits her role like a glove and she has the beauty that one expects of a leading lady. Edward Brophy is swell as a former bootlegger who mourns the passing of prohibition. He steals plenty of laughs and contributes a highlight to the picture when he tosses a party, bringing together a strange assortment of muggs in full evening-dress. James Burke, as a thick-brogued Irishman and Cagney's assistant, shares the comedy. Don't miss it!—*Grand National.*

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937



AAA—Catchy tunes, clever dialogue, spectacular dance numbers, a novel story and an excellent cast make this musical great entertainment. The newly-weds, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, are co-starred and contribute swell romantic performances. It is a yarn about a troupe of chorus girls who are put on the same train with insurance salesmen on a convention and things begin to happen in rapid succession. Dick is outstanding in his role as the insurance salesman who insures a decrepit member of the theatrical troupe (Victor Moore) and then sets out to keep him alive, to insure his income from premiums so that he can marry Joan, whom he has fallen in love with by this time and appointed an insurance firm secretary. Glenda Farrell, Osgood Perkins, Charles D. Brown and Rosalind Marquis score in their roles, while Lee Dixon, a newcomer to the screen, contributes several outstanding dance numbers. Dick Powell sings two numbers, *Let's Put Our Heads Together* and *With Plenty of Money and You.* It's a musical produced on a lavish scale that proves to be one of the big pictures of the year.—*Warner Brothers.*

STOWAWAY

AAA—The grand little trouper, Shirley Temple, again scores a hit in this sure-fire comedy drama which has adult as well as juvenile appeal. Shirley is as adorable as ever and wins many new fans when she sings her numbers, especially *That's What I Want for Christmas.* She handles her dialogue (which is swell and modern) expertly, and continues to be the personable and clever little Shirley who originally won the hearts of the country. As an orphan, living with a missionary couple in China, she is sent to a nearby city in charge of a Chinese escort when an outbreak occurs. The escort loses her and she eventually meets Robert Young, a young American chap, who takes a liking to her. She, inadvertently, becomes a stowaway when his car, in which she has fallen asleep, is placed aboard a boat bound for Bangkok. It is here that she meets Alice Faye, who is en route to marry an objectionable fiance. Little Shirley's clever maneuverings are responsible for a romance between Young and Miss Faye. Excellent support is contributed by Helen Westley, J. Edward Bromberg.—*20th Century-Fox.*

COLLEGE HOLIDAY

AAA—Delightfully insane comedy contributed by radio's goofiest comedians, song-hits, intricate dance specialties, laugh-gags galore and some of the craziest scenes ever staged in motion picture settings, go to make up this topnotch production. There's Jack Benny in his most insane role to date, promoting side-splitters that promise to roll the audience into the aisles. You'll howl at the scene where he collects the finest collegiate specimens in the land to conduct a eugenics-mating experiment. Mary Boland, as a wealthy mortgage holder of a dying hotel, shares comedy honors with Jack and does an elegant job with her dippy role. Gracie Allen and George Burns are as nutty as ever and supply the highlights in several hilarious scenes. Martha Raye again is tops, but doesn't steal the show this time. The honors are equally distributed among the entire cast. There is a skillfully woven love story of Lief Erickson and Marsha Hunt, but it doesn't take away from the mad-house episodes that pile up, one on top of the other, throughout the picture. The background is in keeping with the rest of the show.—*Paramount.*

GLAMOUR? She has it... and good sense, too

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Maid of Salem"

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9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, *thoroughly* removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.

LUX
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TOILET SOAP

The happy people who took last summer's tour were entertained at Universal's studio restaurant, right. Below, top, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Gleason and son, Russell, will give a cocktail party for next summer's tourists. Center, Fred Stone did some fast autographing for last year's tourists. Bottom, just a few of the tourists who were entertained at Paula Stone's cocktail party—during last summer's trip

Go HOLLYWOOD with Movieland Tours

All aboard for the Third Annual Movie Tour. Meet the stars. Make your reservations now

KNOWING how its thousands of readers all over the country have long been curious to know what Hollywood is really like on the inside, MOTION PICTURE has arranged an opportunity for you and you and you to take a transcontinental vacation, mingle with the stars at home, at work and at play, and see all the sights of Southern California all for the price of a round trip railroad ticket to Hollywood.

Thus the hardest place in the world to crash will be opened to you like a book by your favorite magazine. All you have to do is sign up for either of the Fawcett Publications' two summer Movieland Tours, and MOTION PICTURE will do the rest. You should lose no time, however, as the heavy demand already started is certain early to exhaust the available supply of reservations on the third annual Fawcett tour. Use the coupon below.

The thrill of a lifetime awaits those who join one of these tours! The two-weeks vacation begins in Chicago, takes you through Minnesota's diamond-studded 10,000 lakes, the ethereal magnificence of Rainier Natl. Park, the majesty of the Rockies, the green wonderland of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest, San Francisco and its eerie Chinatown, and then—HOLLYWOOD! You will dine and dance with the stars, watch them at work in the studios, and be their guests at intimate parties in their homes.

Applications are already beginning to pour in for the two expeditions being organized this year. They will be much bigger and better than the amazingly successful Movieland Tours of 1935 and 1936. A special train has been chartered for each journey through the picturesque West.

The first tour leaves Chicago July 11 and the second August 8. Both transcontinental parties will enjoy identical party plans in Hollywood, so you can select whichever date is most convenient for your vacation.

One of filmland's famous hotels will await you in Hollywood after traversing the wonderland of the American West. The first day is reserved for any private trips or delights you may plan. At your disposal will be Catalina Island, mountain-nestled Lake Arrowhead, San Diego and Coronado, the numerous beaches, or perhaps any friends and relatives you may desire to visit.

Hollywood's glamorous night life will invite your frolicking that evening. Romantic Cocoanut Grove and other sparkling night clubs beckon you to wine, dine and dance with your favorite stars.

The next morning will open with a tour conducted by MOTION PICTURE through Paramount, one of the major studios. Pictures in the making before your eyes will give you an opportunity to see the technical details of a movie camera, learn how sound is made, watch construction of sets and study backgrounds already used in famous pictures, and go through the entire process of a day in the studio. And you will see and meet the big Paramount stars—such as Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Ida Lupino and others.

In the afternoon the party will caravan

[*Continued on page* 101]

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Chicago, Illinois.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $.................... Please enter my reservation for.................... persons, to insure a place for us on tour No....................

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 11, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 8.)

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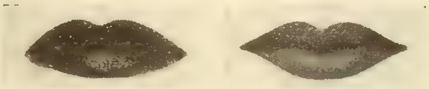
● Tangee's magic Color Change Principle gives your lips the soft, *natural* glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to *you*. Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with fashions of today." Tangee *isn't paint* and cannot give you a "painted look".

Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it also contains the magic Color Change Principle... gives you *natural* beauty. It brings *youthful* color to your cheeks.

THROUGH THE NIGHT... TANGEE LIPSTICK'S SPECIAL CREAM BASE SOFTENS AND PROTECTS YOUR LIPS

● Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects and soothes, keeps lips from chapping, drying. Doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with smooth, softly tinted lips instead of a faded "morning look". Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you must remove at bedtime.

Try Tangee. Two sizes, 39¢ and $1.10. Or send the coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.



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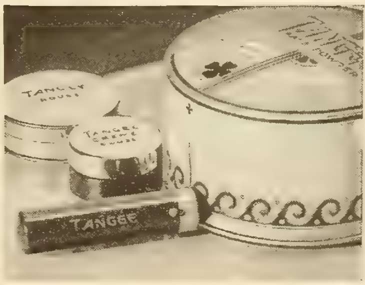

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The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

Gypsy Rose Lee, who has been turning 'em away from the Ziegfeld Follies with her strip act, has hearkened to the call of Hollywood. The minute the Follies completes its tour of the principal cities, Gypsy will become a full-fledged movie star.

[*Continued from page* 8]

MOST-Vehement-Deniers-of-the-Month turned out to be Jack Oakie (He's getting fatter every week!) and Wifie Venita Varden. There have been whispers that all was not well in the Oakie love-cote. But Jack and Venita joined in a public chorus, entitled "We've never been so happy in our lives!"

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gordon Oliver and Jean Muir—
Altar-headed, that seems sure!

● ● ●

LATEST set of Rules on "How to Stay Married Though in Hollywood" have been issued by dancing-comicker Buddy Ebsen, who lays his own marital success to following these commandments:

1—Don't speak to any of the girls on the set.
2—Don't speak to any of the girls off the set.
3—Don't speak to any girls.
4—Don't talk to your wife about your leading lady.
5—Don't talk to your wife about any ladies.
6—Don't let your wife see your preview.
9—Don't introduce your wife to any leading men.

THIS Tyrone Power-Sonja Henie business has all Hollywood guessing, now. It started mild, and hardly anybody in Hollywood got excited, for various reasons. Principally because, when they started stepping together, neither Tyrone nor Sonja were big spots in the Hollywood picture. But since *Lloyds of London,* and *One in a Million,* both suddenly flame as new stars in the Hollywood firmament—and all of a sudden, Hollywood is all a-dither about whether they're serious. . . .

Well, that's an open question. Certain it is that they're out together more often than not—and Sonja, who has a brilliant and expensive all-white car of her own, is perfectly content to ride out with Tyrone in that rattly old coupe of his. And on the other hand, when Sonja is working, Tyrone is perfectly happy to entertain her family at dinner—and that's devotion of some sort! And when either is away, it's just so much velvet for the telephone company, because Tyrone is always calling her up. BUT—from Tyrone's own lips, I heard these words: "I'm not going to marry for a long, long time. I'm one of those fellows who always seems to have a big crush on some girl." Hmmmmmmmm. . . .

GEORGE BRENT, who's been considered more or less Garbo's private property, is straying, if the little-bird-about-Hollywood isn't myopic. George has been seen out with a certain gal who's in the middle of getting a divorce. Maybe it's no wonder Garbo is down to 100 pounds. . . . !

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Broderick Crawford and Florence Lake—
We might as well order a wedding cake!

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD tried its best to thumbs-down Elaine Barrie, during all the months of her vivid maneuverings with and about John Barrymore. Naturally, Hollywood loved Dolores Barrymore, and it's not at all extraordinary that the majority of Hollywood's folk resented the intrusion (as they saw it) of Elaine. And so, Elaine was pretty well snubbed in Hollywood's social life during the pre-marital events. But hand it to the gal—she didn't let it lick her. And finally, when Love triumphed, and she won her man, Hollywood surrendered. Not that Hollywood loved Dolores the less, but even Hollywood admires the person with guts and pluck, who fights through to victory. And so the bars went down, and today, Mrs. Elaine Barrymore is crashing more and more social circles that were just icebergs to her up to now. And Hollywood is interested too, in the fact that since his wedding, John has been a very good boy. Why, at the huge tea he and Elaine threw, not long ago, John actually drank *tea!*

[*Continued on page* 84]

Acme

Sonja Henie and Tyrone (new rave) Power are that way about each other. The gal friend scores in *One In A Million*

FUTURE FAVORITES

ELLA LOGAN

By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

ELLA LOGAN, Scotch lassie who danced with the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales, followed a royal road to stardom in the world of the theatre . . . Born on March 6, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. James Armour Allan in Glasgow, Scotland, the tiny mite boomed to theatrical heights when but 11 years old . . . It was her amazing talent for imitating the great stars of the day that brought Ella her first recognition . . . For three years she traveled across Europe with her mother, scoring successes in Germany, France and in Spain until she became the featured singer with Jack Hylton's band . . . Royalty summoned her with command performances . . . gay young blades "courted" her and the dancing public offered her their hearts, so popular was the little singer . . . At this time she made her first appearance on the radio for English broadcasting stations . . . It was while she was appearing at a Piccadilly hotel in London that a producer saw her and engaged her for the leading role in the musical comedy, *Open Your Eyes* . . . Her next part was in a hit show that ran for a year and a half in London's Gaiety Theatre . . . Appearing, in addition, in most of the exclusive clubs of London and the Continent, she attracted the attention of the then Prince of Wales and danced with him many times . . . Among the many clubs in which she sang were the Bat Club and the Ambassador Club . . . Royalty bade her to give command performances in their homes and to be their honored guest as well . . . 1933 found Miss Logan playing return engagements in London and other English cities . . . then followed appearances in Berlin and France where she met producers who gave her a chance to go to Amsterdam. In the Dutch city Miss Logan broke all records by being held over for seven months . . . she also appeared on the radio and made several Dutch pictures while in Holland . . . Then came the big chance, an opportunity to come to America and to do a show . . . It was *Calling All Stars* that became Miss Logan's first play in this country and it carried her to new heights . . . From this start she went into radio broadcasting seriously, appearing with Rudy Vallee, Al Jolson, Abe Lyman and other personalities . . . with such a chance she had on the programs and on the stage, no wonder that Hollywood called and Ella answered . . . She is now under contract to Universal . . . Her first picture is *Top of the Town* . . . By the way, don't miss seeing this musical, both because it is good and because Miss Logan makes her debut in it.

She had everything but love

UNTIL SHE FOUND THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING... FRAGRANT BATHS WITH **CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

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HELEN MERRIMAN, OF NEW YORK, points out: "No girl can afford to risk perspiration odor. Men simply can't stand it! That's why I bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For the deep cleansing lather of this lovely soap keeps me so sweet and clean . . . so safe from any danger of body odor. And then, its lingering, flower-like perfume leaves my skin so alluringly fragrant!"

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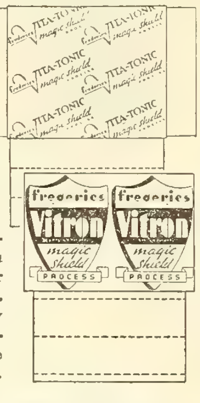
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MEN behind the STARS

RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI

Director of *The Garden of Allah*.

LESS than fifteen years ago a man stood alone on a New York City curbstone, with but fifty cents in his pocket and very little knowledge of the English language, but with a determination that refused to let him "give up the ship" and return to Poland, his native land. Instead, Richard Boleslawski took out his first naturalization papers.

The ten following years were not easy for the man who ultimately was to direct such screen successes as *Rasputin, Men in White, Operator 13, Clive of India, Les Miserables, O'Shaugnessy's Boy, Garden of Allah* and his current production, *Theodora Goes Wild,* which launches Irene Dunne as a motion picture comedienne.

Boleslawski's first objective was to master the English language, which he did by temporarily abandoning his motion picture ideas and pursuing a literary career.

Born in Warsaw, Poland on February 4, 1889, he was educated at the University of Odessa and the Dramatic School of the Moscow Art Theatre. He then spent twelve years with the Moscow Art Theatre, staging productions in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Berlin, Vienna and Paris.

In 1915 he enlisted in the Polish army and became a lieutenant in the famed Polish Lancers. He also served in the Polish-Bolshevik war until, as he says, "things got too hot for me." He then returned to Russia and acted virtually as a spy between the Red and White armies. "I was playing in the theatre while the men who were searching for me were often members of the audiences," he relates.

He was forced to flee to Paris. There the Shuberts found him and sent him to New York to direct his first production, which ended so dismally that it left him with the fifty cents in his pocket.

Following his literary career he was given directorial assignments on the stage, among which were *Pancho Sanza,* starring Otis Skinner, and *The Vagabond King.*

With one hundred dollars in his pocket and bills piled up on his desk, Boleslawski went to a Manhattan antique dealer, in whose window hung a wood-carving he had admired for sime time. He was determined to own that wood-carving and pay his creditors later. He asked the price. "Twenty-five hundred dollars," was the reply. Boleslawski's face fell.

"Give me that little cigar box over there," he said, and walked out with a five dollar humidor under his arm.

"But I'm always doing such things," he says today. "When things look dark for me I always do something considered foolish by other individuals."

He went to Hollywood when the screen was frantically searching for dialogue directors; was given three jobs and fired from them in rapid succession. He was down to his last five hundred dollars and no work in sight. So he took the money, bought a small lot and started to build a house. He still lives in that little house.

BOLESLAWSKI, who is six feet tall, weighs 215 pounds and has dark hair and blue eyes, is most informal on the set. He is called "Boley" by everyone, from the electricians to the star. Between scenes he either chats quietly with his principals or resumes a conversation with a "grip" about cabinet-making or wood-carving, two hobbies close to his heart. He is loud-spoken only at the beginning of a scene when, after he has given the players instructions, his "Go!" can be heard all over a sound stage. His signal to end the scene is always a snap of the fingers.

"Boley" lives with his wife, the former Norma Drury, stage actress, and their one-year-old son, Jan. In his home is a completely equipped workshop where he designs and makes furniture for their use. When not engaged in this manner, "Boley" turns to writing. He has two best-sellers to his credit, *Way of a Lancer* and *Lances Down.*

Boleslawski is an ardent golfer, chooses the theatre for evening recreation, and has proved himself an outstanding success as a man of letters.

A scene between scenes from *Theodora Goes Wild.* Richard Boleslawski chats with Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas and Charles "Andy" Correll

FUTURE FAVORITES

LEONA MARICLE

By HAL WHITEHEAD

BORN on a ranch near Wichita Falls, Texas, and reared in the saddle, Leona Maricle, brown-eyed and brown-haired Columbia contract player, has never appeared in a western picture. Instead she portrays svelte Park Ave. bred damsels. . . . Leona thinks it would be a lark to don a pair of faded jeans and ride down the wall of some canyon for the benefit of the movie camera. . . . Few have been Leona's pictures, but promising is her future. . . . She once appeared in a Wally Beery picture, but regards her real debut the part she played as Melvyn Douglas' estranged wife in *Theodora Goes Wild*. She lost Melvyn to Irene Dunne but won for herself a contract with Columbia. . . . Evidently, Melvyn is a good luck charm, for her second picture was *Women of Glamour*. In this she played Melvyn's fiancee who graciously gives him up when he falls in love with Virginia Bruce. . . . Leona hopes some day that she will be permitted to hold her man on the screen. . . . When Leona was born, her mother promised herself that each of her two daughters would be permitted to choose her own career . . . but not so many years later, when Leona announced that she was going on the stage, Leona's mother forgot her early resolution. . . . Miss Maricle had a mind of her own, so, after she finished her education at The Texas State College For Women, she ran away to Philadelphia where she worked as a private tutor. The real reason for her taking the job, aside from making a living, was to get rid of her Southern accent. . . . Finally Leona's parents persuaded her to come home, promising that she could go to any school she wished. . . . Imagine her family's surprise when she chose the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City! . . . Her first Broadway appearance came a year later with Ann Harding in *The Trial of Mary Dugan*. . . . She also appeared in several other plays, some of which ended abruptly, but the critics were kind to her. . . . Then came the Hollywood presentation of *Call it a Day*, which resulted in a hurried call from Columbia. . . . A few of her likes and dislikes . . . she enjoys watching football games and likes to play bridge . . . her favorite food is a rare steak because she never bothers with a diet . . . she prefers to travel by boat and is annoyed by strident voices . . . she hates to shop and buys her clothes on impulse . . . her height is 5 feet 7½ inches.

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At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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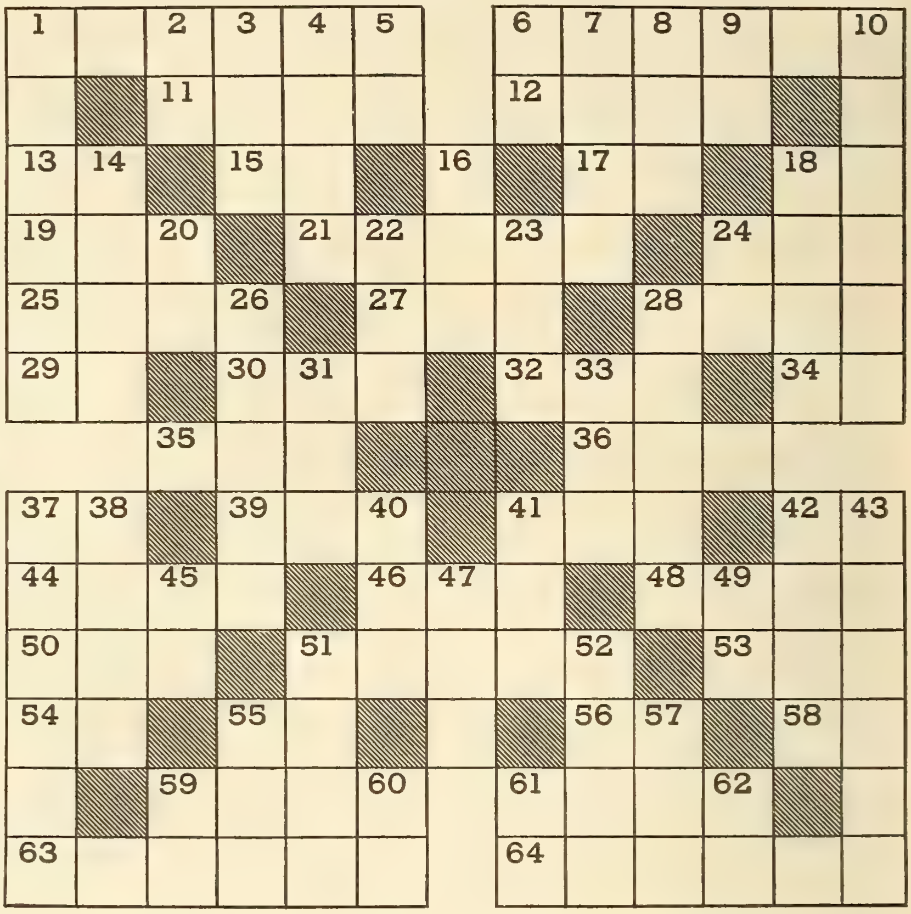


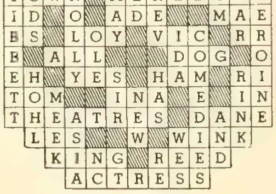
ACROSS

1 Joe E. Brown's leading lady in POLO JOE
6 ERWIN in THREE MEN ON A HORSE
11 NORTH OF ——.
12 Gloria but not Stuart
13 Initials of heroine of SEA SPOILERS
15 First name of one who portrayed THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (abbr.)
17 ONE —— A MILLION
18 Lewis Stone (init.)
19 —— OF THE TOWN
21 CHARLIE in THREE MEN ON A HORSE
24 Remember ——Guard?
25 HENDRICKJE STOFFELS in REMBRANDT
27 The late Chic Sale made up to appear thus in films
28 Comedian in ONCE IN A BLUE MOON
29 Initials of Mr. Dix
30 You saw him in THE CAPTAIN'S KID
32 Garbo prefers no visitors here when working
34 Initials of actor recently married to Ann Sheridan
35 THE VOICE OF BUGLE ——
36 Josef —— Sternberg
37 THE CHARGE —— THE LIGHT BRIGADE
39 Those who portray boxers often have one of cauliflower variety.
41 What the Yacht Club Boys really are
42 Pinky Tomlin (init.)
44 Buck Jones stars in —— RIDER OF GUN CREEK
46 Her last name is Claire
48 The old maid in CAIN AND MABEL
50 LOVE ON THE ——
51 Lederer's title in MY AMERICAN WIFE
53 MAKE WAY —— A LADY
54 Actors acquire brogue to portray one of this nationality (abbr.)
55 Initials of Mr. Arlen
56 A DAY —— THE RACES
58 EASY —— TAKE
59 RITA in TARZAN ESCAPES
61 It helps CHARLIE CHAN to solve a crime
63 PRIVATE
64 Recipient of that grapefruit in PUBLIC ENEMY

DOWN

1 WHITE ——
2 Initials of the Norwegian Greta
3 Robert Benchley appeared in the short called —— TO VOTE
4 Her last name is Dunn
5 Initials of Comedian in ALL AMERICAN CHUMP
6 Miss Sleeper's initials
7 Jean Harlow has a dimple here
8 Fowl seen in PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
9 United Artists (abbr.)
10 DODSWORTH in person
14 —— DIGGERS OF 1937
16 SINNER TAKE ——
18 YOU ONLY —— ONCE
20 Paula's initials
22 A star of TO MARY —— WITH LOVE
23 Whose role was that of BUGS in HIDEAWAY GIRL?
24 Initials of one who was Freddie's mother in THE DEVIL IS A SISSY
26 First name of Miss Ayres, ex-star
28 BOOTS in HERE COMES CARTER
31 JENNY SAKS in BORN TO DANCE
33 Many theaters have midnight shows on the —— of a holiday
37 Star married to Marguerite Churchill
38 Number of acting Marx Brothers before Zeppo became an agent
40 Dolores Del ——
41 AFTER THE THIN ——
42 This "thickens" in mystery movies
43 JONATHAN BLAKE in LLOYDS OF LONDON
45 Sam Newfield (init.)
47 One under certain religious vows seen in CLOISTERED
49 —— YOU COULD ONLY COOK
51 ALONG —— LOVE
52 Descriptive of Gary Cooper
55 His first name is Christian
57 Beverage popular in Gaumont-British studios
59 Initials of Hepburn's leading man in A WOMAN REBELS
60 Initials of one who portrayed AUNT MARY in THEODORA GOES WILD
61 Mr. Chaplin's initials
62 Initials of late Mr. Rogers

Last Month's Solution



GRETA GARBO

Beginning her eleventh year as a star is something to smile over, surely. Yet Greta Garbo has two other reasons for being happy. She not only plays the title role of *Camille,* which has always been considered the last word in emotional assignments, but she also has Bob Taylor as her latest (the seventeenth) screen lover

BETTE DAVIS

You can't "ab-dicate" and eat it, too. So Bette will not quit the Warner throne where she has ruled as queen of actresses. Former prime minister, George Arliss, is reported to have said: "Don't let your people down!" So Bette continues to wear the Warner crown. Her loyal subjects will see her in *Marked Woman*

MARLENE DIETRICH

in *Knight Without Armor.* But, if we had our way about it we would call it *Night With Negligee.* And it's a shame, too, because Marlene has such bootiful limbs

MY ADVICE —Jean Harlow

Jean not only dishes out a big earful of advice to herself (and, boy, can she take it!) but what she has to say can include you, too

By JAMES REID

WHEN Jean Harlow returned recently from the first real vacation that she had had in months, she looked better than she had in a long time. She looked even better than she did in *Libeled Lady*. I told her so.

"You astound me," said Jean. "The first thing you know, you'll have me thinking a change is good for me."

"Well—isn't it?" I asked, indicating our surroundings.

The surroundings were Suite A in one of the elegant new apartment-houses-inside-the-studio (or dressing-room buildings) that M-G-M has built for its feminine stars. It wasn't chance that put Jean in Suite A. It was change.

She has always been popular—but never so popular as recently. In the past few months, she has become the "top draw" among all of Leo the Lion's (M-G-M to you) glamour queens. No one on the lot, with the single exception of some chap named Taylor, receives more fan mail. And that isn't the only symptom. *Suzy*, admittedly no sensation, outdrew the sensational *San Francisco* in half of the places where both pictures played. The only obvious reason was Jean Harlow. Also, if you noticed, her name was billed first on the four-star *Libeled Lady*. Now she and Taylor are co-starring in *The Man in Possession*.

When she altered the color of her hair, and thereby altered her roles, Jean didn't do her popularity any harm. Those outward changes in Jean interested people. They sensed inward changes, too. And, under pressure, Jean will admit inward changes—which have been good for her. I say "under pressure," because if there is anything that is difficult for her to do, it is to talk about Jean Harlow. She has no urges for mirrors, either physical or mental. Mirrors, to Jean, are the trade-mark of the egotist. They are something to be avoided whenever possible, like diphtheria or poison-ivy. And she can't be flattered into using them in public.

BUT be patient enough, and persistent enough, and lucky enough; refuse to let her lead you into other channels of conversation; give one hundred reasons why a Harlow interview should be about Harlow; and you may have results.

"Yes, I've changed," she told me. "Life has done things to me, just as it has to you. Different things, maybe. But most of them have been things over which neither of us has had much control.

"You can't say, 'I'm going to change and be another sort of person next week, or next year'—and get away with it. Neither can I. Life has more to say about any possible changes then we do. You've probably found that out. I know I have.

"I've made this discovery—a rather important discovery, I think: If you can't make life pliable to *your* wishes, the next-best idea is to make yourself pliable to life. I've had hard knocks, and I've had lucky breaks. Adding them all up, I've arrived at the conclusion that they have had more to do with the moulding of what I am today, than I have. I'm going to do a little more taking of life as I find it. It looks like the way out of little fears and big frustrations—the way to keep my ambitions reasonable.

"Every actress thinks she knows how to play a role—to get the most out of it. But on every movie set, there is a director who can usually improve on her ideas—if she is willing to let him. Just so, all of us think we know what to do, to get the most out of life. But experiences can do some marvelous directing—if we let them!

"Maybe that isn't common sense, but it sounds like it to me."

TO MYSELF

Jean, sitting across the room on an all-white divan in an all-white sweater and all-white slacks, lighted an all-white cigarette—one of the popular brands.

"You'd be surprised if you knew how much common sense this business of being a movie star demands," she added.

For instance—?

"For instance, I was tired of being a platinum blonde long before I ceased to be one. After you are a towhead for twenty-some years, it *can* become a bit monotonous, you know. But I didn't change just for the sake of changing. I waited until I had a good common-sense reason.

"I waited until I had a role that demanded something—anything—except platinum-blonde hair. That role appeared, finally, in *Riff Raff*. Here was no satiny siren. Here was a girl who worked in a fish cannery; who stayed in waterfront surroundings; and who had her mind on just one man—and that man a foreman. If anything about the girl suggested luxury, she wouldn't look real. So something had to be done about that platinum-blonde hair. I wouldn't wear a wig, as I did in *Red-Headed Woman*. Wearing a wig, under those lights, is like carrying a heat-pad on top of your head. So there wasn't anything else to do except tint my hair.

"Originally, it was to be for the one role. But the experience of being something besides a platinum blonde did things to me. For the first time in my life, I lost that 'conspicuous' feeling. I felt more real than I had ever felt with my hair its real color. I felt happier, more carefree . . . I liked the sensation. I still like it. Common sense tells me to continue to be a brownette. If I *feel* more real, I'm likely to *act* more real. I didn't foresee this. This was one of those things over which I had no control. It just happened; that's all."

And, she hastened to add, she wasn't recommending that other girls change the color of their hair, on the off-chance that the change might do things to their personalities.

"I'M NOT giving advice to anyone else. I've still got plenty to give myself."

The idea of a movie star giving advice to *herself* is something new. How long has this been going on—?

"I started at the beginning, and I'm still doing it. I wasn't born an actress, you know; events made me one. I got my first movie job on a bet; not because I thought I could act. When studios kept on giving me work, I was so surprised that I was going around in circles. All kinds of people were giving me all kinds of advice—conflicting advice. I couldn't begin to sort out the good from the bad. Then and there, I had to call upon common sense—and become my own adviser.

"For example, one of the favorite bits of advice given to youngsters then—more than now—was that they had to be seen every place where producers and directors might go. The right restaurants, the right premieres, the right night-clubs. That was supposed to be the way to be 'discovered.' I figured out that the idea was a fallacy. If a producer were going to invest money in an unknown, he certainly wouldn't invest it in a person who was a gadabout, losing sleep and endangering her looks and her health.

"Another bit of counsel was: 'Try to look like Garbo—or some other top-flight star. They're looking for another Garbo.' I figured out that that was erroneous advice, on the simple grounds that I, myself, wouldn't pay to see a copy. Every actress who had become a star had done so by being individual in herself.

"Still another was: 'Wear clothes that will knock their eyes out.' That didn't ring true to me, either. If I had anything to offer the screen, I wanted to attract attention to my face—not my clothes. Since becoming a star, I've heard the same advice in a different form: 'Always dress your best in public. People expect it of you.' And it still doesn't ring true. If people like me or don't like me, as a person, it isn't going to make any great difference if I wear a dress that looks like a thousand dollars—and a coat that looks like a million.

"The clothes advice I have given myself is: 'Try to be well-groomed.' That is the important thing. Nothing a woman can have is more valuable to her than a neat appearance, a daintiness of person. She can have it in slacks, as well as an evening gown. She doesn't have to be slovenly in slacks."

In momentary mock-panic, she looked down at her slack-sheathed legs. The sheaths were spotless and unwrinkled.

"Why do I wear them so much? It's because they're so much easier to get into and out of than dresses. I go to work early, and come home late. At both ends of the studio day, I have to change my clothes. It's so simple to change out of slacks in the morning, and into them at night, that they get to be an insidious habit.

ANOTHER bit of Hollywood advice to which Jean doesn't subscribe is this: "Remember that, once you become a star, you're a target for vicious envy. You can never be sure who is your friend, and who isn't. I hate the smugness of cynics. I'd hate to be one. And so far I haven't had to be. I'm sure of three or four friends, no matter what happens."

Neither has Jean taken the advice: "As a star, you have a right to be temperamental."

She says: "As a star, I've improved my disposition. I've had to. Not because of the people around me, but because of the obstacles to good work that I would put in my own path by lack of self-control. When you're called upon to expend nervous energy, day after day, that's when you need a sunny disposition. Or need to develop one.

"I'm fortunate in that respect. I was born with a fairly happy disposition. Nothing bothers me. I don't let anything bother me. Of course, I have had to develop a certain amount of philosophy, to keep that disposition. We all do.

"One of the greatest pieces of advice I have tried to give myself was handed down to me by my grandfather. The old Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would be done by.' There's a sporting idealism in that particular thought. It's supposed to be naive in this day and age. If it is, then I'm guilty of being naive. So are some of the finest people I know—or ever want to know."

AS A STAR, she is supposed to be jealous of her position—jealous of rival actresses who also make hits. What advice has she given herself about jealousy?

"None. I've never been afflicted. And jealousy must be an affliction—a tragic thing. If anyone is jealous of me, I'm not flattered. I feel sorry

[*Continued on page 95*]

Nelson Eddy—Jeanette MacDonald are singing sweethearts again in *Maytime.* Their theme song is *Sweetheart*

Nelson doesn't deplore the passing of the moonlight and honeysuckle era—even if he is cast here as a lover of 1865

MAYTIMERS

"I Like Modern Women" says NELSON EDDY

Yessir, Nelson is all for the modern days and ways—for the streamline in everything, including the girls

By FAITH SERVICE

"I AM one hundred per cent modern," Nelson told me. He added, "I hope—"

We were sitting, Nelson and I, parked on a camera casé in the shadows of the set of *Maytime* whence Nelson had joined me. It is worthy of note that Nelson does not feel called upon to sit in dignity on his chair marked "FOR MR. EDDY ONLY." A camera case, a joist, a beam, or the floor is good enough for him. Under the lights which Nelson had just left and with the echoes of the superb Eddy voice still enriching the air about us, Nelson watched the rotund Herman Bing playing ducks and drakes with his "Rs" under the baton of Director Robert Z. Leonard. He watched Herman, and he laughed long and loud. He said "He's the funniest fellow I've ever worked with. For the first time in my career I've gone up on my lines, choked in the middle of a song, killed a couple of 'takes' because he makes me laugh so hard I'm stopped. He has us all doubled into knots —and working overtime as a result.

"But you were accusing me of being old-fashioned. And I am about to assure you that I am nothing of the kind. I can speak of the 'good old days' without a tear in my eye. Because I don't believe they were so darned good. The comforts were certainly lacking," Nelson laughed again, "and I like my comforts and admit it. No, I'm all for the good, new days of the Twentieth Century. I'm all for the streamline in everything, including," he grinned, "the girls.

"I am all for modern days and ways. I do not deplore the passing of the old horse and buggy. I much prefer riding, solo or with a young lady, in a streamline job without mulish tendencies. A piece of sleek machinery which will get me—or us—to the top of a mountain in time to watch the sun set in glory, or down to the sea to watch the moon-path shimmer. There's far more romance in that.

"I do not deplore the passing of the honeysuckled (and 'mosquitoey') front porch whereon one sat with The Girl Of One's Dreams the while she read aloud the poems of Omar. There's just as much thrill in listening to the Girl Of One's Dreams reading aloud the heartbreaking, hard-bitten casuistries of Dorothy Parker or doing a little number by Cole Porter.

"I don't yearn for those girls who fainted over a mouse"

"Nor yet do I pine for the ginghamed young lady who took her young man into the family kitchen for an evening of mad and merry fudge-making. I gladly give the dead Past its fudge in exchange for a snack at the Troc' with music in our ears and no sticky sugar on our hands.

"I can do nicely without the papa who thumped on the floor at 10 p.m. every night to signify that the decencies must be observed, or else—! I find that the modern, globe-trotting, contract-playing youthful mamas and papas do very nicely as parents. I do not yearn for crinolines and chignons nor yet for the ladies who fainted (or pretended to) at sight of a mouse. Nor do I hanker to be one of that generation of strong men whose blood-pressure sky-rocketed at sight of an ankle. If I cannot sing the old songs now it is not because they are too dear to me (much as I love them and I do) as because they are not often 'by request' and also because I love modern music just as much.

"No, to be honest I must say that I prefer the girl of today in her slacks and shorts and honesty and smart sports clothes, tanned and healthy and free. I wouldn't exchange a Norma Shearer, a Joan Crawford, a Jeanette MacDonald, a Claudette Colbert for all of the Louisa M. Alcott heroines. I wouldn't change the girls of today who *do* things, all kinds of things, who are vital and energetic and courageous and gallant for all of the dear, delicate creatures who, or so we read, went into declines at the slightest provocation, nursed broken hearts constantly—probably because they had nothing to do but think about themselves—and nothing is harder work. As for the ladies who fainted at sight of a mouse give me an Amelia Earhart who wouldn't faint if she saw the giants of the heavens rolling their thunderbolts.

"I like the modern era. I like the modern women. I like modern music. I love to sing *The Lord's Prayer* and Handel's *Largo*, for instances, not because they are old but because the one is verbally magnificent and the other has a beautiful air. But I like the modern composers, in many instances, every bit as well. I am certainly not one to 'look down' on an opera, a symphony, a song, a book, a painting, a house, the movies just because they

[*Continued on page 75*]

The Life and Love of FRANCES FARMER

This Farmer in the Hollywood Dell is the greatest "discovery" since Garbo. And she is well worth watching

Frances wants one thing—*work*

By GLADYS HALL

"I KNOW why I'm here," Frances Farmer told me. "If there is any difference between me and other girls who have come to Hollywood it's just this: That I know what I want from Hollywood. I want one thing and only one thing—WORK. And I intend to work without hindrance, without benefit of tinsel or trappings."

A firm young woman, this Frances Farmer. It took her some 12,000 miles of travel to make the 1,200 mile trip from her home town of Seattle to Hollywood. Less than two years ago she won a subscription contest for a Seattle paper and the prize was a trip to Moscow. Going alone, she learned all it was possible for her to learn about the Soviet city. She also learned all about the Cine Institute there which, under the Soviet regime, is a college for students of the cinema. And the students come from all over Russia, from every walk of life, to take its four-year course. They matriculate and study at the Government's expense. They take courses in acting, directing, camera work. And Frances was impressed with the soundness and wisdom of the Institute. She, too, takes her work seriously, believes that study and intensive training are necessary; does not believe in nor want to be an "overnight" star, a star-by-virtue-of publicity; a synthetic figure of glamour composed of nine parts sex appeal and one part nail polish. No, you cannot write lightly of Frances. For Frances is not a "light" person.

Then, from Moscow, she went on to Leningrad, Kiev, Germany, Poland, France, England and back to America via New York. While abroad she met Dr. George Gladstone who, sensing the actress in the studious, eager college girl, arranged for her to meet Stephen Traube, theatrical producer in New York. All was quiet along the Rialto. And so Mr. Traube, also impressed, took Frances to the Paramount Studio in the East, arranged a screen test for her. For the try-out they selected one of the most difficult episodes in *The Lake*, the stage play which put Katharine Hepburn to the iron and ironic test.

The Finger of Fame has been placed on Frances Farmer since *Come and Get It*

Frances and Leif Erickson have many things in common —that's why she married him

But young Frances, characteristically, did not just go over and "take a test." No. For days before she had been researching, so to speak. She studied camera angles, watched dramatic portrayals. And so the test was made. There was a short period of waiting—"for something," Frances told me. "I felt it was too fantastic to come true." And then, a little over two years ago, on her twenty-first birthday, she was handed a long-term Paramount contract.

Frances, all but literally, stepped from college to Moscow to films. She arrived in Hollywood knowing not a soul. She made *Too Many Parents, Border Flight, Rhythm on the Range* and then—*Come and Get It,* with its magnificently realized dual role—and the finger of Fame was upon her.

THE eyes of all Hollywood are focused on her now. She is considered the greatest "find", the biggest potential woman star since Garbo. And you wouldn't believe your own eyes if you should meet Frances face to face after seeing her, effulgently, decoratively beautiful in *Come and Get It.* You probably wouldn't recognize her. You would pass her by on the street without a second glance. Which is quite all right with her. She doesn't want to be recognized except on the screen.

This is not to say, mind you, that she is not intrinsically beautiful, for she is. But it is a quiet strength of beauty which grows upon your appreciation as you talk with her and watch her. Hers is not the glamorous, gaudy beauty which produces "eye trouble". The actual contours of the beautiful face of those dual roles in the Goldwyn picture are there, of course. The camera doesn't lie; it may exaggerate. But Frances, off screen, makes not the slightest attempt at "beautifying". There is not one single concession to the artifice of the beauticians. Save for her fine bone structure, clear eyes, well-bred youth, you might, at first glance, call Frances Farmer a plain girl. "A nice looking girl", that's what you'd say. And then you'd find that you didn't forget her—that you couldn't forget her.

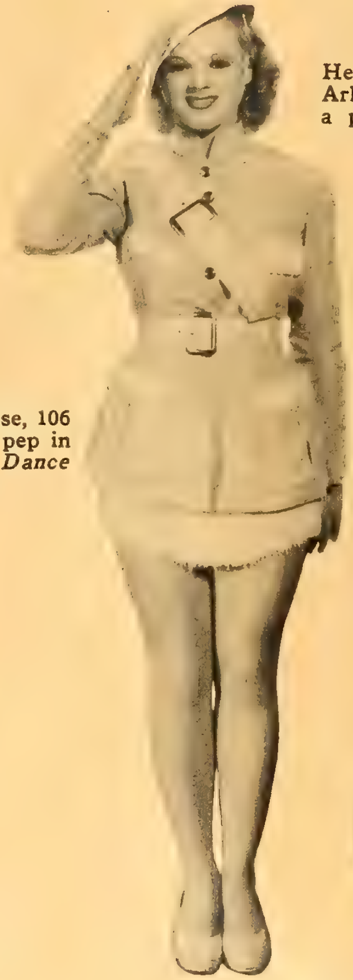
She is what she is. She looks like what she is. She comes from Seattle, Washington, from a good, sound American background. Her father, E. M. Farmer, is an attorney in Seattle. She has a brother, Wesley Farmer, who is editor of the *Burbank, California, News.* She has a sister who is on the staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle.* She comes from a family that does things—an energetic, independent family. "None of us," Frances told me, "was ever on stage or screen. But we were dramatic just the same—there was always drama going on, my father's work, of course, all of our various plans and projects and burning ambitions and activities."

[*Continued on page* 89]

Hollywood CHORUS GIRLS —1937 Edition

Dance director Prinz of *College Holiday* is very choosey in his pickings. The five gals here are the cream of his crop. All 5 ft. 4

Sugar Geise, 106 lbs., puts pep in *Born to Dance*



Helen Seaman of Arkansas is 17—a pocket Venus

Lois Lindsay of ol' Miss. is an eyeful—and shy

Eleanor Bayley —*Gold Digger* —knows all the hot steps

There are 1500 chorus girls in Hollywood—the cream of the country's crop. They have youth and personality and streamlined figures

By LEON SURMELIAN

GOLDDIGGERS 1937

Here are the 12 Gold Diggers in practice togs and all —who made America chorus-girl conscious by their spectacular aerial cruise of the country. An eyeful

Hollywood chorines don't lead the life of Riley. They put in long hours practicing routines so as to be dance perfect. These girls were in the recent *Stage Struck*

AS A boulevardier and roving reporter in movie studios, I have watched troupes of the world's loveliest gals go through their paces amid avalanches of ostrich fans, or execute difficult dance drills with the precision of Prussian regiments. They aren't mere automatons in gigantic sets, weavers of dazzling pageants of legs and arms and seductive smiles, gone in a second, but definite personalities in the full bloom of youth, working precisely for the same things girls work for in other professions—to get somewhere. They dance like clockwork, but they aren't machines. They have brains besides streamlined figures.

Chorus girls contribute much to the entertainment value of an important group of pictures, and work harder than any other class of studio employes. Yet they are among the forgotten of Hollywood. They like to be called film dancers, because, as one of them told me, the name "chorus girl" has been dragged in the mud. They aren't beautiful but dumb Doras of easy virtue. You couldn't meet a finer bunch of modern American girls anywhere.

Where they come from, how they get their jobs, how much they earn, their hopes and ambitions, what they do when not working, what their bosses (the dance directors) think of them, what happens to them after a few years of dancing in pictures—these are some of the questions I'll try to answer here.

First, let us hear what the dance directors have to say, for they are the men who hire 'em and fire 'em.

Dave Gould of M-G-M is one of our noted professors of dansapation. He won the Academy award for his ensembles in *The Broadway Melody of 1936*—the first time an Academy award was given to a dance director—and his latest is *Born to Dance*. He says:

"In pictures a girl doesn't have to be a very good dancer. We get better effects by doing group things. The main requirements are a good figure and an attractive, intelligent face. I like to work with pretty girls because of their moral effect on the picture—they pep it up and keep up your enthusiasm. In other words, they are inspiring. And then, many important visitors come to the studio. They naturally expect to see beautiful girls on our lot. If they don't, they would be disillusioned.

"A well-balanced chorus ensemble includes three types of girls: ponies, regular dancing girls, and show girls. Out of the 100 girls in *Born to Dance*, twelve are ponies, twenty show girls, and the remainder regular dancing girls. The ponies range in height from four feet eleven inches to five feet two inches, and weigh between 90 and 106 pounds. The regular dancing girls form the backbone of the entire chorus and are skilled in tap, kicking and acrobatic work. They are experienced in fast tempo routines, embracing the shuffle, trucking, snake hips, waltz clog, buck and wing, etc. They vary in height from five feet two inches to five feet five-and-one-half inches, and in weight, from 106 to 115 pounds. Ziegfeld was responsible for the introduction of show girls. They are not called upon to dance; all they have to do is to walk [*Continued on page* 98]

MAN MEETS MAID
IN SALEM

Back in the Salem of 1692 a maid had to step pretty carefully when she wanted to meet the boy friend. Like the legendary goblins, the witches would get her if she didn't watch out. But Fred MacMurray, as a swashbuckling Virginia cavalier, and Claudette Colbert, as the Puritan girl, manage to outwit the romance breaker-uppers (witches and otherwise) and send them skedaddlin'—as you'll be noticin' in *Maid of Salem*

A favorite star reveals she has "IT"—who formerly had to look cool—and cry

Discovering the Glamour in IRENE DUNNE

By SONIA LEE

LITERALLY, Irene Dunne *swam* to fame—in the rivers of tears she shed for the sake of the cameras! Ever since she was drafted from the stage, for the larger horizons of the movies, her fate has been to cry copiously, consistently, and to suffer heroically, although the arresting talent which won her a contract was her golden voice.

But Hollywood moves in strange ways its wonders to perform—and Irene Dunne became a great star by virtue of her singular artistry in portraying lugubrious emotions. In that she stood alone. Her voice, in an occasional picture, had secondary innings.

But, currently, a new success is hers—a success which laughter earned for her! In her last two pictures—in *Show Boat,* in which the dignified star broke into a *shuffle-along* routine, and in *Theodora Goes Wild,* wherein she is a madcap, a clown, a girl with a delightful future, instead of a woman with a shadowed past, another phase of Irene Dunne has been revealed.

Is there then a "new Irene Dunne" as the billboards would have it? Certainly, out Hollywood-way, she has been answering a deluge of questions, all in the vein, "Why, Irene, what's happened to you?"

Frankly, Irene, always labeled "the lady," has given Hollywood the shock of its life! It was tacitly agreed that she would always remain unruffled, dignified and what, in the mauve decade, was known as "genteel." All of a sudden, here was a comedienne of the first rank as gaily erratic as a snow flurry in May. Tantalizing. Exciting. A "glamour gal."

We sat in the glow of a lamp in Irene's still half-furnished house in Holmby Hills (the new star neighborhood between the ocean and Hollywood) and discussed this apparently "new" Irene Dunne. For the first time since I have known her, she explained fully not only the plans for her career but also for her life; took interesting conversational by-paths, which to me revealed, more tellingly, this fine artist than ever before.

The shadows gathered around the chair in which she sat, obscuring that lithe physical perfection heretofore given too little attention in pen pictures of her. She spoke rapidly, with no reserves, and her eyes kindled to her thoughts.

SOMETHING like a year ago, when she told me that, for the first time in her life, she was going to do a comedy bit in *Show Boat,* I had looked at her askance. "You, a comedienne?"

"What's more," she answered my skepticism, "I'm delighted. I want to have a bit of fun in picture-making, too."

And so tonight she explained what she meant then. "Art thrives on tears. But your personal soul thrives on laughter!" she explained.

"Light roles, musical comedy, will bring to an actress pleasant phrases of praise for the talent that is hers. People will be kind—almost apologetic because the thread of the story escapes them. Only when an actress cries—when her screen griefs are recorded in the hearts of an audience, will she be remembered more than briefly.

"When I was in Europe last, I had an experience which may illustrate what I mean. I visited the French Academy of Medicine to learn something about

[*Continued on page* 78]

ELEANOR POWELL Writes a Letter To Your BOB

There's no getting around it, Bob Taylor has a great hold on the stars, too. Like all of you, Eleanor is one of his fans

By BUNNY RUSSELL

DEAR Bob:

This is my chance!

I've been wanting to write you a letter for a long, long time. Ever since the first day I met you and you squeezed my hand and whispered "I'm going to help you all I can." But I'll write you more about that later. Because I think that's sort of especially YOU, Bob. That eagerness to help the other fellow all you can.

It may seem sort of silly to write you a letter when we work in the same studio and live quite near to each other here in Beverly Hills. I wouldn't want you to think me silly. And still I want to write you because I can say things in a letter I may never have the courage (or the chance) to say to your face.

And then, too, I've been wanting to write my fans about you, too. Because, almost every single fan letter I get asks me something about you. They seem to remember us together in *Broadway Melody of 1936*. They seem to think we looked nice together, or something. They say we sort of "belong." And they all ask me to tell them what you are really like, what I like best about you, if there is anything I don't like and so on.

Well, I can't write to every fan separately, but I can write a letter to you and have the satisfaction of seeing the fans read the letter over your shoulder!

I'm going to be very honest in this letter, Bob. I don't know how to be anything else, anyway. I'm never very subtle. I'm coming right out with the confession that I like you, Bob. I like you an awful lot. I'm not only a Robert Taylor fan (any day, now, I'll stop you on the lot and ask you for your autograph!) but I—well, if we had met before Hollywood days and before you—well, if we had met sooner I think we might have had a lot of fun together, you and I!

The very first time I ever saw you on the screen was in *Society Doctor* and I exclaimed, right out loud in the theatre, "Oh, that good-looking boy!"

But now I've met you. And I want to tell you, right here and now, Bob, that while I think you are one of the best-looking men these Irish eyes have ever clapped onto—your *looks are the least of you*. You are the "Ideal American Man, yes. But you are not that sleek article called the "Perfect Lover" type. You appeal to women. I'll say you do! But you also appeal to men. And I'll tell you why you appeal to women as you do; why, to be ruthlessly honest, you appeal so to me: It's because there is sincerity in your dark blue eyes. It's because there is tenderness in the nice, rich timbre of your voice.

And I have found, Bob, that very few exceptionally handsome men are strong, or sincere, or tender. Strength which is not brutal, but is kind; sincerity which goes deep and

"I'm coming right out with the confession that I like you, Bob . . . an awful lot"

tenderness which is not at all the same thing as passion—these are the qualities which usually belong to plainer men. You have all three. And that makes you, not only almost too good-looking, but also *important*.

Your Dad was a doctor. You started to study psychiatry. You could have been a doctor, too. You proved that in *Society Doctor* and, even more so, in *Magnificent Obsession* and again, in *His Brother's Wife*. I could be flippant and speak to your potential "bedside manner." But I don't feel flippant about you, you see. And I think that's one of the most interesting commentaries I can make about you—no one feels flippant about you. The girls I know never speak of you as "hotcha" or a "wow." They never roll their eyes around and spill a lot of drivel about you. I think they sense, and I know they're right, a nice dignity about you.

There's nothing of the jazzy or the date-every-night-with-a-different girl sort of thing about you, Bob. I take my oath on that. I think girls, even girls who don't know you, feel that. I think they know that if they fell in love with you it would be—well, it would be *love*. You're the one-woman sort of man, Bob, and that gives your personality the cloak of dignity.

But to go back—when I knew that I was coming to Hollywood and then when Mr. Mayer picked me to play in *Broadway Melody of 1936* and then when I knew that you and I were to be sort of teamed—I—well, I all but fumbled my tap steps in my excitement! I was scared to meet you. You'd had such a big build-up in my mind. There isn't a fan in the world who would have anything on me. I know how they'd feel. I was afraid I'd be—well, too swept off my feet by you. And I didn't want to be swept off my feet. In the next breath I was equally afraid that I'd be disappointed in you. You couldn't, I thought, you just couldn't look like that and be regular, too. It would be too much. I thought to myself: Oh, of course he'll be the great I Am. Of course he'll be conceited and the Professional Charmer and, sickeningly, fond of himself—how can he help it?

I planned how we would meet. I would be all dolled up, for once. We would meet on some beautiful set with music playing and lights and glamour. Well, do you remember how we did meet, Bob? In an office. I wore my practice clothes, not my best. You wore a pair of old flannels and sneakers. We were rushed, immediately, into rehearsing lines. I was, actually, making my first talking test. And you were so swell to me, Bob. I've had a lot of men do nice things for me, in my time, on the stage and all. I've had tons of orchids and gardenias and roses and attentions. But I don't think any gift was as *nicely* nice as your gift of helpfulness that first day.

You sensed so perfectly that I was nervous in a new medium. You went over and over my lines with me, making little suggestions, making them tentatively, almost bashfully. You said: "I'm going to help you all I can"—and when I did a scene with Virginia Bruce and came off rather jittery you were there, waiting for me, and you just squeezed my hand, so friendly like. You gave me confidence.

There was nothing the least bit flirty about you. And that's another thing I especially like about you, Bob. I've seen you in many different places, with many different people and I've never seen you anything but natural and friendly and regular.

And the thing that impressed me most that first day was that you weren't thinking of yourself. And you might so well have been doing just that, being fairly new on the screen, yourself, and rising at such a rapid rate. But no, you were thinking of me, a newer newcomer. And not because I meant anything to you as a girl. You had a girl. No, you just helped me because you remembered how you went through it the first time. You still remember. You'll always be sensitive, I think, to the other fellow. And that's pretty fine, Bob, and rather rare.

You never talk about yourself. There's no "Me-Me-Me" about you. You always encourage others to talk about themselves and their work. You really seem to want other people to talk about themselves. You *care* about other people, Bob. I've heard you talk by the hour about Clark Gable and how much you admire him. I've heard you listen to the boys on the sets (the grips and electricians and bit players) talk about themselves and their problems. Things that couldn't possibly interest anyone who is not really interested in his fellow men.

I like you—as I do—because you're quiet. There is never any silly horseplay or show-offishness about you. I like you because you're so darned human. And you believe that everyone else is human and regular, too. Oh, I hope you always believe that, Bob. I hope that no one ever takes that belief away from you. And because you believe that people are human and regular and on the up-and-up they *are* on the up-and-up with you. Even when you knew that you were to play with Garbo, *Armand* to her *Camille*. When people asked you if you were nervous you said: "Why should I be? Garbo's just human like the rest of us. I'll do my job to the best of my ability and that's all there is to it."

[*Continued on page* 64]

When they met again Bob was with Barbara Stanwyck, Eleanor with Jimmy Stewart

PICK YOUR FAVORITE STAR
$1000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Opportunity is knocking at your door.

Think of it! You have the chance of Winning $1,000.00 in Cash Prizes—merely by Picking Your Favorite Movie Star. Think of it! Sixty-four cash prizes will go to the Lucky Winners in our SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST!

Easy? Why it's the Easiest Contest that was ever offered—the Easiest you ever entered.

It's the first time that a Genuine Election was ever held to determine America's No. 1 Star. And ALL you have to do is vote for your own Favorite Star—and TELL the Reason why you voted as you did—in 20 words or less. Simple enough, isn't it? You couldn't ask for any easier way to win money prizes—and aid your Favorite to be the TOPMOST POPULAR STAR of the screen at the same time.

Show your loyalty—your patriotism by entering this SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST—now—and vote for your Favorite.

Remember, if you don't enter this contest—and discover, later, some star the winner who IS NOT your favorite, well—you're not going to like it a bit. So stand up for your choice—put his or her name in the coupon on the opposite page—and TELL WHY you picked your favorite. It only takes 20 words or less. Surely you can think up a very good reason in a brief sentence of 20 words or less—why YOUR favorite is the Ace of all stars.

Your Favorite may be comparatively unknown—yet may win the Contest. Don't think you have to vote for some highly publicized star just because her portrait gets considerable space in newspapers and magazines. Be loyal to your own favorite. You like her (or him). So vote for this player—not for the one you may think is Sure to win.

And don't think you have to vote for the stars whose photos appear here. But if one of them is your favorite then go ahead and do your best to make this star the Final Winner.

Much has been written and exploited in the past of "WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR STAR." But never before has a star been picked as the most popular by means of a general election conducted for YOU and YOU and YOU!

After the ballots are counted and results published in this magazine the world will know the name of the most popular screen star.

Some star is Sure to Win this Contest. This Star might as well be YOUR choice.

Your entry may win first prize, or second or third—or one of the lesser prizes. You all have equal opportunities.

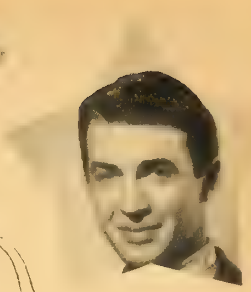
Read the RULES carefully. They're EASY.

It's going to be a Hot Race—and may the best ballot win.

Get Busy! Enter this CONTEST NOW!! Don't delay a minute.

OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door. You're not one to pass it by.

All Aboard. Let's GO!!!



PRIZES

(You Can WIN a Prize By Writing 20 Words!)

($1,000.00 In Cash—64 Big Prizes—Clip the coupon [below] mail today.)

1st Prize	$300.00	3rd Prize	$100.00
2nd Prize	$200.00	4th Prize	$50.00

5th to 15th—10 Prizes of $10.00 each

15th to 65th—50 Prizes of $5.00 each

RULES

(EASY TO ENTER)

(1) All you need do to enter this contest is to name your screen favorite (man or woman or child) on the coupon below. Your choice need not be a player whose photo appears on this page. Your chances of winning are as good if you vote for an unknown player as for a famous star.

(2) Tell why you voted for this player in 20 words or less. To help you, here is a sample entry: "Because she draws me right into the scene in which she is playing and makes me forget my surroundings."

(3) Prizes will be awarded to the entrants who supply the best and most original reasons for voting as they did. Awards will be made as indicated. The entry chosen as best by the judges will win the $300 first prize; the second best entry will win $200 second prize, etc.

(4) In case of ties, duplicate prizes for the amount named will be awarded the tying contestants.

(5) In entering this contest you may vote for your favorite as many times as you desire. But each entry must be printed, written or typewritten on a ballot coupon as published in this magazine.

(6) Editors of Fawcett Publications and Motion Picture Publications are the sole judges in this contest, and their decisions shall be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding Entries in this contest. Entries will not be returned.

(7) This contest closes April 1, 1937. Entries postmarked later than that date will not be considered. Elaborate and bulky entries in this contest are discouraged. As prizes are to be awarded for choosing your favorite star or player, your chances of winning will not be enhanced by sending in an elaborate entry.

(8) After you have filled out the coupon, send it by mail to SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. You may paste your entry on the back of a postcard, or send it in an envelope, first class mail. It is not necessary to accompany your ballot or coupon with a letter.

Did you ever find any **EASIER** rules in a Contest? We bet you didn't. Remember that all **YOU HAVE TO DO** is—"Merely clip the coupon (below) Vote for **YOUR FAVORITE**—and tell why you voted for that particular star or player in **20 WORDS OR LESS**.
Every movie fan has his or her Favorite Player. Be Loyal. Be Patriotic to this player. Your Vote May Win You a Cash Prize—and Your Choice may be elected as America's No. 1 Star.
Don't Delay a Minute. Enter This Contest Today. Now.

Send this ballot to:
SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST,
7046 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, Calif.

Send this ballot today. It may elect your favorite player No. 1 Star and win $300 for you!

Of all actresses and actors appearing in motion pictures, I prefer:

....(Name only one player).

Now tell in twenty (20) words or less why you voted for the above named player.

....

....

....

....

My name is ....

Street address.. City.......................... State..........

(P)

Why GARY Stays Popular

There are more reasons for Cooper's popularity than you can shake a stick at. For one thing he never goes around belittlin' the other fellow, and he never talks about himself

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

WE WERE fifty miles at sea, aboard the *Star of Finland,* an historic old sailing vessel, rechristened for the picture, the *William Brown.* There was brilliant sunshine; countless sails bulged white against the sky. To the left of where we sat on the forward deck Director Henry Hathaway was putting up a scene. And further to emphasize the illusion, were sailors, who, monkey-like, clambered around far up on the masts. And aft, the skipper shouted orders.

"I can't understand a word he says," Gary commented. "Can you? It's like another language. But the sailors know. The captain's a great old guy, isn't he? Did he show you his cabin? No? Well, there's quite a story connected with this boat. . . ." Gary stirred his long frame on the narrow hard bench and tried to get comfortable. "King Kalakaua, of Hawaii, sailed in it once . . . that was in about 1898, I guess. Then there was a bride and groom who took their honeymoon trip in it later. You should see the paintings she made on the wall. In little panels sorta . . . and it's like the stuff ladies used to paint on china—birds and flowers. You know . . . very delicate. There are four paintings of the birds—a birds' love story, I guess."

He doesn't talk much—but how he can listen!

It was just about the longest speech I had ever heard Gary Cooper make! But perhaps it was because I had never caught him off guard before—off guard, and at sea. As ordinary people taking a sea trip are more relaxed than they are at home, so I was finding Gary Cooper completely at ease, completely let down, aboard the *William Brown.* Not that Gary is ever anything but himself, but sometimes, because of his shyness, he gives you the run around.

Mr. Hathaway came over. "Say, Gary, for this next scene I want you to spruce up a bit. A clean shirt, a light one for a change, and maybe a tie instead of a scarf, and let's see . . . how about a shave?" Gary's big paw slid over his face, trying to cover its light stubble. But Hathaway pulled it away, took a close look, and said, like a papa to a son, asking if he had washed behind his ears, "Gary, did you shave this morning?" There was both doubt and accusation in his tone. "Sure," said Gary, "at four o'clock, when I got up." But Hathaway was not to be so easily taken in. "Come on now, your beard doesn't grow that fast! Was it this morning or was it [*Continued on page 92*]

Hitting the High Spots with GLENDA

So you thought *Life* was *All Laughs* for the FARRELL? Read this and Learn Otherwise

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

TO THE Farrell, christened Glenda (with slight vowel variation) after "Glinda, the Good," leading sprite of Queen Osma's Kingdom in *The Wizard of Oz,* life has dealt varied experiences.

"But if you're any good at lessons, you'll find that the best thing life teaches is tolerance," says Glenda, pungently. The scene is the glistening, glassy, *moderne* bar in the Farrell's recreation room. "Take disappointments," said *La* Farrell. "If one of the greatest disappointments in my life . . . No, I'll make it the *greatest* disappointment . . . hadn't come when it did, I would not have done what I consider my most courageous effort, and it would not have led into the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me."

The Farrell paused for effect, hands on brown slack-clad hips. The girl is nothing if not good, in her scene timing. Performances in over thirty films from *Little Caesar* to her two latest, *Smart Blonde* and *Gold-Diggers of 1937,* attest to that. Blonde head thrust back, upper lip raised in bow shape, baring her small white teeth, in typical Farrell fashion, she awaited our questions. She knew she had aroused our curiosity. The questions came.

"Now wait a minute," she parried, her left hand raised flat against the wall of questions. "Not so fast. One at a time. Let's take the greatest disappointment in my life . . ."

And that is how this story came about, focusing on the highlights in the sensational career, ladies and gentlemen, of that charming little lady of mirth (and tears, too, if the producers would give her half a chance), Miss Glenda Farrell.

"It was right here in Los Angeles," continued the Farrell, memories coloring her already blue eyes. "Long before I entered motion pictures. You see, I was a theatrical child. An only child, too. At seven I was doing [*Continued on page 72*]

Grabbing VICTOR MOORE for Good

Movie fans are glad that Broadway's goofiest comedian jumped to the movies. And while you howl at him he just suffers and suffers

By HARRY LANG

NOT so long ago, O. O. McIntyre went to the show called *Anything Goes,* on Broadway. He guffawed mightily at the antics of that pathetic, potbellied, perplexed, puttery person named Victor Moore, and then he went home and wrote, in his famed column: "Nobody could be as goofy as Victor Moore looks on the stage!"

Which just goes to show how utterly and completely and colossally wrong even McIntyre can be!!! Because if there is one person whose story and personality are as goofy as Victor Moore looks on the stage, that person is Victor Moore.

You movie fans who don't quite know this Victor Moore, yet, will soon be raving about him as your favorite screen comedian, precisely as thousands of stagegoers have regarded him as their favorite stage comic. Go see *Swing Time,* and if you don't think Victor Moore is funny, with that bewildered, bedevilled, crackvoice and crackpot manner of his, then I'm a dill pickle.

Moore has quit the stage. He has signed with RKO to make movies, from now on. It's a swell break for filmgoers, a bad break for stage fans. For Hollywood and Beverly Hills, only time will tell whether it's a good break or a bad one. You see, Moore has just played a quaint trick on a Beverly Hills real estate salesman—which goes to show that he's not as crazy as he looks. Anybody that can dump several thousand hens on a Beverly Hills realtor, and get a big movie mansion for 'em, is foolish—like a fox. That's exactly what Victor Moore did—he swapped his Long Island chicken farm for a Beverly palace, because he expects to live in movieland from now on. The chickens are reported to have breathed sighs of relief, but the burghers of Beverly are apprehensive. They know how goofy are Victor Moore and his story.

Goofy? But look—Is it goofy, or isn't it, that the reason Victor Moore is land-rich today is because he lost $132,000 in two years at poker and horse races? Is it goofy, or isn't it, that he crashed into movies by exploding his appendix? And what, pray, is goofier than the tale of the movie mogul who turned down a chance to sign him when—well, this mogul's scout came back from Broadway and raved about Moore.

"He is," reported the scout, "the best comedy bet of the decade. He's a wow. He's a riot. He's funny-looking, pot-bellied, has a funny voice. He's a sexagenarian . . ."

"WHAT?!!" screamed the producer. "He's WHAT?"

"I said he's a sexagenarian," said the scout.

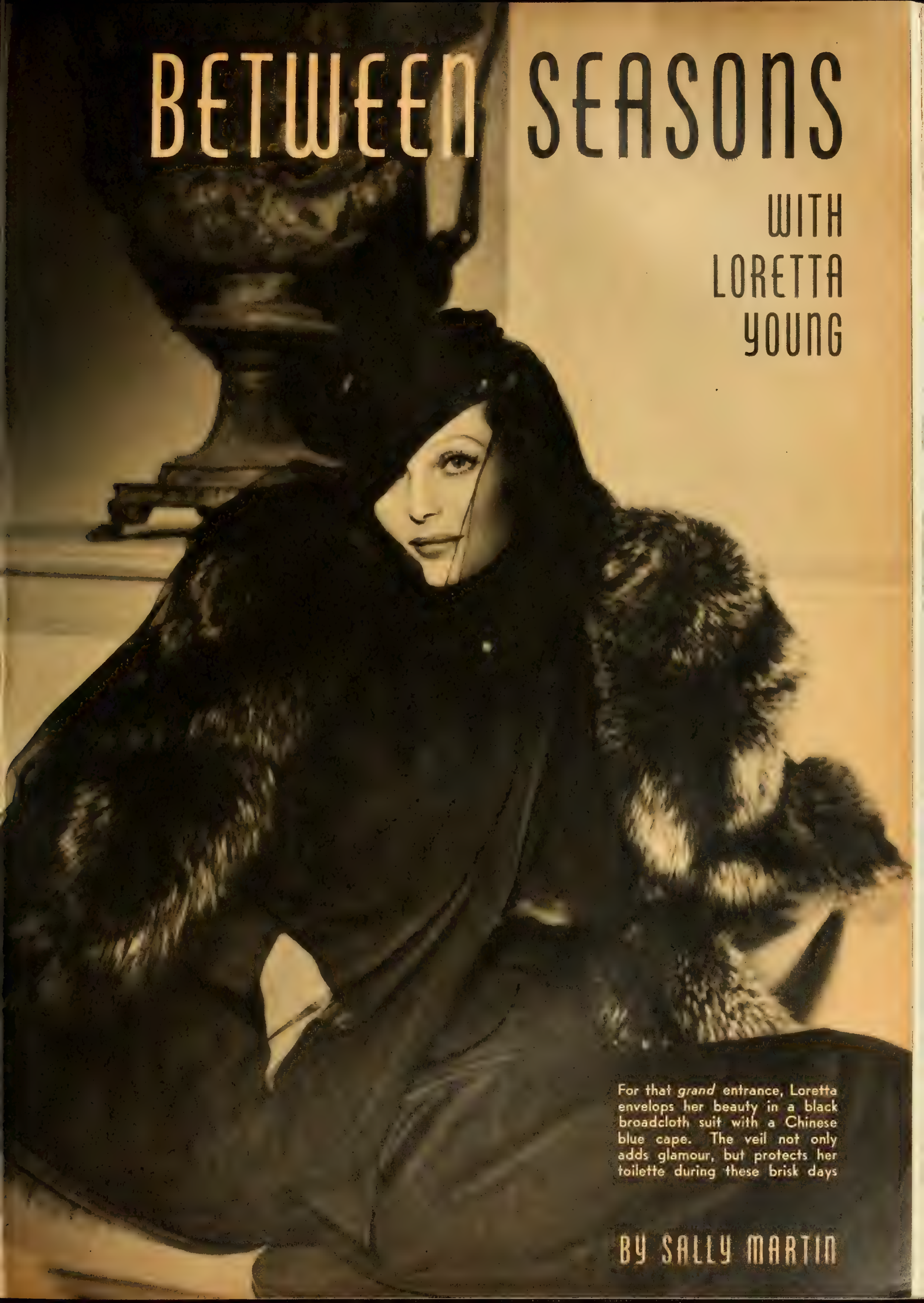
"So, then, he's OUT," ukased the big shot. "Look, didn't I tell you the Hays office says we gotta lay off this sex stuff?"

And so, instead, RKO's astute bosses signed Sexagenarian Victor Moore to a long-term film contract, and so today, despite his 60 years, Moore is destined to be the comedy sensation of the screen. And, because I honestly think his offscreen and offstage life and career are every bit as funny as anything he has ever done or ever will do before the cameras, let me [*Continued on page* 69]

When Victor retires he hopes his son, Bob, will follow in his footsteps

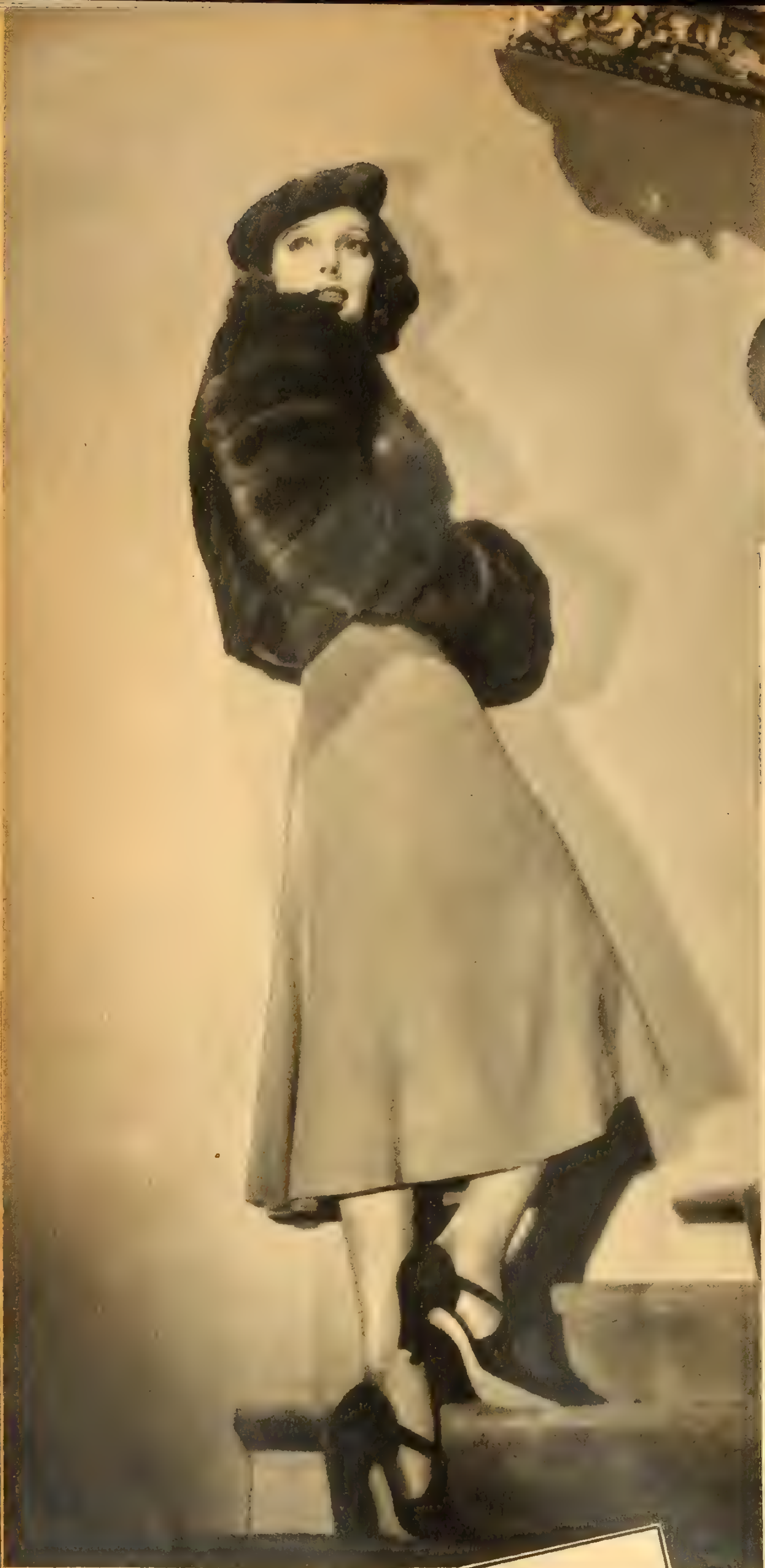
BETWEEN SEASONS

WITH LORETTA YOUNG



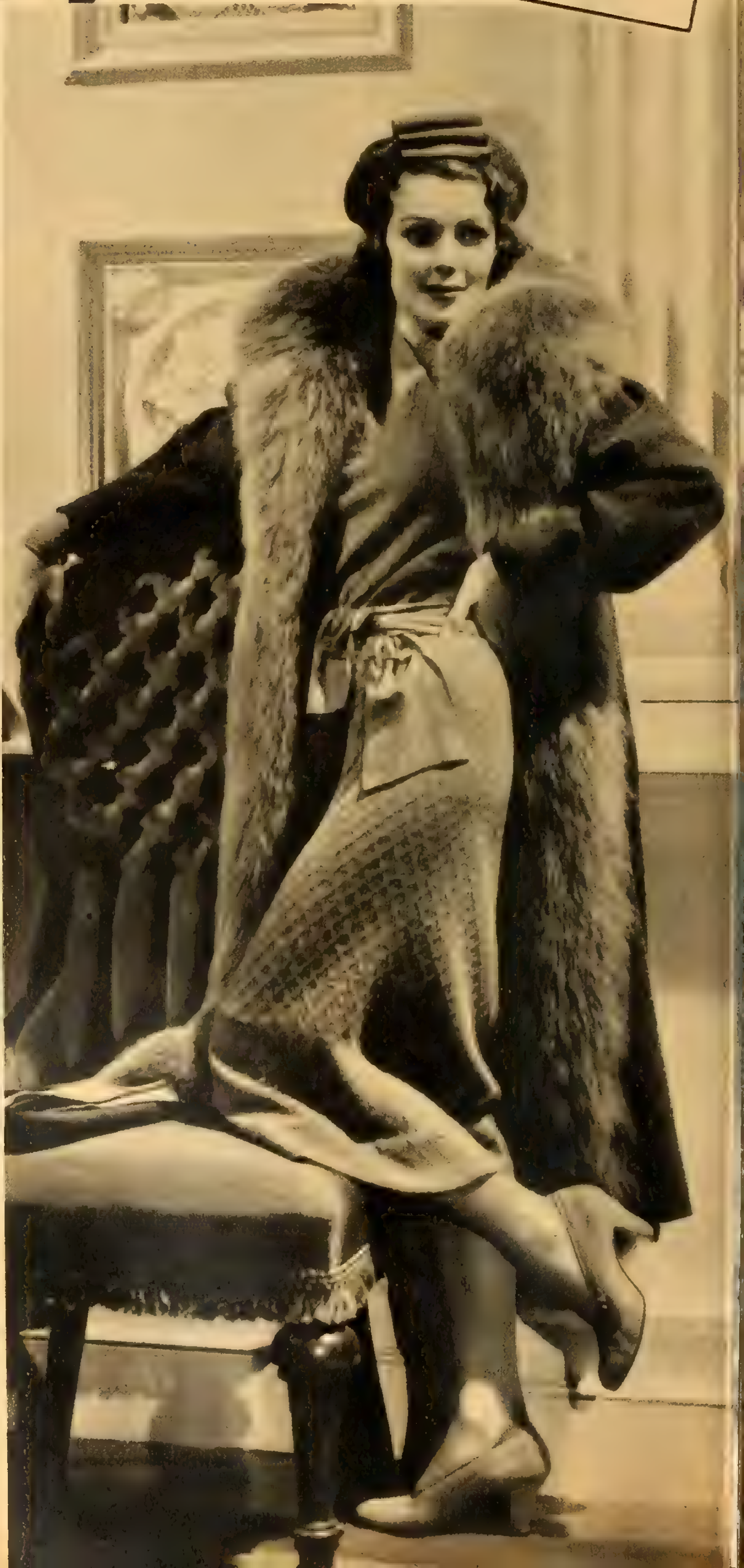
For that *grand* entrance, Loretta envelops her beauty in a black broadcloth suit with a Chinese blue cape. The veil not only adds glamour, but protects her toilette during these brisk days

BY SALLY MARTIN

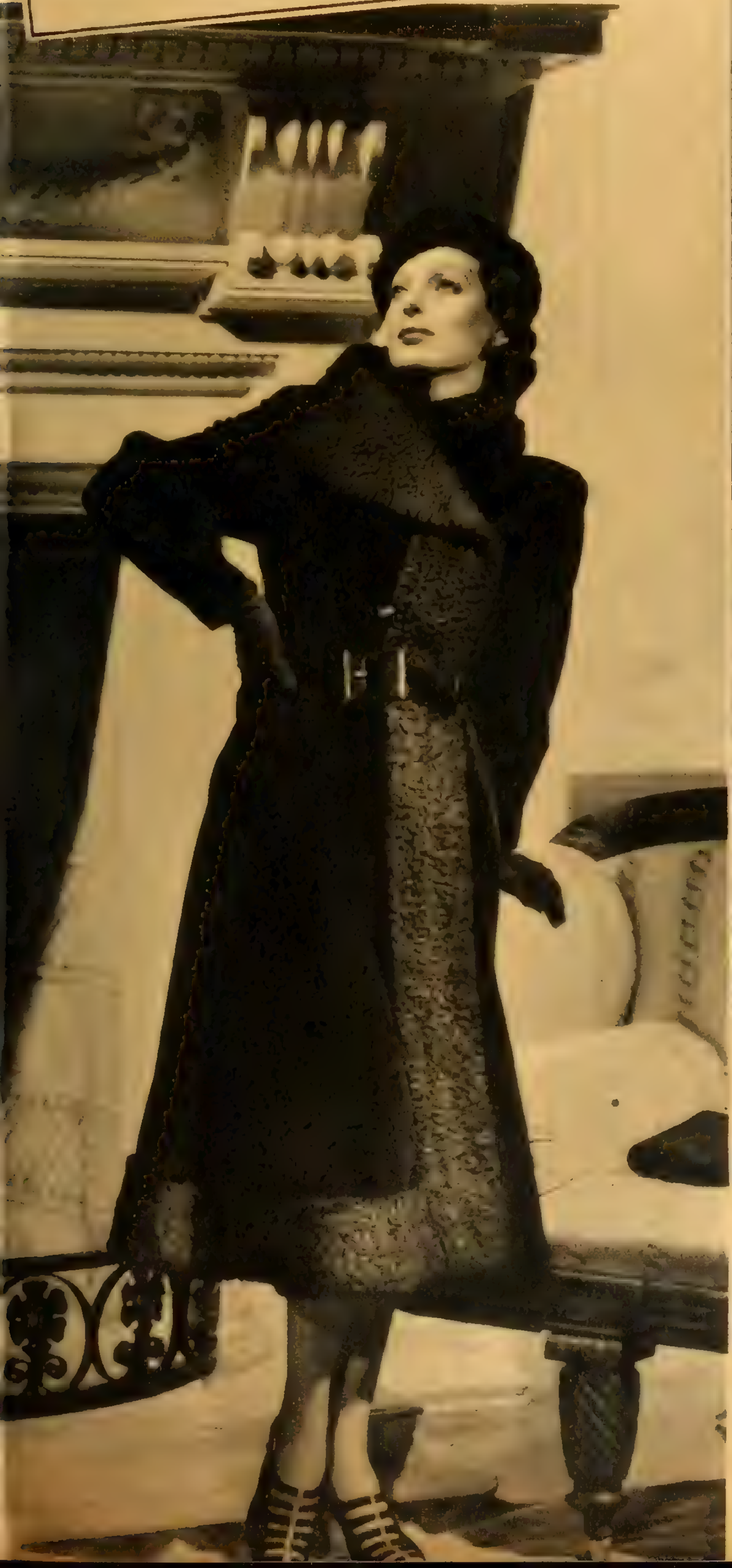


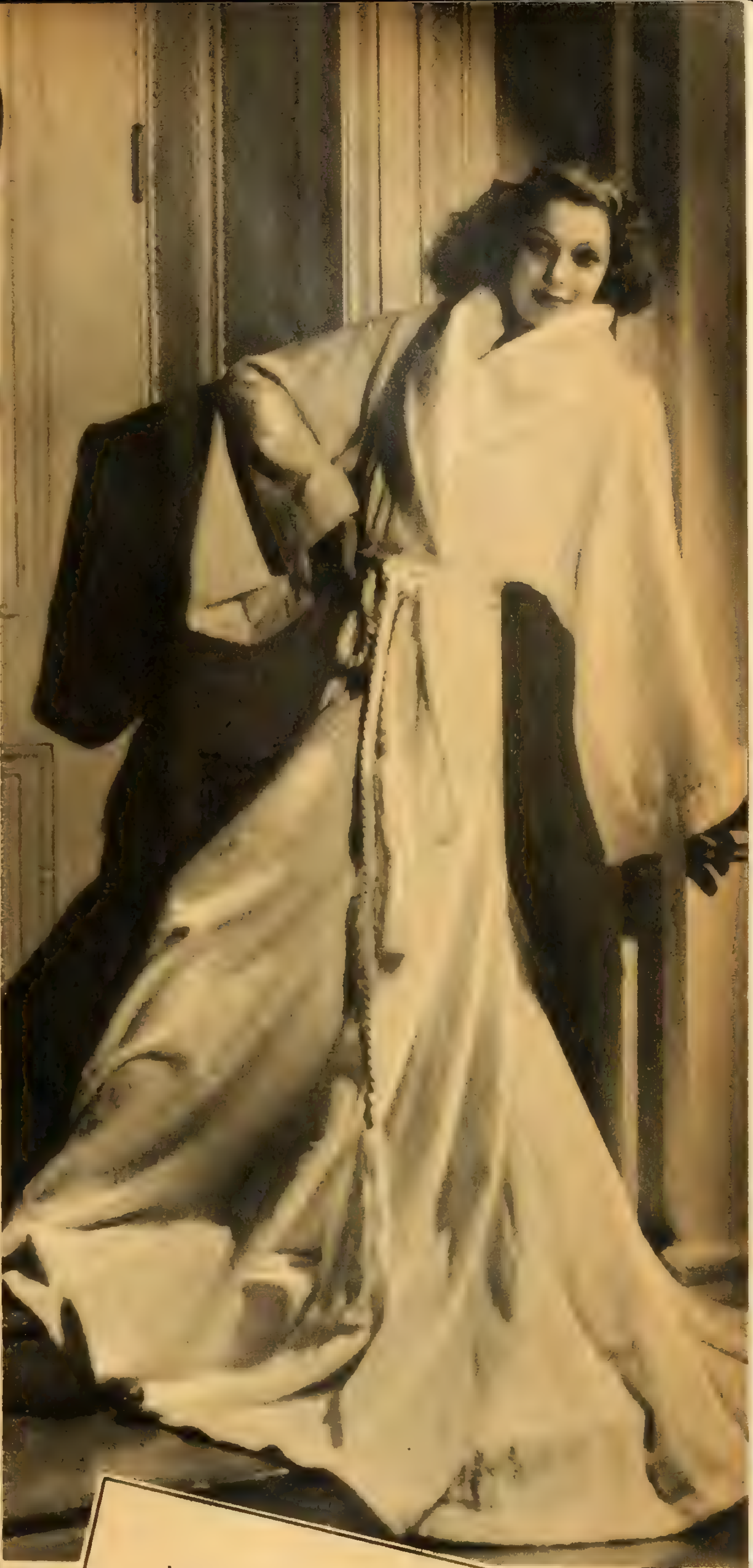
As the smart stylists say, "It's a sable season." So, when Loretta feels that luxurious spell coming on she pulls out her toast-brown duvetyn ensemble trimmed with sable. The snob! The short, flared skirt is fashioned with the new back fullness to add even more swing to the already full skirt. And to keep her ears and mitts warm, Gretchen (that's what her friends call her) matches the sable skins used in the short bolero for a muff and hat

For effect in this daytime ensemble, Loretta resorts to an unusual color scheme—grey and raspberry. The dress, made with a surplice bodice, slightly flaring skirt, and belted in a strip of wide grey suede fastened with an over-size silver safety pin, is a luscious shade of pale raspberry ostrich woolen, woven with a waffle design. The coat of smoke grey wool has a lavish tuxedo collar of grey fox. Raspberry grosgrain ribbon trims the grey hat

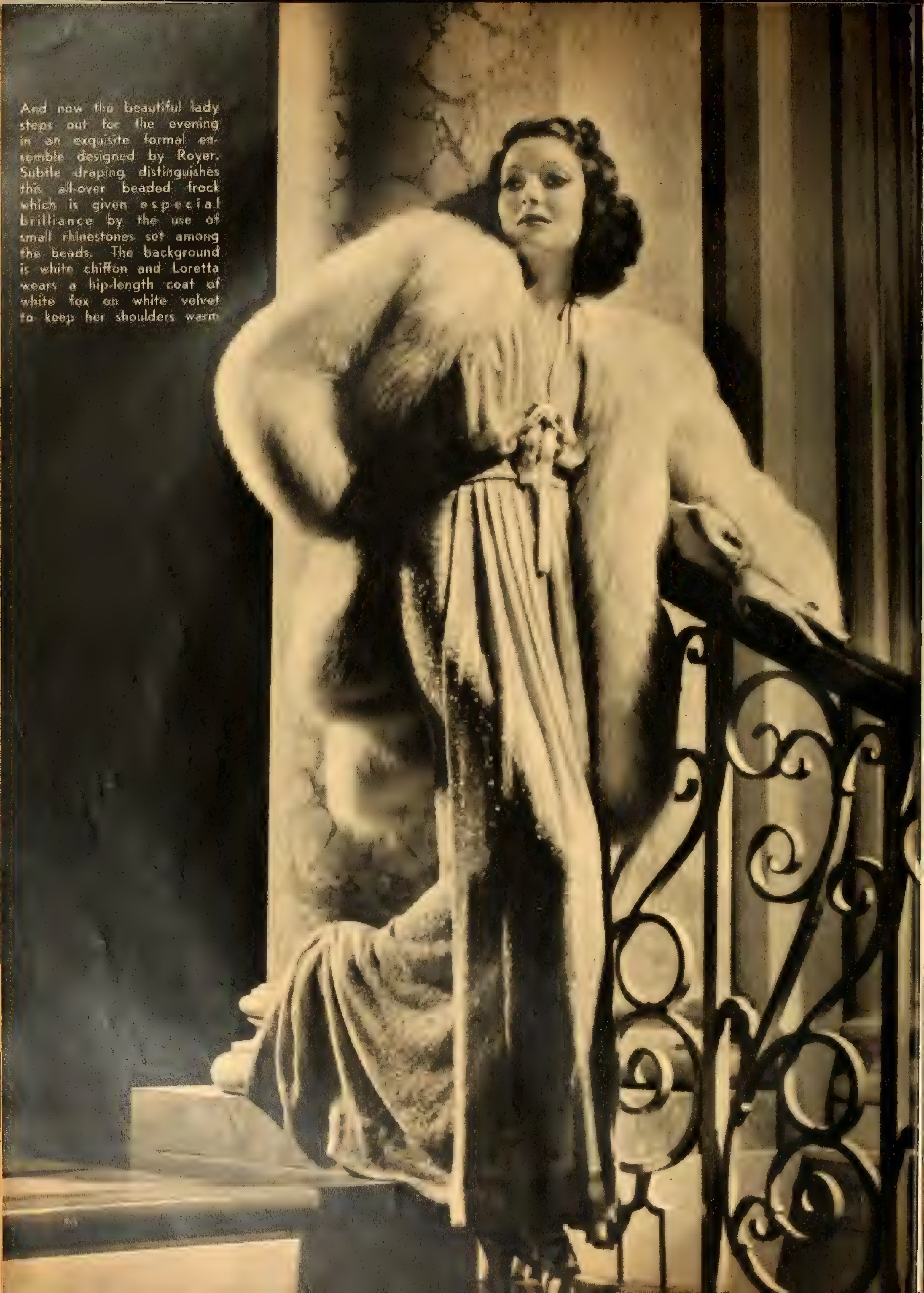


Gretchen (apropos of the Continental influence here) prefers black velvet—as all chic women do—for more formal afternoons. This flattering coat, with a strong Russian influence, uses black Persian lamb for the high-standing, draped collar and side border that finishes part way up the brief vent at the back of the flared skirt. She tops it off with a Persian lamb toque, and foots it in black antelope sandals with silver bars





We're not extremists, but let's get away from all this formality for just a minute, and peep into the lady's boudoir. We find the charming lady, the essence of femininity, in a magnificent robe that is as practical as it is luxurious. It is made of heavy white toweling and is tied around the middle with heavy white cording, finished with tassels. It is a Royer design and Loretta Young wears it in *Love Is News*



And now the beautiful lady steps out for the evening in an exquisite formal ensemble designed by Royer. Subtle draping distinguishes this all-over beaded frock which is given especial brilliance by the use of small rhinestones set among the beads. The background is white chiffon and Loretta wears a hip-length coat of white fox on white velvet to keep her shoulders warm

How to Live and LIKE IT

Richard Dix has a good slant on what makes wheels go 'round

By IDA ZEITLIN

IF POPULARITY in this business were to be gauged by personal likeability, then high up among the ten best would stand the name of Richard Dix. I'm not going on an adjectival binge about him. But I'd like you to come along and meet him as I met him for the first time—relax in the ease of his manner, comfortingly free of those twin bugaboos of Hollywood, the superiority and the inferiority complex—sense his innate gentleness—savor his talk, which confirms both the frankness and humor in his hazel eyes.

Clad in grey slacks and sweater, he opens the door of his home to you himself. Greetings are interrupted by a minor commotion. Bobbing down the staircase on the arms of butler and nurse, come his two young sons, eighteen months apiece, their cheeks as red as the checks of their rompers.

"This is their afternoon out," their father explains. "They meet up with the gang in Beverly Park and go social."

By their features you couldn't tell them apart. But Bob's the one who eyes you gravely, sizing you up; while Richard's willing to take you on "spec" and, smiling genially, makes a grab for your nose. Father waves his hand in farewell. Richard flaps back. But quiet little Bob suddenly grips your heart by smothering mouth and nose under his palm in what he conceives to be a kiss.

That Dix is nuts about them goes without saying. He'll talk about them, but not for publicity. He doesn't want the movie atmosphere to touch them till they're old enough to decide whether they like it.

"I don't think Bob would ever want to be an actor. Richard might. There seems

[*Continued on page* 66]

Here are the proud parents whose twin sons, Richard an' Bob, are now 18 months old

Well, well, look who we have here. Her name is Joan Woodbury. She'll be giving you the old come-hither appeal in Warner's *Midnight Court*

The TALK of

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

A neat package on the small side is Jeanne Madden, a young Warner hopeful. Her fine voice is heard in *Gold Diggers of 1937*

WHEN it comes to sheer, downright having-fun-out-of-life, you've got to hand it to Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. These two have had more amusement out of their romance than most people get out of a whole lifetime. Both are inveterate practical jokers—and never does either let the opportunity pass to "gag" the other . . . Carole's latest and biggest chance came with all the fuss over whether or not Clark was to raise a set of whiskers to play the role of *Parnell*. Hardly had the discussion begun at M-G-M, than Gable began to get the works—first, mysterious men with long whiskers would pop up in the most unexpected places and peer at Gable. He learned, finally, that "someone" had hired some bearded extras to dog his footsteps. They followed him in the street, sat next to him in restaurants, paraded before his hotel, even stopped him to ask for matches or the time. When that wore out, he was suddenly inundated with a flood of packages, by mail, express and special messenger. All of them contained false beards, moustache wax, and like gags.

But the payoff came when, right on the M-G-M lot, a bearded sandwich-man suddenly appeared and picketed Gable's dressing-room door. And the legend on his sandwich-board read: WHISKERS ARE UNSANITARY! . . . At sporting events, Gable and Lombard are a wow. They are more fun than the show itself, usually—because invariably, they each root for opposing contestants. Football games, horse races, wrestling matches, prize fights—it doesn't matter; Gable roots for one side, Lombard for the other. It got so funny that just during the fuss about who was to play in the annual Rose Bowl classic, some Hollywood wag proposed: "Why not Lombard vs. Gable?"

But in the midst of all the comedy, these two keep level business heads. Her assaults on the Gablian dignity didn't prevent Carole from engineering for herself one of the finest, fattest new contracts in Hollywood—Paramount to pay her $150,000 per picture, for three pictures a year; Carole to have full and final say on all production details! And besides that, she's to have the right to make one picture away from Paramount each year—when and what she pleases. Oh, I say, do you hear London calling?

Dorothy McNulty is no new Hollywood discovery. She had to win Broadway honors before M-G-M called her for *After the Thin Man*

Hollywood

More Blessed To Give, Etc.

HOLLYWOOD is still talking about the shock Roland Young dished out when he refused to accept money for working. That is something amazing to movieland. It seemed Roland was called from England for a week, at $7,000, for one week's work in *Call It a Day*. But two additional days' shooting were necessary, and when the pay-checks were passed out, the extra two days' salary had been added to Roland's $7,000. He turned it back!—said, "I stopped work every day at five sharp, so I don't feel entitled to overtime because they had to shoot longer."

When you see *A Star is Born*, you'll be following the romantic adventures of Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, who are teamed in this color film

Madge Evans is still de-lovely to most collegians. She was delightful in *Pennies From Heaven*

Put Him On Ice!

INCIDENTALLY, poor Roland is in a terrible confusion. All his life, as you who follow movie news know, Roland has been collecting tiny penguins, in ivory, glass, wood, metal and so on. But the other day, he got the first real live one for his collection; Alice Brady sent it to him from a Hollywood pet shop. Roland hasn't any idea of how to keep penguins, and he's being driven coocoo by foolish advice, to top it off.

So far Miriam Hopkins is the most likely choice for *Scarlett O'Hara* in *Gone With the Wind*. Her last film is *Men Are Not Gods*

Kitty Carlisle grew tired of waiting for better Hollywood breaks. New York is now appreciating her voice in *White Horse Inn*

Can't Take It

JEAN HARLOW, one of Hollywood's few who cannot tan, but burn seriously under sun, is having an indoor badminton court put in her home, so she can play in safety.

Try Out Your Talkie Voice

IF YOU want to know whether or not you have a "talkie voice," here's the test devised by Douglas Shearer, M-G-M's famous recording engineer. Go to one of those make-your-own-records shops, he advises, and speak this line into the recording mike: "Fifty, fifty, Mississippi."

If it plays back without hissing, sizzling sibilants, then, says Shearer, you have a good movie enunciation.

Why Janet Janet!

TALK of Hollywood is the positively fiendish and murderous screen caricature Janet Gaynor gave

of Simone Simon, the gal who ousted Janet as queen of the Fox lot. It was during a sequence for Selznick's *A Star is Born*, wherein Janet plays the leading role, now that she's a free-lance. The script required Janet, as a movie-hopeful waitress, to imitate certain screen stars. One of them was Simone. But when they ran off the rushes, Janet had put so much something into her Simone take-off that they're still debating whether or not they can use it in the released picture! Also imitated by Janet was Mae West. It's probable that the Mae West imitation is the one you'll see on the screen. It is not as murderous.

Almost The Real McCoy

UNCANNIEST resemblance in Hollywood is that of Joan Fontaine, RKO's new starlet, to the late Jeanne Eagels.

Why Secretaries Are Born

WHAT stardom means, in certain angles, is shown by some data compiled by Sally Eilers' secretary, for fun: It shows that in her career, Sally has posed for more than 70,000 photographs, not counting movie-camera shots. She has answered more than 100,000 fan-letters. She has personally autographed and sent out more than 200,000 portraits of herself. Wardrobe fittings at the studio have totalled about 200. She has kept 800 hairdressing appointments at the make-up department. And she has given out 1,100 interviews to writers!

Going To A Fire, Bruce?

BRUCE CABOT'S most horrible moment of the month: Speeding along the boulevard, he saw a motor cop trailing him. Like all motorists with guilty consciences, he slowed down. But the cop whirled alongside with a siren-howl, and stopped him. Cabot's heart sank—it looked like a $10 ticket. The cop grinned. "You lost this," he said, "and I've been chasing you four miles to give it back." He handed Cabot the cap off his gas tank. Bruce says he'll buy ten tickets to the next Policemen's Ball!

Stork Carries Money, Too

SEEMS odd, but the birth of a baby in Hollywood cost Margaret (Newlywed) Sullavan a cool thousand dollars in New York! You see, a little over a year ago, in Paris, Paul Kohner, an M-G-M executive, and his wife, met Margaret and William Wyler, who was then her husband. They were honeymooning, and they got to talking, as honeymooners will, about babies. It ended in a bet; whichever had the first baby between Margaret and Mrs. Kohner, the other would pay all expenses. Well, not long ago, the stork brought the Kohners a daughter. They'd forgotten all about the Margaret Sullavan bet, by then—particularly inasmuch as Margaret had long since divorced Wyler, and married Leland Hayward, so they didn't want to bother her with past reminiscences. But Maggie, good sport, heard of the baby's arrival—and sent $1,000 for all expenses, airmail, to Mrs. Kohner.

Femme hearts are beating pit-a-pat for Tyrone Power. Can you wait, girls, for *Love is News?*

Following the skiing fad sweeping the nation is Mary Alice Rice in *Top of the Town*

Cruelty To Animals

WARNER BROTHERS just got the goofiest protest of all. A woman in Nebraska sent an airmail letter, indignantly telling them not to make *Three Men on a Horse*. It's inhuman, she said, to put that much of a load on one horse!

Once known as Virginia Reid, this nifty number took a new name to seek a new future. Now known as Lynne Carver she sings in *Maytime*

News Of "Home Brugh"

BEST Giggle of the Month on Robert Taylor, as supplied by his grandmother, who lives in Kansas City: "He was quite pleased," she revealed, "when the studio changed his name to Robert Taylor, from his own name of Spangler Arlington Brugh—because the boys used to call him 'Home Brugh,' and he didn't used to like it."

Other Bob Taylor news of the

month: From the loneliest girl in the world, Bob just received a plea. She is Josephine van der Ryst, and she lives in Cape Province, South Africa. It took her letter months to reach Taylor. Josephine wrote that she lives in such a small community, that she has no friends, and feels she is the world's loneliest child, and begged him to write her weekly. Taylor sent her the first letter, right away. She will get it around July. Other fan letters have been deluging Taylor since he started work opposite Garbo, in *Camille*. Of them, seven were from male admirers of Garbo, each begging Taylor to snip a lock of Greta's hair for them! For locks of his own hair, Taylor has received requests from fifty-three girls. The suit he wore in *His Brother's Wife* has been asked for by sixty-three writers; another forty-four asked for his shoes; twelve wanted the shoe-soles autographed first. And three one-legged men wrote, asking for one shoe each! Bob, by the way, now gets an average of 8,000 fan-letters a week.

Blossoming out as the radiant bride of Frank Orsatti, Jean Chatburn, a Great Ziegfelder, is a promising blossom on the M-G-M rose-bush

And just to prove that Mary Alice Rice hasn't everything her own way on skis here's Olivia de Havilland mushing along

Britain's Jack Dunn is an Olympic skating champ. He'll do his stuff in that *St. Moritz*

No Hurting Big Rubber Man

AH, THE psychologists have settled it, again. This time, the "it" is why children, although they basically dislike brutality, nevertheless laugh when Laurel pokes Hardy in the ellybay. Explains Dr. Emmanuel Miller, famous British child psychologist: "When Laurel punches Hardy, that is not brutal in a child's eye, because Hardy is like a big rubber ball." My, my, ain't science wondiful? But suppose they let the air out of Hardy—what then?

Helen Mack's infant son was taking a nap when this photo was taken, so she gives you the pets instead. Helen's back in films

Paradise Regained

NOAH BEERY, who left Hollywood not many months ago broke, and apparently headed for oblivion, has found Paradise in London. So in demand is he for films there that, since starting work in British pictures, Noah has paid off $200,000 in Hollywood debts.

Why Not Pancakes And Syrup?

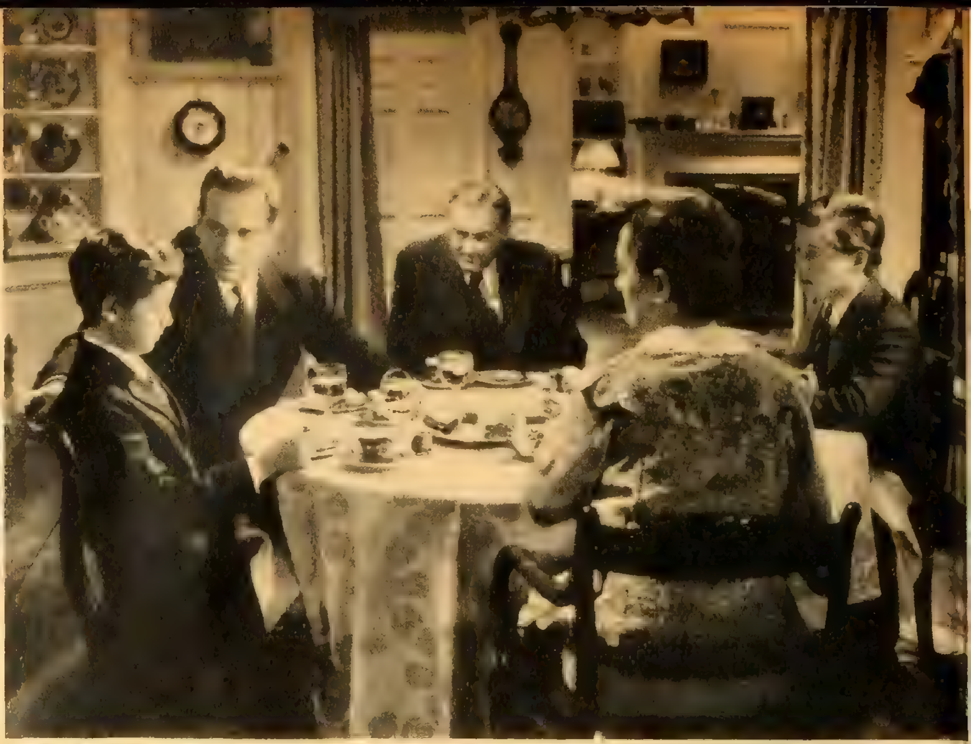
MARY BRIAN, heading back to London to make more movies there, first made arrangements to enjoy life a bit more in Britain. Out of her experience in trying to find American foods abroad, she left orders in Hollywood whereby she will be shipped regular consignments of such things as real American-style coffee, specially-baked pies, baked beans, and even ice cream, packed in dry-ice-refrigerated containers so it will "keep" all the way by airmail.

Not All For F. D. R.

BELIEVE it or not, several hundred people throughout America voted for Shirley Temple for President, in last November's election. Final election reports reveal that many wrote in the name of the li'l starlet on their ballots . . .! "Because she is not of age," the votes were not officially counted. Others who got write-in votes for President, in Los Angeles' voting precincts alone, included Bing Crosby, Dick Powell, Gary Cooper, and one wag voted for "Amos 'n' Andy."

[*Continued on page 77*]

Director Victor Fleming goes down to the sea again and comes up with another great picture



In this scene representing Lionel Barrymore's Gloucester cottage are Freddie Bartholomew, Melvyn Douglas, Lionel Barrymore, Mickey Rooney and Katherine Kenworthy. Setting is true to life

HOLLYWOOD Goes to Sea Again

Adapted from Kipling's great story, *Captains Courageous*, MGM has a fine, salty, sea-going film here

By CAROL CRAIG

A SMALL sailing ship rides at anchor on the open sea. It is night. A thin fog creeps across its decks, dimming the few small deck lanterns. There are no sounds except an occasional faraway laugh from the fo'c'stle, the occasional creak of a beam, the occasional slap of a wave against the boat-side—and the hushed talking of two figures sitting in the bow of the ship, looking out into the night.

One of them is a young boy, hair tousled and clothes ill-fitting. You know him as Freddie Bartholomew. The other is a tall, well-built, dark-complexioned man, his hair a kinky mass of curls and his clothes those of a fisherman. In his lap is a *vielle*, on which he has been playing while singing in Portuguese. You know him as Spencer Tracy.

The man, in broken English, tells the boy: "Sometimes a song is so big and sweet inside, I can't get him out. So then I just look up at the stars and maybe cry. I have so much fun. . . . You never feel like that? No—I guess you don't."

"Nobody else ever did, either." The boy is scornful of the man's idea of "fun."

"No? Huh! My father when he alive make better songs than me—better than anybody in world. Songs about the fish and the fog—songs about the clouds and the sun—big songs about the wind of the storms—small songs about the tip of my mother's nose. Oh, my father feel beautiful inside!"

"I don't see that it did him much good. He didn't leave *you* much."

"No? Listen—my father he give me this hurdy-gurdy my gran'father give *him*. He teach me to fish—how to sail a boat. He give me arms and feet and hands feeling good outside. He show me how to feel good inside. He do this and have seventeen other kids beside. What else a father do, eh?"

The boy is silent, thinking of what his own father has done for him without making him "feel good inside." He says, finally, "I don't know. . . ."

Like the boy, you will begin to succumb to the spell of the sea, after this scene from *Captains Courageous*—M-G-M's production of Rudyard Kipling's story about the men who go down to the sea in ships out of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Few of those ships are sailing ships any more. This is a picture of the last of them, and the last of the valiants who have sailed them. It is a great romance of the sea—without a single woman in the cast.

Freddie Bartholomew, left, is the real hero of the picture. He shares honors with Spencer Tracy, cast as a Portuguese fisherman

That old sea-dog, Lionel Barrymore, has a virile role—that of the skipper of the fishing schooner, *We're Here* of Gloucester

The principal players are Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore and Melvyn Douglas. Other important roles are played by Harry Carey, John Carradine, Charles Grapewin, Christian Rub, Mickey Rooney—*and* two small sailing ships. The ships also give magnificent performances.

IN THIS story, the movie-makers have hit upon a theme almost as universal in its appeal as love. Namely, the fascination of the sea. If you have ever looked upon the ceaseless, rhythmic surging of the sea and its infinite vistas, seen its changes of moods, listened to its shouts and whispers, breathed sea-washed air—if you have done these things, you know their unfailing fascination. If you have lived inland all your life, the blood of your forefathers in *your* veins will not let you rest content until you have seen the sea—the vast water that *they* crossed.

Whoever you are or wherever you are *Captains Courageous* will give you the vicarious thrill of nearness to the sea. On the most adventurous of all sea-craft—the fast-vanishing ships with sails, the ships most responsive of all to the moods of the sea.

Though the cast is all-male, it is not a picture to appeal

[*Continued on page* 102]

One of the best scenes is in the ship's fo'c'sle during mess hour

JUNE LANG

When you place a girl on a pedestal she's headed for stardom sure. Unlike *Humpty-Dumpty* she won't take a bad fall — not with such solid *foundations*—and six featured roles to her credit in the past year or two. After *White Hunter* comes *Nancy Steele Is Missing*

Not What She Seems to Be —That's KAY

Kay Francis has been called the last word in sophistication, yet her private life lacks glamour

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

"*ROMANCE!*" This will probably be the title for the next drama in which Kay Francis will star. Having completed four pictures in a straight row for Warner Brothers, *The White Angel, Give Me Your Heart, Stolen Holiday,* and *Another Dawn,* she has gone to Europe for a three-month's vacation. Oddly enough, so has Delmar Daves, the popular scenarist, who has been her constant companion during the past year.

Of course, they deny any marriage plans, both vehemently insisting they are merely good friends and pals. But this is an old Hollywood custom and doesn't mean a thing. Their friends are quite convinced that they will say "*I do,*" in some picturesque spot in Europe and make this a honeymoon trip.

The beauteous Kay has been the real-life heroine in several dramatic love-stories, beginning early, for at seventeen she married Dwight Francis, an ardent young actor. After a couple of deliriously happy years, this ended in divorce, as did two other marriages, both entered into with the highest hopes for lasting happiness. Now it looks as if her dreams were to come true for the brilliant Mr. Daves is devotion itself, and they are unusually congenial in all their tastes.

I talked with Kay the day before she left and while she refused to discuss the romance, she told me she would spend the Christmas holidays in St. Moritz, then take a villa on the Riviera, making short trips to her favorite haunts in France and Italy.

Amid all the rush of departure, she sat quietly knitting, with no suggestion of excitement or nervous tension. Neither was there the agony of confusion in her home that most of us accept as part of last minute preparations. The house was to be closed during her absence so it must have been undergoing many adjustments, but to all outward appearances, everything was moving along casually, as if there were no trunks packed, no stateroom reservations on one of the important steamships sailing within the week—the name of which she was guarding carefully.

Watching her calmly figuring out a difficult stitch for the sleeve of a green sweater, I suddenly became conscious that *Kay stands for Quality!* The secret of her personality is serenity, poise, sincerity—all of which definitely spell magnetism. There is nothing the least primitive about her. Indeed, she's ultra-modern to her very finger tips and knows all the answers. She's sophisticated, has abundant humor, tolerance and self-control.

Living in the screen's world of vicarious romance and glamour, one would naturally surmise that Kay's life has been brimming with exciting experiences, thrilling adventures, and any number of high spots, but when I suggested this she replied with an emphatic, "*NO!*"

Then she added, "On the contrary, my life has been singularly uneventful. It has drifted quietly from one step to another, avoiding anything unusual or outstanding. There are no thrilling or colorful pages in my record and I imagine that I'm entirely different from what the public believes me to be."

THIS offered an idea; I decided to reveal her as she really is, showing that she is not what she seems to be—if judged from her film roles. To begin with, she indulges in no extravagant glamour and is one of the very few screen players who actually lives in Hollywood. She's occupied the same house ever since she came to pictures. Perched on a high hill, it is white with green trimmings and is small and unpretentious. It is picturesque, however, for it drops its three stories down a steep incline, with a charming garden opening off the living room on the lower floor.

It's a real home for the reason that she spends a great deal of her time in it and as I glanced at the simple, tasteful furnishings, with the late afternoon sun adding its enchantment, I knew it was the exact setting for Kay.

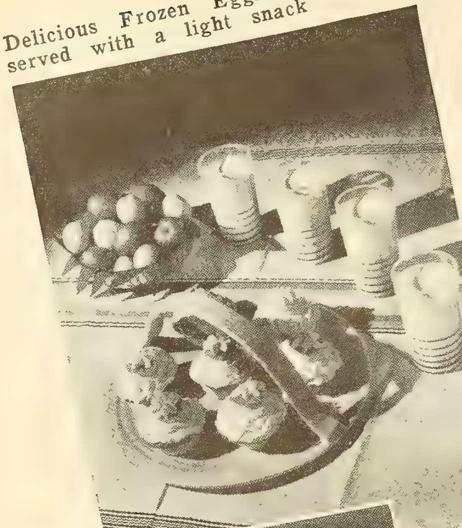
"One can't relax in public with an audience ever at hand," she explained. "A home should be a haven, a place for real living, a congenial environment that is at once, restful and stimulating to new ideas. Here, I find complete rest after filming scenes all day at the studio that revolve around the splendors of multi-millionaire mansions, or battling with emotional upheavals.

"I brought my colored maid, Ida, with me from New York and she's a lady's lady, if ever there was one. To Ida, it is always 'our career,' and she shares its every phase, and she is an ardent picture fan, too, never missing a preview of my films—or any other if she can help it.

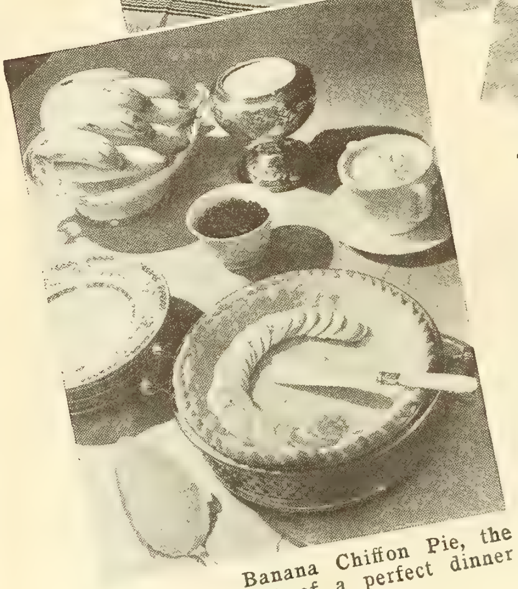
[*Continued on page* 82]

For the first time Kay reveals her true self. She's a home body who loves the simple life. She even loves to knit.

Delicious Frozen Eggnogg served with a light snack



Individual Frosted Desserts that are palatable after a heavy meal



Banana Chiffon Pie, the end of a perfect dinner

Use Your Refrigerator for Winter Refreshments

Cooking with cold is a fascinating art

By PHYLLIS FOSTER

HAVE you ever cooked with cold, instead of heat? Do you use your refrigerator, just as you use your range, to aid you in preparing appetizing refreshments? The hostess who is expert at manipulating her refrigerator freezing trays as well as her cooking spoon, is doubly talented.

And cooking with cold is a fascinating art! It tempts anyone to concoct glowing jellies to grace the buffet meal, to prepare delicious fruity creams and sherbets, to mold unusual salads and relishes which will give snap, zest, and color to the menu.

At Sunday Night Supper and the increasingly popular Buffet, as well as the Bridge Luncheon, a salad mold, or salad-dessert is a happy choice. The materials may consist of chopped vegetables combined with cold cuts; or, cut fruits blended with mayonnaise and whipped cream; or mixtures in which whipped soft cream cheese plays the major part. Any of these may be mixed, poured into the freezing tray or special molds, and allowed to freeze or chill several hours in advance of actual use.

Here, it is worth recalling that each refrigerator must be well understood, and its special temperature control set at the right point, and kept there, or changed, according to the type of dish and its consistency. Just as with an oven, there is a "low," "medium" and "very hot" degree of cold—in reverse! Women who complain that they "don't understand what makes my ice cream full of ice particles" etc., are not sure to grasp the effects of cold on food structure.

In general, *the more rapid the freezing, the more smooth the texture of the finished dish.* Again, *the less watery the mixture, the less the danger of "ice crystals,"* as seen often in a frozen cream. Or, *the higher the proportion of sugar, the less danger of a lumpy or granular consistency.*

While I plan to devote an entire article later to the fascinating subject of Frozen Ice Creams, it is well to note here that practically every sweet mixture must have some amount of "binding" or stabilizer, and that this may be either corn syrup, or gelatin, or marshmallows. The smoothest sherbets and the most velvety creams will be found to have one of these special ingredients in their make-up.

Mechanical beating or whipping also makes a mix of smooth consistency and that is why so many refrigerator recipes read: "When the mixture is partly frozen, remove from tray, scrape from bottom and sides of pan, and beat until smooth but not soft, then replace and finish freezing." If any whipped cream is to be included in your recipe, remember this all-important point: *never overbeat.* Only beat cream to a fluffy, spongy lightness, then *fold in,* as directed. Overbeating makes the cream "buttery" and full of small unpleasant particles, sure to spoil the texture.

AND now a word about molds. Before pouring in any mixture, either rinse the mold with chill water, or better, wipe it out with neutral oil swabbed on with tissue paper. This is by far the easier way, and saves any trouble in later unmolding. For Buffet Service it is well to offer a single large and ornamental mold which, in itself, will be a decorative feature of the table. Or, the mixture may be made in a large shallow oblong mold, so that when unmolded, the entire jelly may be cut into small squares or portions for each guest (economically!) to help himself. Of this latter type is the unusual recipe which I have found to be so popular especially with men guests. It is:

SUNDAY NIGHT HAM AND RAISIN LOAF

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
½ cup seedless raisins
2 cups sweet cider

[*Continued on page* 62]

Lines... Dry Skin

ARE UNDER-SKIN FAULTS

Miss Sela Krebs: "A dry-looking skin is easy to avoid with Pond's Cold Cream."

To keep skin young looking —learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

Hard to believe—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin *underneath!*

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels *underneath* begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your *outside* skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands *underneath* that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin."

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks *years younger!*

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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TAKE NO CHANCES
with ½ Way Tooth Pastes

Brilliant Teeth—Healthy Gums with this Double Protection

YOUR teeth may look clean and white, even though your gums are soft and spongy. That's the insidious thing about half-way dental care. Forhan's Tooth Paste, created by an eminent dental surgeon, provides the *double protection* everyone needs. It does *both* vital jobs—*cleans teeth* and *safeguards gums.*

After brushing your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your mouth feels! Soon you can see the difference.

Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the big new tube saves you money. Buy Forhan's today, and *end half-way care* once for all. *Also sold in Canada.*

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DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH / SAVES GUMS

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The Great New Head-Cold Fighter

Fights Head Colds

Makes Breathing Easy

On Sale at All Druggists

FREE ENTIRELY FREE

Send No Money—Nothing to Buy—No Obligations

Here is a special advertising offer made solely for the purpose of acquainting you with the remarkable action of this great new head-cold-fighter, a test bottle of which will be sent on receipt of the coupon. Don't delay. Be sure to take advantage of this sensational Free Special Offer at once. No letter needed. Send only your name and address on the coupon, and mail today.

SEND NO MONEY-ONLY YOUR NAME

For Free Sample write name and address plainly and send to ARZEN, 544 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. 53.

Use Your Refrigerator for Winter Refreshments

[*Continued from page* 60]

2 whole cloves
2 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup boiled ham, cut in small cubes or slices

Soak raisins in cider until plump. Add cloves, sugar, and salt, and bring to boiling point. Add gelatin, and stir until entirely dissolved. Remove cloves. Chill. When jelly begins to thicken, add ham. Pour into mold, and chill until firm. Unmold, garnish with horse-radish or mustard mayonnaise, gherkins, or sliced fresh cucumber pickles, with watercress or lettuce. (Serves 8).

Another suggestion for a Buffet where cold cuts, cheese, beer and relishes are appropriate, is that of:

ASPARAGUS PIMIENTO JELLY SALAD

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
¾ cup asparagus liquid
2 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
1 can green asparagus tips
pimiento

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add asparagus liquid, vinegar and salt. Pour into small square molds to depth of ½ inch, and chill to harden. Take 4-6 asparagus tips and tie into small bundle with narrow strip of pimiento in middle. Place bunch on hardened jelly layer. Pour over remaining gelatin liquid and return molds to chill in freezing compartment 2 hours. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with baby beets and mayonnaise, or French or any cream dressing. (Serves 6).

NOT all kitchen experts are familiar with the new trick idea that one may utilize the liquid remaining from pickles and relishes and transform it into molds of piquant jelly garnish to accompany hot roasted meats and poultry. There is a novel Lime-Cucumber Jelly recipe, to serve with fish, which I will be glad to send those who ask for it. And while mentioning accompaniments of hot meats, did any one of you ever make the following cooling refreshment, to be served with roast pork, veal or turkey? Don't tell your family or guests of what it consists, but ask them to guess. I'll wager not 4 out of 5 will suspect that it is a—

FROZEN CIDER CRUSH

24 marshmallows
1½ cups sweet cider
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ cup egg whites
grains salt

Melt marshmallows in ¾ cup cider, over hot water, stirring frequently. Remove, add remaining cider, lemon juice, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Pour into freezing tray and freeze to a mush. Remove, and scrape mixture from sides and bottom of tray. Beat until smooth but not melted. Add remaining sugar and salt to egg whites, and whip until stiff. Fold into mixture. Pack into molds and finish freezing. (Serves 6).

AT A SMART late supper only a few weeks ago, a hostess passed to her guests tall glasses filled not with a liquid beverage, but with a solid frozen cream! She had cleverly adapted an old recipe for eggnog into a frozen form. Send for that recipe also, if you wish. Of course such a dessert perfection as Biscuit Tortoni, or that old-fashioned favorite, Tutti Frutti, is exceedingly simple to make, even though it always looks like a terribly expensive dish. Try using those flat, shallow, pleated paper cups, and freezing the mixture right in its cup, placed in your freezer tray. There is also on the market a novel tray, having five small glass dish inserts into which you may pour the mixture, return to freeze, and then serve each dish individually. Tricky idea—isn't that?—for the hostess who likes to show her guests unusual table service.

Several readers wrote in recently asking for special notice on Ice Box Cake desserts. Space will not permit giving these here, but that is also a subject which I have on my list to feature in future detail. For perhaps no other dessert is so Queenly as this one, with its tall upstanding wall of ladyfingers restraining the inner cake of unusual richness. Have you tried a Cranberry Ice Cream Ice Box Cake, or one made with those fresh flavored "frosted" food berries and peaches? If you are looking for something de luxe, for a special party occasion, do try the Peach-Macaroon Ice Box Cake, and save yourself a caterer's bill!

To make layered or molded gelatin dishes is one of the most pleasant of the kitchen's small tasks. Given an amount of clear gelatin aspic or stock, plus assorted cut vegetables, and sliced chicken, tongue, ham or shrimp, all that is necessary to success of what appears most complicated is patience and pains. I mention this type of refrigerator refreshment because the recipe for Molded Chicken and Vegetable Salad makes such a colorful, decorative showpiece either when laid on the table, or when passed around to guests to help themselves.

IT WOULD lengthen my article too much if I were to give details of how the little leftovers and oddments of the refrigerator could also be put to refreshment uses, but don't fail to send for my free list of eight recipes. (See coupon at end of article.) Also, at this busy social season when clubs and other groups make biggest demands on the homemaker, remember that cooking with cold always has this big advantage: it's a made-in-the-morning dish, and you can prepare it, pour into refrigerator tray, and then push it out of sight until evening or the following day.

Why are so many hundreds upon thousands of automatic refrigerators sold each year to appreciative householders? Not merely because they keep foods safe and prevent the ice-man tracking up the kitchen floor; no, not only that. They are sold in mounting daily sales because each box affords complete Hospitality Service, permitting the hostess to make her own delicious, novel, and appealing refreshments without benefit of caterer.

FREE

LET ME SEND YOU

a set of 8 STAR REFRIGERATOR RECIPES, including Tart Tomato Jelly Salad, Butterscotch Pecan Ice Cream, and Frosted Cucumber Relish. Just send this coupon to me at this magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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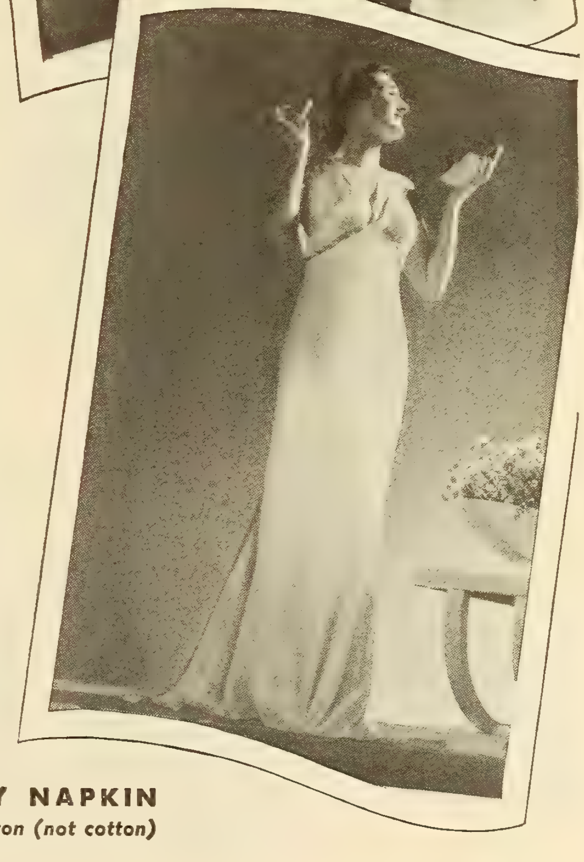
Address ....

Carefree Always

because of the 3-way protection of Kotex



❶ *CAN'T CHAFE* The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

❷ *CAN'T FAIL* The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

❸ *CAN'T SHOW* The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE— Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX **A SANITARY NAPKIN** *made from Cellucotton (not cotton)*

Eleanor Powell Writes a Letter to Your Bob

[Continued from page 41]

I liked you for that, too. I was afraid for you at first, Bob. I'll tell you that now that I know the time for fear is past. You'll never get "I-ish" now. But I was afraid for you once. You'd had no Broadway experience. You were so young. You were such spoilable material, I thought. You were so recently out of a small town, a loving home, out of college. Fate hit you such a crashing blow in the face. I didn't see how anyone could stand up to it. But you did.

I remember saying to you one day: "Oh, don't ever change!"—and the way you looked at me and said: "I won't."

And I like you because you are a hard worker, like myself. You don't believe that all you have to do is stand before a camera and make handsome faces. You don't think that your profile will substitute for mugging. You're digging deeper than that. You're digging so deep that your path and mine will not cross again, I fear, professionally. There was some talk of teaming us together again. Honest as I think I am, I don't dare to come out and say how much I hoped they would—for my sake. But you're cut out for stronger, more dramatic things than light musical comedy, Bob. That's one of the many reasons why you will not be a "flash in the pan." You're developing and maturing. Like Clark Gable you'll be able to stay on the screen for years and years—forever if you want. Because you're an actor and not just a face.

Anyway, we do have hard work in common, you and I. Mother likes to tell that I have made many a veteran piano accompanist cry "Quit!" because I'll rehearse definite routines all day and then do a couple of hours of new steps besides. I've tried to know all there is to know about tap dancing. I've studied and am studying voice and piano. I hope, sometime, when my dancing days are done, to develop in other and more serious fields—a field where you and I might meet again! And you're like that, too. You haven't just stopped with your camera angles. I've seen you digging about in the cutting-room, talking to the sound men, to the camera men, watching other actors work, studying the methods of different directors. You're a worker, Bob, not a playboy, and my hat's off to you for that!

I remember so well (do you?) the evening, the one and only evening you ever called on me. You were passing by and dropped in to have a talk. We had such fun that night. We discovered so many tastes in common. Do you remember how we fooled about with records and discovered that we're both crazy about dance orchestras, and especially about Eddie Duchin and Guy Lombardo? We picked out our favorite records and played them and got excited about the trombone in this one, the saxophone in that, the piano in the other. Fun, wasn't it?

We talked about Hollywood stars. You told me how much you admire Clark Gable, his work, especially the way he has kept his head on his shoulders and his feet on the ground. You said that if you can take fame and flattery as he has you'll be content.

And I told you how much I admire Joan Crawford and how gardenias are my favorite flowers, too. I never dreamt then that we would become friends, Joan and I. I never thought I'd have the chance to give her lessons in tap. But I am doing just that. And she comes to my set when she's not working to watch me dance. And a prouder teacher never lived than I!

We got quite clubby that night, Bob. You know we did. And I suppose we were very young. We exchanged all kinds of ideas. I told you that my favorite color is blue and that I love to ride horseback but can't because mother thinks it's too strenuous for me on top of all my practicing. And I told you that I could eat roast beef and ice cream every day of the year. And you told me how you love to ride horseback at sunrise and often do, and about how you dislike big parties and double dates and that was when I exclaimed: "Don't ever

The TRUE EXPERIENCE of RITA KOCH
OF OZONE PARK, N.Y.
NOBODY Goes
READ RITA'S OWN STORY
DON'T YOU CARE DARLING – WE'LL SHOW THEM – EMMA TOLD ME TODAY YOU OUGHT TO EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY FOR THOSE PIMPLES. IT CLEARED BOB'S UP FINE – REMEMBER...
HE HASN'T ANY NOW, HAS HE? I'D BETTER START RIGHT OFF AND GET RID OF MINE!
LATER
–BUT DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT IT–THIS PARTY'S TO BE A BIG SURPRISE–
IT SOUNDS LIKE HEAPS OF FUN
MY BUT IT'S GRAND TO BE IN ON THINGS AGAIN

change, Bob!"

I confided that I never smoke and never take a drink. And you told me that you smoke and take a cocktail now and then but always in moderation. You told me how violently opposed to smoking and drinking your parents were. Your folks and mine had quite a few ideals in common about bringing us up, I think. And I liked you because you weren't ashamed to talk about ideals or to admit that you have them. You never pose as the Weary Sophisticate as so many popular young men do.

We found out that we have a mutual love of dogs. Ruggles, my cocker spaniel, took to you, too, Bob, just like his mistress. Only he had fewer inhibitions about showing his—his regard. We both love houses, we agreed—remember? You told me then about the house you would have one day, a rambly, homey house among the hills, with a ping-pong table out under some shade trees. And now you are building that house. I see you so often in the commissary at the studio poring over blue prints and plans and seed catalogues. And you were going to have a nice house for your mother, too. And you have. And we talked about gardens and discovered that we really know quite a lot about hardy annuals and perennials and what soil is best for what roses and all that. And it all seemed terribly important, didn't it, and worth talking about.

And we both like to rough it, wear slacks and camping clothes. I told you about my favorite vacation trip which is a two months stay in Westchester where I can rough it and wear camping clothes all day and go to bed every night at nine after fishing and hiking all day.

And you told me about the long rides you used to take on your horse back home in Nebraska, with a "passel of grub" slung over your shoulder and only the prairie dogs to watch you as you passed. . . .

You'd be *fun*, Bob, to go adventuring with. There's nothing fixy-up or cocktail-barrish about you. You are as handsome as a head on a Greek coin but the head on the Greek coin belongs in turtle-neck sweaters and sweat shirts out on the prairies and in the woods and on the rivers. That's why you matter so much instead of just looking so much.

And do you remember how we planned what would be our idea of a perfect date? We both said no swank, crowded night spots. I remember how you said: "It costs so much money." And then just a few months later, we met in the "Troc" one night. You were with Barbara Stanwyck. I was with Jimmy Stewart. Our eyes met and I made a funny face at you and you made one back at me and we both laughed, remembering . . .

Anyway, when we planned the perfect date we said that we'd like to take a long drive, out along the sea, with fog and a high wind, if possible. And then we'd like to drive into a hamburger stand and eat hamburgers, at least two each. We got quite worked up over our mutual love of hamburgers. We discussed, at great length, the relative merits of hamburgers with relish and mustard versus hamburgers without. I think we shouted: "Down with caviar!" or something like that. We're no snobs.

And then I said: "and popcorn, of course—" and you sat up straight and shouted *"Do you like popcorn, too?"* as if you had made the most stirring and stupendous discovery. And after that, we said, we'd drop in on some amusement park and that set us off on a new tack and we raved on about our mad love of roller coasters and merry-go-rounds and chute-the-chuteses and fortune-tellers and shooting-galleries.

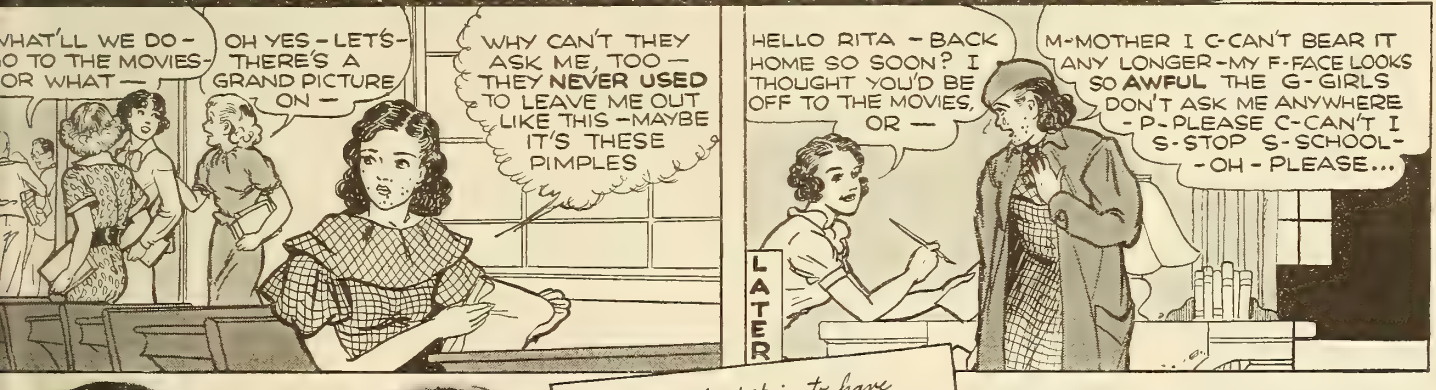
And then we said that if we didn't feel like going out we'd do something to sort of further ourselves. Perhaps, we said, we'd read a script together and discuss situations and things. Or perhaps we'd invest in a bowl of popcorn and read aloud. Those were our ideas of what constitutes the perfect date—and I still think they are very sound ideas.

I told you that I am superstitious and that I guide my life by my horoscope and always carry a small, solid gold elephant with me wherever I go, for good luck. And you laughed at me and did some very expert analyzing of superstitions and of people who are superstitious. And I realized what a sound and well-informed mind you have and what a lot you know about matters far other than movies.

And now I feel better, Bob. I've wanted for so long to tell you how swell I think you are—and why. Not because you are handsome and a movie star and famous, but because you are a man before you are a movie star—and a man who likes horses and dogs and gardens and people and popcorn and books. The kind of a man I—I like. Me and how many others! Your friend and fan and believer-inner,

—ELEANOR POWELL.

Around with ME Anymore!



VHAT'LL WE DO– O TO THE MOVIES– OR WHAT—
OH YES – LET'S – THERE'S A GRAND PICTURE ON —
WHY CAN'T THEY ASK ME, TOO — THEY NEVER USED TO LEAVE ME OUT LIKE THIS — MAYBE IT'S THESE PIMPLES
LATER
HELLO RITA — BACK HOME SO SOON? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE OFF TO THE MOVIES, OR —
M-MOTHER I C-CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER – MY F-FACE LOOKS SO AWFUL THE G-GIRLS DON'T ASK ME ANYWHERE – P-PLEASE C-CAN'T I S-STOP S-SCHOOL– – OH – PLEASE...

THE WAY I LOOKED BEFORE

I took Fleischmann's Yeast. I couldn't bear to have people look at my pimply face."

RITA NOW

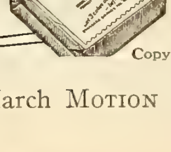
—skin clear. "It is wonderful the way Fleischmann's Yeast got rid of my pimples," she says.

I know how hard it is to have to go around with a pimply face. That's why I'm glad to have this chance to tell how wonderfully Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin.
I wish every girl or boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann's Yeast like I did. I'm sure it would fix them up.
Rita Koch

CLEARS UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES

AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!



Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal —plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!

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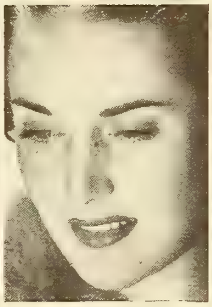
SKIN LOOKS MORE LIKE YOUNG GIRL'S WITH NEW TANGEE POWDER

Ordinary powders tend to coat skin, coarsen its texture, make it old and "powdery" looking.


See how Tangee's clear smoothness gives skin a dull surface with a youthful underglow.

Like Tangee Lipstick, Tangee Face Powder has the famous Color Change Principle that gives your skin natural radiance of youth... Tangee Face Powder seems to light your skin from within. It matches your own skin tones, gives your face a lovely underglow of youth. Blended scientifically, Tangee ends shine . . . clings for hours. You use *less* of Tangee because of its light texture... it's economical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 55¢ and $1.10. Or, send the coupon for new "Two-Shade Sampler" that will bring you lovelier, more youthful looking skin.

✓ **New 2-Shade Sampler—2 Weeks' Supply of Powder**
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY 137
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please rush new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powder Sampler. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada) . . . Send sampler checked:

Sampler #1 ☐	Sampler #2 ☐	Sampler #3 ☐
Contains Flesh and Rachel	Contains Rachel and Light Rachel	Contains Flesh and Light Rachel

Name
(Please Print)
Address
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The Sensational
McCOY'S
Cod Liver Oil Tablets
Chock Full of Vitamins "A" and "D"
Have remarkably helped many boys and girls, men and women, to

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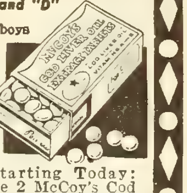
3 to 7 Pounds Quickly



Starting Today: Take 2 McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets after each meal. 60c and $1 size—all Druggists

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McCoy's, 544 S. Wells St., Chicago
Dept. 33
Rush Free Sample of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets to
Name
Address
City State

How to Live and Like It

[*Continued from page* 51]

to be an *entente* already between him and his public".

About his work Dix talks with a refreshing absence of bunk. "My slogan's always been: 'I hope I can get another year out of this racket.'" The fact of the matter is, that when his contract with RKO was up, he had offers from three companies. He chose *Columbia*, "the most wide-awake little company in the business," according to him and others. He's just finished *The Devil's Playground*, first picture on his new contract, which allows him to direct one a year.

"I've had my nose in the greasepaint too long," he says, "to get it out easily. But I cherish no illusions about my art. I don't consider it an art. To me it's a question of personality and mimicry. I think it flatters your ego to be an actor. But you don't feel—at least, *I* don't feel that I'm doing anything very damn worth while. If I had my life to live over again, knowing what I know now, I'd do what my father wanted me to do in the first place—study medicine. I'd like to help this thing we're dumped into—this planet, this existence, whatever it is—I'd like to help it along wherever the devil it's going. I'd like to be a cog in the machine instead of a clown prancing along beside it."

HE wasn't being bitter or frustrated—just informative. Nowadays he satisfies his thirst for medicine by reading books "which are sometimes over my head, but worth the struggle, even if I don't get more than half of what's in them." A highlight of his recent trip to New York was the experience of watching a friend transplant the cornea of a pig to the eye of a man. Yet it was because he watched two operations as a boy that he didn't become a doctor.

"My father was the old type of hickory stick, God love him. He wanted my brother and me to study medicine or law—otherwise no college. Because the rest of college was flubdub and nonsense. My brother became a physician. But he made the mistake of allowing me, an adolescent, to witness two bloody operations. One was a tonsillectomy. Fifteen years ago they were ghastly. They clamped wire nets over the tonsils and almost tore them out. The other was an arm amputation. This poor devil had been caught under a locomotive, with the steam and hot water searing his flesh off. Bone cases are the toughest to watch, anyway. My God, *no*, I thought, I'd rather run an elevator. I told my father: 'I'm not constituted to minister to moaning, groaning people. It makes me sick.'

"'Then what *are* you going to do?' asked father.

"'I don't know'.

"So he made me go to work in a bank, of all places. I loathe routine. Doing the same thing over and over and over. But I met a cute little redhead there named Louise. She was studying dramatic art. I didn't give a damn about dramatic art but I liked Louise. I thought it would be fun to stick around at school with Louise two nights a week. And that's the whole truth about why I went in for acting. But when Sothern's advance agent saw me do *De Mauprat* in *Richelieu* and offered to have me read for Sothern and Marlowe, I began to think I was in line for Booth's shoes. You'll have to excuse it. I was only nineteen. I read for them and they offered me eighteen a week to go with them. Then I broke the news to father, and he hit the ceiling. He wasn't going to have his name disgraced, by the lord Harry. No son of his was going cavorting around with a lily in his hand. When I finally made a go of it, though," Dix chuckled, "he was the proudest duck in the world. Always knew I'd make a success of anything I undertook. Now I happen to be interested in the real estate business. But if I went to dad today and told him so, do you think he'd clap me on the back and say: 'Go to it, son'? He would *not*. He'd say: 'Hell, boy, you're crazy. Stick to your own racket.'"

Richard gave up the Sothern and Marlowe job, and, as boys will, sulked for two months. Then his brother, who was all for him, bought him two suits and sent him to New York. If the going was tough, there was always the comforting knowledge that Doc stood behind him. A year later tragedy struck. Doc died of mastoiditis at 32. "Didn't know much about mastoids in those days," his brother comments curtly, eyes clouding.

RICHARD was now on his own. Father refused to connive at the "boy's tomfoolery," mother was helpless. For four or five years the going was brutal. Dix covered the old territory with his wife, on their first trip to New York together. "That's where I paid two bucks a week for a room, when I had the two bucks. That's where I bought a suit for five-and-a-half. There's Simpson's pawnshop, where I hocked my last pair of pants.

"I used to keep a diary in my earnest way," he recalls, "and the diary was funny. At the bottom of every other page, when I didn't know where my next meal was coming from, I'd write: SAVE MONEY!!! Always at the back of my mind was the thought of financial independence. It meant more to me than all the art in the world. It still does. I've got three better reasons for wanting it now than then."

Some three and a half years ago Dix was stricken with pneumonia. While he was ill, a friend who had owed him some money died. His secretary took it upon herself to disclose the fact to his friend's family. Furious on discovering what he considered a breach of faith, he discharged the girl. Before going down to the desert to convalesce, he asked his "old Uncle Jack" to find him a new one.

On his return Uncle Jack handed him a list of four names. "I picked these out of thousands." There was a cross after one name, two crosses after another. The name of Virginia Webster was marked by five crosses.

"Why five?" grinned Dix.

"Seemed like a regular girl," growled old Uncle Jack.

The tastes of uncle and nephew gibed. Dix liked her, too—her unaffected manner, the fact that she'd had the stuff to work her way through college when her father suffered financial reverses in '29. He even liked her blue eyes and brown hair, though of course they had nothing to do with his feeling that she was just what he needed as a secretary. Presently that gave way to a deeper feeling—that she was just what he needed as a wife. He tells the story laconically, but with relish. "I proposed and she refused me. It took me from Oc-

[*Continued on page* 68]

"THE WHISPERING CAMPAIGN THAT NEVER STOPPED"

It was some sixty years ago that the word began to spread—

"It's not true that we women were meant to suffer—that our lives must be filled with pain!"

They were passing on the news of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Brewed first for the relief of her own family, it had proved of marvelous benefit. Neighbors had begun asking for it. Whispers of its effectiveness had spread through the town, to neighboring cities—

For 61 years this whispering campaign has carried on. Today the Compound is known wherever humans dwell, because one woman tells another how it helps them go "smiling through." Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend in every walk of life that now the ordeals of womanhood need no longer spell suffering and exhaustion.

The Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that you buy today is made in a great laboratory composed of six modern buildings. The use of scientific developments have multiplied its medicinal value seven times. Its value is evidenced by the thousands of letters of heartfelt thanks that continuously pour in.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

Might it not help you, also, to go "smiling through"?

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Are you keeping tabs?
Make Olive Tablets your favorite laxative

Think! Has more than one day gone by without adequate elimination?

If so, take Olive Tablets before you turn out the bathroom light tonight.

Prescribed for years by an Ohio physician, Olive Tablets are now one of America's best known proprietaries—famous because they are so mild and gentle.

Keep a supply always on hand. Remind the whole family to think of them on the second day. Three sizes: 15¢, 30¢, 60¢—at all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE
OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARNS

$400

Mrs. F. McE. (Penna.) thought it was too good to be true when she read that Chicago School of Nursing students were often able to earn $25 a week *while learning* "practical" nursing. However, she sent for the booklet offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought decided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh lesson she was able to accept her first case—in three months she had earned $400!

Think of the things *you* could do with $400!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

can train you, as it has trained thousands of men and women, *at home and in your spare time*, for the dignified, well-paid profession of Nursing. Course is endorsed by physicians, 37th year. Lessons are simple and easy to understand. High school education not necessary. Complete nurse's equipment included. *Easy tuition payments.* Decide today that you will be one of the many men and women, 18 to 60, earning $25 to $35 a week as trained practical nurses! Send the coupon for interesting booklet and sample lesson pages. Learn how you can win success, new friends, happiness—as a nurse.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 83 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name..

City..................*State*..............*Age*.......

How to Live and Like It

[*Continued from page* 66]

tober to June to wear her down. Then we were married in Jersey City by the man who'd married her parents."

Then came the boys. "And I want to lay a little nestegg by for them, so that when they get up to bat, they won't have two strikes against them, as I did."

CURIOUS that a man to whom financial security was all-important should have made a fortune, and lost it. Not so curious if you'll hark back to 1929. "A dear old friend," he said appreciatively, "showed me about the stock market. 'What a cinch!' I yelled. 'What a sap I've been, working my fingernails off!' So I kept on going, greedy like the rest of the saps, until suddenly—" and his hands went boom.

"But I *had* done one smart thing. In 1926 I was with Greg La Cava in a New York speakeasy. A fellow from Washington who'd had a few drinks said a bill was going to be passed for the opening of the George Washington Bridge. I got hold of him a few days later when he was sober. 'Were you telling the truth?' I asked him. 'Yes,' he said. 'That bridge is going through, and all the wise guys are buying acreage near it.' I bought seventy-seven acres on the Jersey side. Now they want to put up a settlement there and call it Dixville. I signed the papers this morning. Only I'm not going to let them call it Dixville. Rather have it called Rooseveltville," said one of the many to whom Maine and Vermont are a pain in the neck.

His hobby is a ranch he owns in the valley, where they spend their weekends. In cords and sweatshirt, he mounts a horse, whistles to the dogs, and starts for a jaunt over the hills. Sometimes he takes a gun along—a rifle, never a shotgun because it's not sporting. Only once has he gone deer-hunting.

"I got up at 4:30 one morning, tramped all day, and at 4:30 that afternoon, with my feet all sore and blistered, up came a five-point buck. He looked at me and I looked at him—for about thirty seconds. I knew enough about hunting to realize that if I moved, he'd go. So I shifted my position ever so slightly, and off he loped."

FOR the rest, he reads, plays tennis, feeds the chickens, milks a cow or two when he feels like it, plays bridge with his wife and her parents. "In spite of vaudeville cracks and comic strips, I happen to be crazy about my father- and mother-in-law. We're rotten bridge-players but we have a lot of fun." An old horse, "fat as a pig," grazes his last years peacefully away in the meadows. This is the horse Dix rode in *Cimarron.*

"It's nice up there," he says. "If we ever have any kind of bustup in this country, the land will always be there, and I'll at least be able to feed my own."

All roads lead to Rome—to his deep devotion and concern for his family. Recently a male movie star bemoaned the fact that for him life would be over at forty—when he felt his screen career would end. "I don't know how I can fill my days without it," he said. Dix could teach him. By all the signs, he still has years to get "out of this racket." But if he hadn't, and though he lives to the ripe age his father has reached—"that old hickory stick, 80, but keen as a whistle"—life would still run sweet for him, enriched by a dozen interests outside the screen, by the color and warmth of the lives of those he loves.

—FAST—QUICK—
DIRECT ACTION OF

TURPO

The Wonderful New Cold-Chaser

Relieves that Cold

Just rub Turpo freely on throat, chest, forehead, temples and outside of nose, also a little Turpo in each nostril before retiring at night.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
Write name and address plainly and send to Turpo, 544 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. 43

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

The Best **GRAY HAIR**

Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS

Use **DERMOIL**

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women to secure relief from the effects of this ugly skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again. **Dermoil** is backed by an agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money refunded. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil **Free**, or send 25c for generous trial bottle and amazing proof of results. Give druggist's name and address. Your name not mentioned. **Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.** Don't delay. Write Today. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-17, Detroit, Mich.**

CLEANS WALLS NEW WAY!

Ends Drudgery . . . Sells on Sight

AMAZING NEW WALL CLEANER. Revolutionary invention. Banishes old-style housecleaning mess and muss forever. No dirty rags—no sticky "dough"—no red, swollen hands. No more dangerous stepladders. Literally erases dirt **like magic** from wallpaper and painted walls. Also cleans window shades, upholstered furniture, without work. SAVES REDECORATING! **Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute!** Low priced. Lasts for years. Housewives wild about it—buy on sight. AGENTS WANTED. Hustlers cleaning up **big money.**

SAMPLE OFFER: Samples sent at our risk to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. *Be first—send in your name TODAY.* **KRISTEE MFG. CO., 2713 Bar St., Akron, O.**

Grabbing Victor Moore for Good

[*Continued from page* 46]

introduce to you, this Victor Moore.

Threescore years ago, he was born to a New Jersey grocer's wife, and as soon as he was old enough, Poppa told him he had to help around the store.

"So I helped," says Moore. "I helped myself. I helped myself to a dime out of the till every now and then, because in those days, you could buy a gallery seat with a dime." He can't understand how it happened, but the love of the stage was born in this grocer's son. Even when poppa, worried when little Victor joined the town dentist's amateur theatre club, moved to Boston and opened a lunch-counter, and told Victor he'd have to help out again, Victor continued his tactics.

"There were many dimes in the restaurant till," he explains, naïvely, in that cracked voice of his that makes you want to cry for him at the same instant you're doubled up laughing at him.

Finally, young Victor saw an ad in the Boston papers. "WANTED:" it read; "for supers in stage play, fifty tall young men." Victor wasn't tall, even then. Today he's almost as tall from front to back as he is from top to toe. But that didn't daunt him. He got in the crowd of applicants at the stage door, and set down a paving block he had toted with him. He stood on the block, and when the stage manager looked over the crowd, Victor Moore stood several inches over the other heads, so he was one of those hired. That was his stage debut. I told you this is goofy, didn't I?

VICTOR MOORE was seventeen, that day. Ever since, he has been an actor. To retell the amazing tale of his adventures would take seventeen books the size of this magazine, and then you'd have only skimmed the cream off the tale. He starved, he played one-night stands, he played every sort of show you can imagine. In 1903, he met Emma Littlefield, who was part of a sister act in vaudeville. He married her, and she became his partner, and between them, they wrote and built up what is probably the most famous vaudeville act in stage history—the skit called *Change Your Act or Back to the Woods.* The act played about every town in America. From it, Moore stepped onto Broadway in a show specially written for him by George M. Cohan. It was *45 Minutes From Broadway.* Cohan also wrote *The Talk of New York* for Moore. From it, he stepped into movies for his first movie experience.

Oh, yes. You thought (didn't you?) that Victor Moore is a newcomer to the screen. Well, that shows how you, like McIntyre, can be wrong. Moore first hit the screen more than twenty years ago!—because he burst his appendix. . . . !!! He was playing his vaudeville act with Emma in Los Angeles when he got a bellyache. He asked a doctor about it. "It's appendicitis," said the doctor. "Ha ha," ha-ha-ed Moore, and went back to the theatre. Three days later, in the middle of the show, the appendix blew up, and Moore passed out. Next thing he knew, he woke up in a hospital, and overheard two doctors by his bedside deploring the fact that they'd bothered to sew him up at all, because he didn't have a chance to live anyway.

But he lived, and it was four weeks before the doctors let him get up. Then they told him he couldn't go back to his strenu-

[*Continued on page* 70]

ARE YOU A "POWDER SWITCHER"?

Switching face powders may do you an injustice—Make you look years older than you really are!

How to find your most becoming face powder

By Lady Esther

Do you try one face powder this month and another the next? Do you choose face powder because this girl or that uses it? What may look good on one girl may look bad on another.

Hit-or-miss methods of selecting your face powder, or your shade of face powder, put you at a great disadvantage. It means you have one complexion one day and another the next. It calls attention to your make-up all the time.

If the shade you happen to choose is the wrong one, it makes you look years older than you really are. What you want, first of all, is the right *kind* of face powder. Secondly, the right *shade.*

No. 1. The Right Kind of Face Powder

A face powder must be soft. It must be smooth—absolutely smooth. Only a smooth powder will go on evenly and blend perfectly.

Only a smooth powder will act as a blotter on the skin. It is the blotter-like qualities of face powder that absorb excessive oil and perspiration and prevent shine.

Lady Esther Face Powder is soft—extremely soft and smooth. It contains no rough or sharp particles whatever. This you can prove by my famous "bite test."

Because it is *so* smooth, Lady Esther Face Powder goes on evenly and blends perfectly. It also acts as a blotter on the skin. It absorbs the excessive oil and perspiration that causes that hated shine.

No. 2. The Right Shade

First, the right powder—then the right *shade!*

There is only one way to tell which is your most becoming shade and that is to try on all five basic shades. You must not assume that because you are a blonde or a brunette or a redhead that you must use a certain shade. Any artist or make-up expert will tell you that.

You may be a blonde and yet have a very dark or olive skin; or a brunette and have a very light skin; or vice versa.

What you want to do is NOT match your skin, but improve your appearance. You want, NOT a matching shade, but a *flattering* shade.

I Say "Try," not "Buy"

In my five shades I provide the most becoming one for you. What it is neither I, nor anyone else, can tell you in advance. You must try on all five shades.

But I don't ask you to go into a store and buy all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. No, indeed! I say: "Here, take all the five shades of my face powder and try them all on! Let your own eyes tell you which is your most becoming shade."

Today!

Decide today to make this telling face powder test. Mail the coupon below and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try on all five shades.

Notice that one shade will instantly declare itself the one for you. Notice, too, how smooth my face powder is, how long it stays on and how well it prevents shine. One test will tell you volumes!

The coupon below waits your mailing!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (31) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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*Address*____________________

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

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FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 33, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

Grabbing Victor Moore for Good

[*Continued from page 69*]

ous stage act for quite a while; that he needed something quiet. Jesse Lasky was a friend of his, and Moore explained the situation to Lasky. Lasky hired him.

"You'll have to take things easy with me," Moore told him, "or the stitches will rip out and I'll die on you."

Lasky assured him he'd get a soft role. "And the first scene I had," says Moore, almost weeping, "I was hit over the head with a blackjack, rolled down a flight of stairs, dragged twenty feet, and thrown into the back of a speeding automobile. But the stitches held."

Several other films followed. If you're old enough, you may remember the *Chimmie Fadden* series, or the so-called Klever Komedies. However, films were silent then—and Moore's greatest asset is that trick voice of his, in which is compressed all the futility of life, all the hopelessness of frustration, all the quavering woe that is somehow excruciatingly funny when heaped on his pot-bellied frame. And so, despite his best efforts, Moore's first film venture was nothing more than just "all right."

But it leaves a great pain in his pocketbook. Because while in Hollywood then, the owner of the boarding house in which he and Emma lived tried to sell him an orange grove alongside the house for $15,000. Moore turned it down, and lost the $15,000 on horse races instead, because he was afraid the grove at that price was a lousy investment. Today, that spot is the heart of one of Hollywood's best business sections, and has been conservatively appraised at somewhere around $650,000.

BUT to get back to his career—pictures being not so hot, Moore went back to the stage and musical shows on Broadway, and finally his national hit in *Of Thee I Sing,* wherein he played the famous role of *Vice-President Throttlebottom. Anything Goes* followed that—and in the role of the gangster, disguised as a dominie, whose greatest ambition is to raise his rating as *Public Enemy No. 5* to something a bit higher—say *Public Enemy No. 3,* or even *No. 2*—Moore hit the high crest of his stage fame. And that's when RKO hired him from under the nose of the producer who had to soft-pedal on sex.

Now about the man, Moore, personally—and about that land-wealth of his. Even though he muffed the chance to buy the Hollywood lot, he did buy some sand lots on Long Island. It happened right after he had figured out that in one year he had lost $50,000 at cards, and $82,000 the next year, on the races. One day, he was going to the bookmaker's to lose $50 more on a horse, when a down-and-out actor friend hailed him.

"I got a job selling real estate, to live," wheedled the other, "and if I don't sell some lots today, I won't have the job."

Moore, soft-hearted as a zany, bought the lots instead of betting the $50, which he gave the ham as down payment.

"Meeting the other payments kept me so broke for a while that I didn't have any money left to lose on the races," says Moore, "but it wasn't any difference, because I was broke anyway." He met the payments—totalling some $8,000. Today, the property is worth $250,000. Moore has sold much of it, and on the rest, he started that chicken ranch of his. It was a fancy

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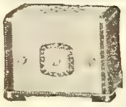

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ranch—it had all the latest gadgets to make poultrying a great success—steam-heated henhouses, egg-registering devices, scientific diet charts for the chickens, and a million and one other devices. They all worked fine, except that the ranch never made any money. That's the outfit he has just traded for the Beverly Hills house.

TODAY, he suddenly finds himself happier—save for one great, black spot in the happiness—than ever before in his life. For the first time, he has a real home. He has a great, assured income. He has reached the spot where, in a few years, he'll retire and do as he pleases and stop working. He has two fine children of his own, and an adopted son. He has everything that could make a man happy—except for the one factor that was greatest of all—his wife. Two years ago, exactly on the thirty-second anniversary of their marriage, Emma Littlefield died.

Her passing almost spelled the end of Victor Moore. In these days, a marriage that survives through three decades of the theatre and its life, bespeaks a love so splendid, so deep, so rich that words can't even begin to describe it. When Emma Littlefield died, that love story came to its bitterest phase for Victor Moore. It didn't end, mind you. Victor Moore's love for Emma Littlefield can never end. He will always love her, as long as he lives—and probably beyond then, if you like to dream of such things.

But the period that followed when she was taken away from him was black. His intimates will tell you it was nearly the end of Moore's career. They say that only his love for his children—19-year-old Ora and 15-year-old Bob—kept him going. Today, the grief is softened, and Victor Moore is looking forward to spending and enjoying what's left of life, at 60.

Greatest enjoyment comes from the knowledge that his children will follow in his footsteps. There's a quaver in his voice when he talks of them—but somehow, it is indefinably changed. It is not the same silly quaver that made you roar at *Throttlebottom* and howl at *Public Enemy No. 5.* It is a different sort of quaver, the kind that catches at your heart, when he tells you: "Those kids are chips off the old block. Bob's a born comedian. And Ora's a sure ingenue."

NEVER, in all the years, has Victor Moore been separated from the kids at Christmas time. When he was touring, he always saw to it that they joined him and Emma over the yuletide. The rest of the time, they were in fine schools—but no matter where ma and pa were on December 25, the kids were there, too. This last Christmas, they were all in that Beverly House that he got with his chickens. Victor Moore was so happy, his eyes were wet. If Emma could have been there, too, Moore would have been so happy that he'd have been content to call it life's fulfilment. . . .

Instead, he's got his plans laid to go on, for five more years, giving everything he's got to the thing he loves best, next to the memory of his wife and his family. That is, acting. But after five years, he says, he's going to quit for good. He's going to do something he has wanted to do for a long time. He's going to buy the most expensive world tour on the finest ship that's available—and see the world. He'll take Ora and Bob with him.

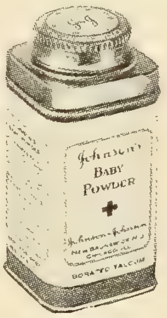
And then he's going to settle down and go fishing. Next to his kids, and his profession, he loves fishing third. "I got it from pa, I guess," he wheezes. "Pa had his

[*Continued on page* 79]

● ***"Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"***

● ***"I can remember when I used to have rashes... Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!***

● ***"But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since we've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"***



● ***"Feel a pinch of my Johnson's—isn't it smooth and slick? Not a bit gritty like some powders. It keeps my skin as fine as silk!"... That's the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc... no orris-root. Always keep Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil in your baby's bath-basket, too!***

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Hitting the High Spots with Glenda

[*Continued from page* 45]

little Eva in the sticks, and going to Heaven nightly, via the pulley. It's a wonder I didn't become a trapeze artist. At fifteen it was *Meg* in *Little Women*. I had done ingenues with the Virginia Brissac players in San Diego from the time I was thirteen.

"Mother and I were in Los Angeles, at the moment. We were broke. We had a small amount of money, very small, in the bank, and that was absolutely all. Then came an offer from San Diego to join the stock company. They were going to put on a season of shows, playing a lot of the Marjorie Rambeau things, besides others.

"It was a life-saver for me. But I had no wardrobe, and a wardrobe is what every actress must have. Mother was a genius with the needle. Between the two of us, we contrived all of our clothes. She was Alsatian, that's German and French, and maybe that accounted for her thriftiness. When the contract offer came, we decided that the thing to do was to invest our very small savings in cloth for me. We could sew it together in no time and I would descend on San Diego in splendor. So we did. We cut and stitched and worked overtime; packing as we went, and the costumes we made were lovely.

"THEN one morning, our sewing almost done, a telegram came. I hastily tore it open and read: 'We are very sorry,' it said, 'but we have reconsidered our stock company offer and we regret to advise that we must cancel our agreement because we feel that you are too young to undertake the rôles discussed.'

"They were right. That was the dreadful part. I agreed with them entirely. I knew that I could play the parts, all right, but my youth would have made the mature parts unbelievable. There was disappointment enough in not getting the contract, in not working with the San Diego troupe—I had learned so much about the theatre, but that we had spent all of our money was simply not funny.

"But we weren't without resourcefulness. The next morning I went to the head office of a chain bakery concern in Los Angeles and applied for a job. I got it. I never worked harder in my life than I did those two or two and one-half months. I was a relief girl, and that meant that one morning I reported for duty in the suburb of Watts, and the next at Huntington Park. I scrubbed the cases, too; tidied the shelves. I think it took all the courage that I ever owned to stay with the job.

"On my free hours I haunted the offices of the local producers," Glenda went on to tell. "Usually I got the old 'nothing today' or 'call us in a week,' but one day Charlotte Treadway, bless her! suggested that I try the Morosco offices for a part in the play that she was doing, *Best People*. 'Try out in the chorus girl rôle,' she said to me. 'I know you can do it, no matter if you have only done ingenues before.'

"I read the lines and I got the part, and I actually believe that was the happiest moment in my life. It was a double-barreled happiness because it got me out of the bakery, and it established me in hard-boiled roles, although sometimes, of late, I am a little sorry that I am so proficient in gold-digging parts. That, too, gets

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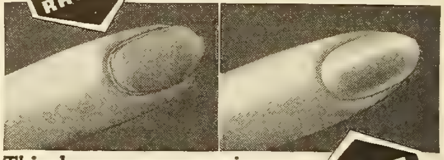

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monotonous, and producers forget, when they are casting, that you have done tragedy, and softer roles, like the one I did in *Life Begins.*

"Anyway, up to that time my reviews had always read 'and Glenda Farrell was cute in the ingenue role.' In *Best People* the critics really saw me as an actress and not as a 'sweet young thing.' So you can see," said the Farrell, toying with a cheese knife and a cracker, "what a first-rate disappointment can lead up to."

STANDING five feet three and one-half inches tall in her present Warner Brothers' contract, it seems practically unbelievable that witty, wise-cracking Glenda should ever be completely done in by disappointment. But she is, even to this day. She is not so brightly lacquered, so well fortified against below-the-belt blows, in real life, as she is on the screen. Principally, I imagine, it is because she is sensitive, kindly, over-generous and part Irish.

Today, in the twilight of her twenties Glenda is living a very comfortable life in the pale pastels of her small Spanish house on an acre of ground (with fruit and nut trees) in San Fernando Valley, near her studio. She lives alone, save for her young son, Tommy, away a great deal at military school. Her father, in his own house, a stone's throw from her plaster *casa,* is her neighbor; also her cousins, Gene, Dick and Jerry, who are engaged in studio work. Her mother, whose presence would have made Glenda's family group complete, has long been gone.

"That, I think," said Glenda, seriously, "was the most tragic moment of my life . . . my mother's death. Mother was small, on the blonde side, typically French. Think of the most vital person you know, full of energy and enthusiasm and initiative, and you will know my mother. She always wanted a theatrical career and never had one. When I was born, all her hopes, her frustrations, were concentrated on me. Actually, I doubt that I would have chosen the theatre for my work if it hadn't been for mother.

"Half-way through a season, I'd get disgusted. Want to toss up my contract. It was the Irish in me, I suppose . . . happy-go-lucky. But mother would always caution me. 'Don't give up the stage until your name is in lights.' Now I know why. She knew that if I worked long enough to see my name in lights that I wouldn't want to quit. She counted on human nature. Well, she was right.

"Six years ago I was in New York. Mother was out here, with Tommy. His health was none too good and the climate was fine for him. I was doing *On the Spot* for the Shuberts, and doing all right for myself, too. A man associated with producer Arthur Hopkins came to me and offered me more money and my name in lights if I'd step over and do a lead in *So This Is New York.* You know how I felt.

"The Shuberts wouldn't let me go, which was all right, too, because I was signed for their show. But they bargained with me: 'If what you want is your name in lights, we'll do that for you, and give you a little more money, too.' Either way it went, my name went up in front. My happiness wasn't so much for myself but for mother, when they told me. 'This is what she has worked hard for all her life,' I thought. 'She will be terribly pleased.'

"She had always said to me, 'Glenda, when your name gets on a marquee, my work will be done.' What she said was prophetic, although neither of us guessed how prophetic. Of course, I wired her the grand news immediately. The lights flashed my name, and the first night they did, I

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went into my dressing room after the show, and found a telegram awaiting me.

"I opened it, thinking it was a congratulation, and it was from father, on the Coast. Mother had died early that evening from the effects of an operation she had undergone. At the very moment, undoubtedly, that the lights were twinkling through the New York dusk, and the name 'Glenda Farrell' appeared for the first time on any marquee, mother passed on, her life work done; her prophecy fulfilled. My name in lights meant little to me. I could now leave the theatre. But I didn't. Mother's wisdom held. Theatre was a habit with me."

BORN in Enid, Oklahoma, the Farrell (once married, once divorced, many times courted) is as typical of "show business" as is Jack Benny. Glenda has a warmth and generosity that come most often from having rubbed shoulders with actual need; from having shared her small portion with others who had less. She boasts today, in one of her expansive, Irish moods, that she has lived on fifty dollars a month, and would do it again . . . if she met the right man.

This boast gives you the idea that Glenda, popular with men, is not immune to the idea of marriage. Her current romance is Drew Eberson, young architect turned Warner assistant director. It may turn out to be marriage. No one can tell. Least of all the Farrell and her friend. She's impulsive. It was impulse that guided her biggest romantic moment.

"It was when I first came to the Coast for films, four years ago," says Glenda, with a dream in her eye. "I had been going for several years with a grand person in New York, and to leave him almost broke me up. But a contract is always a contract. So is a career. I came to Hollywood, made the film, thought I was terrible—I still do—and the night that I saw the film previewed I came in, horribly blue, and snapped on the radio.

"Across the air waves came a program from New York. It was a benefit performance for something or other, and just then I heard the voice of my 'big moment' as his really beautiful voice commenced 'Come to me, my melancholy baby. . . .' It was the song that he had sung to me a hundred times. It was *our* song. That night I packed, and the next morning I was on the train, rushing back to New York as fast as I could go. So much for my biggest romantic thrill."

Impulse guides the Farrell's likes and dislikes, too. She cordially detests anything "flossie," meaning ornate, over-decorated; wears pajamas of all hues, all fabrics, all of her off-screen time. She claims she is too short to wear clothes well, pads the insides of her shoes, adds lifts to her shoe heels, to build up her height. With her house, built two years ago, and a tasteful foil for her blonde colorings, she is already weary. "It's too sissy-fied," she says, with a gleam in her eye. It's that gleam in the Farrell eye which has led to more high-spots in Glenda's life than can be revealed in this limited wordage.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Robert Taylor employs four secretaries to answer his fan mail—which volumes the largest received by any star in Hollywood?

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IN 3 MINUTES
Without Danger of Coarser or Stubbier New Growth

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"I Like Modern Women" Says Nelson Eddy

[*Continued from page* 33]

are not dated in antiquity. I *like* cars and planes and iceless refrigerators and night clubs (when I have time to go to them) and crooners and radios and television. I like modern homes. Not the futuristic, glass-walled specimens but clean, shiny new houses with all of the super-modern gadgets and devices.

"I had an amusing experience a few months ago which illustrates very practically what I mean. I was looking for a new house to lease. I'd seen a dozen or more. Finally, I came to one which the owner displayed with somewhat over-weening pride. She pointed out to me that it was old-fashioned, that everything in it was old-fashioned, antique. The old rocking-chair dated back to the Revolution, George Washington had slept in the four-poster beds, all of them. She displayed portraits of somebody's ancestors hanging grimly on the walls. There were knick-knacks. What-nots. What-fors. She kept reiterating that this place was old, not *nouveau-riche*. She emphasized the *nouveau niche* angle until I broke down. I said," laughed Nelson, "I said, 'but I *am nouveau riche*. I've never had any money to spend until recently. I have some now and I want to spend it on new, clean, shiny things. I like modern bathrooms and showers and clean, bright furniture and a scientific kitchen and electric washing machines.'

"I like modern theatres and modern opera houses. I suffer no anguish of soul when I see some old rat-ridden edifice with bad drains being torn down to be replaced by a modern, sanitary structure with brass plumbing. I have no pangs of tradition when I see old theatres razed to be replaced by sunny structures. There used to be sty conditions for actors. Now we have beautiful backstage quarters, well-ventilated, well-lighted, with room to stretch out in and self-respect to put on with our grease-paint. The dressing-rooms on the movie lots do not rack me, either, with a nostalgia for the cobwebby little cubicles of yesteryear. They are, now, well-proportioned, beautifully decorated, fully equipped with every modern convenience.

"I like music machines that play by themselves. I like the idea of being able to tune in on an opera and concerts without having to put on the 'soup and fish' and go out to hear them. I have no yearning for the old melodion nor for the upright piano and the girls who, after 'taking music lessons,' sang a pile of sheet music straight through, accompanying themselves. I like things and men and women as they are," said Nelson, biting on his pipe contentedly.

Which surprised me. I don't know exactly why. I'd just sort of expected Nelson to bemoan the "dear dead days beyond recall." Looking at him as he lounged there on the camera case, dressed for *Maytime* in tan velvet jacket, gray corduroys, his crown of gold hair long and waving, he suggested to me more than ever those days which are called "The Days of Chivalry," when knights were bold and ladies fair—and fainty. I can think of him as one of King Arthur's Round Table, as a crusader, as a young gentleman of the Mauve Decade singing "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets" in a mid-Victorian parlor.

Perhaps, this is because of his New England heritage and background. Perhaps, whether he likes it or not, his conservatism, his courtly bearing, the proud set of his head, his perfect enunciation give him an

No *Orchids* FOR HER!

ORCHIDS from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn't thrill at the thought.

But there's one girl who can never have this thrill — for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

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Janice Jarratt, in Universal's **TOP OF THE TOWN**

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Old World air. For even when he is wise-cracking (and he often is) driving his up-to-date car, taking off on a plane, there is in him a strain which comes down, perhaps, from the first known Eddye. The name was spelled with an "e" in those early Colonial days. He derives something, I think, from that first John Eddye who came over from England and settled in Massachusetts. And when, later, Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts paid the colony a visit of inspection, made listings of the various trades and callings of the colonists, noted down 'bakers, ship-chandlers, fishermen, doctors, mechanics, farmers,' he was stopped when he came to John Eddye. For John Eddye had neither trade nor calling. And so the Governor listed him simply as "John Eddye, *gentleman.*"

Perhaps it is, then, because he is reserved, conservative, meticulous about his manners and his methods of doing things. Perhaps it is because he lives at home with his mother, is a good son. Perhaps it is because one never hears current gossip about Nelson's "romances" as is the quaint Hollywood custom. He will not talk for publication about any girl or woman with whom he goes out. He will not talk for publication about marriage, holding such things sacred and "off the record." He will not allow his home, and his mother's, to be used as "copy." He said once, "In the old days a gentleman didn't discuss a lady, even with his pals. I see no reason why, today, a gentleman should discuss a lady for the public prints—or allow her to be discussed." And he doesn't. He won't.

Perhaps, it is because of his distress and dismay when publicity verging on the lurid is written about him, though never with him. He is really hurt. He is genuinely indignant then. He has none of that "So what?" attitude which is certainly prevalent today. He has standards. He has ideals and scruples. He still believes that there are things one doesn't say and things one doesn't do. And he practices his beliefs. He doesn't merely theorize about them.

And when I told him this, when I again "accused" him of being old-fashioned at heart, not modern at all, really, he said, "But that *is* being modern today. You are harking back fifteen years. You are thinking of the word modern in the sense in which it was used after the War. I don't use it that way. I believe that those days and ways are just as dead, if not more so, than the days and ways of the Gay 90s.

"Men and women are franker today than they were in the days of good Queen Victoria, certainly. But they *are* frank and honest and not merely wise-cracking and reckless. The new modern trend derives something from the Past. The women are wearing mutton-leg sleeves and lipstick. Or they are wearing mannish clothes with ultra-feminine accessories. I find it very fascinating, this modern allure coming from women with chop sleeves, this feminine allure coming from women in man-tailored suits. They are bringing into the New Freedom the sweetness and soundness which belonged to the Past.

"In the days immediately following the War we were all a little mad, I think. Now we are sane. That's the difference. Men and women still discuss the imperatives of life, freely and frankly. But they discuss them because it is necessary to discuss them and not because they think it is 'smart' or 'advanced' or daring.

"There is less pose in life now, too," Nelson went on, "far less than there ever was. Take women—a few years ago they wore their independence, the fact that they were earning their own living as badges of conspicuous gallantry. They flung their independence in your face. They exploited it. Today, women work for two reasons—either because they have some outstanding ability or because of stern necessity.

"There is less pose, less artifice, less pretense in every walk of life. You never see directors running around in knee breeches any longer, advertising their callings, looking as though they were going to a costume ball. They wear flannels or plain business suits and unless you know them you can't distinguish them on the set from the cameraman or a visitor from the East. Actors, as well as actresses, used to be prima donnas off the stage and set even more than on. No longer. Take Clark Gable. You couldn't find a more down-to-the-earth, matter-of-fact fellow than Clark. Young Bob Taylor is another case in point. He's as regular as any young fellow with any job anywhere. A few years ago a young man who had achieved what he has would be swanking about in a brace of foreign cars, living in a palace gemmed with swimming pools, servants crawling from under the carpets. We have all, in these recent years, been up against reality so stern that pose and pretentiousness seem shabby, tinsel things.

"Even on the screen the old-time seduction stuff, the heavy emphasis on 'glamour' is *passé*. Audiences are on to it. They want romance—for the heart of the people never changes—but they want romance bedded on reality. They want something sound and understandable. Something they can get their teeth into. Something they can believe. Most of the 'shenanigans' once called modern have gone into the discard.

"We have lost that old 'tomorrow we die' recklessness which was once known as being modern. We know where we are going and why we want to get there. We know how to take care of ourselves, in every way. People," said Nelson seriously, "are doing too many things in this really modern day and age to have time for a lot of 'shenanigans.' We all have careers and we have to keep on the up and up or take a spill. I have bitten off more than I can chew, with any time left over for tomfoolery. Radio. The screen. Concert. Home, Practice. Programs. Fan mail. Interviews. Tours to plan. Travel. I don't have time to think about myself. I wouldn't have time to pose and posture even if I were so inclined. I barely have time to dictate letters," grinned Nelson, "and when I do they sound like telegrams.

"No one has time for wise-cracks, for nonsense. Women are less wise-cracky than they were in the day of the now extinct flapper. There is no more of this 'Oh, look,' 'No, you look, I'm tired' sort of thing. We all figure things out. We figure out marriage before we enter into it. We figure out jobs. As the world, itself, becomes more complicated and devious people become correspondingly simpler.

"There's a lot of action today and less acting and I'm all for it. We have broken away from the past, from all the pasts, taking with us only what is most essential, most worth having. I try to keep up to date with what goes on now, today, this minute. I'm not going back ten years nor a hundred. I'm more interested in Stalin and Mussolini and Hitler than I am in Julius Caesar and Hannibal.

"No," said Nelson, wig-wagging an okay to Director Leonard who was wig-wagging from the set, "no, I am not old-fashioned. Where did you get the quaint notion? I am modern. I have no nostalgia for the days of the hansom cab in place of the streamline train, hoop-skirt instead of slacks, the lady who faints at sight of a mouse for the lady who boos at a lion. I am a modern," he said, as he bowed and took himself off. He called back "and proud of it!"

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 55]

No Complaining Neighbors

SO solicitous are Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone about their neighbors that they have just made a grand gesture—they have had built in their Brentwood home, at big cost, a completely soundproofed room. That's where, hereafter, they will practice the operatic duets they sing together.

Besides "Fire" and "Theft"

ALWAYS, Hollywood manages to find new things to insure—or to try to insure. Latest:—Francis Lederer, who had several suits of clothes destroyed by over-enthusiastic fans on one of his New York trips, tried to get insurance on his wardrobe before departing on his most recent New York personal appearance tour. But he couldn't find an insurance company to take the risk. George Brent fared better. Afraid that termites might destrop the beautiful murals in his San Fernando valley home, George insured against their depredations.

Tongue-Twisters

GET ready for tongue-twisting exercises!—new foreign stars with trick names are on the way. One is Sigrid Gurie, 21-year-old Norwegian gal, whom Samuel Goldwyn's scouts discovered and shipped to Hollywood under contract. Goldwyn is now preparing a publicity campaign to introduce her to you fans. His press agent already says she's "a Garbo type but with Dietrich beauty."

Another big foreign-star build-up is due to be sprung soon around Ariane Borg, who is one of MGM's importations. MGM has been keeping her under cover, tutoring her in English and the proper pose when the publicity bang busts.

Taking Pop's Name

DIXIE LEE, who is Bing Crosby's wife, is preparing for a screen comeback. But henceforth, she will be billed as "Dixie Lee Crosby."

Better Than ABC's

TALKING about crooners' wives, do you know what makes Joan Blondell proudest of all?—It's this: her 2-year-old son has already learned to sing the words and music of *Thanks a Million*, and *Happiness Ahead*, and a few other songs that Hubby Dick Powell sings.

Sweet Alice Been Bold

FRESH guys, beware of Alice Faye! She demonstrated that she can dish it out when she doesn't want to take it. Demonstratee was Al Siegel, assistant director who likes to kid people. He'd been picking on Alice, razzing her about Tony Martin, until Alice got tired of it.

"Lay off, Al," she warned him.

Al paid no heed. He kept kidding her. Then, without further warning, Alice let him have it. She hauled off and socked him right on the jaw with a fist as hard as nails. It raised a lump on Al's jaw. And it shut Al up.

[*Continued on page* 88]

KINKY WAVES
DRY HAIR
FRIZZY ENDS

You MAY HAVE HAD PRETTY HAIR BUT..

MARY ASTOR
. . . starring in the Columbia production "LADY FROM NOWHERE." *Her beautiful coiffure styled by Perc Westmore, famed Hollywood cosmetician and hairstylist.*

LEARN HOW TO AVOID
THE COMMON PERMANENT WAVE FAULTS
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Why trust the beauty of your hair to luck or even the most expert guesswork? It isn't necessary any longer, for Duart's new AUTOMATIC METHOD has made permanent waving a science. Each Duart waver contains an unseen patented device that *automatically* creates a perfectly formed wave in every curl . . . waves of such a soft naturalness that human skill can never equal them.

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Pages of smart screen-tested hairstyles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

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Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

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"But you must emphasize *more* in your advertising that it PREVENTS chapping, too!" many of them add. And, of course, it *does*. Furthermore, 92 9/10% of these same women state that Italian Balm *costs less to use* than anything they ever tried.

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HOLLYWOOD *Rapid Dry* CURLER

Discovering the Glamour in Irene Dunne

[*Continued from page* 39]

Madame Curie. I met a great savant, a man renowned for his achievements in medical research. He peered at me over his glasses and said: 'You are the actress who cries so beautifully. I remember you in *Back Street*.'

"The maid at the hotel didn't recall a single song I had ever sung on the screen, or the title of a single musical in which I appeared. But like the professor, she remembered vividly *Back Street*.

"Long ago I recognized the basis of whatever success has been mine. These incidents, which have happened before, only tend to confirm my belief that heavy dramatic roles are essential for an actress of my type. I know definitely, that the status I have achieved has been achieved through tears. And so, for my career, I cry!

"But it's so easy to permit the personalities you play on the screen to take possession of your personal life. To affect your moods, your viewpoint, your philosophies, and certainly your reactions.

"Being a person who wants to enjoy living, I want to laugh. The Irish in me has never been given a chance. I've been labeled the 'cool' Miss Dunne, the 'dignified' Miss Dunne so consistently that no one seems to realize that I can do something else besides look cool—or cry.

"A FEW months ago I decided that for the good of my soul, I must occasionally play something light, something frothy, something which permits me to turn a cheerful face to the camera—once in a while in any event.

"I want to keep my perspective on life true and sane and normal—and so comedy has gone on my career budget. Now I expect to rotate—a drama, a musical and then something strictly for laugh purposes.

"Fortunately, I have perhaps the most unusual set-up of any actress in Hollywood. I am under contract to three studios at present—and soon a fourth—to do only one picture a year for each of them. That arrangement holds for the next three years. It permits me a choice of stories—and a variety of them. It gives each studio ample time to look for a satisfactory story, without being pressed for time. I know, when I start in a production, that it has had proper preparation—and that the vehicle is suitable.

"At the same time, if a great story comes along, aside from my commitments, I could still do that one, too. On the whole, it is a happy arrangement, and in my case, is proving eminently wise. I've tried to organize my career on a common-sense basis. I've been fairly lucky until now."

I SUGGESTED to Miss Dunne that her private life—in its sane and unusual marriage, in the regard in which she is held in Hollywood—might partake of that sane budgeting idea.

"On the contrary," she answered, "I am opposed to organizing or budgeting one's personal life. I don't require a great deal to be happy. I can do with very little—that's the Irish in me again. It's easy to be content. Take things as they come. Don't figure too closely. Don't expect too much.

"Go along easily, comfortably. I make no effort to budget my friendships. If I had to be with the right people constantly, go to the right places inevitably, do the right things always, I'd feel that I was

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LOSE FAT
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circumscribing my life and my interests.

"Doing these things might be good for me as an actress. But I am certain they'd be bad for me as a person. I've found too many stimulating, interesting, vital people who by no stretch of the imagination could be termed either 'correct' or 'successful'. But to me they happen to be admirable, because in their own way, they make important contributions to the happiness of others.

"IT'S awfully good for an actress to be measured by strange yardsticks. That implies getting out of her own neat, tight, little sphere. At the moment, I think one of the most fortunate and stimulating things which could have happened to me is to be able to do as my next picture the *Life of Madame Curie.* When I was in France I spent considerable time with her daughters. For hours on end I listened to their stories of this remarkable woman. Of her young days, when she could dance through a pair of shoes in one night. Of her dreams, of the human episodes which made her life so rich.

"I visited the Institute de France, the Academy of Medicine, the Pasteur Institute—and learned about the other side of this great woman. How she was worshiped—how she was honored. I sat in her seat; I handled her instruments and test tubes. Sat at the very table where she worked. To my mind, she was the greatest woman of this modern age.

"For three whole days I lived a totally different life. Far removed from picture-making—although my research was for a role. It came to me then how unimportant all of us are in comparison to this woman who gave her life to science and for the human good.

"It's a good idea to get a slant on your own stature every now and then!"

It is my belief that there will always be a "new" Irene Dunne—to be discussed and surveyed and given adulation. For here is a girl who thinks lucidly, clearly. Who holds her secure place in Hollywood, not only by virtue of her talents, but by virtue of her intelligence. And these two in Hollywood, or anywhere else, are not always synonymous.

Added laurels rest on her brow today. These she has earned—for she is a person who doesn't go to the wishing-well to make her hopes come true! She earns them—as a person first and then as an actress!

Grabbing Victor Moore for Good

[*Continued from page 71*]

faults, but he *could* fish. He used to save up a buck, give ma a quarter to run the house for the day, and then go fishing. He always came back with enough fish to make us sick of fish by the end of next week. I've been wanting to do the same ever since."

To the world, Victor Moore is what is called A Success in his profession. He is famous, he is rich. But Victor Moore can't quite see it. You tell him about it and felicitate him on it, and he listens to you skeptically. In his little pot-bellied hide seems bound up all the doubt that baffles mankind. He shakes his head, and takes that *Caspar Milquetoast* stance of his. He looks at you out of a vast befuddlement, and in a voice that quavers and cracks, he voices his greatest plaint—and his goofiest line—

"I'm not funny. When I try to tell a funny story, people don't laugh."

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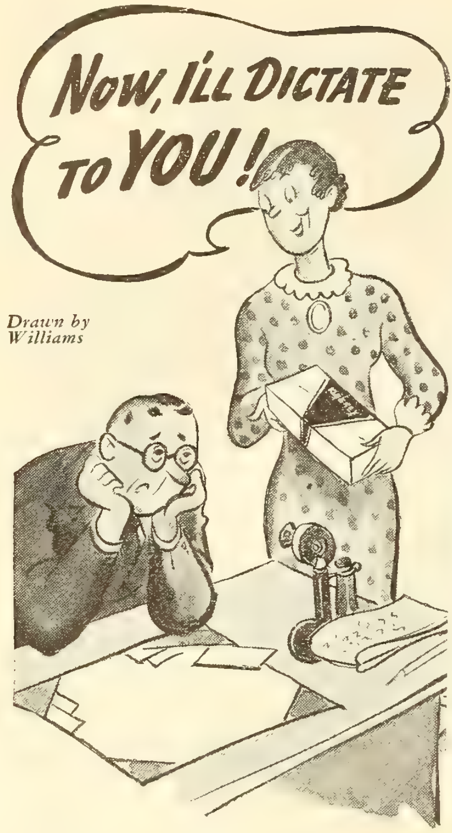
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PRIZE LETTERS

How Readers Rate Them!

WITHOUT SCENARISTS—WHAT?

$15 Prize Letter

LET US PAUSE, to give our screen writers the praise that is justly theirs. We are forever tooting about studios and stars. Yet, it is the writers who conceive and fashion the fabric of our screen entertainment. Everlasting is our eagerness, and lavish is our praise, in acclaiming the sensational success, but what of the very WORDS which presented the OPPORTUNITY for this success. All these things were conceived, written, arranged and perfected before the mechanics of production were started. I said mechanics—yes—and just as long as we have pigeon-holed-types of screen personalities, I shall continue to say mechanics.

"Versatility" was once a word seemingly inseparable from the word "acting." Whoever hears of it now? Don't blame the authors, for they have long since become gray trying to make the story FIT. So, let's give the authors a great big hand—for they are the WORKS in movie making.—*Earl B. Hamel, P. O. Box 25, Haverhill, Mass.*

RUTH CHATTERTON IS TOPS

$10 Prize Letter

Ruth Chatterton

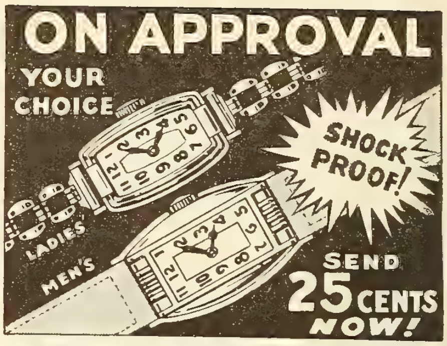
OCCASIONALLY, a new picture or new personality emerges to make audiences tingle. This time it is *Dodsworth,* cleaved with the great drama always found in a Sinclair Lewis novel and possessed with the personality of a real actress . . . Ruth Chatterton.

She is a star of the very first magnitude, and plays worthy of her talent are so rare that her pictures have been quite infrequent. Miss Chatterton has a voice unrivaled in reproductive qualities and her long stage experience has certainly afforded a technical skill which few, if any, of the actresses can equal. Due to the evident stupidity of certain producers, her reputation declined because of several miscasts. But I think her personality and dramatic ability would draw the banality out of the most banal picture. It is fortunate for Samuel Goldwyn that she has accepted his contract and I breathe with relief that her long period of inactivity has not harmed her ability.—*H. L. Rowe, 115 Clay St., Seattle, Wash.*

IMAGINE IT, IF YOU CAN

$5 Prize Letter

THE WORD "Talkies" is seldom used today. They're taken for granted. Yet, when I viewed the masterpiece *Born to Dance,* I couldn't help looking back a few years, seeing what a change has taken place, and trying to picture this production had it been made in the "Silent" days. Absurd? Yes! But comparison prompts appreciation, so try to imagine Eleanor Powell's taps without music, James Stewart's lanky boyishness without his slow drawl, Una Merkel minus the "suthun" accent, Frances Langford without a song. Then, if you're still not convinced, just try to get convulsed (with laughter) over the clever dialogue of Buddy Ebsen, Sid Silvers and the super-silly telephone operator, handed to you in



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print, and see how it goes over. There's nothing there.

Let's pause, reflect and glory in our blessing!—*Diane Sanders, 2468 W. 14 St., Oklahoma City, Okla.*

FEMMES CHEER ERROL FLYNN

$1 Prize Letter

SO, *The Charge of the Light Brigade* is a man's picture! That may be true, but I can join in the chorus of the opposite sex in saying that it was grand, and thoroughly enjoyed by us. After seeing it I'd like to shake Tennyson's hand for giving us such a story, and a hearty nod of appreciation to Warner Brothers, who certainly produced an exciting and thrilling picture from it.

I'm a Robert Taylor fan, but you've got to hand it to Errol Flynn for being such a grand competitor. He's not too good looking or heroic, and you're with him to the very end. He not only holds the attention of the women, but he wins the approval of every man in the audience. And that's saying a lot for any male actor! Here's a vote for more pictures like *The Charge of the Light Brigade.*—*Bernice Beamer, 116 Main Building, Virginia Intermont College, Bristol Va.*

Errol Flynn

GET MAD GABLE

$1 Prize Letter

REMEMBER three or four years ago when Clark Gable played parts in which he was intensely, savagely powerful? That's when he scored a sensational success and began his meteoric rise to the tremendous popularity he now enjoys. And now you can see him basking in the warm glow of large scale popularity. Watch his smile, his complacent expression, his dimples.

Four years ago the dimples were knots, his eyes flashed fire, his movements almost savage. That's what put him on the throne on which he now reposes. That's why millions of girls *and* men streamed into the theatres to watch him get mad, to watch him smack villains in the jaw, and see his eyes flash sparks.

Clark, why don't you get out of the drowsy sunlight and fight again, not with your fists alone—but with your personality? Come on, get mad!—*K. R. Thomas, 2415 Geneva Terr., Chicago, Ill.*

SHE DISAGREES

$1 Prize Letter

I DISAGREE with one of the opinions on the LETTER PAGE. The writer said, "preview displays lessened interest and anticipation for the current picture." I think not! Would you go to a theatre not knowing anything about the feature other than the title and players? One cannot judge a picture by its title. For example: *Three Men on a Horse.* What, I ask you, would you think the story suggested; three men on horseback, perhaps? Or, *Come and Get It* . . . could be a mystery, or most anything. Too, I usually count on the previews to decide upon pictures my two children might enjoy. Would you get on a train not knowing its destination and hope it would turn out to be the one you want?

The public wants to know in advance what to expect, and seeing a preview, more often than not, sells a picture!—*Mrs. J. E. Meeham, 2325 Coyner Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.*

POPULAR

Miss Madeleine Frick—Permanent Wave by Ivan of Fifth Ave., N. Y.

"I Keep My Hair Soft and Golden with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Madeleine Frick, of Norfolk, Va.

TYPICAL of the many girls who have become more popular with sunny, golden hair, Miss Frick was chosen February winner of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest. Says Miss Frick, "My *whole* appearance is fresher—brighter—since I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash."

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BLONDES—Is dull, faded or streaked hair robbing you of the youthful, lively charm blonde hair can give? Enjoy a more fascinating appearance now. To keep your hair bright and golden always rinse with Marchand's.

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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See page 96 for Question and Answer Dept.

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Make up your mind right now that ink will be spilled on your rug sooner or later. It happens in every home. So unless you pour your old ink down the drain and get WASHABLE Qu*ink*, your rugs are in constant danger of being ruined.

The Parker Pen Company spent $68,000 to develop this revolutionary new ink that washes from hands, clothes and rugs without trace when soap and water are promptly used. Not only is Qu*ink* the *safest* ink for home and school, but also it does what no other ink can do: It cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker Pen or any other—because it contains a secret harmless ingredient that dissolves sediment left by pen-clogging inks. Also, Qu*ink* dries 31% faster ON PAPER, yet will not dry in a pen. It dries by *penetration*, not by evaporation. Always rich, brilliant—never watery.

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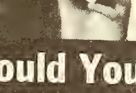

Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Not What She Seems to Be —That's KAY

[*Continued from page* 59]

"In screen portrayals, I wear gorgeous costumes and I adore them. Yet, after dressing up all day for the cameras the feminine desire for pretty clothes is fully satisfied and I like to slip into slacks and sandals when I leave the studio. It takes something especially enticing to make me 'dress up' and go out, once I get home. I never attend large parties, seldom visit night-clubs or go dancing. My idea of a pleasant evening is to spend it with six or eight congenial friends, where we can sit in the patio or before a fire, and carry on a really interesting conversation.

"When I'm making a picture I go to bed at eight-thirty, and if I am inveigled into going out, everybody knows that I leave promptly at nine-thirty. Ten o'clock is my bed-time dead-line for I require eight full hours of sleep. I have to adopt this regime in order to give my best to the screen and remember, it is my profession. I'm tremendously serious about it.

"I went on the stage for the very simple reason that I was broke and needed money," Kay continued. "There was no emotional urge back of it for my mother was an actress and I had no illusions, I knew it meant hard work. By a lucky chance, I secured the part of the *Player Queen* in the modernized version of *Hamlet*, and this led to other engagements, finally bringing me into *Elmer the Great*, with Walter Huston. This was a marvelous experience. A little later, I heard they were seeking a leading woman for Mr. Huston's film, *Gentlemen of the Press*, and I applied for it. There was one big obstacle; the director had visioned the heroine as a blonde, but for some reason I was given the rôle. I'm not sure just how I would have come through all this if I had not been able to draw encouragement and inspiration from Walter Huston. Maybe, we sustained each other, for this was the first film venture for us both. Other roles came and also, a contract, so, here I am. There was nothing of the Cinderella story about it, nothing in the least sensational.

"I never make plans for I learned, long ago, how futile this is. Perhaps, I'm a fatalist. I sincerely believe what is to be will be, though I think we should keep alert for opportunity and take advantage of every chance it offers. We can only use what we see, and it is foolish to sit by the roadside and expect the plums to drop into our lap.

"If and when my career comes to a standstill, there are many ways to keep busy. I may travel. I've been to Europe many times and it is always a glorious adventure but the remainder of the world is still an unexplored field to me. I want to visit the far East, Japan and Africa, hunting up the romantic by-ways. *But,"* she added, gaily, "there must be no bugs or creeping things for these paralyze me. This sort of traveling must be done with a leisurely mind. One can't rush through century-old temples, nor scamper across the Sahara at sixty miles an hour."

AFTER a little pause, Kay continued. "There's a fever in fame. It burns up many precious things, but acting brings a peculiar satisfaction because it permits one to creep into the very heart of different characters. I've portrayed many women, from the *Colonel's Lady* to *Judy O'Grady*, a few saints and several very lurid ladies, and each one reacts differently to love and romance because custom and en-

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Don't take cheap remedies for your kidneys and bladder. SANTAL MIDY capsules are what you want because they bring results.

vironment effect the expression of their emotions. This is fascinating to an actress —a woman's imagination is limitless, and, too, it tests her histrionic ability. I always enjoy foreign characterizations because invariably the backgrounds are an integral part of the drama and this adds a 'feel' to the emotions."

Listening to Kay talking, I learned many things about her. She is sweet and warm and very, very human, and there's a certain dignity in whatever she does. There's nothing artificial about her, no striving for effect, and she doesn't believe that a tinseling coat of bright chatter denotes cleverness. She makes few intimate friends and has no confidants—which again, shows how wise she is. She takes her experiences alone, standing up, and gallantly.

SHE has one absorbing superstition; she believes twelve and thirteen are her lucky numbers. She was born on Friday, the thirteenth, so perhaps that's the reason she favors this number but twelve has smiled on her so often that she includes it. Ten and its divisor, five, are definitely out. Over a period of years, she has discovered that whenever anything unpleasant occurs, these numbers have figured in it someway. She'll never start a picture or a trip, never take a hotel room or a ship's stateroom that carries ten or five. Most of the actors with whom she's played, have twelve or thirteen letters in their names, as for instance, Walter Huston, William Powell, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Fredric March, Warren William, Ricardo Cortez, while Ian Hunter and George Brent both escape the ten hoodoo.

"It is probably very, very silly and doesn't mean a thing," she admitted, "but why take the chance? There's another superstition, too, that influences me. I care little for jewelry but during my first two pictures I happened to wear a certain pair of earrings, so, ever since then, I put them on for a scene or two. I don't care for diamonds, they're too cold and insincere, being all fire but no real warmth. Egotistical, too, as if flaunting their superiority. Emeralds are different, they are warm and friendly. Anyway, green is my favorite color, I wear a great deal of it and have knitted at least, ten green sweaters.

"It was during the World War that I learned to knit and I've never given it up. It is the great social pastime, just ask any old-fashioned sewing circle. I do it automatically to keep my fingers busy while my thoughts relax. I don't know one vitamin from another, and never follow a calorie schedule, my idea being that with a little common sense in eating and the proper exercises, any woman can keep fit. I swim, play tennis, ride horseback and walk, and never loose or gain an ounce."

Kay has lived a very full life, if not an adventurous one. She's been private secretary to several blue-book aristocrats, sold real estate, and promoted Raquel Meller when she stormed America, and through her various marriages, has lived in many circles. No, a new experience is overtaking her. Love and romance stimulate the imagination and enlarge the ability to understand another's problems, which is, after all, the forte of an actress. Love is more important today than ever before because the world is swinging into its greatest dramatic sequence and the very air is electric with its changing currents. So, whether she will admit it or not, Kay Francis is sharing in a big, thrilling page in history!

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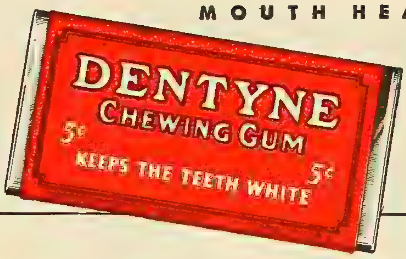

She HAS ~~HAD~~ her Mother's smile

DENTYNE WAKES UP LAZY MOUTHS ...PEPS UP HALF-HEARTED SMILES.

You may still have your mother's charming natural smile. But today's soft foods may rob you of the fine healthy teeth and gums, the natural, easy smile of her generation, with its hard foods that gave the mouth the exercise it needed. You can keep that mouth-happy smile the way other smart moderns are doing it . . . by chewing Dentyne. Its special consistency helps keep the teeth white, stimulate and harden the gums. And it gives those smile-muscles the workout they need to bring out the smiles.

A FLAVOR THAT MAKES CHEWING A REAL PLEASURE. Dentyne has a grown-up, educated taste that holds its flavor. It gives a substantial satisfaction that stays satisfying . . . as long as you chew. And it's all wrapped up in a package sensibly flat . . . exclusive with Dentyne . . . to fit snugly into your pocket or pocketbook.

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

Soap and Water two of nature's best aids to clear, smooth skin.

MANY skin authorities urge thorough soap and water cleansing, at least once a day, as an essential to real skin beauty. But the soap must be carefully selected to suit various types of skin, and Resinol Soap is preferred in many homes. Free from harsh, drying qualities, it gives a soft lather, pleasing even to tender skin, and leaves the pores deeply cleansed and refreshed.

Before applying Resinol Ointment to relieve the itching an soreness of pimply spots, a local rash or common skin outbreak, bathe the parts with Resinol Soap and warm water. It helps the soothing Resinol medication to act more effectively and promote healing.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Why not begin this skin care today? Sample of each with literature on request. Write to Resinol, Dept. 2-G, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol
Ointment and Soap

"I'm Hotel Hostess Now—and earning a splendid salary"

Iva Sheppard, Seamstress, Without Experience, Becomes Hostess of Beautiful Hotel.

"51—and still a seamstress! I was discouraged and dissatisfied with my position and earnings. Then I answered a Lewis advertisement and received their book. Here was everything I wanted—good pay, fascinating work. Best of all, both young and mature had equal opportunities. I enrolled. Soon I was Housekeeper-Hostess of a beautiful hotel. My mature years were a help, instead of a handicap. All due to Lewis Leisure-Time, Home Study Training."

STEP INTO A WELL-PAID HOTEL POSITION

Good positions from coast to coast for trained men and women in hotel, club, steamship, restaurant and institutional field. Hundreds of our graduates now holding well-paid positions as Managers, Assistant Managers, Stewards, Housekeepers, Hostesses and 55 other different types of positions. Living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Lewis graduates, both young and mature, winning success. Good grade school education, plus Lewis Training, qualifies you at home in leisure time. FREE Book gives full details about this fascinating field, and explains how you are registered, FREE of extra cost, in the Lewis National Placement Service. Mail coupon NOW.

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Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation, and details as to how to qualify for a well-paid position.

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City.............................. State........

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 18]

And nothing else. And that, for John Barrymore, is amazing. . . . ! ! ! And even then, with nothing but tea to fire his imagination, he told all his assembled guests that "I've never been so happy in my life!"

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Tony Martin and Alice Faye—
It seems to get hotter every day!

● ● ●

LORETTA YOUNG and Director Eddie Sutherland are still all wrapped up in each other. And if they aren't Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland before long, Ol' Man Tattler will eat his hat. Why, when Eddie was ill in bed, after working against doctor's orders, Loretta virtually moved into the Sutherland home, to spend as much time as possible at Eddie's bedside, like a hospital nurse. Loretta, by the way, is an aunt again. This time, her sister, Polly Ann Hermann, presented a seven-and-a-half-pound boy to the family. Loretta's first aunthood came when her other sister, Sally (Norman Foster's wife) kept a date with Ol' Doc Stork. Loretta, by the way, chose the young Hermann's name. He'll be christened Peter, at her wish.

● ● ●

BRIDEGROOM Roger Pryor and New-Wife Ann Sothern are certainly backing up the old "distance makes the heart grow fonder" adage. While he works in Chicago and New York, and she works in Hollywood, they call each other up anywhere from two to six times a day!

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Cary Grant and Jean Rogers—
Hollywood's newest rumor-dodgers!

● ● ●

WHILE Director Eddie Sutherland's romance with Loretta Young gets nearer and nearer the "I-do" stage, his ex-wife, Audrey, seems to be doing quite the same, with Addison Randall. In fact, by the time you read this, it's not at all unlikely that Audrey will be the wife of Randall—who crashed the columns not so long ago as Glenda Farrell's steady boy friend. However, Audrey's confessed that she and Addison met for the first time a dozen years ago!—and that although she's been married in the meantime, and he's been sort of that way about other gals, Old Lady Fate nevertheless kept at work and between her and Danny Cupid, they've just about settled matters.

● ● ●

MEANWHILE, Glenda—who seems to flit from boy-friend to boy-friend with the rapidity of a Mary Brian, has been seen out much lately with Eddie Bellande, aviator. And Drew Eberson, who seemed tops in her life until recently, is moving out of the picture.

● ● ●

JOE PENNER (who's so sick of being asked if he wantsa buya duck that he won't even *eat* duck!) and wife celebrated their ninth wed-

Don't Sleep on Left Side, Crowds Heart

GAS PRESSURE MAY CAUSE DISCOMFORT
RIGHT SIDE BEST

If you toss in bed and can't sleep on right side, try Adlerika. Just ONE dose relieves stomach GAS pressing on heart so you sleep soundly.

Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels and brings out poisonous wastes you would never believe were in your system. This material may have poisoned you for months and caused GAS, sour stomach, headache or nervousness.

Dr. H. L. Shoub, New York, reports: "In addition to intestinal cleansing, Adlerika greatly reduces bacteria and colon bacilli."

Mrs. Jas. Filler: "Gas on my stomach was so bad I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. The first dose of Adlerika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep fine and never felt better."

Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika and see how good you feel. Just ONE dose relieves GAS and constipation. At all Leading Druggists.

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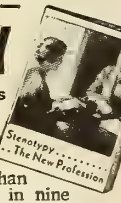

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Can Old Faces Look Young Again?

PAULINE PALMER tells how you can make old faces look younger. In a new free book is explained this sensational home method. Already 75,000 men and women have written for this thrilling new book.

It illustrates with photographs an easy home method of facial rejuvenation to help correct wrinkles, double chin, shrunken cheeks and other marks of age without the use of cosmetics, straps or beauty parlor aids.

This book, together with a *Facial Analysis Chart* sent absolutely FREE in plain wrapper by writing *PAULINE PALMER, 1421C Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.* WRITE BEFORE SUPPLY IS EXHAUSTED.

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Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation.
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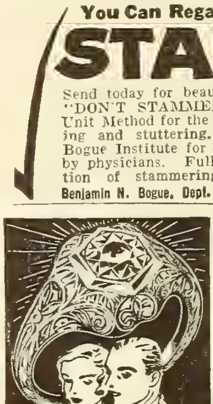

ON APPROVAL

We defy you to tell this ring from one costing $300.00! To prove it to you, we'll send it on for 25 cents to cover cost of shipping, packing, etc. Continue payments of $1.50 a month till the total balance of $6 is paid. If you do not think it the most exquisite piece of jewelry you ever owned; if your friends do not marvel at the glorious brilliance of the magnificent full carat facsimile diamond, return it and we will refund your money. Wear at our risk. Ring shipped by return mail, postage prepaid. Rush 25 cents in stamps or coin to:
BRADLEY, DEPT. 393B, NEWTON, MASS.

ding anniversary with a quiet little party the other night.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Mona Rica and Al Hall—
For them there's nobody else at all!

• • •

INSIDE-TIP: Watch one of Hollywood's most-talked-about big-name twosomes go blooey almost immediately. . . . ! (And we don't mean Clark and Carole, either.) This one has been a long-time romance, as Hollywood twosomes go. But it's pretty well at the end of the string. And pretty soon, he and she'll be stepping out with somebody else. (No. It's NOT Stanwyck and Taylor.) Now you figure it out.

• • •

INCIDENTALLY, Stanwyck and Taylor seem to be going merrily on, having a grand time together, and giving the rumor-hounds and the flashlight-boys plenty of work. But all the same, Ol' Man Tattler will lay a little bet right here and now that they'll not get married. Anyway, not soon. Even though Barbara's divorce has already been granted, according to the papers, the memory of marital unhappiness is too strong in her to let her flit blithely into an immediate second marriage with Bob. And Bob has been made too aware of the possibly-disastrous effects of marriage on his career. And even if he didn't care, Barbara is the sort of swell gal who wouldn't let him wreck his career for her.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Anne Shirley's and Lee Bowman's
Stepping out looks like a romance!

• • •

YUMA used to be the place for Hollywood that-way-ers to get themselves quickly married. But it seems to be slipping as movieland's Gretna Green—and Ensenada, that lovely resort some 70 miles down in Mexico, seems to be the favored spot, now. Yuma used to be handy, but it certainly isn't beautiful—and Ensenada is BOTH beautiful (romantically so!) and handy. Moreover, the Mexican government has just opened a brand-new highway from the border to Mexico, that makes the trip some five hours from Hollywood—and you save the expense of hiring a plane. And to top it off, the valiant publicity efforts of Maggie Ettinger, one of Hollywood's cleverest publicity women, who press-agents Ensenada, has made Hollywood Ensenada-conscious. Among recent Ensenada movie-weddings were the Eddie Norris-Ann Sheridan marriage, the Bill Henry-Grace Durkin nuptials, and the Myrna Loy-Arthur Hornblow "I-do's." And unlike Mexican divorces, a Mexican marriage sticks!

• • •

JUST to complete the refrigeration of the Arline Judge-Wesley Ruggles bust-up, Hollywood has just discovered that Wesley is all a-dither about Phyllis Brooks, who plays one of the roles in *Stage Door*, the New York stage play wherein Margaret (Bride) Sullavan stars. Arline, meantime, doesn't seem to be concentrating on any one man. But you'll see her out at the parties and the night clubs, dancing with various of the young eligibles of Hollywood. And,

[*Continued on page* 91]

THE FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER

. . . until she found a way to ADD 11 POUNDS QUICK!

Never had a date when she was thin. Now everybody remarks about her improvement in looks, and she has all the dates she wants!

"I KNOW what it is to be skinny, pale and dull-eyed. The fellows never look at you and the whole world is cold and blue. I tried everything but nothing did any good until I got Ironized Yeast tablets. Soon I felt a lot peppier and stronger, my skin got smooth and in just 4 weeks I gained eleven pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want and have a grand time."—*Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.*

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounded curves, this new easy way—in just a few weeks! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin and lovely color, new pep, new friends and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 283, Atlanta, Ga.

THIN MEN

Thousands of skinny, tired, pepless men who formerly lacked sufficient Vitamin B and iron have changed in a few weeks to naturally developed "he-men" with new pep and normal good looks, with these pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets.

Posed by professional models

REDUCIBLE
FAT GOES
OR MONEY BACK!
Try SAFE Food Method
NO DRUGS!
Just Like Eating Candy!
*Lost 17 lbs. in 4 weeks!

● Get rid of reducible FAT in a hurry! But reduce the **SAFE** Food Method Way by eating moderately, exercising regularly and following the SLENDRETS Food Method and regime . . . not with dangerous drugs! **NO DANGEROUS DRUGS** . . . positively **no** dinitrophenol. Not laxative. **No** thyroid. SLENDRETS Wafers are delicious too . . . taste just like candy!

READ HOW OTHERS LOST REDUCIBLE FAT
*Mrs. L. R. O'Connell, Springfield, Mass., writes: "I sent for the trial package and **lost 4 lbs. the very first week!** Have lost 18 lbs. to date, now weigh 120. **I feel and look years younger!** Never felt a hungry moment." From Connecticut, Miss Anna Goodrow writes: **"I reduced 17 lbs. in 4 weeks.** No discomfort, and they left my flesh firm and solid."

REDUCE QUICKLY... OR AT NO COST!
If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results from the very first package, you get **your money back in full. You can't lose one cent.**

ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY
Don't give **FAT** another day's start! . . . but be sure you reduce the safe SLENDRETS Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! Send $1 for generous-supply package containing 84 SLENDRETS. Or $5 for 6 packages. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or C.O.D.) **Sent to you in plain wrapper.**

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Please send me on your money-back offer
☐ The $1 package containing 84 SLENDRETS
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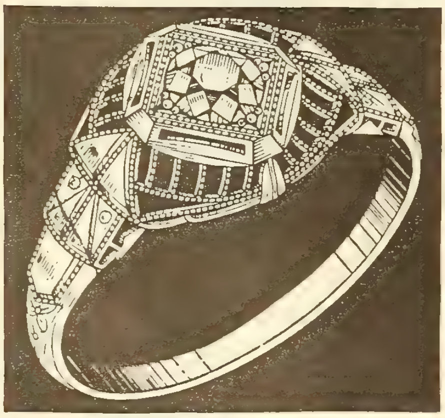

ON APPROVAL ◆ ◆ ◆

WE defy you to tell this ring from one costing $300.00! To prove it to you, we'll send it on for 25 cents to cover cost of packing, shipping, etc. Wear at our risk. Pay only $1.50 monthly till the total balance of $6 is paid. If you do not think it the most exquisite piece of jewelry you ever owned; if your friends do not marvel at the glorious brilliance of the magnificent full carat facsimile diamond, return it and we will refund your money. Ring shipped postage fully paid to your door by return mail. Rush 25 cents in stamps or coin to

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On the SETS with the STARS

Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Billie Burke and Edna May Oliver seem to be enjoying this scene from *Parnell,* now in production at the MGM Studios. It's the new Gable picture that will be remembered in MGM records as the battle of beards

NOW, when you see the picture, you'll know what happened behind the scenes—*One In a Million*—they discovered that real ice, when photographed, doesn't look enough like real ice! So they remelted all the artificial ice-rink frozen for blonde Sonja Henie, and mixed in a lot of skim-milk, and refroze it, so it'd photograph icy-white!—they had to create a new job, "Ice Inspector." The fellow, before each "take," went over the skating rink inch-by-inch picking up hairpins, nails, matches or anything at all, no matter how tiny. Because any foreign object, getting under Sonja's skates at a critical moment, would have ruined the "take" and maybe Sonja, too! It wouldn't look well to have a crack skater take a header.

***Camille*—if you don't think the love-scenes are Hot, then know that Garbo's dress caught fire in the midst of one. Only it wasn't solely Bob Taylor's fervid approach that started it. An extra tossed a cigarette over the wall in the garden scene, and instead of landing on the floor, it landed on Garbo's gown. She interrupted Taylor's love-making with a Scandinavian yell that translated into "I'm on fire!" So were Taylor's pants. (My, my!, what will Mister Hays say?) Bob beat out the fire. They had to halt production until the wardrobe department made a new dress for Greta, new pants for Bob! Wonder if Greta and Bob had a fire sale.**

Banjo On My Knee—when you see the scene where Joel McCrea swims for his life through waters studded with bullet splashes, don't be a wise-guy and say: "Aw, them ain't real bullets; they're pebbles." Because they tried pebbles, but the splashes didn't register realistically, and they hired an expert marksman to shoot real bullets around McCrea for the take!

***Parnell*—will always be remembered in MGM records as the picture of the battle of the beard. Because Parnell wore a beard, they wanted Clark Gable, who portrays the great Irish leader, to grow one. Gable protested. Director John M. Stahl, stickler for realism, insisted and produced bearded-Parnell photos. Gable hired a research expert, unearthed Parnell pictures showing him smooth shaven. Finally they shot tests of Gable wearing a false beard, and they looked so funny and foolish that they abandoned the idea.—During shooting of the production, the MGM commissary had to strike blackberry pie off its menu, because the extras got their beards so discolored eating it at lunch that they photographed differently in the afternoon's takes!**

Under Cover Of Night—Sara Haden, playing the rôle of a woman scientist opposite Eddie Lowe, established some sort of record by mastering, in four readings, what is called the trickiest line in talkies. She had to learn to say: "systematic distribution of nebulae and the effects of galactic obscuration." Try it and see if you can memorize it in four takes. We wonder how Roscoe Ates would handle the line!

***The King And The Chorus Girl*—Foreign-star Fernand Gravet makes his American debut in this film, but isn't too well pleased with his first American work. Because for the first four days of shooting he had to lie in bed for four hours straight, with a hangover. His second scene required him to climb 35 steps to Joan Blondell's flat, and what with rehearsals, takes and retakes, he had to do it 43 times, in a topcoat, muffler, and evening suit with stiff collar. And it was a hot afternoon. . . . !**

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

IF ever a party signalled the end of one regime and the beginning of another, then it was the party at Pickfair, when Mary Pickford gave a farewell in honor of Buddy Rogers, her fiance, who was New York-bound. In the old days, when Mary was Mrs. Fairbanks, the guest-list at Pickfair parties used to read like a "Who's Who" of the peerage and nobility, what with visiting titles, plus the elite of Hollywood. But at the Pickford-Rogers affair, Pickfair opened its doors to songwriter pals of Buddy; to Art Tatum, colored pianist; and to a lot of others who never crashed Pickfair doings before. However, it was probably a livelier and merrier party than any of the older times. Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres were served in the Days of '49 room; a buffet dinner in the dining-room. Followed a program of entertainment with the musical guests all contributing their own best numbers.

THE Hollywood young crowd figured out a new kind of party the other night. It was really Anne Shirley's idea. Anne gave the party. In preparation, she raided the Los Angeles music shops, buying up all the oldest records she could find. Then she played them at the party for her guests who included Paula Stone, Betty Grable, Alan Curtis, Paul Guilfoyle, Barbara Pepper, Kay Marlowe, Eric Rhodes, Diana Gibson. The guests were given slips of paper, on which they had to write the titles of the old records, as they were played, twenty in all, ranging from such well-known old-timers as *Alexander's Ragtime Band* to *The Wang Wang Blues*. That was the one that stumped all but one of the contestants—that contestant was Betty Grable. She hit 100 percent, identifying all twenty old-time numbers, and won a stack of the very newest phonograph records as first prize. Bill Corson, who guessed only two right, won the booby prize—a package of broken old records. Even the ice-cream cake was in the party motif, being designed in the form of a gigantic phonograph record.

JOAN CRAWFORD is going hey-dey, these days. She did her public-singing stunt again the other night, at the dinner party she threw. It wasn't at her home, for a change; it was at the Trocadero and her guests included Cesar Romero, Gary and Sandra Cooper, Heather Thatcher. Joan danced with Cesar, and what a rhumba they put on! Then orchestra leader Phil Ohman directed the band in Joan's favorite, *Melancholy Baby*,—and Joan sang the chorus over the microphone Phil carried to her party table. She also sang *Lost* out loud! Heather Thatcher's famous monocle intrigued Gary Cooper no end. When she left it on the table, while she danced, Gary stuck it in his eye and entertained the rest of the Troc attendants with a more-or-less hilarious impersonation of the Britisher.

BIGGEST brawl of the month was Gene Raymond's super-colossal party, at which more than 200 Hollywoodians partied. Gene had to have a tent erected in his back garden, to accommodate all the comers. Gene's brother, Bob Marlow, and his orchestra, furnished music for the dancing, which is sort of keeping things in the family. Top guest, of course, was Gene's fiancee, Jeanette MacDonald. It was awful, for a while, because Jeanette, tired from a hard day at the studio, dropped asleep at her home before dressing for Gene's party—and it was ten o'clock and numerous phone-calls before she arrived. Romance filled the air at the party, anyway—for besides the cooing Gene and Jeanette, there were present Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland, Owen Davis and Anne Shirley and other filmland torrid twosomes.

HUNTING dinners provides laughs, sometimes. That was how it was with Ralph Bellamy's quail dinner at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. He invited guests to eat quail that he'd shot himself. Then he went into the quail country to get the quail—only after a day's shooting, he had to come back without any. The party couldn't be called off, so Ralph made good. And not until they read this will his guests know that it wasn't quail at all that they ate. It was really squab—peppered with buckshot in the butcher's backyard, after the squab had already been plucked and dressed. Ralph just stood there and fired a load of shot into the dressed squab, to make the guests think they were having the real thing when they found the lead pellets between their molars. Guests included Arline Judge, Paul Lukas, Charlie Butterworth, Ketti Gallian, Skeets Gallagher, Frank Morgan.

ANOTHER hunting dinner was the one Clark Gable gave. His invitations read—"come up and have a duck dinner; I'LL bring the ducks!" Duck-eaters included Carole Lombard (naturally!), Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, and Jean Harlow and Bill Powell.

"SKINNY SCRAWNY "CINDERELLA" SALLY
THEY USED TO CALL HER.... ALWAYS TIRED-OUT, RUNDOWN AND NEGLECTED-AND THEN, SHE FOUND THE WAY TO A "FOLLIES GIRL" FIGURE AND EVERYONE IS IN LOVE WITH HER NOW!
GOSH THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL OVER THERE- HOW DOES SHE HAPPEN TO BE ALONE--I'D LIKE TO MEET HER
DON'T BE FOOLISH-WAIT TILL YOU SEE HER IN A BATHING SUIT--YOU'LL KNOW WHY SHE'S ALONE--HOWEVER, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU
THIS IS DOCTOR BLAKE-OLD COLLEGE FRIEND OF MINE--DOWN HERE FOR A FEW WEEKS OF SUNSHINE--CARE TO JOIN US ON THE BEACH?
HOW DO YOU DO?--I'M AFRAID I'M NOT MUCH OF A SWIMMER
I HATE TO PRESUME ON SUCH SHORT ACQUAINTANCE--BUT I THINK I COULD SHOW YOU HOW TO PUT ON SOME WEIGHT, IF YOU CARE TO!
WOULD I? I'D DO ANYTHING TO ADD A FEW POUNDS
--SO YOU SEE-WHAT YOU NEED IS TO GET NATURAL IODINE INTO YOUR BLOOD AND GLANDS---THAT HELPS YOU GET THE GOOD OUT OF YOUR FOOD AND CHANGES IT INTO FLESH AND ENERGY
WE'LL STOP AT THE DRUG STORE AND GET SOME KELPAMALT-THAT'S THE BEST SOURCE OF NATURAL IODINE I KNOW
OH SURE, I'VE HEARD OF KELPAMALT WHY HAVEN'T I TRIED IT, I WONDER? I KNOW SO MANY PEOPLE IT HAS HELPED
A WEEK LATER
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT--I'VE ADDED 5 POUNDS IN 1 WEEK AND I FEEL GREAT--APPETITE IS FINE AND I SLEEP SO SOUNDLY NOW, TOO
DOC! YOU OLD MIRACLE MAN---WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO SALLY? SHE'S GORGEOUS-LOOK AT THAT FIGURE AND THAT PEP!
DOC'S HAVING A TOUGH TIME KEEPING SALLY TO HIMSELF--- BUT I HEAR THEY'RE ENGAGED
YEAH! A GIRL WITH A FIGURE LIKE THAT COULD HAVE MORE DATES THAN A CALENDAR!

Thousands of WEAK, RUNDOWN, TIRED-OUT SKINNY Folks Have Made This Amazing Discovery!

Get Kelpamalt's Natural Iodine into Your Blood and Glands—Then . . . These Results Quick or Your Money Back

Improved Appetite, Better Digestion, 5 Extra New Lbs., Clearer Skin, Sounder Sleep, New Strength, Energy and Endurance

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired out, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery, and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, endurance, and the solid pounds of new flesh you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down and found one of the very frequent causes of these conditions, and explains a new, quick way to correct them.

Food and medicines often can't help you much. The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is assimilation—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which must have a regular ration of natural plant iodine all the time. The simplest and quickest way to get this precious needed substance is Seedol Kelpamalt, the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea, which has been found to be many times richer in natural iodine than oysters.

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. See if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, and add at least 3 to 5 husky new lbs. the first week. If you don't the trial is free. It costs you nothing. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

● **Manufacturer's Note:—Inferior products, sold as kelp and malt preparations—in imitation of the genuine Seedol Kelpamalt—are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpamalt Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitation product has been represented as the original Seedol Kelpamalt. Don't be fooled. Demand genuine Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach nor injure teeth. Results guaranteed or money back.**

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Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How to Build Strength, Energy and Add Lbs. Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their Effects on the Human Body. New facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily Menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1113, 27 West 20th St., New York City.

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Kelpamalt *Tablets*

New! ...A 7 DAY SHAMPOO!

Posed by professional model.

You Keep the Brilliance, Lustre and Loveliness this New Shampoo Gives Hair—FOR A WHOLE WEEK!

Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy, oil and dust-laden film that leaves hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies, New Blondex gives your hair that glorious, natural, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Blondes, browns and chestnuts invariably find New Blondex leaves their hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—soft, not hard or brittle. Start New Blondex today. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE, now also in a 10c size at all stores.

New BLONDEX SHAMPOO & RINSE FOR ALL HAIR

PREVENT BLACKHEADS

Sensational Beautifier Refines Skin

Women all over the country who formerly were miserable over a skin beladen with blackheads, whiteheads, large pores and other skin faults, are now enthusiastic about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation, which contains oxygen, penetrates into the mouths of the pores and prevents the formation of fatty blackheads.

When the oxygen frees the pores of disfiguring dirt and grease, the skin resumes its natural, clean appearance. It becomes soft and smooth to the touch.

The name of this new beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen, and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Prove to yourself that you too can have a skin free from blackheads, open pores and other skin faults. Dioxogen Cream is not drying and benefits any type of skin to which it is applied. 50¢ and $1 jars at dept. stores and high class drug stores.

Dioxogen CREAM

DIOXOGEN CREAM

The Rockette Road to Beauty

[*Continued from page 26*]

They are all fiends for soap and water as well as creams, because they feel that they can't be too thorough in removing the heavy professional make-up worn on the stage. . . . And, because they wash their faces so much, do their own odds and ends of laundry, they also use hand lotions regularly to keep their hands protected and lubricated.

"We use *gallons* of it in a month, I believe," Betty Sasscier offered.

When they aren't exchanging beauty services backstage, they are studying French, playing backgammon, making hooked rugs or knitting sweaters for diversion.

"Diversions go in cycles," Mr. Markert said, grinning. "The girls are usually *all* making hooked rugs or knitting daisy-chain sweaters at the same time, until they tire of it and go on to the next hobby." More spirit of co-operation!

THE ROCKETTES believe, to a woman, that cosmetics should be personalized and harmonized with individual coloring. None of this business of using any old shade of powder, rouge or lipstick. Even though they *are* unified in dancing, they refused to look unified as to faces. . . . A simple formula for selecting make-up that belongs to *you* is offered by a firm making cosmetics that are keyed to the color of your eyes. You may be confused about the color tones of your hair and skin, but you can have no doubts about the color of your eyes. Brown, blue, grey or hazel, they set the tempo for your color type.

The cosmetics blended on this principle are as fine in quality as they are in color nuances. The face powder clings firmly, but has a light, impalpable texture; the lipstick is creamy but permanent; the cheek rouge easily blended and the eye cosmetics are the type that stay with you through the longest evening of gaiety. . . . Not the least of their merits is the price—55 cents each. There are silver and black kits containing all five of the make-up essentials—powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and shadow—that retail for $2.50.

When I commented on the Rockettes' nice, natural looking eyebrows, Mr. Markert said they were a relief to him, too. He had always remembered with pain a girl who shaved her eyebrows and replaced them with pencilled versions. "It might have been all right if she had put them on the same way two days in succession," he said, "but every time I saw her she wore a different expression—of surprise, anger or sorrow—and it was most confusing!"

Truly beautiful eyebrows are those plucked only enough to keep them looking neat and symmetrical, but not changed radically or arched too exotically. You need a workmanlike pair of tweezers and a certain amount of restraint to accomplish this. But it's easy with the handy little scissors-shaped tweezers made by a firm specializing in all that accents the eyes. . . . These tweezers, ridiculously cheap at 25 cents, have besides scissors handles, a firm, unyielding grip and a patented curve that enables you to watch what you're doing. I'll be glad to send you the trade name.

One of the qualities the Rockettes demand in a shampoo is speed. They haven't time to use preparations that are slow-acting, no matter how efficient they are, and that probably goes for you and you and you. . . . One of the snappiest, lathering-est liquid shampoos I know appeals to them, too. It's applied before the hair is dampened, and rubbed thoroughly into the scalp, then whipped into a perfect froth of lather by the addition of a little water. Rinses away quickly, too, and leaves your hair and scalp feeling completely revitalized. One of its most valuable tricks is the way it discourages dandruff. Comes in several sizes at less than a dollar.

You can't afford to be less careful than the Rockettes in keeping your hands smooth and white, even though you have no dancing career, so I'd advise you to adopt their enthusiasm for hand emollients. . . . There's a grand, inexpensive lotion that outwits winter winds and housework when it's used several times a day. A drop or two spreads quickly and leaves no sticky residue. . . . This lotion can be used as a powder base, after-shave lotion and sunburn relief, as well. It comes in several sizes, one of which is a de-luxe gift bottle for $1.10. There's a handy dispenser, too.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 77*]

Screwy Screeds

SCREWIEST fan-letter of the month: Marlene Dietrich got a screed from a Hindu in India. He explained that in their last incarnation, Marlene was his mother! Now he's starving, and he wants her to step back into space, or time, or something, and mother him again—to the tune of $25,000, please. And Buster Crabbe got a fan letter from a girl who said she liked him so much that she has named her pet after him. Her pet is a hen.

The Contented Calibans

AT a big tea he and Elaine Barrie threw, the other day, John Barrymore, smilingly, told his guests that he's never been happier in the world!

"Aw," wisecracked one of those brutal Hollywood wisecrackers, "you say that every time you get married, Jawn."

Barrymore and Elaine have moved into a small Benedict Canyon house, instead of the huge hilltop mansion where John and Dolores lived their married life. Elaine has asked John to sell the other house and all its contents—including a great picture of John and Dolores and children, painted by Willy Pogany, showing an ultra-happy family group. They're also selling Barrymore's yacht, the *Infanta,* on which John and Dolores used to cruise.

"Who," asks Barrymore, "ever heard of Hamlet aboard a yacht, anyway?"

The Life and Love of Frances Farmer

[*Continued from page* 35]

SHE is a college girl—University of Washington—and looks it. You would be far more likely to come across the likes of her walking across a campus, a book of economics in her hand than to find her likes in Hollywood, in a studio. She wore a plain blue suit, the day we met—the kind that is "just a suit". Her black shoes were not very smart. Her fair hair was slicked back from her face. She carried a handbag which didn't match anything. She had put on a large silver bracelet, the kind the Indians make. She probably put it on absent-mindedly as there was no good reason for it. She carried her hat in her hand. And when she put it on to go to her dramatic lesson she did so without benefit of mirror. She was nakedly guiltless of any make-up, whatsoever.

She admitted, rather surprised that it should be a topic important enough to discuss let alone put into print, but too much of a gentlewoman to be scornful, that she not only doesn't give a hang for clothes but never thinks about them.

She said: "I honestly never give them a thought. There are so many important things to think about. You can't think about everything, give time to everything. I prefer to sweep out the non-essentials. I want to be covered and I want to be comfortable. That's all I ask of my clothes." (And she, a star-in-the-making, a bride of a few months and age twenty-three!) "I've never been to a beauty parlor. I wash my own hair under the shower. I just never think about myself which may be wise or may be foolish, but which is *me*. And I intend to remain *me*. I'd rather think about a world alive with tremendous happenings and ideas, than wonder whether I'm styled in the latest modes.

"I don't think I'll change. I know that others have said the same thing—and have changed. But I believe that I know so well what I want and want what I want so much that I won't be deflected from my purpose. And what I want is work. I'm not afraid of work," she adds. "I love it. I'm used to it."

AND she is. For Frances worked her way through college. She would. Why she wouldn't even let her father shoulder that burden! She kept out of all sorority affiliations, too, while at college. She is not a "joiner." She is too decidedly an individualist to be a part of an organized group. She had, she said, too many studies and too many jobs to have time for anything else. She worked as an usherette in a movie house, evenings. (That same house recently showed *Come And Get It* and Frances, the living *Cinderella* who was transformed from usherette to star made a personal appearance there with the picture. That's Romance for you.) She did some radio work, also some tutoring and dramatic coaching. She did all the correlative reading she could manage on drama and kindred subjects. She more or less majored in dramatics, you might say.

"I entered college," Frances told me, "believing that I wanted to be a writer. I left it knowing that I wanted to be an actress—a stage actress. The finest, I hoped and determined, of my time.

"I reverse the traditional order of things, I know. It is customary to begin on Broadway and then come to Hollywood. Well, I should have liked that, too. Instead, I began in Hollywood and shall go to Broadway. And I came to Hollywood instead of remaining in New York and trying for the stage because I was a little broke. I couldn't ask my father to support me. I mean, I *wouldn't*.

"I realize how much there is for me to fight in order to succeed here in Hollywood. I know that I have a lot to fight in order to concentrate on my work and nothing else but. Yet I like a fight. It's exciting."

And she will fight, this girl who never saw, thought or dreamed of Hollywood two short years ago. She is too well-balanced to be temperamental. But she is also too intensely analytical, too absorbed with the integrity of what she wants to do to accept compromises, to go against her standards. They tell of a tense moment on the sound stage during the filming of *Come And Get It*. The veteran Howard Hawks was directing. A large crew of

DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND
MY MASTER'S SO DOWN-HEARTED. AND NOBODY COMES HERE ANYMORE. GUESS I'LL CHEW UP THIS MAGAZINE.
HERE, YOU RASCAL! STOP THAT!
HM! WHAT'S THIS? "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. SEE YOUR DENTIST"... SAY! I WONDER...
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...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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20¢ LARGE SIZE
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Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth*. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

LOSE Controllable FAT

OHIO NURSE lost 47 lbs. -Tells How

Read What Others Write

● Do you envy slender women? Why sit back when many others have found new joy in living after freeing themselves from controllable fat . . . Read what Mrs. Gladysse Ryer, Registered Nurse, of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I had been overweight since 1926 and was getting heavier. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 47 lbs.! Though I lost all this fat, my skin is firm and smooth." Miss L. R. Schulze, Jackson, Mich., reduced 50 lbs., and adds: "Never felt better." Mrs. J. Fulfs, Honey Creek, Iowa, writes: "Lost 34 lbs. They are pleasant to take."

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FANS ATTENTION

With the issue of ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES magazine now on sale the title is changed to MOVIE STORY magazine. In spite of 34 additional pages (bringing this magazine to 106 pages) the price remains only ten cents.

MOVIE STORY will continue to publish the complete and exclusive fiction stories of the best of the coming movies, each story illustrated with scenes from the productions.

Fictionized in the big March issue (now on sale) are MAYTIME, starring Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY, starring Joan Crawford; HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT, featuring Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer, and that super spectacle road show, ROMEO AND JULIET with Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard. Ten complete stories in all.

Ask your newsdealer for MOVIE STORY magazine. Read your movies first and enjoy them more.

EASY CHIN BAND

"EASY CHIN BAND" Holds that "age line" at defiance. Don't let "double chin" give an appearance of years older than you should look. Wear "Easy" for a few hours out of the 24 and preserve youthful chin and neck contours. WON'T SLIP—HOLDS MUSCLES FIRMLY—COMFORTABLE. New design makes it attractive as well as efficient. By mail prepaid. Cotton 50c—Silk One Dollar.

"EASY"

120 States Ave. Atlantic City, N.J.

cameramen, "grips," electricians, sound technicians and others waited through expensive minutes while Director Hawks held conference with three persons—Walter Brennan, veteran actor of stage and screen, Jules Furthman, for seventeen years a ranking film scenarist and—and Frances.

They were discussing the scene which Furthman wrote, which Hawks was to direct and which Brennan was to play with Frances. And the girl, young enough to be the daughter of any of them, youngest of the young "stars" of Hollywood, told them off. She said "That way isn't right. I don't *feel* it. The line should be changed. I can't say it this way. It's wrong, it's false, it doesn't ring true." The three experts sat, listened, agreed. The scene was done over. The line was changed.

FRANCES says, and you believe her when she says it, that her one ambition in life is to be the world's greatest *stage* actress. "The screen and Hollywood," she told me, "are just my means of getting there. And I'm glad, now, that I am here. I am thrilled over the success of *Come And Get It,* of course. It's hard for me to realize all that has happened to me—so soon. I did wish, originally, that I could have begun on the stage and come to Hollywood later. But now that I have been here awhile I have enough faith in Hollywood, enough faith in myself to believe that it is better the way it is. I'll learn to be an actress here. There are tremendous experiences to be had. I have a profound respect for the absolutely limitless powers of the screen—for the great good things that can be done. That they are not always done is due to the immensity of the thing, the enormous output, the necessity for factory methods. But that good things are done and can be done more and more is a certainty. I'm not a bit 'superior' or ashamed of being 'a movie actress'. I don't look down on my profession; I look up to it.

"But it's the work that I want and mean to have, not the glamour, not the publicity, not the notoriety. I suppose the publicity departments found me, still find me, very difficult. I won't pose for 'leg' art. I won't pose in bathing-suits for no good reason. I won't be photographed presenting a goblet to some notable I've never met and who has never heard of me. I won't be photographed joining the American Legion or something when I'm not joining. I feel that it's degrading, this sort of thing. It's what I *don't* want. And won't have.

"There are too many really important things for me to do and to learn. I spend time in the cutting-room. I spend time in the sound recording studios. I study scripts and watch performances and talk to the technicians. I want to know what it is made of and how it is made, the foundation on which I stand.

"If it were just glory or money I am after I wouldn't be here at all. I'd choose some easier, less exacting way of getting what I wanted. Not that I disparage the value of having money. Heavens, no! It's wonderful to think that I can earn so much. But even so, it's not what I am here for. If I didn't want, with all my heart, to become a really fine actress I'd go and live on the desert and really *live.* Or I'd go adventuring—*we'd* go adventuring, Leif and I" said Frances. (And now she was neither the Young Intellectual nor the college girl, but a bride, a young woman in love.)

"I want publicity and recognition only when I have earned it by honest and praiseworthy effort," Frances went on, "I'm not used to fulsome flattery. At home when any one of us did anything noteworthy, won prizes or got jobs or something, all mother ever said was 'Very nice'. That's all they say now, all they said when they saw *Come And Get It.*

"I've heard of a couple of girls here in Hollywood who have been in the studio for two years without making one single picture. Yet when visitors come to the lot they are the ones they ask to meet. Because they have been built up by publicity with nothing to back it up. Personally, I'd feel as though I were resting my elbow on a soap-bubble if it were me," laughed Frances. "I don't want that. I'm like one of The Three Little Pigs who 'built *his* house of bricks'. Or I try to be."

SPEAKING of houses led me, logically, I think, to speculate on the house Frances has "built" with husband Leif Erickson. I remembered hearing that Frances, when she came to Hollywood, had been unimpressed with masculine youth of the film colony. It almost looked as though she would follow in the solo company of Garbo, Hepburn, Jean Muir and a few of the others who prefer their own company to tea for two. In fact Frances was quoted as saying: "I prefer my own company to that of most of the young men in this town. My work, the books I want to read, the drives I like to take alone, are company enough for me."

And then, suddenly, or so it seemed, Frances and Leif Erickson motored to Yuma, Arizona, and were married. I hesitated to ask this girl, whose youth wears so well-knit a garment of dignity, about her marriage, knowing her dislike of unprofessional publicity. But she spoke of Leif and I leapt into the breach and asked breathlessly, "*Was* it—?"

"No," Frances anticipated me, laughing, "no, it was not love at first sight, that's what you mean, isn't it? No' we went together for two months before we diagnosed our case as that of love. We met while we were both working under Phyllis Loughton, the studio's dramatic coach. I'm sorry. I know what can be done with the 'love at first sight' angle in a story. But no, we just had a lot in common, we were both beginners and terribly ambitious and we became very good friends. We still are very good friends. We think the same way. We are after the same things. Leif," smiled Frances, "cares as little about clothes and all the so-called 'glamour' things as I do. Neither of us wants mansions and swimming-pools and servants crawling out of the carburetor, and night-clubs and show. I don't believe that Leif knows whether I am wearing black or white half of the time. He'll help me, without knowing it, to stay as I am, without benefit of glamour.

"We both like to study. We're both terrifically keen about our work. Leif is immensely interested in my work, proud and pleased about *Come And Get It.* We like to work together, practising, criticizing one another. One time while Leif and I were working with Miss Loughton, we rehearsed a scene which called for me to berate life—and him—to plead for deliverance from my lot. Before I was half done the tenants of the building poured into the room and demanded that Leif act like a gentleman and treat me decently or leave the place at once. We were so pleased," laughed Frances, "we knew that we had given the scene realism.

"Neither of us gives a hoot for the social whirl. I have two evening dresses (and never wear 'em) and Leif has one Tux. We're not a bit luxury-loving or even luxury-minded. We drive around in a sort

[*Continued on page* 94]

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 85]

too, with Wes. . . . ! Hollywood's like that.

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gail Patrick and Robert Cobb—
There's an A-1 Cupid's job.

● ● ●

BABY-TALK: John Carradine, the Shakespearean student who's become one of the screen's top heavies, has also just become a papa. He, wifie and son are doing fine, after the latter's nine-pound debut at a Hollywood Hospital. And Carradine, forgetting Shakespeare for the once, just told the Hollywood Boulevard bartenders to "set 'em up" for the gang. Doc Stork's got a date with the Buster Colliers, come sometime in May. Mrs. Collier was Marie Stevens, onetime prettiest girl in the Follies.

● ● ●

"ALICE in Wonderland" is going to be a bride soon—or maybe by the time this sees print. "Alice" is really Charlotte Henry, the girl whom Paramount discovered as an unknown to star in the film-fable. It hardly seems long enough ago for Alice to have grown up into matrimony, but it's true—and hubby will be one George Martin, whose name you don't know yet, but who's been signed up by Republic Pictures. He's a bright lad—anyway, he ought to be, having been educated at Eton, Oxford, Heidelberg, Harvard and Columbia, mind you! And he wears a Phi Beta Kappa key, too. Wonder how that makes him an actor?

● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Craig Reynolds and Gertrude Niesen
Into wedded life will soon be easin'. . . . !

● ● ●

TWO of the most famous names of all, in the world of stage and screen, will soon be united—for Will Rogers Junior and Patricia Ziegfeld are making wedding plans.

● ● ●

IT looks as though that bachelor-paradise of Francis Lederer's, out in San Fernando Valley, is going to have to be revised, pretty soon. It'll be a honeymoon paradise, instead, unless Ol' Man Tattler is all wrong. . . . For little, dynamic Margo has been going out to his ranch with Francis, and a li'l bird whispers that she's suggested certain changes and additions to make it more delightful when she moves in as Mrs. Lederer. Of course, both Lederer and she are denying the marriage rumors—but don't be surprised if they take the big leap any day, now.

THE Ritz Brothers, newest Hollywood clowns, are amusing movieland by their amorous involvements no less than by their screen-antics. No sooner had one of the hilarious trio revealed that, for months, he's been married, than another one—Jimmy, this time—busted up his own betrothal. And of all reasons—because even in this enlightened day and age (or is it?) he still believes a woman's place is in the home. . . . ! ! ! And because Ruth Hilliard, under contract to Columbia, wouldn't swap her screen career for housekeeping and cooking, the engagement's off, and Jimmy Ritz'll stay single, he says, until he can find a gal who likes to stay home.

● ● ●

ANOTHER busted engagement is the absolute-zero-ing of the Eleanore Whitney-Johnny Downs cooing. It was Hollywood's hottest kid romance while it lasted, but it didn't last long. And it makes things tough over at Paramount, where they are both working in *Clarence*, but so mad at each other that they won't speak except when the script calls for it. Incidentally, Eleanore has been stepping out recently with Michael Whalen. While he consoles her about Johnny, she consoles him about Alice Faye—isn't that too, too ducky? The consolation prize goes to Alice who once carried the torch for Victor Orsatti.

How the *doctor chooses* from hundreds of laxatives

MOST of us recall, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words. But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health.

Consider a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it. Check the specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.

The doctor says that a laxative should *not*: Over-act . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax checks on *every* point listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, that it is the most widely used laxative in the world.

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax. You'll find that it *is* mild . . . that it *is* thorough. You'll discover that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being.

Children, particularly, are benefited by Ex-Lax. Like the older folks, they enjoy its delicious chocolate taste. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for a free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG 37, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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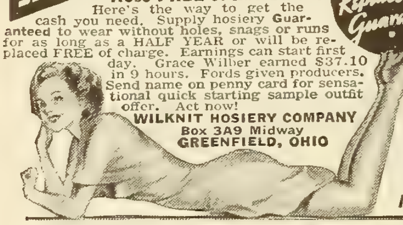

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Pariogen Tablets
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420 S. Sixth St., Minneapolis, Minn. Dept. 263

Why Gary Stays Popular

[*Continued from page 44*]

last night?" And Gary, with an abashed little-boy grin, gave himself away. "It'll look all right, though, Henry."

As Hathaway explained later, "It's always like that with Gary. He doesn't care how he looks—never thinks about looking special for the camera. That's why we have to keep after him. He wouldn't go near a mirror from one end of the day to another, and he won't let any one fuss over him either. He never wears make-up any more, but at least you have to see he keeps shaved. He has less ego than any star I've ever known . . . Did you see him come into breakfast this morning? Wasn't that a kick? Now what other star would let himself be seen like that?"

YES, I had seen him . . . sleepy-eyed, yawning and stretching, actually propping his eyes open to see even across the table. Breakfast at four-thirty on location is an ordeal for anybody, but with a company of several hundred around, including press people and photographers, most stars make an effort to look their best, no matter what the hour. Not Gary. Practically walking and eating in his sleep, face gaping with yawns . . . and not caring who knew it! It's one of the miracles of Hollywood—that through ten years of fame, Gary still acts like the overgrown boy that he is. Ten years old, too, in the way he abhors dressing-up.

And he was all over the boat that day, too. Down below, talking with the cook, up front, examining the donkey engine that helps hoist the sails, talking with the mates, finding out everything there was to know. Hathaway always had to round him up for work . . . no one ever knew where he was . . . but just let Hathaway yell, "Come on now, let's get rid of those sea-gulls . . . we're supposed to be in mid-ocean. We can't have them following us like we were a ferry boat!" On location he always has a rifle with him—for sea gulls, porpoises, and, once, when he stayed at Catalina one morning, instead of going to sea, he went hunting for wild boar. On this particular afternoon that I saw him shooting at the gulls, something unusual happened which upset Gary quite a bit. He was taking a shot at them, when suddenly one of the extras, an elderly woman, started screaming hysterically. "Stop that! Stop that!" and shrieking, she began to declaim dramatically about what a sin it was to kill, calling curses down on Gary's head. The assistant director soon calmed her, but Gary wasn't content to let it go at that. His grey eyes very serious as he went over to her. He tried to explain that he wasn't trying to kill the gulls, only to frighten them . . . that he hadn't hit any of them. Not until she finally forgave him did the strain leave Gary's face. It shows his sensitiveness . . . which is just as much a part of him as his spirit of play.

GARY really has many sides . . . something you don't realize until you've been with him, day after day. Casual observers are inclined to judge him all too quickly by his non-communicative side. There are those around Hollywood who will tell you that he's shallow, just because his spoken reactions to everything are usually so monosyllabic. But these are people who do not really know him. True, he's not the type who is always engaging you in brilliant conversations. He's not one to go around revealing his ideas and observations.

He never takes the lead in any group, or on any subject . . . but let me tell you, he's there, just the same, listening and observing and making his own mental notes, all the time. You can be sure that he always gets much more information out of you than you do out of him. Sometimes he plays 'possum for so long that it gets to be annoying, particularly if you happen to mention a book. He will give you the impression that he hasn't read it . . . so you go ahead and tell him about it. Then toward the end of your comments he'll put in a comment of his own which lets you know, without a doubt, that he *has* read it. "Why didn't you tell me?" you say, feeling a bit sheepish . . . "I'm sure I must have bored you terribly." "Oh, no," he answers blithely, "I was just interested in hearing your version of it . . ." Keeping one's silence is one of the greatest arts in the world—and it inevitably leads to knowledge. It's an art which is instinct with Gary.

KEEPING silent is also one of the greatest rules for keeping one's popularity in Hollywood. Putting two and two together you can understand why Gary is one of the few big stars in Hollywood who has absolutely no enemies. You never hear him commenting, *pro* or *con*, on the performances of other players. You never hear him criticising anyone. You never hear him complaining about anything. And most important of all, you never hear him talking about himself. Around a set, if you didn't know who he was, you'd think that he might be a prop man. He never sits in the comfortable chairs reserved for stars. He never demands starrish attention. It's that superb modesty of his, and that afternoon, incidentally, I had a better-than-ever-look at it . . .

We were still sitting there on the rough narrow bench when an old fellow with long grey hair, wearing a shabby suit and cap, shuffled up and suddenly seized Gary by the hand. There was a maniacal look in his eye as he muttered, unintelligibly, in a thick foreign accent, "You! You . . . you help me get part . . . you, big director . . . you geeve me break, eh, huh?" Gary stood up but the man had him clutched firmly by the arm. I saw the red mount to Gary's cheek as he tried to explain that he was not the director, that he was merely one of the actors. "Oh, no, you director!" the old man kept insisting. Then out of the corner of my eye I saw George Raft and Henry Wilcoxon, grinning, and in fact, on every side were observers, all grinning. It was a gag, then . . . the old man was really a very clever character actor, giving Gary a ribbing. But Gary was so faced that he couldn't see the others, and the old man was so realistic, that it was little wonder Gary was falling for it. His embarrassment grew by leaps and bounds as the old fellow wanted to know: "You actor? I don't believe. What name you have?"

"I—I—I'm Gary Cooper . . ." Gary looked at me appealingly, a mute request to help him out. But I couldn't . . . the others had managed to sober their faces by this time, and were gathering in close, just to make it a little more difficult for him. None of them helped him out . . . it was part of the joke. "You *big* actor?"

asked the old man. And now Gary was really squirming. "I—no, well, yes, sorta. Well, I—here, I'll introduce you to the director," he added in desperation. But again the actor closed in on him. "Please, you help me! You get me good part, I give you commission. You could use commission . . . could you? Tell me, how much money you make? You make much money? More than me, maybe? You beeg actor?" he repeated again.

It was really side-splitting . . . to everyone but Gary, and Gary was suffering. How to tell this old man who Gary Cooper really was, and how much money he made, well —for any one with Gary's modesty it was an awful ordeal. It went on like this for five minutes—the old man driving him on insanely, Gary bashfully refusing to admit his position in the picture world. It was the oldtimer who gave in first. Suddenly, when Gary looked as though he would die if somebody didn't get him out of this situation quickly, the actor broke down, grinned, slapped Gary on the shoulders, hugged him and shouted, above the laughter, "You're a great guy, kid!" And in the next instant Gary was laughing with the rest of them! Too modest to tell the old fellow what a big shot he was, too gentle to thrust the old man aside, too good a sport to take offense at the joke . . . a triple revelation of the real Cooper character!

YOU see inner glimpses of this character most often on location, because there is always more ribbing going on than in the studio—more informality, and, of course, informality is Gary's long suit; he feels at home in it. Constant eating is a part of it; he goes around eating from morning until night . . . always some fruit or cookies in his hand, and usually an extra supply in his pocket. Once after a scene had been taken, Hathaway discovered that it would have to be taken again because Gary suddenly drew half a chicken, in a napkin, out of his coat pocket. "Was that there all the time?" Hathaway wanted to know. "Because if it was it made a bulge as big as a crow's nest." Gary grinned and hung his head. "O.K., boys, let's take it over!"—but it was impossible for Hathaway to get really angry.

Gary's informality is also evident in his S.O.S. calls for Cracker, his valet and stooge. Maybe he wants a heavier coat, or a cigarette. The Cooper voice echoes around the boat. Minutes go by. No Cracker. Gary shrugs. "I can do things in less time myself, than it takes to wait for him," and off he goes to get his own coat. And when Cracker finally does appear, it's always the same, "Cracker, you're fired!" "O.K., Coop," is the unworried answer.

The affection Cracker feels for Gary is another revelation of Gary's inner self. They say that no man is a hero to his own valet, but this is not true here. Cracker is more proud of Gary than Gary is of himself, and always includes himself in a "we" when speaking of his tall slim boss . . . "We're going to make *Marco Polo* for Goldwyn when we get through here . . . I think maybe we'll direct pictures when we get through acting in them for good . . ."

And so it goes—really most amusing and amazing. Furthermore, it rests on Cracker's shoulders to keep track of Gary's fame. Gary never bothers to follow his own publicity, but Cracker does—and once when Gary was awarded one of the highest honors ever awarded a star, he would never have known about it except for his valet-stooge. That was several years ago when Norman Rockwell drew a picture of Gary for the cover of the Satevepost. It wasn't until just a few months ago that he even knew about it. There was a stack of old magazines, prop magazines, on a table on the set. Thumbing through them Cracker discovered the old Post with the Cooper cover. He tore it off, had it framed as a surprise and presented it to Gary. It reposes now in his dressing room . . . the only reminder of fame *in* that dressing room incidentally. The other pictures are all of houses, Indians and guns.

We have to admit here that we haven't pinned Gary uncomfortably in a corner to make him "give" his slant on a lot of forced subjects. But it is an informal view of him that few people are privileged to have . . . and as such, it's worth a section in anyone's memory book. Even second hand like this. And here's hoping that it will be a reminder for you, always, of the real Cooper guy.

FLASH!

It must be wonderful news to Gary and to his vast following that the picture, *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* in which he scored such a big hit, won the award as the best film of the year —as voted upon by the Motion Picture critics of New York. The picture also was among the list of the best ten of the year as voted upon by hundreds of film editors and critics of newspapers and magazines throughout the United States—sponsored by *Film Daily.*

Gary has flashed fine performances over a score of years. But it was as *Mr. Deeds,* the small town youth who could play expertly on the tuba—and who set out for the city to reap his inheritance, that he is best remembered.

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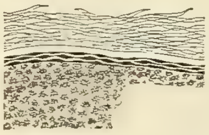

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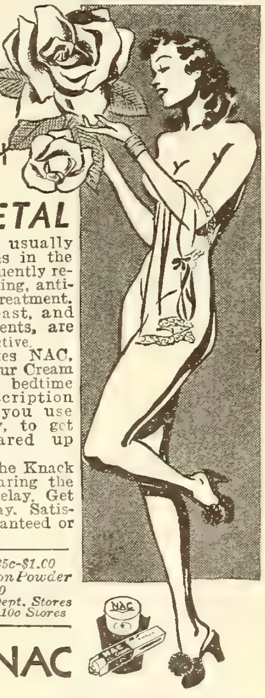

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The Life and Love of Frances Farmer

[*Continued from page* 90]

of battered old car. We love having friends drop in for a pot-luck supper. We love to talk tennis and we like to go on spur-of-the-moment dashes to neighborhood movies to watch performances and then talk them over, pull them to pieces. We both admire Gladys George immensely, and the work of Paul Muni. We love dogs and have a flock of them including dachshunds, a Sealyham and a Newfoundland. We have a small, rented house in Laurel Canyon, hanging on the edge of a cliff, overlooking Hollywood. Neither of us wants to own a home. We're afraid of possessions, don't want them. They jail you.

"I'm taking dancing lessons and work in dramatic expression. Leif is keeping on with his singing. He has a splendid voice. He was engaged by the studio because of his voice and then put into—*westerns.* He had quite a nice part, though, in *Girl Of The Ozarks.* I think, by the way, that I am to be loaned to RKO for *Robber Barons,* again with Edward Arnold.

"We both like adventuring things, Leif and I. A few months ago we invested in a small skiff. A bit papery, but a skiff. And we used to take it out on the Pacific at night and sail. One time we were sailing and it was a very black night. We were feeling very free and sort of 'gone with the wind' and all that, when a monstrous black shape hove into view, right in our line of passage. We pulled the tiller hard over but as the boom swung low over our heads, the prow collided with a huge won't-give-an-inch oil tanker. It was a narrow escape.

"Then we bought a used motor-cycle with a side-car and planned to take tremendous expeditions into the Mohave Desert and sleep under the stars and all that. But before we got a chance Leif drove the motor-cycle to the studio and, being a studio player, right onto the lot. And the motor-cycle went the way of the skiff forthwith.

"And that," said Frances, "is the whole story of Leif and me. We met. We fell in love after a two months friendship. And so, we just drove to Yuma and got married. Almost the only difference between us, save that of sex, is that my name is my real one and Leif's name is really William Anderson. He looks so much like the bust of the original Leif Erickson, he has always been so keen about the man, that he took the name."

Frances looked at the clock and rose to go. "Time for my dramatic lesson," she said, "I'm sorry."

I rose to go, too. "We're all watching you," I said, "and I hope that when we meet, say a year from now, I will not behold you lolling languidly in a Rolls-Royce, all draped out with 'glamour.' A standard product."

"Not much danger," smiled Frances quietly, pulling her hat any which way over her fair hair, "I've got work to do. I've got a husband who thinks as I do and likes me as I am. And—I *know why I am here.*"

Real, this young "Farmer In The Dell." this dell into which so many fall and emerge failing to distinguish between the false and the true. Real and well worth watching, not only in *Come And Get It* but in the future which she will "build of bricks," not tinsel.

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My Advice to Myself—Jean Harlow

[*Continued from page 31*]

for that person. If a man were jealous of me, I would be humiliated. His jealousy would mean one of two things. One, that he didn't trust me; that he doubted my word—and, therefore, is unworthy of *my* love. Or that I have failed to live up to his ideal of me—and, therefore, am unworthy of *his* love.

"Professional jealousy is inane, stupid—because of the very fact that people succeed because they are individual. How silly it would be for William Powell to be jealous of Robert Montgomery, or vice versa! Or for Clark Gable and Robert Taylor to be jealous of each other! They are entirely different types. Jealousy would be senseless."

According to Jean's interpretation it all gets back to common sense.

"Don't waste time in wishing—or alibiing," she added, "I try to remember that one, too. I've known people who have sat back and said that if they had had So-and-So's breaks, they would be as rich as Henry Ford—when I know very well that if they had had the same chance at the start, they wouldn't have gone after the job. I don't want to join that clan.

"One of the worst things about Hollywood ballyhoo is its keeping alive of the old Cinderella legend. People forget that you can't get up a long flight of stairs by taking a long running jump. You may, if you are agile, skip a few steps on the way up. But you've got to start at the bottom and *work* toward the top. There never was a short-cut, and there never will be.

"It's like saying, when you're in the fourth or fifth grade, 'My sister in high school is very smart. *She* does algebra.' You wish *you* were smart enough to do algebra. Give yourself time, learn what your older sister has learned, and you'll do algebra, too. And geometry and trigonometry.

"Modern life, with its speed and inventions and luxuries, has made gamblers of all of us. We want big, quick returns on small investments. We're always hurrying tomorrow along. We forget that nothing can bring us happiness except ourselves. It's locked up inside us, and only we can turn the key.

"We crave excitement, novelty, sparkling glamour. We lose sight of the simple pleasures of living. We have forgotten, most of us, what a quiet evening at home is like. There are so many more exciting places than home—and we'll have to hurry or we won't see them all. We overlook simple everyday enjoyments we might have. People eating corned beef and cabbage think they'd rather eat caviar. Maybe they wouldn't like caviar. Personally, I don't."

WHAT about the danger of becoming self-centered?

"With myself," she replied, "I become more and more impersonal. There is one Jean Harlow—rather like a one-woman corporation—engaged in the making of motion pictures. There is another Jean Harlow, overseeing the management of the corporation, keeping a constant check on debits and credits, trying to eliminate one and maintain the other.

"This impersonal attitude is particularly true, speaking physically. Many a girl, studying herself in a mirror, says, 'You look pretty, my dear.' When I study myself in a mirror, I'm trying to decide if I can say, 'You look very good for the particular scene you are about to do, my dear.' I can't be anything but impersonal, if I am honestly trying to see myself as others will see me.

"Self-criticism can be one of my greatest assets—if I don't overdo it and reach the danger point where I am belittling myself. That doesn't mean that I have to be self-satisfied. That is just as bad; probably worse. But I am constantly looking for improvements. There's room for improvement in all of us."

Watch Jean at work sometime, and you will have the illusion that she actually enjoys work. How does she explain this phenomenon?

"If I couldn't wholeheartedly give myself to my work, I'd be cheating my bosses, my audiences and—myself. If I couldn't be happy in my job, I'd know I wasn't in the right job. It must be pretty awful to work grudgingly, just for a pay-check. Half the fun of any work ought to be the zest of improvement. [*Continued on page 105*]

To SEE and be SEEN!

YOUR BOSS IS HANDSOME MARRIED?
NO, BUT HE NEVER EVEN SEES ME
YOU JUST LEAVE EVERYTHING TO YOUR "AUNT" WENDY
BUT WENDY... YOU KNOW I'M COLORLESS
NOW JUST A BIT OF WINX MASCARA... NOTICE HOW IT BLENDS SO NATURALLY WITH WINX EYE SHADOW
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(TO HERSELF) WENDY'S THE DARLING!

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YOUR QUESTIONS

Here Are the Answers

ASK THE CINEMA SAGE

Ruby Keeler—Was born Ethel Hilda Keeler in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on August 25, 1909. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs 105 pounds, has blue eyes and dark brown hair. She married Al Jolson on September 21, 1928. (M. C. T., Seale, Alabama.)

Fred MacMurray—Who is the son of Fred MacMurray, noted concert violinist, was born on August 30, 1908. Send twenty-five cents to Paramount Pictures Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Holywood, Calif., for photograph. (A. R., Milwaukee, Wisc.)

Dixie Dunbar—Was born Christine Elizabeth Dunbar on January 19th. She is one-half inch under five feet and weighs 98 pounds. Her hair is brown and her eyes are hazel. Her birthplace is Montgomery, Ala. (W. B., Long Island City, N. Y.)

Freddie Bartholomew—Has great fun on his bicycle, rides a horse well, swims and plays tennis. He was born in London on March 28, 1924, has hazel eyes, brown hair, is very ticklish and speaks with a soft British accent. He has put on weight and height since he came to this country. Out of his huge salary his daily allowance is a nickel. (D. J. H. . . .)

Leo Carrillo—Is five feet ten inches, weighs 170 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. He was born in Los Angeles, Calif., on August 6th. His first important screen role was in 1929 in *Mr. Antonio,* although he was signed by Warner Bros. in 1927. (Mrs. H. I. P. D., New York City.)

George Raft—Is most attentive to Virginia Pine, Chicago department store heiress and film beauty. (E. M. B. . . .)

Barbara Stanwyck—Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 16, 1907. She is five feet five inches tall, has auburn hair, dark blue eyes, and her real name is Ruby Stevens. Weighing 115 pounds, she keeps fit with swimming and tennis. She is also a fight and football enthusiast, and is fond of horseback riding. Joel McCrea is co-starred with her in *Banjo On My Knee.* (K. D., Williamsport, Pa.)

Monroe Owsley—Is the actor who false-

● If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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ly testified against Loretta Young in *Private Number*. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 156 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is *Yellowstone* for Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. (B. L. Humphrey, Nebr.)

Kathleen Burke—Was born in Hammond, Ind., on September 6, 1913. She has not been scheduled for another picture, as yet, since *Craig's Wife*. (G. M. H., Warren, Ohio.)

Billie Dove—She is Mrs. Robert Kenaston in private life, and apparently has retired from the screen. (M. N. B., Dublin, Ga.)

Fredric March—Cannot play any musical instruments. His piano playing in *Laughter* was faked. His favorite recreations are horseback riding, tennis and swimming and he is a violent reader. His next picture will be *A Star is Born* for United Artists. (S. R., Everett, Mass.)

Henry Wilcoxon—He has appeared in *Cleopatra, The Crusades, A Woman Alone, Princess Charming, The Last of the Mohicans,* and his latest, *The President's Mystery* for Republic Studios. (M. L., Anacostia Sta., D. C.)

Craig Reynolds, now appearing in *Penrod and Sam*, is giving Gable and Taylor keen competition in the eyes of the fair sex

Craig Reynolds—Was born in 1907 in Anaheim, a small southern California town. Anything and everything in outdoor sports gets his attention, from tennis to deep-sea fishing. He shoots in the low eighties in golf and is one of the best tennis players in Hollywood. Indoors he likes ping-pong, poker and puttering with model airplanes . . . collects pipes, has one Filipino servant, one dog, one Ford, and lives a comfortable and calm bachelor existence. (H. D., Southbridge, Mass.)

Frankie Thomas—Spends his spare time learning the art of the tennis racket under the direction of Big Bill Tilden the III, noted tennis star, and his partner, Lester Stoffen. His teachers predict a real tennis future for him. Other interests are his dogs and ponies. He was born in New York City on April 9, 1922. His latest picture is *Without Orders*. (G. T., New York City.)

Cary Grant—Was born on January 18. His next picture will be *Interlude* with Grace Moore. He is frequently seen with several of the fair damsels in Hollywood and does not devote his time to any particular one. (D. C., Philadelphia, Penna.)

Jean Rogers—Is 20 years old, 5 feet five and one-half inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, has naturally blonde hair and deep blue eyes. Her next picture is *Murder on the Mississippi* for Universal Studios. (Washington, D. C.)

Don Ameche—Was born in Kenosha, Wisc., on May 31. He lacks one-half inch of being six feet tall, but looks much taller, weighs 170 pounds, has hazel eyes and dark brown hair. He is married and has two sons. Golf and swimming are his favorite outdoor sports. He has no hobbies but likes to play poker with a few friends. His next picture is *The Last Slaver* for 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (N. P., Providence, R. I.)

Buster Crabbe—A graduate of the University of Southern California, he was the Olympic Games Swimming Champion. Is six feet one inch and weighs 188 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Was born in Oakland, Calif., on February 7th. His wife is the former Adah Virginia Held. He recently completed *Rose Bowl* for Paramount Studios. (Washington, D. C.)

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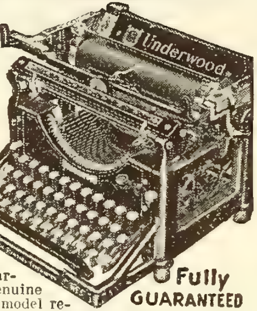

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Hollywood Chorus Girls—1937 Edition

[*Continued from page 37*]

gracefully in perfect rhythm with the music. Their height varies from 5 feet 6 inches to 5 feet 10 inches and over, and their weight, from 115 to 125 lbs. They must have perfect figures. The ages of the three groups are about the same, 18-24, and they all receive the same pay, irrespective of their rank. We pay our girls from $50 to $75 a week, with overtime.

"AT PRESENT there are about 1,100 regular dancing girls in Hollywood, compared to the 1,500 in New York. Hollywood has 200 ponies, while Broadway has a bare handful, having discarded them for stage shows. On the other hand, New York has over 1,000 show girls compared to our 200. Most of these show beauties are also models and mannequins.

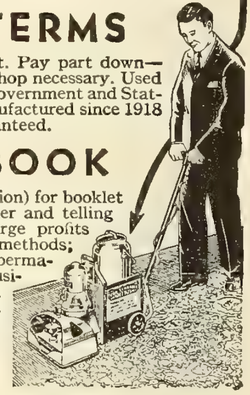
"In picking the chorus for *Born to Dance,* I had more than 800 applicants. Three-fourths of them were promptly eliminated because they lacked the necessary physical dimensions. I had to choose 50 out of the 200 left. About 25 had worked for me before, and I was absolutely sure of their qualifications.

"I'm always glad to see any girl who comes to the studio for a try-out. She doesn't have to be registered with Central Casting. Dancing calls are the only ones open, and for any attractive, intelligent girl the easiest way to break into pictures is *via* the dancing route. Practically every chorus girl considers her work as an entree to more important screen work. Sometimes new lines are written in the script, and one of our girls gets a chance to be a bit player. To save time and expense, I advise that a girl either make a definite appointment with my secretary, or write me a letter, giving her qualifications and enclosing a photograph of herself. If she looks attractive enough, I'll have her come out for an interview. I'm always on the look-out for fresh, new talent. Between my pictures, I conduct a dancing school.

"Every musical picture is sold with girls. We try to make them feel they are an important part of the picture. Many of our girls get fan mail, some get Broadway offers. Every year about 30% of the girls marry. The average life of a chorus girl is three years. Only 5% stay more than three years. Studios don't like to use the same girls over and over again. Eventually, they lose a certain vitality; studio work ceases to have any glamour and becomes just a job. Before coming to Hollywood, I did several shows in New York. I've met all types of dancing girls. It is my conviction that Hollywood has the cream of the country's chorines, the most beautiful girls in the world. Really, it's a privilege to work with them."

GENE SNYDER, from Radio City Music Hall, is the dance director of Universal's *Top of the Town.* Being a demon dancer, he doesn't depend on assistants to show his girls how to do it, as a number of prominent dance directors in Hollywood do. In spite of the terrific routines through which he puts his girls, he is very popular with them.

"I enjoy working with girls out here," he says. "The New York girls are different. They are more worldly-wise, and after their last show like to step out. But here they go in for athletics, are healthy, outdoor types. I have 36 girls dancing in *Top of the Town,* picked out of the 600 I interviewed. I prefer



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a good figure and dancing ability to ravishing beauty. What I want is a lovely dancer rather than a beautiful pan. My ideal height is from 5 feet 4, to 5 feet 6 inches, with long legs. Long legs make a graceful line. For my chorus ensembles beauty is not imperative, but dancing ability is."

Leroy Prinz of Paramount stresses intelligence and personality. "Naturally, it takes a smart girl to be a good dancer," he says, "but if it so happened that the world's greatest dancer was a stupid person, she would be a total flop in pictures. To grasp the intricate routines of modern screen work requires an alert mind. When I choose girls for my chorus ensembles, I look for personality first of all, which is another name for intelligence.

"Five feet 4 inches is my ideal height. Weight, 112 to 116 lbs. By 'ideal' I mean that I can use girls of this height and weight more than others. I like new faces. Out of the registered dancers in Hollywood available for studio work, I do my picking from a select group. I know most of them personally. There are times when almost every registered dancer in Hollywood is employed and I have difficulty in getting enough girls for my ensembles. It all depends on the number of musicals being produced. But on the whole, film dancers make a good living. Practically every girl I used in *Champagne Waltz* and *College Holiday* is a high-school graduate—indeed, I can't think of one who is not—and several have been to college. We treat them like ladies, which is important in developing style and class among them."

THE dance directors have spoken. Now meet some of the girls.

Jean Joyce, Midgie Dare, Jean Vernon, Myra Bratton and Sugar Geise, from the chorus of *Born to Dance*, form Dave Gould's "All American Quintette." Jean Joyce hails from Tulsa, Okla., a titian-haired beauty with brown eyes. She won beauty contests in Tulsa and Oklahoma City, with a trip to Hollywood as the prize. Has danced with Harriet Hoctor for a year, and has been in 22 pictures in 3 years. She is famous for her shapely legs and hands. A most versatile dancer, expert swimmer.

Midgie Dare is filmland's tiniest dancing gal, and one of the most beautifully formed. She is 4 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 89 lbs. Reddish-brown hair, dark brown eyes. She has won prizes for her smile and beautiful teeth. She has been in 21 pictures in three years.

Jean Vernon, from Marietta, Okla., (when it comes to beautiful girls, you can't beat Oklahoma), is said to have the finest photographic face of any girl in *Born to Dance*. Black hair, violet blue eyes, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 114 lbs. Was an artists' model in New York, has had three years of stage dancing experience, and three years in pictures.

Myra Bratton hails from Montgomery, Ala. (When it comes to beautiful girls, you can't beat Alabama, either.) She is considered the perfect streamline girl, possessing the most perfect figure in the chorus of *Born to Dance*. She is 5 feet 4, weighs 110 lbs., has a 35 inch bust, 34½ inch hips and a 23 waistline. Medium brown hair, greenish gray eyes. She has been a film dancer for three years.

Sugar Geise is as well known in Hollywood and as popular as any star. She is the most typical "chorusy" chorus girl I know. I must give you her story in more detail. She hails from Chicago. Her measurements are: height, 5 feet 2 inches, weight, 106 lbs., brown eyes, blonde hair. She is 21, and came to Hollywood seven years ago, working in pictures ever since. She was in *42nd Street, Gay Divorcee, Swing Time, Gold Diggers of 1937, Stage Struck, Sing, Baby, Sing, Great Ziegfeld.* "I work all the time," says Sugar. "During the last six months I have had only two weeks off."

Currently, Sugar is engaged to a San Francisco business man. "He was supposed to be a blind date. I just met him a few weeks ago. He is in the oil business." She frankly admits she is a gold-digger. "I struck oil!" Her great ambition is "to have everything!" Believes in necking and petting. Ideal boy friend? "I don't have any particular type. I like them all. One thing I insist upon—he must have plenty of money to spend. Because, you see, I get hungry!" There are two things she dislikes: early morning calls, and body makeup. Her hobbies are horseback riding and swimming. "I never diet. I never have any trouble about my shape. Most chorus girls are just out of school, and come from nice families. They are much more decent than people think of them, very clean, really."

GEORGIA CLARKE trots in *Top of the Town*. She was in *Born to Dance* and a long list of other pictures. She was born at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue, where now rises the four story building of Central Casting. A platinum blonde, with green eyes, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 108 lbs. If I were asked who is the best copy among the chorus girls in Hollywood, I'd say, Georgia Clarke. This young lady knows all the answers. When I asked her, "What a girl in Iowa who wants to come to Hollywood to dance in pictures should know?" she replied, "To have sense enough to stay at home." Georgia

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Creamy ..... ☐	Green .... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ..... ☐	Hazel .... ☐	Light ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ...... ☐	Brown ... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ..... ☐	Black .... ☐	Light ☐ Dark. ☐
Freckled .... ☐	LASHES [*Color*]	REDHEAD
Olive .... ☐	Light .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	Dark .... ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
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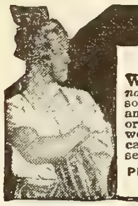

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for Feminine Hygiene

is married, and she claims a lot of the girls are married, but won't admit it. When not working, she keeps house. She can pilot a plane. Her greatest ambition is to have three kids and a house of her own, "which I practically have now."

Eleanor Prentiss, "Miss Iowa" in 1929, also trots in *Top of the Town.* Formerly a member of the Women's Athletic Association of Illinois, she held the 50 yard free style swimming record, and recently did some fancy high-diving in the 1937 edition of Warner Brothers' celebrated *Gold Diggers.* Last year, in a contest of cinema beauties, she was awarded a loving cup for possessing the most beautiful face in Hollywood. Her classic features have adorned covers of the big magazines.

Eleanor has one burning ambition—to be a great dramatic actress. She has been Ann Harding's stand-in, and dances in practically every musical picture produced in Hollywood, but doesn't think such work leads to an acting contract. She plays in various Little Theatres around Hollywood in the hope of attracting some producer's attention. But so far, she hasn't had any luck. She is a familiar figure in night clubs, among her escorts being prominent leading men. Her romantic adventures in the film capital would make exciting reading! She is a dashing blonde, her skin tanned to a golden brown. Height, 5 feet 5 inches, weight, 120 lbs., eyes, blue. "I'm the black sheep of my family," she says, laughing. "My brother and sister went to the same college and graduated. I went to five different colleges, and graduated from none."

THE 12 Gold Diggers from Warner Brothers' Studio made America chorus-girl conscious by their recent spectacular aerial cruise of the country. Meet three of them, Lois Lindsay, Helen Seaman and Nelda Kincaid. I wish I had the space to introduce every one of them.

Lois Lindsay comes from Gulfport, Miss. A titian blonde, with blue eyes, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighing 115 lbs. She came to Hollywood in 1932, after graduating from high school. Her intention was to go to U.S.C., but lacking the funds for a college education, she became a film dancer, hoping to be an actress some day. She lives with her parents, a brother, and two dogs. Has a date six nights a week. Her ideal man? "Give me anybody but an actor. You never know if an actor really loves you." Lois is very shy and blushes easily. Like the other Gold Diggers she is, of course, an eyeful.

Helen Seaman is the youngest member of this pulchritudinous team. She was born in Dermott, Ark., 17 years ago, and was educated in Pine Bluff. A golden blonde with brown eyes, she is a shy pocket Venus, being only 5 feet tall, and weighing 103 lbs. "I've a terrible inferiority complex." Her ideal man must have a sense of humor—the one qualification that's insisted upon by every chorus girl in Hollywood—and rather plain features. "Good-looking men are conceited and impossible to get along with."

Nelda Kincaid hails from Birmingham, Ala. Graduated from high school at 15, and was nominated "Miss Alabama" by local civic organizations because, (1) she filled a bathing-suit to an eye-opening perfection, (2) possessed a good character and personality. As "Miss Alabama" she represented her State at one of those annual fiestas of beauty held at Atlantic City, and then landed in the chorus of Earl Carroll's *Vanities.* She is 22, 5 feet 6 inches, weighs 123 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes. After a career on Broadway as show girl and singer, she came to Hollywood in June, 1936, and since then has trotted in *The*

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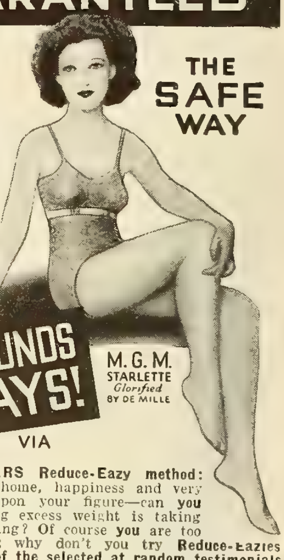

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Many sob stories have been written about the extra players, but nobody need shed any tears on the chorus girls. It would be difficult to find a more cheerful and normal group of working girls anywhere. Although favored by the gods in a generous mood, the vast majority of them are untouched by the false glitter of their profession. Besides earning a living for themselves, many of them help keep families together, and most of them aspire to bigger things on the screen. They take lessons in voice culture, diction, read worthwhile books, and numbers of them write stories and articles for newspapers and magazines. On the set of *College Holiday,* I found beauteous Diane Arden reading Dostoevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*. Born in Alabama of 100% American parents, she has taught herself the rudiments of written and spoken Russian. Muriel Scheck, a beautiful blonde chorine, wrote a story in her spare time away from the studios, *The Smartest Girl in Town,* and sold it to RKO. Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern are co-starred in it. Utilizing her knowledge gained by working in musical pictures, she has turned out a musical comedy, which has been tentatively accepted by a major studio.

SO HAIL to the chorus girls. Their standing in the studio hierarchy is on a high plane. Youth, a good figure and ability to dance make all the difference between success and failure in Hollywood. And it's success when the girls go into their one-two-three-four-five-six-seven step—and *off to Buffalo*.

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[*Continued from page* 16]

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April's *Motion Picture* will include further details. Since we can publish only the highlights in the magazine, if you wish more complete information write to W. F. Hagemann, 360 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., for the free illustrated booklet containing all the details, complete itinerary and the surprisingly low costs.

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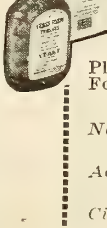

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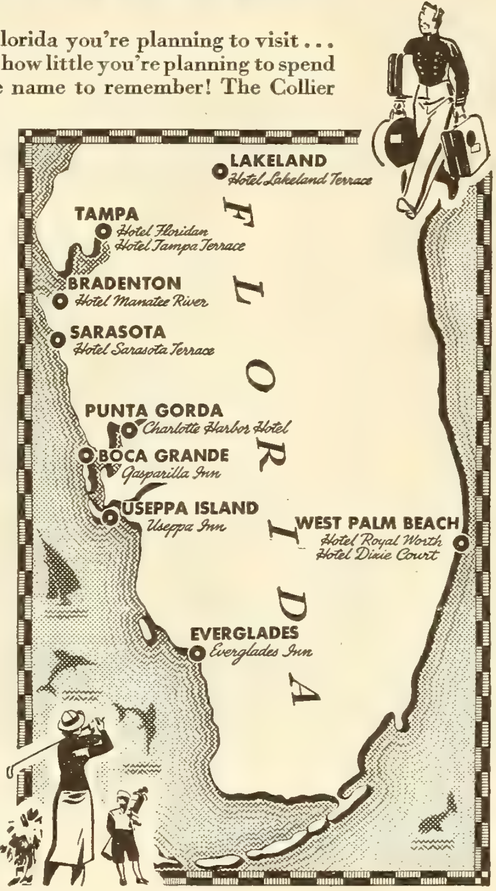

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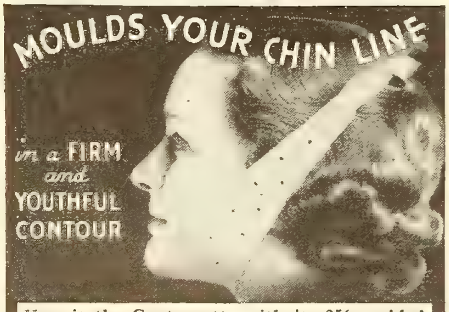

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Hollywood Goes to Sea Again

[*Continued from page* 57]

only to men. Though the story is told through the eyes of a young boy, it is not a picture to appeal only to young boys. It is a picture to appeal to human beings, male or female, of any age.

If you have a long memory, you will remember that M-G-M first announced plans for filming the Kipling story more than a year ago. You may also remember that it was also announced that Freddie Bartholomew would top the cast. You may wonder why it has taken all this time to bring it to the screen.

Ambitious sea pictures, particularly about sailing vessels, always require a vast length of time to prepare, then to film—and cost vast fortunes. That is why you see so few of them. *Captains Courageous* is the first since *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Captain Blood,* neither of which it resembles.

Long before they knew who other members of the cast would be, M-G-M knew that Freddie Bartholomew would play the spoiled boy made over by contact with the sea. Hollywood has no other child actor capable of registering the variety of emotions the role would demand. (This, by the way, is the biggest role Freddie has had since *David Copperfield.* In fact, it is bigger than *Copperfield.* He is in practically every scene. The whole story revolves around him.)

But who were the "logical" choices for the other roles? No one normally would think of Spencer Tracy as a Portuguese sailor, with a taste for singing. But no one thought of him as a possible priest before *San Francisco.* The part of *Manuel* in *Captains Courageous* called for a tall, solid-muscled man who could be outwardly rough, inwardly sensitive—with a broad, spontaneous smile. Up to that point, Spencer looked the part. But could he also look Portuguese? M-G-M made make-up tests to find out. And discovered that they did not have to test anyone else. The studio broke the news gently to Spencer. He learned first that he would have to talk in dialect. That was all right with him—very much all right. He had never played a dialect part; it would be something new, something to charge off as an experience.

Next, he heard that, in his more excited moments, he would have to break forth in Portuguese. He grumbled a little at that. It meant studying a language he would probably never use except in this picture. But he agreed to submit to having a tutor between scenes, even as Freddie does. Then he learned that he would have to have his hair curled for the part. He let out a howl at that news. A Tracy in curls? Never! It would mean going into hiding for months. The studio drew pictures to show him what kind of curls they had in mind. Spencer finally broke down and said, "All right—bring on the beauty experts."

Next he discovered that he would have to learn to play the *vielle*—and sing to his own accompaniment. This was *too* much. "You won't get *me* to sing. Not on your life. That's something else I've never done before. But it's one thing that I won't start now. It's too late. It was too late when I was in my cradle."

He said he'd *pretend* to sing—and they could dub in another voice for his. Director Victor Fleming happens to be a super-realist. He didn't want a professional singer's voice coming out of *Manuel's* throat. After all, *Manuel* was a fisherman; he hadn't gone to music school. Spencer gave in. It's his voice you hear when *Manuel* sings those native tunes.

"By the time I get through this picture," Spencer said, after a while, "there'll be no end to my talents." He isn't a fisherman by hobby. Or wasn't, when the picture started. He had to learn how to hook on bait, and unhook fish, both in fast motion. He had to learn how to furl sails, and unfurl them; how to climb a mast; how to steer a ship; how to jump easily from a boat deck to a dory alongside. (P. S. The inland-born Tracy has ended by buying a boat of his own, which he calls the *Carrie B.* after his mother.)

FOR the role of *Capt. Disko* of the *We're Here.* M-G-M needed a tall, well-built, middle-aged man with a strong face and sharp eyes—a man who "looked Yankee" and could "talk Yankee." The first actor tested was Lionel Barrymore. No others needed to be tested.

The role of Freddie's father demanded an actor in his middle thirties—dignified, urbane, with a strong chin. He would have to suggest unconscious coldness in the first part of the picture, warm sympathy at the end. Melvyn Douglas, who played the father of another spoiled child (Edith Fellows) in *She Married Her Boss,* was the logical choice. He was "borrowed" from Columbia between two other pictures.

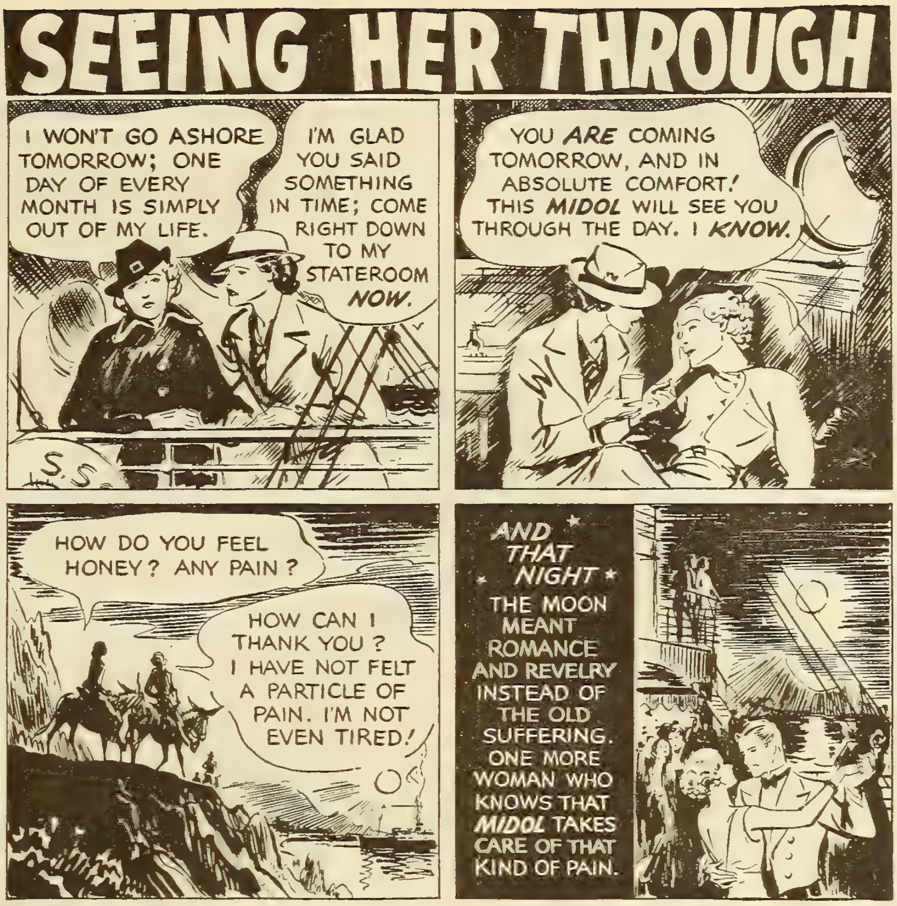
Finding the right ships for the picture was a test of studio ingenuity. But M-G-M went to the right place to find them—Gloucester, Massachusetts. There they found one ship capable of sailing around to the Pacific Coast, with a captain willing to sail it. This was the boat that became the *We're Here*—principal scene of the action of the picture. In the story, the *We're Here,* captained by Lionel Barrymore, has a bitter rivalry with the *Jennie Cushman.* The search for the rival ship ended on the Pacific Coast, with the renting of *The Mariner*—once, oddly enough, the property of Lionel's brother, John.

Just as the finest part of a fine meal is not served first, but is prefaced by appetizers that do not even suggest what is to come, so the scenes of life aboard a fishing boat in Northern waters are prefaced by scenes in a millionaire's home in New York, an exclusive boys' school in Connecticut, and a luxurious ocean liner. The contrast is tremendously effective. Freddie, in these early scenes, has more money than he knows what to do with—thanks to a parent who is more indulgent than intelligent. This is not true of Freddie-in-person. He has an allowance of five cents a day out of his movie salary.

According to California State law, the parent or guardian of a child actor must be on the set with him at all times. Freddie's Aunt Myllicent is his guardian. That meant that she also had to go on the location trips out at sea. (She turned out to be a better "sailor" than some of the actors portraying sailors.) Also on the set, according to State law, is a tutor for Freddie—and his stand-in and pal, Ray Sperry. The boys must study three hours a day, picture or no picture. The tutor is appointed by the City of Los Angeles, not the studio, and he must enforce this law. That makes him practically dictator of the set, whether he wants to be or not.

In the picture, contrary to real life, Freddie does not get on with other boys. He tries to bribe his way into a club at the Connecticut school. When found out, he frames an elaborate lie to convince his father that the school authorities are lying about *him.* His father, seeing only his side, takes him out of the school, and plans to enter him at Eton. They sail for England. (This is the closest Freddie has yet come to sailing back to his native land.)

[*Continued on page* 104]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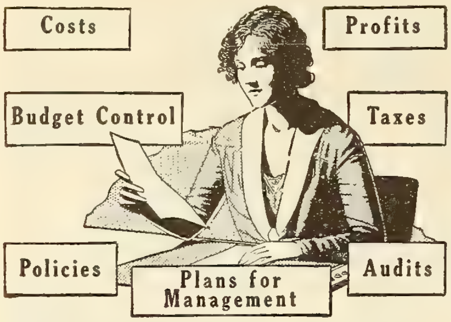

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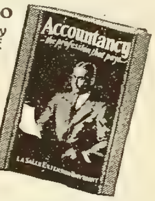

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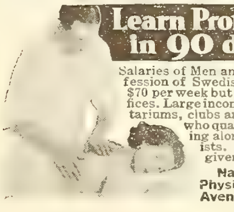

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In the Kipling story, the boy, showing off to two other boys, smokes a cigar, gets sick, falls overboard in a heavy fog off the Grand Banks. In the film, showing off, he consumes six chocolate sodas at one sitting, gets sick, falls overboard. This is one of very few changes in the original story. And this particular change makes the scene more amusing. This is the second ducking that Freddie has taken in two pictures. But while he swam in *Lloyd's of London,* he is supposed to be unable to swim this time. He is drowning when a fisherman in a dory, who has almost been "run down" by the liner, sees his struggle, and pulls him aboard the dory with the remark that he has never caught a fish like this before. The fisherman is *Manuel.*

He takes the boy aboard the *We're Here,* where he is revived and given a rough change of clothes, and where he demands to be taken either to England or New York. He says his father will pay them well; his father is a millionaire. The fishermen think he has had a blow on the head. After a while, they begin to think his father might have *thrown* him off the liner. He makes himself a decidedly unpopular passenger. The fact that he is a passenger at all makes the men uneasy. There is an old sea superstition that a fishing schooner with a passenger aboard is ill-fated. *Capt. Disko,* trying to ward off any possibility of tragedy on the ship, signs him on as a cabin boy at $3 a month. The boy learns that it will be three months before he sees land. Rebellious, he refuses to work. He calls the *We're Here* "a dirty rotten little boat I wouldn't even spit at."

Manuel brought him aboard. *Manuel*—"me, what likes kids like tub of rat poison—and that kid, two tubs"—is given the assignment of getting some work out of him, to take the curse off his being aboard. The scene at the beginning of this story takes place soon after *Manuel* has forced the first "work" out of the boy.

YOU probably do not know, any more than Freddie is supposed to know, what a fisherman's life is like. Your first view, like Freddie's, will not be glamorous. Fresh-caught cod, in huge bins amidships, are being gutted, beheaded and cleaned. The life of a fisherman isn't all sailing the bounding main. This also is part of it. And, like Freddie, you will come to accept it without uptilted nose. Getting the fish for this scene was one of the biggest problems the movie-makers had. They tried shipping thousands of live fish down from Alaska. Most of them died on the way. They had to send to Boston for fresh-caught codfish, bodies intact, which were expressed across the continent, packed in ice.

The trimness and orderliness of the ship may surprise you. So will the boat's smallness. You will wonder where the camera was placed for the deck shots. There isn't room on deck for camera equipment. The answer: Stout metal platforms were built out from the deck rail, and strongly braced, with the director and camera crew suspended over the ocean. The fo'c'stle, a miracle of compactness, has bunks for eighteen men. This also was not large enough to permit operation of a camera, or the necessary Kleig lights. The fo'c'stle shots were made in the studio, in an exact reproduction of the *We're Here's* fo'c'stle. A reproduction that could be taken apart to allow shots from various angles.

Mickey Rooney plays the Captain's son. You expect him also to play Freddie's pal, as in *The Devil Is a Sissy.* They have few scenes together, however. Freddie's pal aboard ship is Tracy. Through their association, the boy comes to appreciate—

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and like—the fisherman's life. Living the story through Freddie, you will do likewise. A group of men, pent up together on a small ship for months, have to play life the unselfish way. This is the selfish boy's biggest lesson. And you will enjoy getting it with him.

THERE isn't a phase of the fishing life that is missed by *Captains Courageous.* The searches for schools of fish, the preparations for trawling, the scattering of the fishermen in dories, the actual catching of the fish, the cleaning, the salting away below decks—and, finally, the race to the Boston market. The first ship into port with hatches full receives the highest price for its catch.

Where was the picture filmed? The ships went to the San Francisco region for fog effects, and the weather turned fair. They had to go farther North, to Oregon. They went to Mexico for fair-weather shots, and encountered fog. They needed patience, searching for—and waiting for—the right weather for various shots. The racing scenes were filmed off Mazatlan, Mexico, after weeks of waiting for certain cloud effects. They were made long after the acting scenes were completed. On the sea locations, the players lived aboard ship, sharing quarters with the regular crew—which, by the way, was short-handed because of the maritime strike.

There is comedy in *Captains Courageous,* and tragedy. There is vivid drama, as well as quiet character-sketching. And the overtone, and undertone, of every scene is supplied by the sea—the restless, surging, changing sea. *Captains Courageous* gives you a great story against a great background. All that you will miss are the tang of salt air—and the color of the sea. *Captains Courageous* cries for color.

My Advice to Myself—Jean Harlow

[*Continued from page* 95]

"Every day brings new problems, or old problems in a new guise. If I get the most out of everyday living; if I take experiences and add them up, I can't help but find the right answers to those particular problems. Books alone can't teach me those answers, any more than a warning not to touch a stove will teach a child what a burn is like.

"Suppose I get in a muddle. My normal first impulse is to feel that I am the only person in the world who has ever known misfortune. I want to pull a long face, and mope, and look around for some sympathy. Then I have a second impulse. I say, 'Really, this isn't of earth-shaking importance. After all, you're just one of several hundred million people in the world. The world isn't going to end because you have a headache or a heartache. What's become of your sense of humor—and your sense of balance?'

"Some people *like* to suffer. Mental sadists, I call them. And I don't want to be one of them. If I have one problem so baffling that it can't be solved, I tuck it away. Some day I may find the answer.

"It's very easy to be honest with others. The difficult thing is to be honest with yourself. As soon as you try to make excuses, you are bumping your head against a stone wall, not trying to climb over it. I hope I don't do any head-bumping. I hope I can continue to take my own advice. . ."

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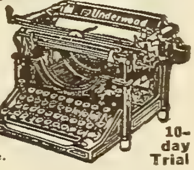

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Between OURSELVES

by Larry Reid

NOW is the time for all good men (not forgetting good women) to come to the aid of the party—the party being the Right Person to play *Scarlett O'Hara* in the screen version of *Gone With the Wind*. Selznick - International (which owns the film rights) has been playing foxy with the casting for the central characters, particularly the turbulent terror of *Tara*. You and I and the other avid readers of this grand novel (over a million copies have been printed) have been kept in the dark, all of us being led to guess who'll play *Scarlett*. Press items have emanated from the producers—and rumors from the rumorers—that So-and-So is being tested; that So-and-So is NOT being tested; that So-and-So WON'T play the role at any price. One thing is certain. The story is too big for the rich and colorful central figures to be picked at random, or selected because of front office "pull" or fan popularity. SOME films can't go along with the wind.

DARK HORSES

Margaret Sullavan

CASTING Joan Doakes for the role just because she is immensely popular and scored a great hit in her last picture—well that won't be the procedure here at all. Too much is at stake. The fans might complain that she is always Joan Doakes no matter what she plays. So what? So this. The producers are determined to find *that* Right Person who could humanize the spirited *Scarlett*. Probably they are seeking a small actress (*Scarlett* is on the petite side) and a Southerner to boot. And one with the emotional dynamics of a Helen Hayes.

Two stars, at this writing, have loomed up as strong possibilities. One is Miriam Hopkins, the other is Tallulah Bankhead. Both hail from the South. Both are small. Both have personality, color and plenty of that acting umphhhhh. Miriam, like *Scarlett*, hails from Georgia (Bainbridge is the town); Talloo's home town is Jasper, Alabama. While each is on the blonde side, yet *Scarlett's* dark tresses could be simulated with a black wig. We don't think the sponsors can go far wrong in either choice. It's being said right now that Tallulah has the inside track—that the role is in the bag for her. The whole crux of the sitchiayshun lies in the adaptability of the player selected—whether readers of the book will subscribe to this or that player after having made up their minds just how *Scarlett* should look, speak and conduct herself. Since *Gone With the Wind* readers are almost fanatical in their humanizations of the characters (have you argued with your neighbor about them?) it behooves the producers to choose as carefully as an art connisseur who selects a masterpiece for an art museum.

HOWSABOUT SULLAVAN?

ALL readers have their ideal conception of *Scarlett*. Our ideal is Margaret Sullavan, who is also on the small side, spirited—and how!—temperamental, emotional—and being contrary, wilful Irish, herself, is peculiarly gifted to enact the young mistress of *Tara*. She also comes from the South (Virginia is the State, Norfolk the town). If the actress must come from the South, well here are three possibilities who are to the manor (and manner) born. La Sullavan is temporarily marooned on Broadway, starring in the stage hit, *Stage Door*. So is Tallulah parked on Broadway and Eastern cities in another hit, *Reflected Glory*.

Neither play will run forever—and one of these days Margaret will want to return to the movies. So will Tallulah, if for no other reason than to live down the terrible tripe in which she appeared a few years ago. If she gets this prize of prizes and delivers the goods (she has the ability) then the sow's ear patterned from those phoney fillums can truly become a silk purse. And Tallulah will be the toast of the day.

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH

SINCE *Gone With the Wind* is only in a formative stage it is our suggestion that they continue to wait until Margaret Sullavan is at liberty—and then give her a chance at *Scarlett*, too. She's younger than Hopkins and Bankhead (remember that *Scarlett* was in her teens and early twenties in the most vital passages of the book)—and a black wig or dyed black hair would make her akin to the heroine insofar as physical appearance is concerned. Her height and figure are cut to the identical pattern.

Yet there are many who would like to see an absolute unknown in the part, arguing that a recognized actress with a following would merely be repeating some former triumph —one that wouldn't be anything like *Scarlett* at all. Perhaps there is someone loose in Hollywood or New York, untried and unsung, who could interpret such a spirited character. If she can be discovered her star is made. The book is too compelling; the central figure too vital to follow any hit-or-miss approach in the casting. And that goes for *Rhett Butler*, the *Tarleton* twins, *Melanie, Ashley, Gerald O'Hara* and the other dominant characters. Gable might do as *Butler*—Gable gone devilish, though Ronald Colman has been quoted as saying that no actor in Hollywood is big enough to play the roistering blockade runner. A couple of tall hombres like Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, Randy Scott might do as the *Tarleton* twins. Whatever is done with the opus, it should have a powerful cast, all along down the line. And the sponsors should beg, borrow or steal to get the best types obtainable. The story is that BIG.

Duke of Windsor

HOLLYWOOD HANDS OFF

IF you heard the ex-King of England's farewell speech on the radio (and who didn't?) you must agree with Carole Lombard and most of Hollywood that Edward, Duke of Windsor, is "the greatest actor this century has produced." Hollywood, like the rest of America (ditto the British empire), stopped work to listen. And what he said really got under the collective Hollywood skin. The romance with Mrs. Wallis Simpson, which brought about a constitutional crisis and Edward's abdication, is the greatest story of our generation. And the movies have to keep hands off it. The story—call it history in the making—what you will—has everything. There's romance, and drama, Cinderella, even comedy and tragedy. And what a climax in the farewell speech. Not even Laughton (who can deliver a vibrant voice, full and fluid—did you hear him give the Gettysburg Address on Lincoln's Birthday last year?) could have done a better job.

In some future day this story of a king who voluntarily left the greatest of thrones for the woman he loved because he could not make her queen, will be portrayed on the screen. This will be done when it is near enough to our present era to make us feel actual participants, and yet far enough removed to lend a rich glamour to an irresistible romance.

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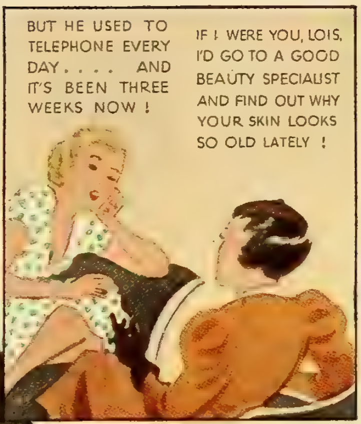
WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)


BUT HE USED TO TELEPHONE EVERY DAY. . . . AND IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS NOW !
IF I WERE YOU, LOIS, I'D GO TO A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST AND FIND OUT WHY YOUR SKIN LOOKS SO OLD LATELY !

LOIS SEES EMILE, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY EXPERT

YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN . . . SKIN THAT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP . . . .

WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

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Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

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What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

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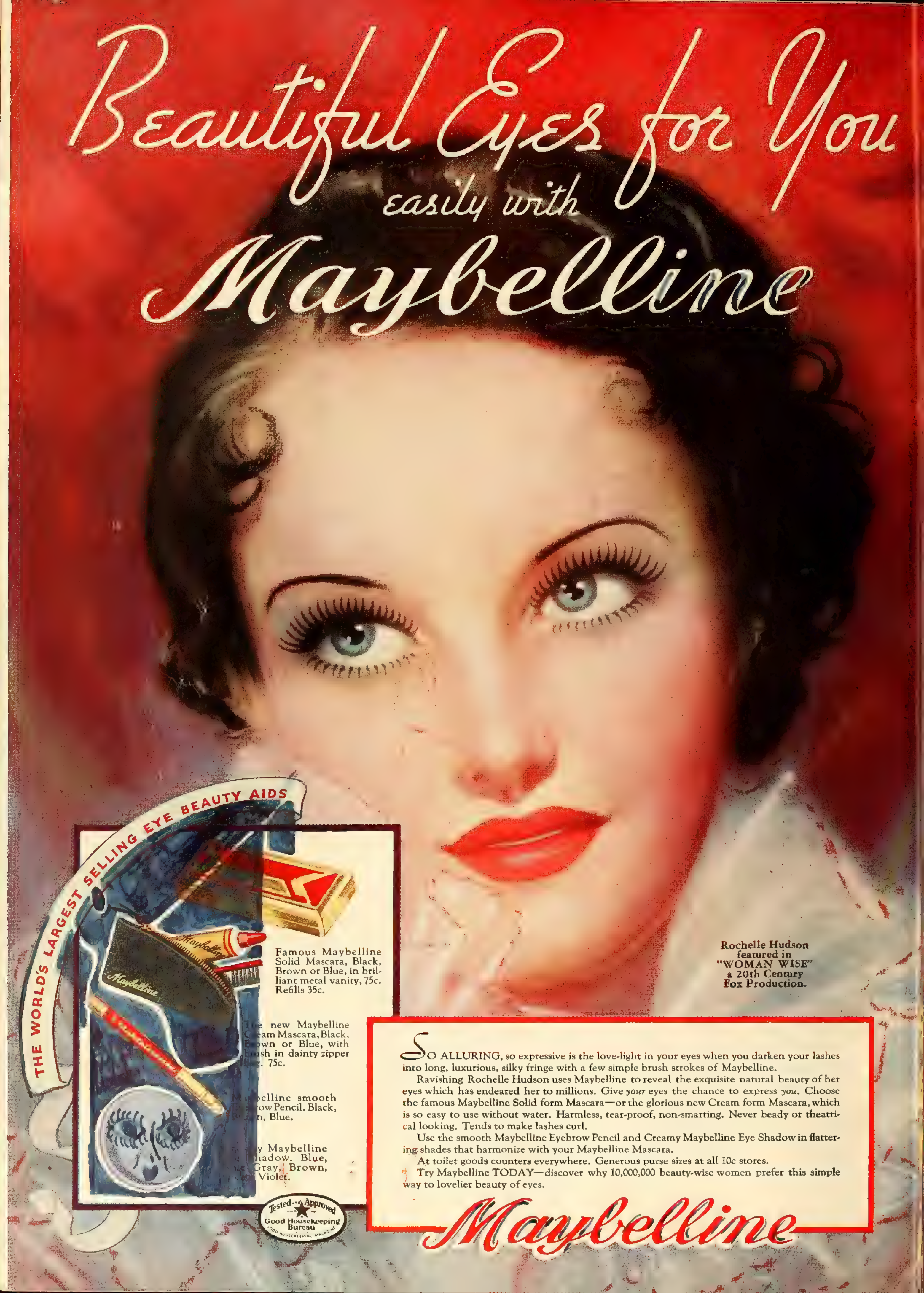

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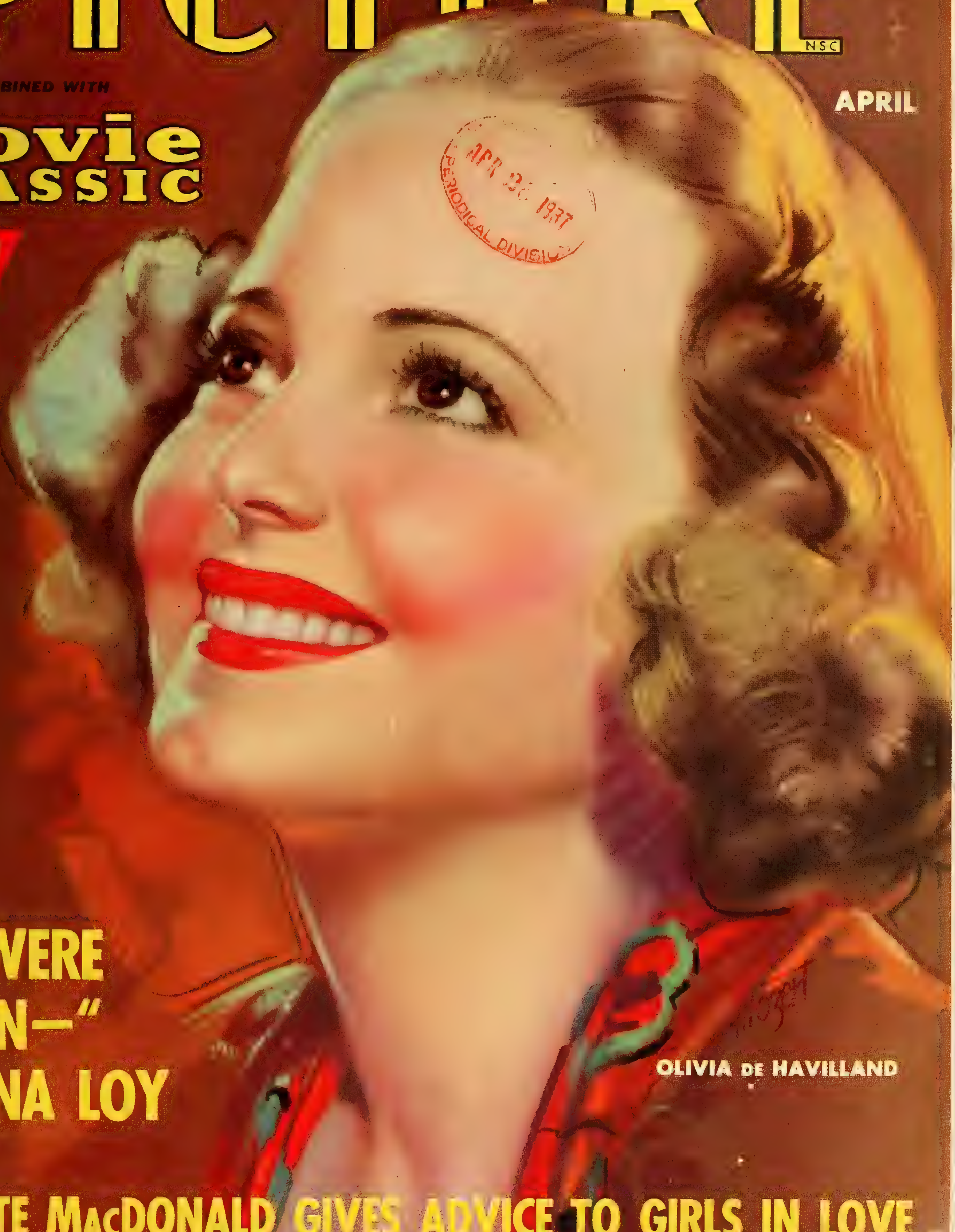
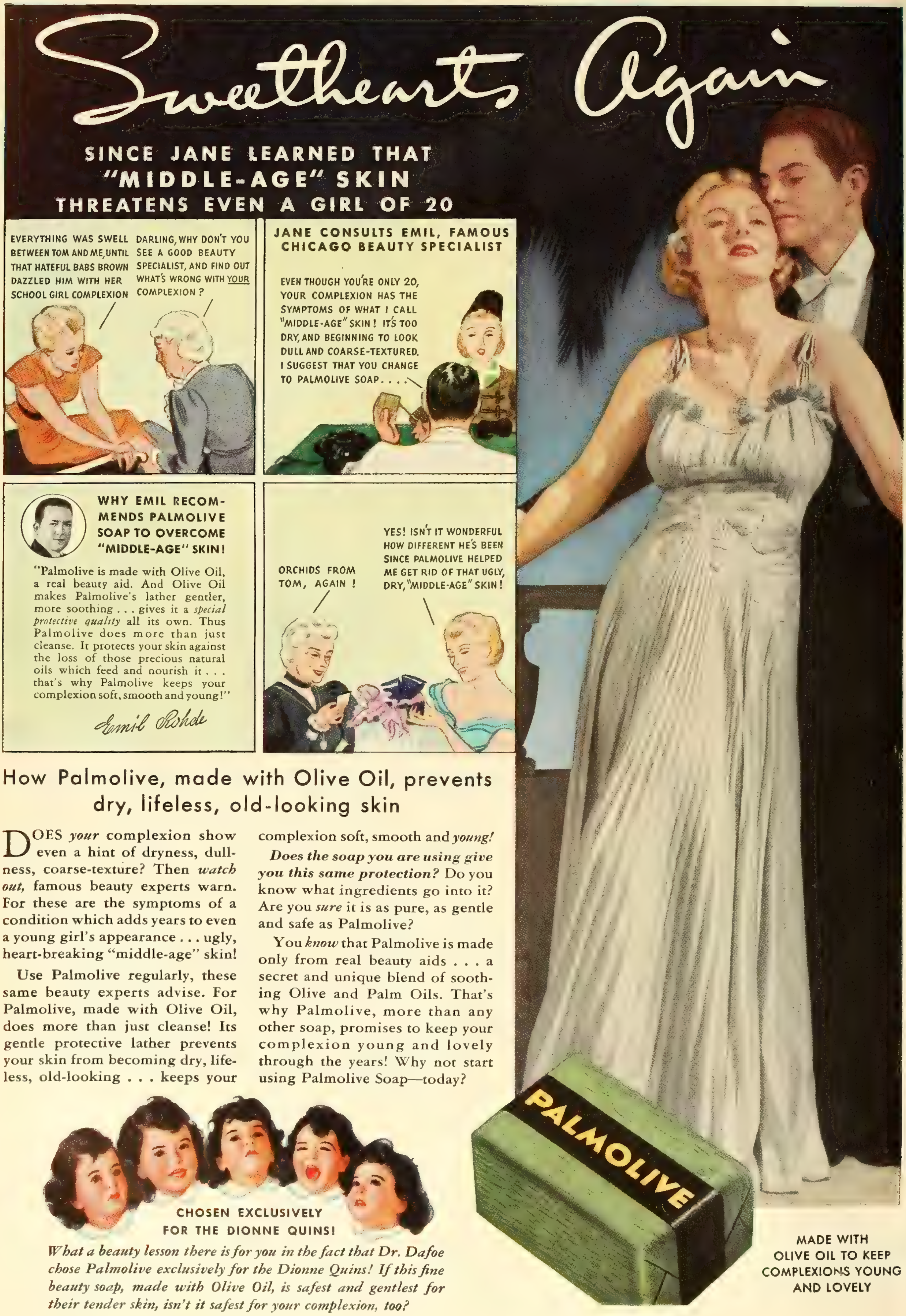


OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

IF I WERE QUEEN—" MYRNA LOY

EANETTE MacDONALD GIVES ADVICE TO GIRLS IN LOVE



Sweethearts Again

SINCE JANE LEARNED THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN THREATENS EVEN A GIRL OF 20

EVERYTHING WAS SWELL BETWEEN TOM AND ME, UNTIL THAT HATEFUL BABS BROWN DAZZLED HIM WITH HER SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXION

DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU SEE A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR COMPLEXION?

JANE CONSULTS EMIL, FAMOUS CHICAGO BEAUTY SPECIALIST

EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ONLY 20, YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK DULL AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP....

WHY EMIL RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emil Rohde

ORCHIDS FROM TOM, AGAIN!

YES! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW DIFFERENT HE'S BEEN SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED ME GET RID OF THAT UGLY, DRY, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DOES *your* complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then *watch out,* famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance . . . ugly, heart-breaking "middle-age" skin!

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Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

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Volume LIII, No. 3 Twenty-sixth Year

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AL ALLARD—Art Director

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

BY HARRY LANG

Wide World

Is Arline Judge a traitor to California weather? Anyway, here she is on the Miami Biltmore Beach—her first trip to Florida

FOR the first time since the Garbo-Brent whisperings began, Ol' Man Tattler is at last beginning to believe that there really might be something to it, after all . . . ! Because, all of a sudden, both Tight-Lips George and So-You-Won't-Talk Greta are busy at the grand old Hollywood custom of camouflage!—or red-herring-across-the-trail-dragging!—or smoke-screening. . . .

In Garbo's case, Director George Cukor seems to be the smoke-screen. She even went to the ungarboesque extreme of actually going to the railroad depot to wave goodby to Cukor when he took a train trip east the other day. She even spent minutes behind the closed door of the Cukor private drawing-room on the train, to emerge pale-faced and scampering off the wrong side of the Pullman just as the train pulled out. With her customary expertness, she dodged reporters so they couldn't ask her about it. And Cukor just said nothing.

AS for Brent, he's been violating all the Brent precedents recently by allowing himself to be seen out with a girl! She's Anita Louise, and George has been hossback riding with her, and otherwise letting the columnists print paragraphs linking the two. And since that's decidedly unlike George, Ol' Man Tattler (suspicious skeptic that he is) hunts about for the reason, and realizes that for a long time, the Wise Ones of Hollywood, when they want to kill gossip of a real romance, make a public ballyhoo of other twosoming.

Can it be that Greta and George have gotten to that stage? Consider one or two other straws-in-the-wind: first, George sold his plane, despite his extreme enthusiasm for flying. And everybody in Hollywood knows that Greta doesn't like airplanes. (Incidentally, if it was Greta who talked George into selling his plane, she did him a great favor—because hardly had he sold it than the new owner back east took up a friend, the plane crashed, and both were killed!) Item No. 2 in the George-Greta-?-situation is that Garbo, after almost definitely deciding to return forever to Sweden after *Camille*, has suddenly changed her mind, is buying a home in Hollywood! Has it anything to do, one wonders, with the fact that Brent cannot quit Hollywood until 1942, because his Warner contract says so. . . . ? Hmmmm . . .

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Alice Faye and Tony Martin—
Hotter now than when they were startin'. . !

[*Continued on page 8*]

The Brian Donlevys (Marjorie Lane) were married twice, first in Mexico, later in Hollywood. Note the lovey-dovey candy feeding

HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

Warner Bros.
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR
PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE
FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR

FERNAND GRAVET

IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE
IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION

THE KING and the CHORUS GIRL

With JOAN BLONDELL
EDW. EVERETT HORTON
Luis Alberni ◦ Mary Nash
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Kenny Baker and Others
Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna
R.S.V.P. *Your Favorite Theatre*

See a real French revue with the world's loveliest mademoiselles singing those reigning hits of the air by Werner R Heymann and Ted Koehler "FOR YOU" "ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"

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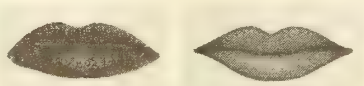
Youthful Lips

Tangee's Color Change Principle assures your most becoming shade ...Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to a natural blush-rose...Paris bans a "painted look". Tangee *isn't paint!* Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has magic Color Change Principle.

Tangee Lipstick's special cream base keeps lips soft all night... Always apply Tangee at bedtime ...39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's special offer.

• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee — don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



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World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

[*Continued from page 8*]

party. Not so quiet was Lupe Velez' realization that she and Johnny Weissmuller have been *mrandmrs* for four years. "When we marry, they say it will not last three weeks. Phooey!" remarked Lupe, and added: "To be happily married, you mus' always tell the truth. Of course, sometimes you fight, but all married couples fight."

ASTRID ALLWYN and Robert Kent didn't surprise anybody, least of all Ol' Mr. Tattler, when they eloped to Mexico the other day and came back *mrandmrs.*

WEDDING-TO-COME any day now (maybe already, by the time you read this) will unite Thelma Leeds and Parkyakarkus, Eddie Cantor's famed stooge, whose real name is Harry Einstein.

LAST-MINUTE checkup reveals that June Lang-Victor Orsatti wedding, which seemed a certainty, is just about all off. Seems June's mama doesn't think June should jeopardize her career with matrimony at this stage. And besides, Howard Hughes, the millionaire who just broke the transcontinental flying record to bits, has entered the picture. The night before his dawn hop-off he spent in June's company! But where's Katie Hepburn in this Hughes picture?

Ralph and Lenore Bushman, son and daughter of the one and only Francis X., are, like Dad, following in his film footsteps

Ann Sheridan is another Hollywoodian who went to Palm Springs to rush the summer season—and escape Eskimo weather

BETTER not pin any too much credence in the Sonja Henie-Tyrone Power romance talk. Because Tyrone says he isn't planning marriage yet. And anyway, he's been stepping out at the Brown Derby with Dorothy Kilgallen, while Sonja's personal-appearancing in the east.

THE Adolphe Menjous, having just adopted a youngster, are planning to adopt another, soon. More—they don't deny that they plan to adopt three, altogether.

CUPID'S *TRIPLET:*
Betty Furnes and Cesar Romero—
They say she's given him the air-o!
But Johnny Wayne is very much
there, O!

HOLLYWOOD has done another flip-flop on marital publicity, as usual. This time, they've suddenly decided that it isn't necessary at all for your romantic starlets to hide the facts of their marriage and parenthood (if any) from Mr., Mrs., and Miss Fan. Consider, for instance, two recent cases: Phil Regan, getting a build-up as a film heartbreaker, soft-pedaled for a long time the revelation that he has a wife and three kiddies in New York. Nearest they ever came to publicizing it were mysterious mentions that "Phil has gone east to see that mystery-gal again." Now it comes out that the "mystery-gal" has been Mrs. Phil for 13 years, count 'em. And since the news came out, his fan-mail has tripled!

Other instance was that of Claire Dodd, Warner Brothers baby-star. Hollywood

[*Continued on page 62*]

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT...in Paris
BOYER MEETS GIRL (Ah, it's Mrs. Deeds!)
And how MRS. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN!
They're on their way to your local theatre...to make history...and love!

WALTER WANGER *presents*

Charles *Jean*

BOYER · ARTHUR

in

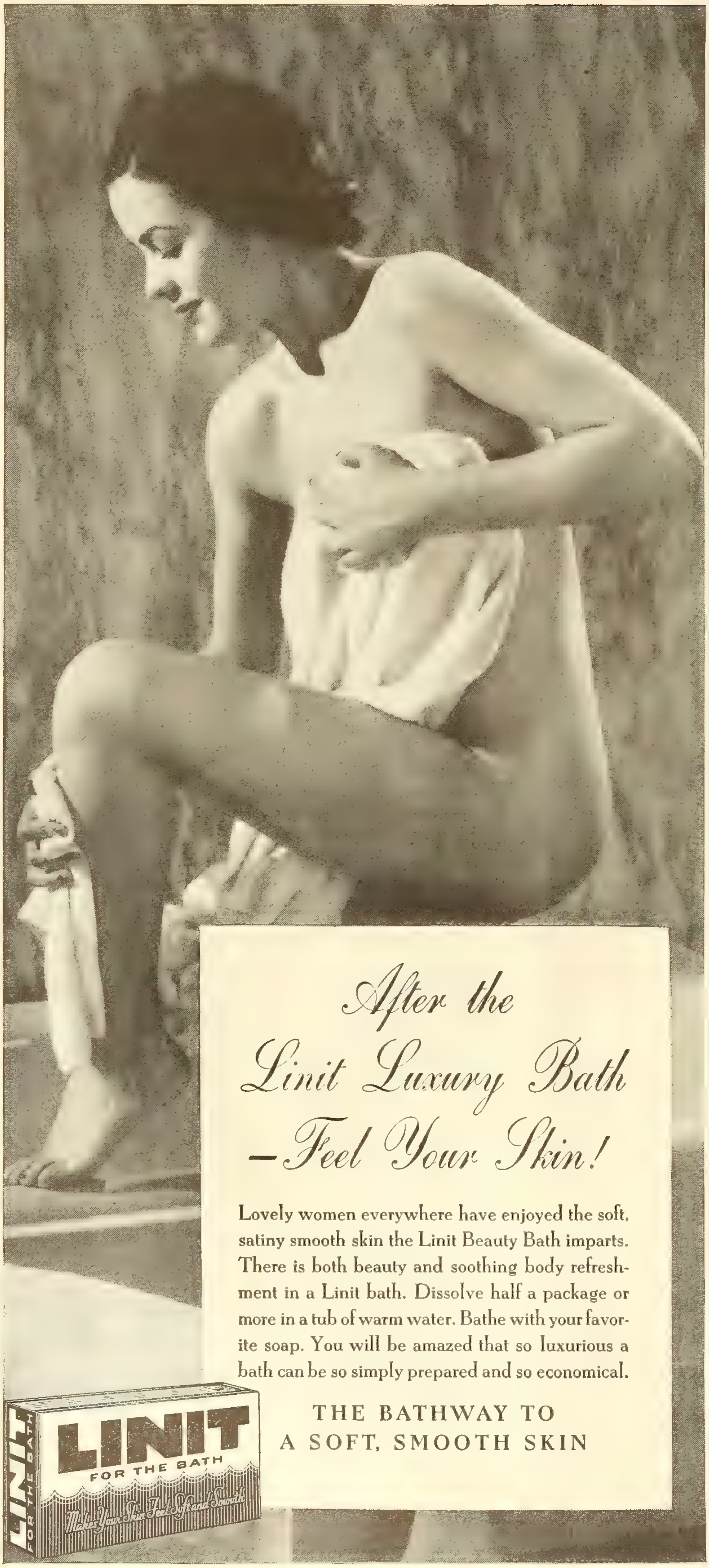
HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

with **LEO CARRILLO** *and* **COLIN CLIVE**

Directed by **FRANK BORZAGE**

Original Story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS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FOR THE BATH
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After the Linit Luxury Bath —Feel Your Skin!

Lovely women everywhere have enjoyed the soft, satiny smooth skin the Linit Beauty Bath imparts. There is both beauty and soothing body refreshment in a Linit bath. Dissolve half a package or more in a tub of warm water. Bathe with your favorite soap. You will be amazed that so luxurious a bath can be so simply prepared and so economical.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin;

I'VE been going around in circles trying to find some Spring clothes news for this fashion letter—but everyone I approached was either hiding in a rain-coat or under red woolens. I did manage to corner Gwen Wakeling, that clever "she" designer who does things to clothes at 20th Century-Fox. Gwen is busy working on her Spring designs and here are some of the things you may expect:

THE crown of the hat is going down; the daytime skirt will be shorter; prints are going to be wilder than ever and there is going to be a revival of what are known as "romantic" materials—dimities, voiles and marquisettes. But the most important thing of all—particularly to we gals who figure clothes budgets—is the fact that the tailored suit will definitely *remain,* tho' it will be dolled up with seam decorations and more decorative pockets.

MYRNA LOY has a smart way of brightening her tailored suits. She has designed a suede vest, with a high rolled collar, and has had a half dozen of them made in a variety of bright spring colors—with matching gloves and bags. Suede—both in accessories and complete costumes—is going to be used just as much this Spring as it has been during the past months.

CECELIA PARKER has a new riding-habit of the soft material. Her jodhpurs and fitted coat of brown suede are worn with a high-necked blouse of the same material in beige. Burnt orange and Du Barry blue—colors you're going to be seeing a lot of—are used by Julie Haydon in her suede sportsuit. A hip-length jerkin of Du Barry blue suede is worn over a tweed skirt of the burnt orange.

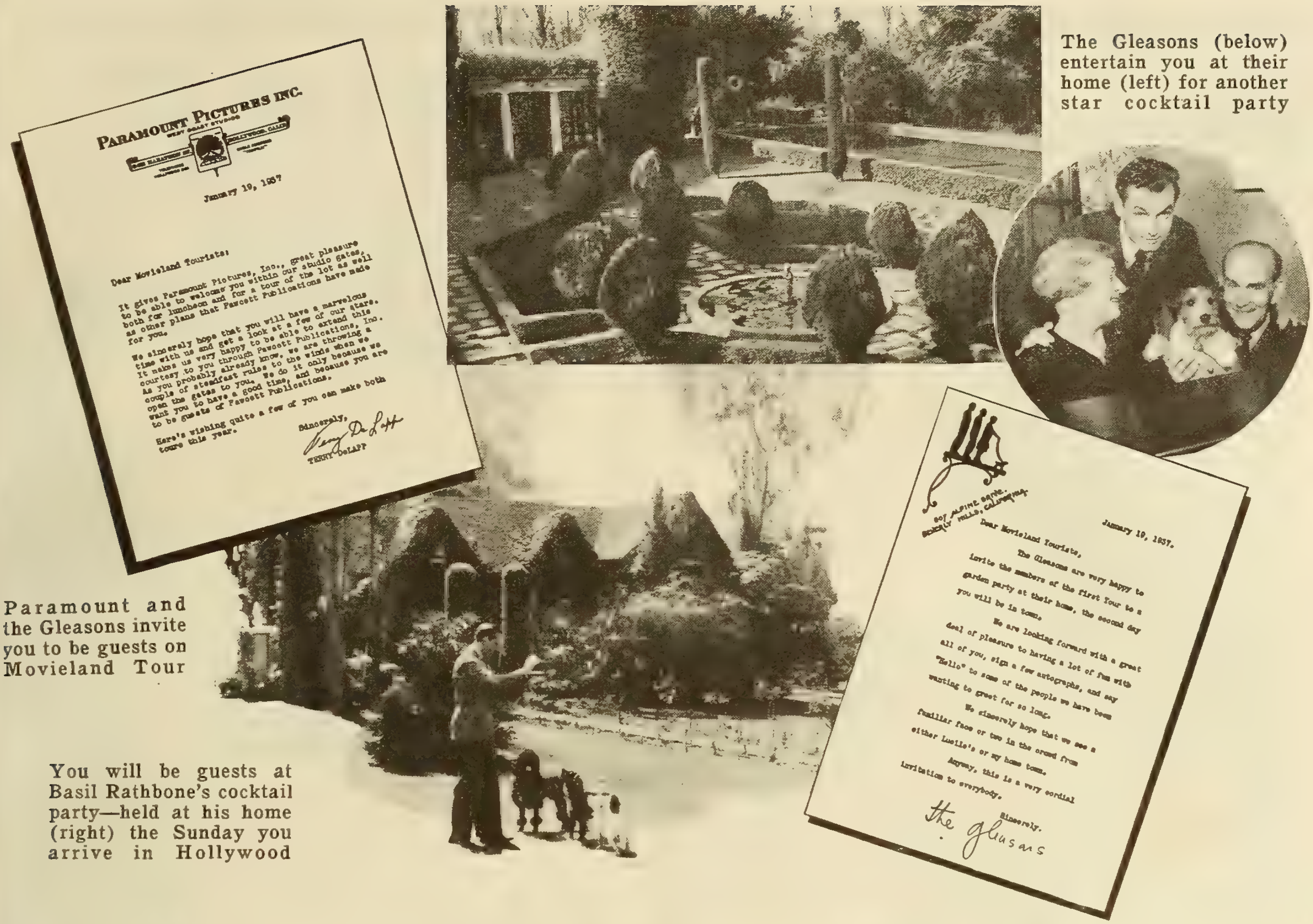
BUT as I told you—some of the gals were still huddling under rain coats—and I don't blame them. Claire Trevor was ready for any storm when I saw her on the Boulevard the other day. Claire wore a raincoat and hat of yellow oiled silk, with an all-over print design of tiny black "full blown" umbrellas. Her purse was covered by an envelope of the same material, she wore black galoshes and carried a yellow silk umbrella! And I wasn't the only one who stopped to look.

GIVE three cheers for Jeanette MacDonald. She has finally converted the rain-cape to evening wear—now you can startle the folks back home by *not* wearing the same thing over your formal as you do your business clothes. Jeanette's cape is of rubberized silk and hangs from the shoulders to the floor. Attached to the back, in the same blue as the cape, is a Renaissance-type hood that slips over her head and completely but *loosely,* covers the coiffure. With this she wears blue galoshes trimmed with white fur.

SPEAKING of fur and Jeanette—did you know that she is "nuts" about the stuff and makes a hobby of collecting fur pieces? She has either a scarf, cape or coat in every type of fur known to fashion!! (What *that* makes my dollar-down-dollar-a-week maybe-mink look like!)

I COULDN'T let the month go by without a word about the latest hair colors. "Goldette" —that's what you'll have to call Jean Harlow from now on. She has given up the Brownette color for her hair and has changed it to a reddish gold. And wears it different, too. Instead of the all-over soft waves she has been wearing, Jean now slicks her hair back and turns the ends up in curls. The Juliet bob, started by Norma Shearer, has been worn by everyone in Hollywood —and given up. But now that they've all given it up—Joan Crawford has adopted it and wears it for evening. So you just watch it become popular again!

GADGETS, and all those things that brighten up a dark dress or make an old one look new, are still the most important items in most of the Hollywood wardrobes. At the Santa Anita races—where'll you see every one wearing everything—I saw two of the smartest bags yet. Gladys George carried one of those flat-bottomed bags in luggage tan. You know those bags that look like midget Gladstones? Gladys' bag was designed especially for the races and had separate compartments for pencil, paper, binoculars and bills. **I'll have more next month!—Mlle. Chic.**



PARAMOUNT PICTURES INC.
WEST COAST STUDIOS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

January 19, 1937

Dear Movieland Tourists:

It gives Paramount Pictures, Inc., great pleasure to be able to welcome you within our studio gates, both for luncheon and for a tour of the lot as well as other plans that Fawcett Publications have made for you.

We sincerely hope that you will have a marvelous time with us and get a look at a few of our stars. It makes us very happy to be able to extend this courtesy to you through Fawcett Publications, Inc. As you probably already know, we are throwing a couple of steadfast rules to the winds when we open the gates to you. We do it only because we want you to have a good time, and because you are to be guests of Fawcett Publications.

Here's wishing quite a few of you can make both tours this year.

Sincerely,
Terry DeLapp
TERRY DeLAPP

The Gleasons (below) entertain you at their home (left) for another star cocktail party

807 ALPINE DRIVE.
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

January 19, 1937.

Dear Movieland Tourists,

The Gleasons are very happy to invite the members of the first Tour to a garden party at their home, the second day you will be in town.

We are looking forward with a great deal of pleasure to having a lot of fun with all of you, sign a few autographs, and say "Hello" to some of the people we have been wanting to greet for so long.

We sincerely hope that we see a familiar face or two in the crowd from either Lucile's or my home town.

Anyway, this is a very cordial invitation to everybody.

Sincerely.
the gleasons

Paramount and the Gleasons invite you to be guests on Movieland Tour

You will be guests at Basil Rathbone's cocktail party—held at his home (right) the Sunday you arrive in Hollywood

Hollywood! Here We Come!

Spend Your Vacation on OUR MOVIELAND TOUR—and Meet the STARS!

THE Movieland Tours of 1937 are on their way! And they'll be a glamorous, thrilling two weeks of sight-seeing that will be long remembered by those who participate! And all capped by an inside tour of the most famous spots in the world's most romantic city—HOLLYWOOD!

For a sum as small as $5 you can reserve your place in the lucky group of fans who, for the price of railroad fare and expenses for any transcontinental journey, will be given a round trip through the great American West and be taken through Hollywood's studios.

All you have to do to join this splendid party is to mail in your reservation and MOTION PICTURE will do the rest. The Northern Pacific takes you through the Bad Lands, the Rockies, the majestic Mt. Rainier National Park, Seattle, the great Pacific Northwest, the fascinating city of San Francisco with its golden gate and Chinatown—and then Hollywood where you come face to face with the stars, share in their fun and watch them work before the cameras.

On the way to Hollywood you travel on private trains, serviced de luxe for you especially. You can participate in sight-seeing trips on the way, bridge tournaments, parties at big hotels—then those long-wished for days in the heart of Hollywood while you hobnob with your favorite stars.

THE first tour leaves Chicago over the Northern Pacific July 11. The second tour leaves Chicago August 8. With identical entertainment plans arranged for star house parties on both trips only your convenience need dictate your choice of an acceptable date for your vacation.

Members of the first tour arrive in Hollywood Sunday, July 18. You will be quartered during your stay in the Hotel Clark, located in the heart of downtown Los Angeles' theatrical and shopping district close by Pershing Square, the city's best-known metropolitan park. The hotel is famed for its cuisine. Sunday morning is yours to enjoy as you wish whether it be a boat trip to Catalina, a motor ride along the ocean front, a swim at Balboa or Santa Monica, or a desert dash to Palm Springs. In the early afternoon there will be a tour of Hollywood.

In the late afternoon Basil Rathbone, the famous English star who did such a fine piece of acting in *Romeo and Juliet*, cordially invites you to a cocktail party at his beautiful home. Plenty of celebrities will be there to help entertain you. On Sunday evening, you are to be guests at the Grauman Chinese Theatre, one of the show places of the nation. You'll see one of the new pictures.

Monday you will be taken to the Paramount studios (in the heart of Hollywood) for lunch and a [*Continued on page 96*]

USE THIS COUPON

Mr. W. F. Hagemann, Movieland Tour Manager,
Motion Picture Magazine,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $.................... Please enter my reservation for.................... persons, to insure a place for us on tour No....................

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 11, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 8.)

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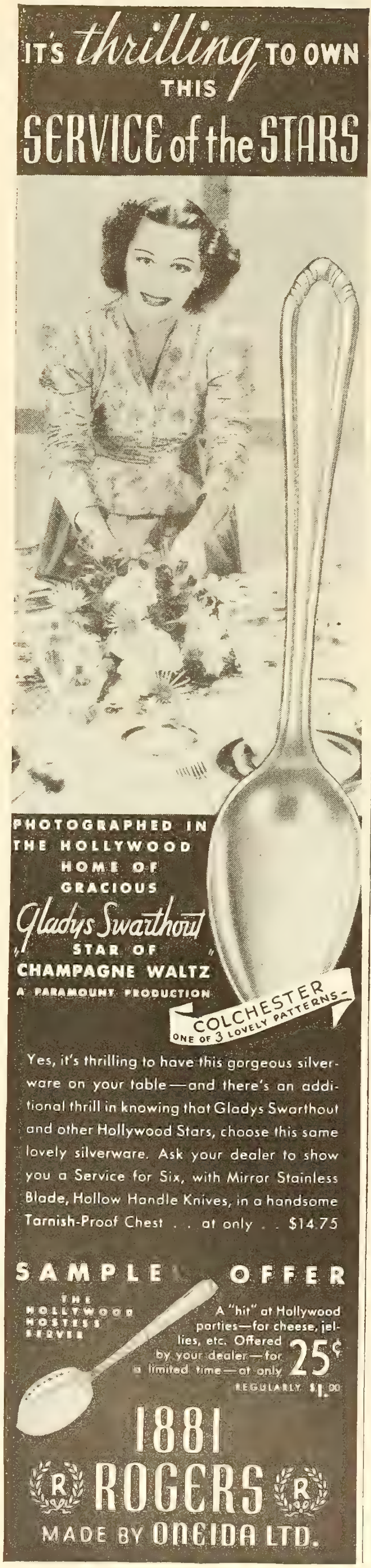

IT'S *thrilling* TO OWN THIS SERVICE of the STARS

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE HOLLYWOOD HOME OF GRACIOUS *Gladys Swarthout* STAR OF "CHAMPAGNE WALTZ" A PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION

Yes, it's thrilling to have this gorgeous silverware on your table—and there's an additional thrill in knowing that Gladys Swarthout and other Hollywood Stars, choose this same lovely silverware. Ask your dealer to show you a Service for Six, with Mirror Stainless Blade, Hollow Handle Knives, in a handsome Tarnish-Proof Chest . . at only . . $14.75

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THE HOLLYWOOD HOSTESS SERVER

A "hit" at Hollywood parties—for cheese, jellies, etc. Offered by your dealer—for a limited time—at only 25¢ REGULARLY $1.00

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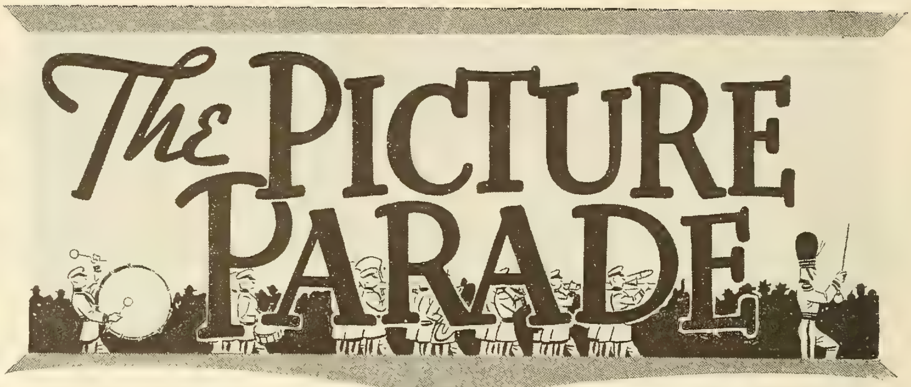


The PICTURE PARADE

CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

THE GOOD EARTH

—AAAA—

A saga of plain living and the soil, *The Good Earth* spins the life of dramatic China in a faithful reproduction of Pearl Buck's best-selling novel. It is another triumph for M-G-M's new star, Luise Rainer, who, as *O-Lan*, demonstrates a marvelous command of subdued emotion. It also adds another eloquent notch to the cinematic career of Paul Muni. Tilly Losch as *Lotus* impresses.

The Southern California hillside which the studio remolded to produce the countryside of China is realistically presented in the picture. The plague of locusts, the famine, the recurrent good times and years of depression are tellingly depicted. Four years went into the making of the picture, and you can feel the discerning precision—the painstaking care—with which each scene was photographed, each character directed and each little detail handled.

Sidney Franklin turns in his masterpiece, and, indeed, the picture proves to be the crowning glory in the career of everyone associated with it, including Irving Thalberg, whose posthumous triumph the film is. Charley Grapewin, Walter Connolly and Jessie Ralph deliver well-handled minor roles.

In its intensified human drama and the grandeur and scope of its spectacular sweep it ranks as probably the greatest motion picture ever produced. It is so sincere, so honest in its telling and so authentic in its atmosphere and acting that it becomes truly a work of art.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

MAID OF SALEM

—AAAA—

An unusual theme in an unusual setting is the background for this gripping drama presenting Miss Claudette Colbert in the title role.

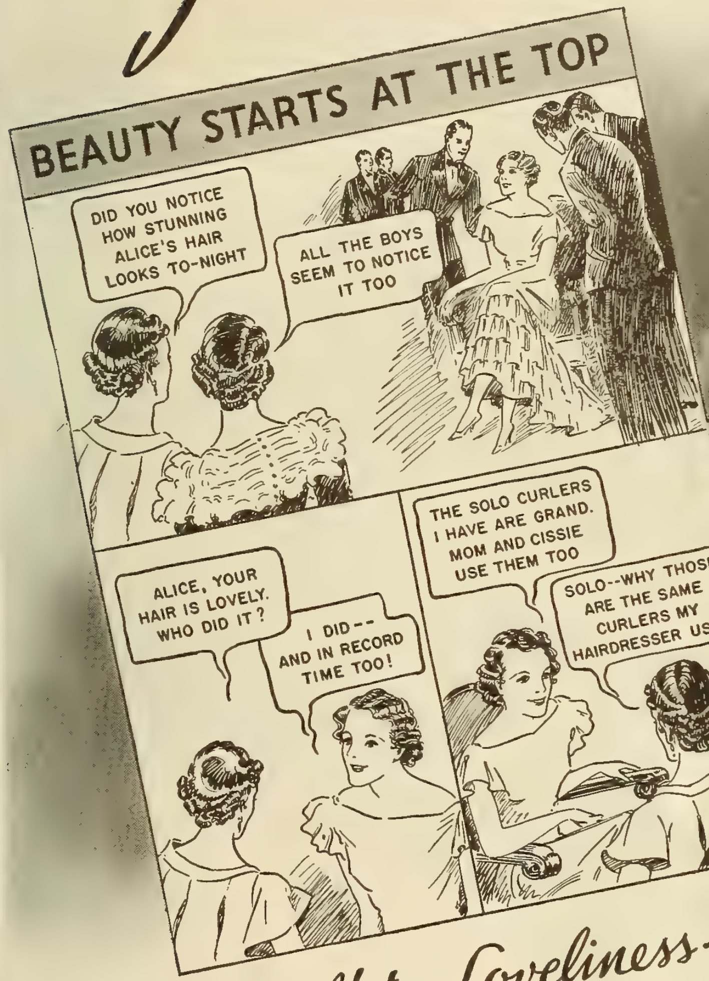
Fear, one of the strongest human emotions, as experienced by the religious fanatics in Salem, Massachusetts, during the year, 1642, is the passionate subject of this production. But, while the topic may be distasteful, it is fascinating, and its strong emotional appeal, in addition to its artistic appeal, makes this definitely box-office. It is expertly handled and great care was exercised in giving authenticity to the backgrounds, costumes and manners of our forefathers. However, we may be a bit hesitant about admitting our Puritan ancestorship after witnessing the fanaticisms and ignorance of that period.

Claudette Colbert is very sincere in her role as the victim of mob hysteria aroused by witchcraft, and definitely proves herself capable of great dramatic heights which she reaches in a stirring scene during her trial. And Fred MacMurray adds color to this grim tale as a romantic young refugee who puts Claudette in a spot, for in loyalty to him, she sacrifices herself. The entire cast give quality performances and the following deserve mention for their outstanding portrayals: Bonita Granville, Harvey Stephens, Louise Dresser, Gale Sondergaard, Edward Ellis and Beulah Bondi.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

Flattering Hair

CAUSES FLUTTERING HEARTS


BEAUTY STARTS AT THE TOP
DID YOU NOTICE HOW STUNNING ALICE'S HAIR LOOKS TO-NIGHT
ALL THE BOYS SEEM TO NOTICE IT TOO
ALICE, YOUR HAIR IS LOVELY. WHO DID IT?
I DID -- AND IN RECORD TIME TOO!
THE SOLO CURLERS I HAVE ARE GRAND. MOM AND CISSIE USE THEM TOO
SOLO--WHY THOSE ARE THE SAME CURLERS MY HAIRDRESSER USES

CAROLE LOMBARD AND FRED MAC MURRAY AS THEY APPEAR IN THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE, "SWING HIGH SWING LOW"

Men do notice lovely hair. In any gathering, you're sure to find it's the girl with flattering hair that causes fluttering hearts.

The beautiful curls and waves that you've often longingly admired . . . secretly desired can be made quickly—easily in your own home. Do what millions of beautiful women are doing daily. Use SOLO Curlers and Wave Clips.

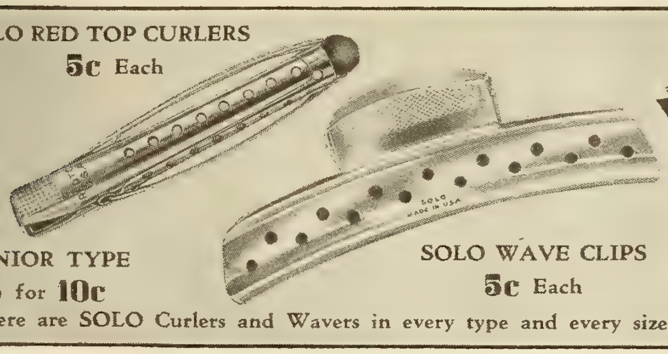
Just moisten your hair, insert the SOLO Curlers and Wave Clips. That's all! SOLO does the rest. Help yourself to greater loveliness. Say "SOLO" at the notions counter to-day . . . and you'll say "Thanks a million" to-morrow.

Help Yourself to Loveliness-

USE **SOLO** CURLERS AND WAVE CLIPS

Sold by all leading Department Stores, Dry Goods, and 5 & 10 Cent Stores

SOLO RED TOP CURLERS
5c Each



JUNIOR TYPE
3 for **10c**

SOLO WAVE CLIPS
5c Each

There are SOLO Curlers and Wavers in every type and every size.

SOLO

CURLERS • WAVERS • BOB PINS • HAIR NETS

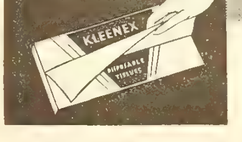
Heavy date..
..but look at
her Nose!

KLEENEX
HABIT
saves noses
during colds!

• Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

**Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps — Time — Money**

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . *And in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.



No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

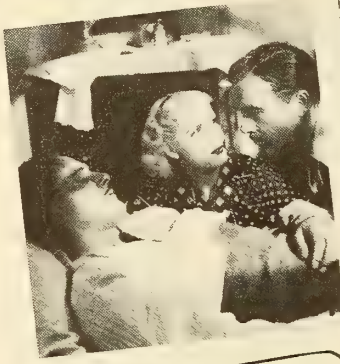
KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

The PICTURE PARADE

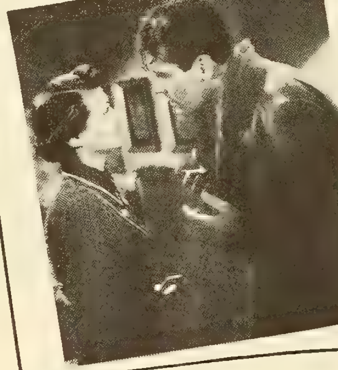
[*Continued from page* 14]

THE GREEN LIGHT



AAA½—The cinema story of Lloyd C. Douglas' best seller compares very favorably with the beautiful sermon preached in the novel. But, then it would, for Warner Brothers, the producers, have gained a reputation for giving you fine films. (They were the producers of four of the "best ten of 1936.") They choose their product not only for its entertainment value, but for what it has to *say*. And the *Green Light* offered these possibilities. If you like your film fare in a serious vein, you will most certainly like this. And, even if you don't like your pictures *serious*, you will enjoy it, for while its sermon appeals to the spirit and intellect, the interwoven romance appeals to the emotions. You will enjoy seeing Errol Flynn, that young romantic adventurer, in a role very different to those he has been cast in in the past. He's no adventurer here, but a serious young surgeon with a problem which nearly ruins his career and practically his life. Anita Louise, Walter Abel, Margaret Lindsay and Sir Cedric Hardwicke gain new prestige for their characterizations.—*Warner Brothers.*

YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE



AAA½—Brings you two of the people responsible for making *Fury* such an outstanding melodrama—Sylvia Sidney and Fritz Lang, the director. And together with Henry Fonda they are again responsible for an intensely stirring tragedy. Those of you who like your drama strong will go for this. Its passionate appeal for two despairing young lovers is vigorous and cannot be denied.

The time, now; the place, here; the characters, Sylvia Sidney, a young bride, and Henry Fonda, her husband. Desperately in love with Fonda, Sylvia marries him, knowing he has a criminal record, but confident that their love will keep him from degradation. He does go straight but unfortunate circumstances involve him in a crime and he is convicted. Innocent, but driven to desperation, he shoots his way out of the death house and together with his bride escapes. But, the moral of the story is crime doesn't pay, and they both meet death in the end.

It's suspenseful, thrilling and exciting and Miss Sidney, Mr. Fonda, Barton MacLane and William Gargan give splendid performances.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS

AAA—You might as well know that this picture is not another *Informer*, even though it is keyed on a similar theme. For one thing it lacks the truthful approaches of its predecessor. Sean O'Casey's original play not only told of the Irish Easter rebellion of 1916 against the British crown, but it also depicted the rebellion of the Irish amongst themselves. Here, the story generates a domestic conflict of a wife struggling, hopelessly, to keep her man from subordinating her love for the greater love of the Irish cause—and weeping over his decision and the fear that she might lose him in death. It has plenty of sound characterization, plenty of vivid guerilla warfare, plenty of authentic background and detail, good pictorial composition—and, above all, it is finely acted by several Dublin Abbey Theatre players, amongst them. Barry Fitzgerald, whose enactment of a comedy character just about steals the picture. Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck act the leads with feeling even if their characters are not entirely convincing. The picture is at its best in its scenes of the street barricades, plus Fitzgerald's moments.—*RKO-Radio Pictures.*

STOLEN HOLIDAY

AAA—Kay Francis plays with distinction her role in this production which gives her every opportunity to live up to her reputation of "best-dressed woman in Hollywood." She is cast as a fashion model who is befriended by Claude Rains, a scoundrel posing as a wealthy broker. He finances a shop for her in Paris and then entices her into a loveless marriage when the authorities clamp down on his swindling. Claude's suave manner in his crook role will win him popular acclaim. Alison Skipworth plays her role to perfection as a modern lady-in-waiting to the fashion queen of Paris, and walks away with the comedy honors as a modern cupid who tries to bring together Miss Francis and Ian Hunter, a young English diplomat whom Miss Francis met while on a "stolen holiday." Hunter, in his usual fine style, does an excellent job with his role. Betty Lawford comes in for much praise in a small part, while Frank Conroy, Alexander D'Arcy, Walter Kingsford, Frank Reicher and Charles Halton merit credit for their superb work in lesser parts. It is a fast moving story, well directed and enhanced by elaborate backgrounds that are most unusual.—*Warner Brothers.*

[*Continued on page* 18]

A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!

Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

BRILLIANT BEAUTY! GORGEOUS GIRLS! SPARKLING SPLENDOR!

Busy With Entertainment!

George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart

LOU BROCK
Associate Producer

RALPH MURPHY
Director

Songs You'll Rave About!

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling
Coming On" • "There Are
No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS Executive Producer

"THIS FLAVOR IS TOPS"
BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM

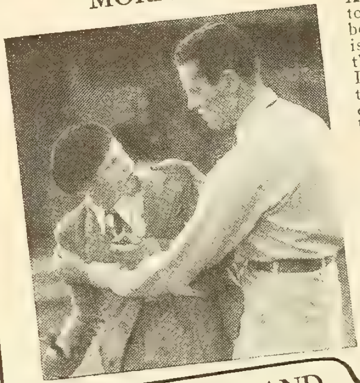
"You're right, daughter—I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty *good!*"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

The PICTURE PARADE

[*Continued from page* 16]

WINGS OF THE MORNING



AAA—Appeals more to one's aesthetic taste than to the emotions, in admirably depicting in color the beauty of the English and Irish country-sides. This is one of the first English films in Technicolor and they selected a splendid subject—The English Derby—for the gorgeous possibilities of color. But, this is not its only attraction as the story is interesting and well handled, with a colorful gypsy background.

It is well cast, although unfamiliar excepting for Henry Fonda who is admirable as a young Canadian horseman. However, we are quite sure that before long, you will be as familiar with the leading lady's features, Annabella's, as you are with Joan Crawford's. This Latin lady is so fascinating that Hollywood is certain to claim her.

There are some very amusing situations, particularly when Annabella is forced to spend a night sharing a hayloft with Fonda after having fled the Spanish revolution by posing as a boy. The Derby race is a highspot and lends dramatic action. It is good diverting filmfare.—*20th Century-Fox.*

READY, WILLING AND ABLE

AAA—If you are *ready* for another musical, *willing* to overlook some of the pretentions of the producers in employing massive musical numbers which are supposedly stage sets, and *able* to take another backstage routine, go to see Warner's latest musical extravaganza. You will enjoy it!

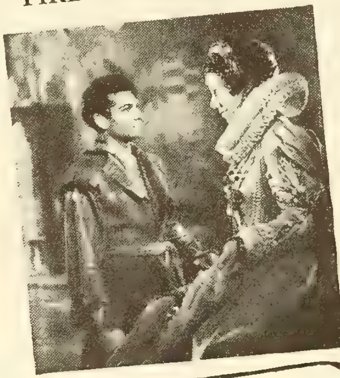
It is light, lyrical and entertaining and will give you many delightful moments. The plot isn't very novel, but it is well handled.

You will get many laughs for it has a long list of comedians, including such dependable laugh-getters as Louise Fazenda, Allen Jenkins, Carol Hughes and Teddy Hart. And Winifred Shaw, Hugh O'Connell and Addison Richards also add their talents to the long cast of capable players.

Ruby Keeler and Lee Dixon execute their dance and song numbers ably and earn applause for their craftsmanship. While Ross Alexander is fine in his role as a songwriter and supplies the romantic interludes with Miss Keeler.

The tunes are catchy and you will probably whistle your way out of the theatre.—*Warner Brothers.*

FIRE OVER ENGLAND



AAA—As England has built up its cinema prestige largely on its distinguished handling of historical films, we were rather disappointed in its latest subject. England has spoiled us. We have gotten into the habit of expecting nothing but the ultra from Hollywood's strongest competitors. But while this is no *Catherine the Great*, *Henry VIII* or *Nine Days a Queen*, it is a good film and might have been a four star vehicle, if the producers had been more generous with their budget.

The subject of this vehicle is the narrative of *Queen Elizabeth* and *Philip* of *Spain* and the word "fire" is used to express the conflagration caused by the threat of the Inquisition. Flora Robson as the *Queen* is incomparable and the success of this picture depends largely on her characterization and on the excellent support provided by Leslie Banks, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh.

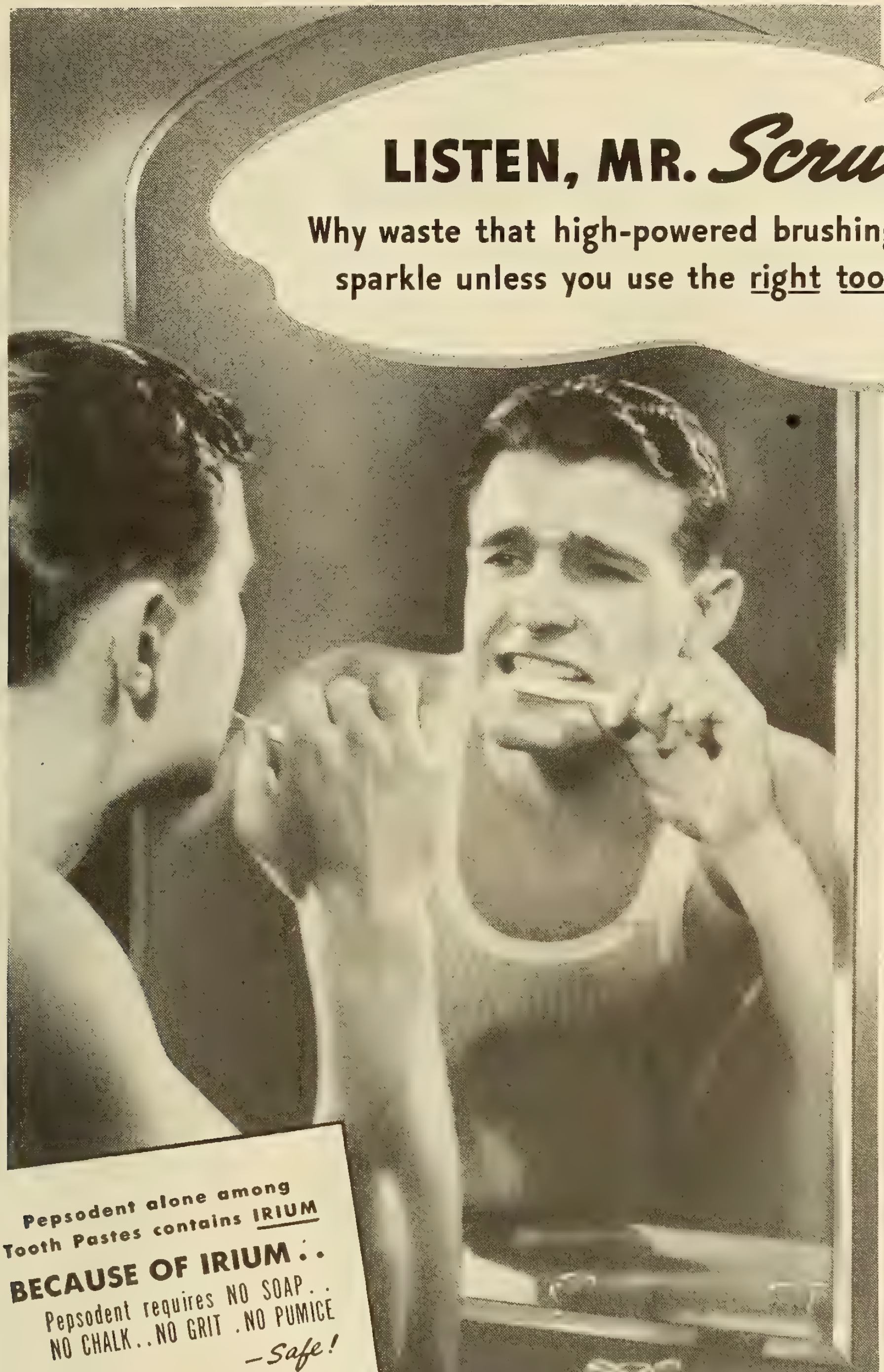
Love holds a strong place in this film. The unrequited love of the *Earl of Leicester* (Leslie Banks) for the *Queen* and the romance of young *Michael Ingelby* (Laurence Olivier) and beautiful *Cynthia* (Vivien Leigh).—*Korda-United Artists.*

WE'RE ON THE JURY

AAA—Laying down a barrage of laughter as is customary whenever Victor Moore and Helen Broderick get together in a picture, makes certain that this "roll-'em-in-the-aisles" team is as funny as when they appeared in *Swing Time*. And what have we? Well, we have a clever satire which stems from neat character drawing, plot and situations. The story is wholly on the entertaining side—with no boredom present. The idea cracks down on the jury system—of how a juror (Moore) tries to sell real estate to the other jurors. It also projects Miss Broderick as a juror—who persists in asking the court a flock of silly questions. Though she knows nothing of court procedure her questions have a lot to do in unraveling the case. The comedy, you see, mixes up with a murder mystery. Miss Broderick is the only juror who votes for an acquittal of the prisoner on the first ballot. Eventually, she has the other jurors voting her way. And the real murderer is identified. The supporting cast is highly commendable. But the team of Moore and Broderick dishing up the comedy—well, that's what makes it worth while. —*RKO-Radio Pictures.*

LISTEN, MR. *Scrub-Hard,*

Why waste that high-powered brushing? Your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste, too!



Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . NO CHALK . . NO GRIT . NO PUMICE
—Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away —instead of scraping it off.
—Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates gums and promotes free-flowing saliva.
—Refreshing!

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

Change to
PEPSODENT
TOOTH PASTE
containing
IRIUM

Gently removes film . . . wins flashing new luster . . . makes daily brushing extra effective!

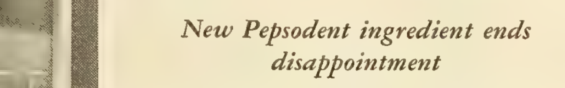
Are you one of the Disappointed Scrub-Hards who brush faithfully day after day—yet still have dingy, film-stained teeth? . . . Then here's *news* for you. Now proper brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with natural brilliance!

New Pepsodent ingredient ends disappointment

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—steps up cleansing efficiency and provides smooth *washing* action instead of hard abrasion. IRIUM makes Pepsodent a wonderful tooth paste. One that responds *instantly* to your brush—penetrates between teeth—speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like magic.

It's an amazing advance in tooth hygiene! You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing is *useful*. Your teeth quickly win that glowing luster that everyone *notices*.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it. The days of Scrub-Hard Disappointment will be over!



All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

Comfort . .

WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST!

WOVEN TO SHAPE
•
LASTEX
MARVELOX GRIP

HICKORY

Sanitary Belt

Enjoy complete comfort and peace of mind in Hickory's newest Lastex Sanitary Belt. Permanently woven-to-shape on the loom; fits your figure perfectly. Easy stretch Lastex banishes binding. Boilable—durable—economical.

The "Marvelox" grip is tiny, lightweight, unobtrusive. Adjusts instantly, is permanently secure. Ask for Number 1325, illustrated, at your favorite Notions Counter. Other Hickory Sanitary Belts—35c and up.

If you don't find Number 1325 at your dealer's send us 50c with his name and we'll supply you. State size: small, medium, or large. Address 1143 West Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

YOUR WITNESS on the STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. How do they take pictures of a storm at sea without having the camera stand on its head or losing it overboard?

A. An "iron egg" is the answer. This is the name for a heavy eggshaped mass of solid iron suspended from a framework and to which the camera is attached, permitting it to swing like a pendulum. The result is stability within five degrees, no matter how a boat may rock. Utilizing gravity, the camera automatically steadies itself. A "self-wiping windshield" is also used when photographing storms at sea. This is a disk of plate glass, about eight inches in diameter, which is rotated before the camera lens at high speed by a motor. Pressure plates about its circumference keep it wiped at all times, so that the spray can never obstruct the lens.

Q. Did Gladys George ever play in pictures before *Valiant Is the Name for Carrie?*

A. Fifteen years ago, she was working with Douglas MacLean and Charles Ray. She was seventeen years old at the time, and quit pictures after being accidentally burned on a set equipped as a kitchen.

Gladys George is not a newcomer to films. She made her debut fifteen years ago when she was seventeen years old

Q. How many costumes does a studio generally have in its wardrobe department?

A. One studio alone could outfit 500,000 people, nearly four times the population of Hollywood. And each day hundreds of costumes are added to the already huge supply. Paramount, for example, added one thousand costumes to its wardrobe department when that many players and extras worked in just one scene in *Maid of Salem*.

Q. About how many feature pictures are made simultaneously in Hollywood?

A. At the height of the season, about forty or fifty.

Q. Is it generally accepted that stage training is necessary for success on the screen?

A. I don't think so. Most of the biggest stars have had little or no stage training. Consider the backgrounds of Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Gary Cooper, Fred MacMurray, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, Bing Crosby, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers, and Harold Lloyd, to name only a few of the biggest who have had no stage training. Of course, Charles Laughton and Leslie Howard are two outstanding stars who came from the stage.

Q. How much do studios have to pay for location sites?

A. From $100 to $2000, depending on the site. Fashionable residences used for a day cost about $350; yachts cost $250; churches $200 a day, whether used for interior or exterior shots; every scene enacted on a railroad train costs $125 for eight hours; when military or naval units are used the picture companies pay from $500 to $2000, depending on the number of men, amount of equipment and time required for the shooting, and fuel bills are paid by the studios for airplanes and ships. When fire trucks and firemen are needed, each fireman gets $10 a day, each captain gets $15, and the studio pays from $50 to $100 a day to the Firemen's Widows and Orphans Fund of the fire department. The Los Angeles Park Commission charges $10 a day for five people being photographed in a park; $35 for more than five; $2.00 for each vehicle photographed, and $1 a head for horses appearing before the camera. Most of this money goes through the location bureau of the Assistance League, run by wealthy society women, and is paid to various charities to the amount of about $150,000 yearly.

FUTURE FAVORITES

★ FUTURE FAVORITES ★
OWEN DAVIS·JR

By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

MOST reticent of the Hollywood bachelors, Owen Davis, Jr., son of the playwright, dislikes to discuss the feminine sex and is shy of a claim by a columnist that he is a matinee idol. . . . "That denotes the actor in grand tradition," he said, " the gentleman of the afternoon with a voice as rich as gravy . . . that is not for me—and so far as I am concerned, the matinee idol is relegated to the day of the hansom cab" . . . Nevertheless, Owen Davis, Jr., is one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors who is rapidly becoming one of the screen's most popular leading men . . . To tell the truth, Mr. Davis is likely to become a matinee idol despite his protests . . . Sent by his father, the Pulitzer prize-winning playwright, to the Choate School in Wallingford, the young actor matriculated at Yale, where he became the captain of the boxing team and one of the leading students in the drama school . . . because of too many broken noses, however, he soon gave up boxing . . . Mr. Davis began his screen career with Walter Huston, with whom he toured and later played in one of his father's dramas, *Tonight at Twelve* . . . He played in stock in Denver, Cleveland and St. Louis, and came to Hollywood for *All Quiet on the Western Front* and followed that with *They Had to See Paris,* with the late Will Rogers . . . After a try at one more picture, Owen gave up the screen and returned to the stage saying that he was not far enough along to try pictures . . . Back on Broadway, Mr. Davis played with Richard Bennett . . . He then joined the experimental theatre in Maine, where he played more than one hundred different parts. He was seen by a studio scout and accepted a long term contract because he was now ready for pictures and Hollywood . . . Since then, Mr. Davis has been in many pictures and RKO sees him as a potential star . . . Young Davis is uncomfortable with interviewers, he likes nothing better than to turn a formal interview into a chat . . . When questioned of his opinions of women, he has very definite ideas . . . he has no "dream girl" but he does admire a quality of mystery in women and admits that men like to be "mystified" by women almost as much as women enjoy "mystifying." . . . In fact, he admits that it is a rare quality . . . Rumors have romantically linked young Davis with Louise Latimer and many other screen starlets, but his only admission is Anne Shirley . . . the couple are often seen together at various dining places . . . However, there is still a chance for some eligible "bachelor-ess" for Owen . . . Give a guy a chance!

Romance never came her way

. . . UNTIL SHE LEARNED THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING . . . FRAGRANT BATHS WITH **CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**

WHY RISK OFFENDING?

Don't forget that nothing gets you "in wrong" with a man so surely as just the slightest taint of perspiration odor! So don't start "going places" until you've bathed with Cashmere Bouquet! This lovely perfumed soap keeps you so safe from fear of offending—*ever!*

BE FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so *fragrantly* dainty!

HOW GLAMOROUS YOU ARE!

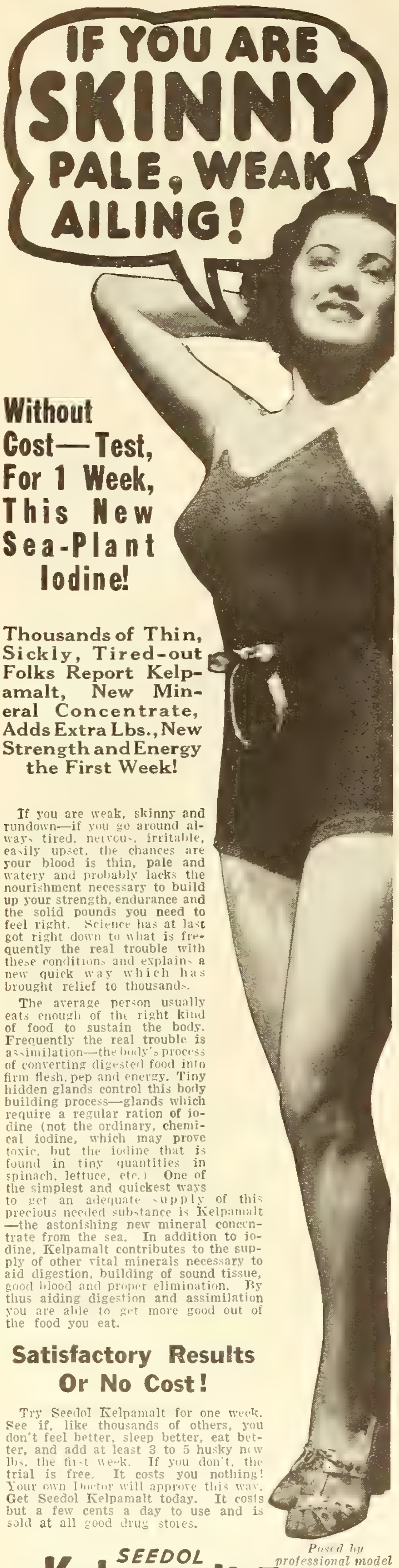
And how much more *alluring*—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle perfume lingers for hours . . . gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS


IF YOU ARE SKINNY PALE, WEAK AILING!

Without Cost—Test, For 1 Week, This New Sea-Plant Iodine!

Thousands of Thin, Sickly, Tired-out Folks Report Kelpamalt, New Mineral Concentrate, Adds Extra Lbs., New Strength and Energy the First Week!

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you go around always tired, nervous, irritable, easily upset, the chances are your blood is thin, pale and watery and probably lacks the nourishment necessary to build up your strength, endurance and the solid pounds you need to feel right. Science has at last got right down to what is frequently the real trouble with these conditions and explains a new quick way which has brought relief to thousands.

The average person usually eats enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. Frequently the real trouble is assimilation—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, pep and energy. Tiny hidden glands control this body building process—glands which require a regular ration of iodine (not the ordinary, chemical iodine, which may prove toxic, but the iodine that is found in tiny quantities in spinach, lettuce, etc.) One of the simplest and quickest ways to get an adequate supply of this precious needed substance is Kelpamalt—the astonishing new mineral concentrate from the sea. In addition to iodine, Kelpamalt contributes to the supply of other vital minerals necessary to aid digestion, building of sound tissue, good blood and proper elimination. By thus aiding digestion and assimilation you are able to get more good out of the food you eat.

Satisfactory Results Or No Cost!

Try Seedol Kelpamalt for one week. See if, like thousands of others, you don't feel better, sleep better, eat better, and add at least 3 to 5 husky new lbs. the first week. If you don't, the trial is free. It costs you nothing! Your own Doctor will approve this way. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. It costs but a few cents a day to use and is sold at all good drug stores.

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Write today for fascinating, instructive 50-page book on How to Build Weight, Strength and Energy Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the Human Body. New facts about Iodine. Weight and Measurement charts, daily menus, etc. Absolutely free. No obligation. Seedol Kelpamalt Co., Dept. 1133, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

WOMEN behind the STARS

DOROTHY ARZNER

Director of *Craig's Wife*

"OUR future stars will come from the ranks of movie *fans.* Screen-struck youngsters, today, give themselves a fine education in acting by their intelligent appraisal of their screen favorites. For this reason a director's job is becoming easier. Newcomers learn faster. And the untrained movie fan may well hope to rival, as a screen possibility, the star of the stage or the stock company!"

These are just a few of the ideas of Dorothy Arzner, the director who is chosen to guide Hollywood stars through their most difficult assignments. No wonder she's considered a more fascinating personality than many of the stars she directs!

Small, dark of hair, gray-blue of eyes, with hands that indicate her character—completely feminine, yet strong and firm—she's a WOMAN behind the stars, standing at the top of a hazardous profession where even the most brilliant men have failed. She directed Rosalind Russell in *Craig's Wife,* a difficult assignment which raised a talented featured player to full stardom.

Movie moguls have already offered her a producer's berth, but she likes best to concentrate on a single picture, supervising it from the first stage of the original story to the complete, finished version that comes from the cutters. Her experience as script girl, writer of originals, cutter, film editor, and director enables her to maintain complete authority over all departments with regard to each of her pictures. "The Dorothy Arzner system," they call it in the studios, with not a little awe!

How did she happen to choose her unusual profession? Searching for some outlet for her tremendous energies, she discussed possible jobs with a friend. The friend suggested: "Why not movies? That's the most modern industry in the world, and offers amazing chances to get ahead." The idea clicked.

The first studio she visited held Cecil B. DeMille, the great director, and she was allowed to sit on the sidelines, watching him work. He dominated—and still does—his assistants, the onlookers, and even the actors. No wonder she decided then and there to be a director—some day!

MANY of the greatest stars of Hollywood owe much to her for "discovering" hidden talents. Fredric March, Sylvia Sidney, Rosalind Russell, Ruth Chatterton; these are just a few whom she has helped become world-famed. Today she is just as eager to help others along the difficult road to stardom. She receives hundreds of letters every month asking, "Can I act? How can I get a break?"

"I don't dare encourage them," she smiles, "or I'd be swamped with applicants for jobs. But it's just as dangerous to offer discouragement. Any one of them might be a future star!"

Naturalness, she believes, is one of the greatest necessities for screen talent. That's why she dares to question the old bugaboo with which Hollywood frightens many a newcomer, *You must have stage experience!*

"Stock company training is all very well if you don't stay in it too long—and if you can unlearn all the little stage tricks which prove exaggerated and ineffective on the screen. However, I've found recently that newcomers with no acting experience at all learn amazingly fast, perhaps because they have been alert members of the audience. Instinctively they reject an artificial and untrue performance. Just as intelligently they acclaim—and will imitate—a good performance.

"The greatest danger for these fans, if they hope to succeed on their own, is this very imitation. It's all very well to realize why Crawford is successful, and try to adapt some of that to one's self. It's far different to ape Joan's mannerisms and lose one's own individuality. New stars are almost always individuals, definitely not those who have imitated others."

Craig's Wife was a woman's picture. The gals seated are Rosalind Russell, star, and Dorothy Arzner, director. The cutter and scenarist are standing

Hollywood's
Trick Parties

OYSTER Parties—that's the newest gag in Hollywood's cleverest entertaining circles. Oyster parties aren't the kind at which the guests all shut up like oysters. The idea is this: obtainable in Hollywood as a novelty are oysters from Japan, each of which contains one of those cultured pearls. Recently, at separate parties, Cecil B. DeMille and MGM's gown-wizard, Adrian, both had the same idea. After their guests had had dinner, they were each served with one huge oyster, with oyster knife, and the host's insistence that each guest open his own. When they did, each found a real pearl inside—as the host's dinner gift. At Adrian's, those who got pearls included Mary Garden, Grace Moore, Mady Christians, Miriam Hopkins. At the DeMille ten-course dinner, pearls went to Paramount executives. And no dirty cracks, please . . . !

BABY showers are also still vogue, always will be, in Hollywood. Latest showerees were Mrs. Buster Collier and Mrs. Artie Stebbins. Constance Talmadge gave the shower for Mrs. Collier, and the decorations were quite something. Table centerpiece was a nude baby in ice. Cocktails were served in baby bottles with rubber nipples, the dessert was ice cream molded in the shape of babies lying on spun candy couches. It was a Tropics Cafe affair. Other baby shower for Mrs. Stebbins was at Jack Oakie's home, with Mrs. Oakie hostess. Guests who showered Mrs. Artie included Gracie Allen, Norma Talmadge, Carole Lombard, Sally Blane, Sally Eilers, Maureen O'Sullivan, Dixie Dunbar, Ruby Keeler.

ANOTHER Piccadilly party, but in the high-clowning manner of Hollywood's hilarious younger set, was the one thrown by Joan Fontaine, sister of Olivia de Havilland, at her home near Los Angeles' Griffith Park. Wintering in the park is a small-time carnival in the English fashion. It was Joan's inspiration, so she gave a "Come to the Fair" party, served scones and crumpets (fawncy, now!) and real imported Devonshire cream with the tea (my word!) and then took her guests to the wheezy one-lunger carousel and the Punch and Judy show at the carnival. In the party, plus Joan and Olivia, were Peter Hobbes, Billy Bakewell, Charlie Sedgwick, et al.

TALKING of the youngest set—these Hollywood laddies and lassies are still making high merriment. The old-timers may have swank at their parties, but the youngsters have FUN. When Glenda Farrell threw a shindig, there weren't any opera arias or classical recordings. Instead, Gertrude Niesen and Martha Raye sang *Jingle Bells* in pig-Latin and *Silent Night* in swing time. Hot Tom and Jerry pepped up the party. And of course, the ever-running *The Drunkard*, seriously burlesqued old-time melodrama now in its fourth year at a Hollywood theatre, is still the Mecca of the young crowd, who clown in the after-show to their hearts' content. Latest *Drunkard* party was for Grace Durkin and Bill Henry, in delayed celebration of their marriage. Present were Bill's parents and Duke Kahanamoku, famed Hawaiian swimmer who is now Sheriff of Honolulu. Patricia Ellis, Jimmy Bush, Gertrude Durkin, Phil van Dyke and Fred Stover completed the roll of youngsters.

"DURING Production" Parties still continue, now and then, to interfere hilariously with shooting schedules. Usually it's a birthday that leads to one. That was what happened on the *Left-Handed Law* set at Universal when Buck Jones' wife had a birthday. Shooting was stopped and Buck threw a party. *Pièce de résistance* was a huge birthday cake. When Buck's wife attacked it with a great knife, it proved to be a phony—fell apart, and revealed a glittering bracelet with 39 diamonds and 68 sapphires, count 'em! That was Buck's birthday gift to Mrs. Buck. Guests at the party included veteran cowboys who have played in Buck's pictures for years. When Wendy Barrie, on location at the town of Ontario, fifty miles from Hollywood, got lonely, she remembered the tale of Mahomet and the mountain. Unable to go to Hollywood, she had Hollywood come to her. She hired a fleet of big busses, engaged the ballroom of the biggest Ontario hotel, and threw a dance to which her guests came in the busses, from which they returned home in same busses at dawn.

HOUSE warming—that was what Gladys Swarthout and Hubby Frank Chapman gave, even though their house wasn't ready. They'd planned on one when the decorators were done, but they had to leave on a concert tour before the decorations were in, or even the furnishings. Undaunted, they house-warmed anyway, set out crude benches, deal tables, stretched boards across wooden horses for the buffet dinner and lighted the house with candles.

LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!

THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!

Here's How to Deal with Them

By Lady Esther

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.

You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

Dissolves Waxy Dirt

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.

It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear. Also your pores automatically come down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

I'll Pay for a Test!

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

Clean Pores Become Small

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

Act Now!

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32) **FREE**

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Please send me by return mail a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

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*City*______________*State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

"I am 'tops' again
– because I feel and look like my old self once more"

"How did I do it?
"I just reasoned sensibly."

YOU just can't be happy and enjoy life when in a run-down condition. Poor health and poor looks won't let you.

Fortunately, straight thinking tells us that vitality and pep are produced by energy created from within...so is the skin beautified and made clear from within.

How natural it is then to turn to the force which makes all this possible...those precious red-blood-cells.

Quite often these cells are reduced in number or in strength. Even a common cold kills these cells in great numbers. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells.

Science has solved this problem in S.S.S. Tonic because it helps you regain your blood strength within a short space of time. Its action is cumulative and lasting.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic because of deficient stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells to restore lost weight...to regain energy...to strengthen nerves...and add glow to your skin.

Be 'tops' again with more vitality...more pep...a clear skin by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

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You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

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ACROSS

1 Star married to Dr. Joel Pressman
9 BULLETS—BALLOTS
10 They often hoot in night scenes
12 You'll see her in BELOVED ENEMY
14 First name of masculine opera singer now in films
16 Mr. Carey's initials
18 Joel Mc——
19 He was a waiter in OUR RELATIONS
20 He roars at M-G-M films
21 Month in which 12 Across was born (abbr.)
22 CLAIRE in THAT GIRL FROM PARIS
23 Heroine of WEDDING PRESENT
24 Miss Sothern's initials
25 Pauline ——
26 TOP OF THE —— (pl.)
27 Actress married to Frank Lawton
28 The late Russ Columbo appeared in —— UP AND DREAM
29 She was Edward Arnold's daughter in COME AND GET IT
31 24 Across was once known as Harriette ——
32 Jack —— Rue
33 Whose role was that of RACING LADY?
34 Term used in golf scenes
35 Screen stars wear dark glasses as protection from this.
36 DANNY SIMPSON in ONE IN A MILLION
37 Theatre seats are arranged in these
38 You saw him with Ole Olsen in THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN
39 Initials of leading man in EVERYTHING IS THUNDER
40 His first name is Earle
41 —— THREE
42 Miss D'Avril's first name
44 Initials of actor married to Jobyna Ralston
45 Feminine lead in LLOYDS OF LONDON

DOWN

2 She recently divorced Alexander Hall, director
3 WE WHO —— ABOUT TO DIE
4 First name of a popular Disney character
5 BARNEY PELLS in LOVE ON THE RUN
6 ——IN A CROWD
7 Initials of Mrs. Charles Laughton
8 14 Across appeared in —— TO ROMANCE
11 Al's last name
12 You saw him in GENERAL SPANKY
13 —— Russell acts in westerns
15 Sally Martin comes from this state (abbr.)
17 Feminine lead in EVERYTHING IS THUNDER
19 CAPTAIN SUCKLING in LLOYDS OF LONDON
20 He had lead in MAD HOLIDAY
22 MUMMY'S ——
23 What the comedian tells
25 Bobby Breen is one of these
26 EASY TO ——
27 Studios sometimes —— their stars to other studios.
28 Conflicts such as shown in newsreels of Spain
30 SWORN ——
31 First name of a well known newsreel commentator
32 Bride of Clifford Odets, playwright
34 Sidney's last name
35 H. Rider Haggard film
37 THE —— TO GLORY
38 Famous cinema sleuth
40 Frances Langford's native state (abbr.)
41 Three (prefix)
43 Initials of one of Moore brothers

Last Month's Solution

H	U	G	H	E	S		M	C	H	U	G	H
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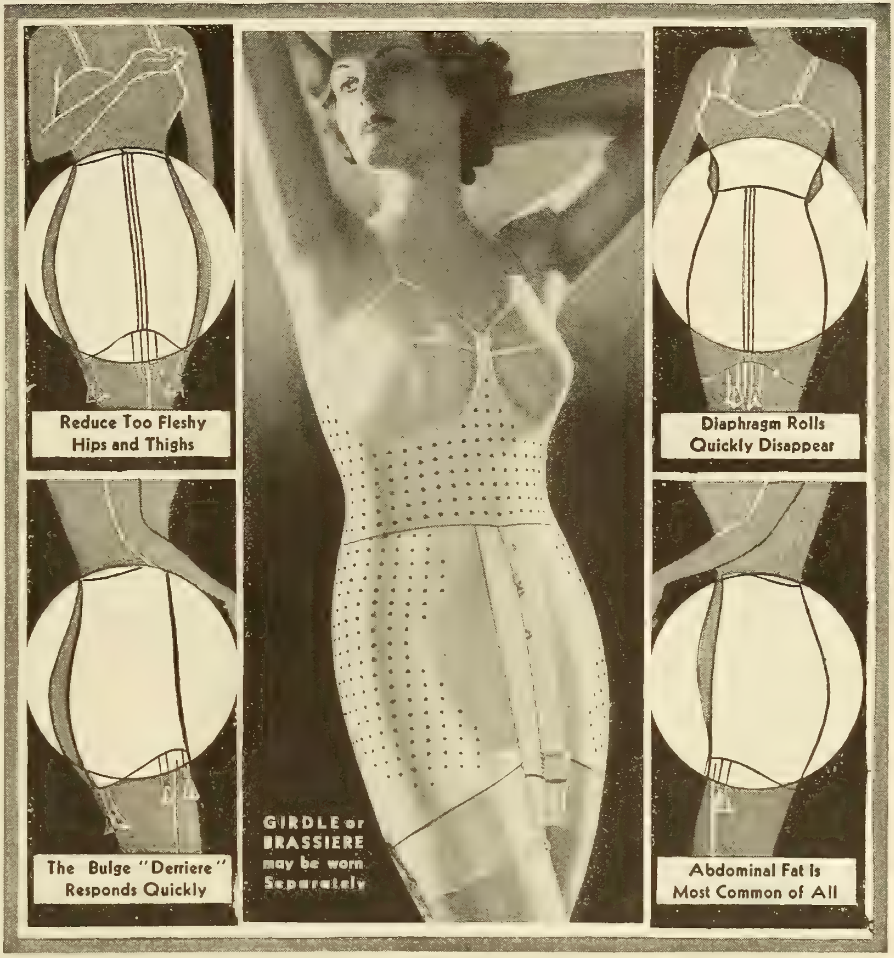
FUTURE FAVORITES ★ SHIRLEY ROSS ★

By HAL WHITEHEAD

HOME town girls who make good are rare in Hollywood. . . . Most Hollywood stars are of foreign or Eastern extraction. . . . The few local products who do come across usually have to make a hit on the New York stage first . . . although Lyle Talbot is a local boy who made good in the old home town. . . . The beautiful and charming exception to this formula is Shirley Ross, who went to Hollywood grammar school, Hollywood High School, and the University of California at Los Angeles . . . You can't say Shirley isn't well educated . . . In high school she began her musical training, studying voice and piano consistently . . . She gave several recitals and starred in high school dramatics, usually winning the feminine lead with her attractive face and figure . . . You can see she has the necessary background and what goes with it . . . While in college she was discovered by Gus Arnheim, popular orchestra leader, who engaged her as a featured blues singer while playing in large cities in the West . . . When Arnheim came to the Beverly Wilshire hotel in the Hollywood district, Shirley was caught up with by movie scouts . . . Then it became a merry whirl among the studio scouts for her signature and services . . . Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave her the first break, contracting her after noting her versatile ability to sing, play, act and photograph well . . . Shirley made good immediately . . . She showed in *What Price Jazz* with Ted FioRito; *Manhattan Melodrama, 100% Pure* with Jean Harlow, and *The Merry Widow,* starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, what she could do with minor roles . . . Her big break came as the romantic feminine lead in Paramount's *Big Broadcast of 1937* . . . And Paramount immediately gave her a term contract and assigned her the leading role in *Hideaway Girl* . . . Great things are predicted of this titian-haired actress who is so soothing on the eye, accomplished as a thespian, silver-voiced and lovely mannered . . . Shirley is medium tall, has fine coloring, possesses a scrumptious figure . . . and weighs around 110 pounds.

DID YOU KNOW THAT George Burns and Gracie Allen own a home and a car for the first time—these assets being acquired as the result of adopting two children?

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS
Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!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The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn Separately
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Abdominal Fat Is Most Common of All

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Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

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■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments the gentle pressure and massage-like action are actually reducing hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—at just the spots where the disfiguring fat first accumulates.

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■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

The Safe, Quick Method
■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

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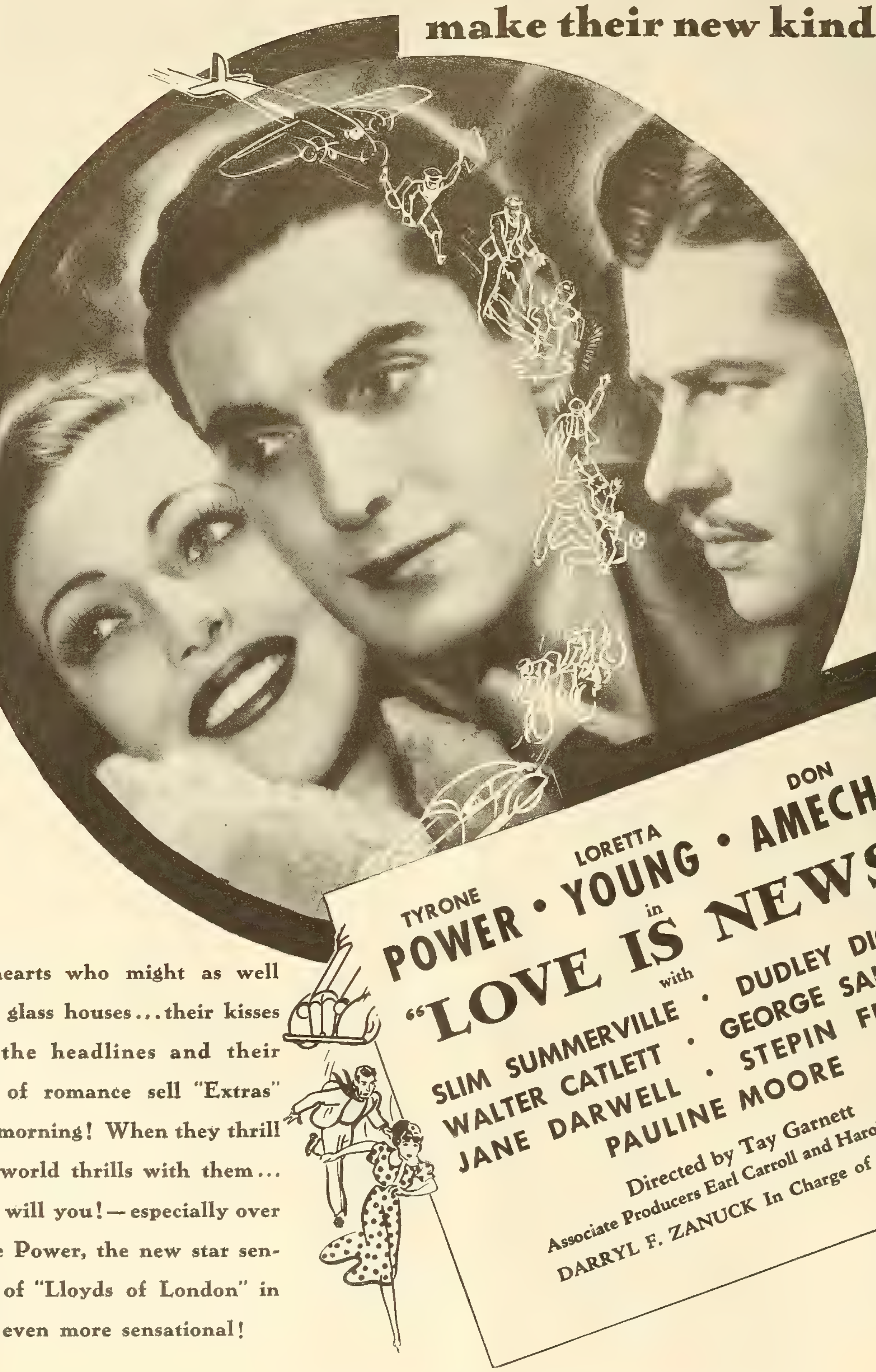
love IS news

. . . when this romantic trio make their new kind of love!



Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses . . . their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill . . . the world thrills with them . . . and so will you! — especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!

TYRONE POWER • LORETTA YOUNG • DON AMECHE

in

"LOVE IS NEWS"

with

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • DUDLEY DIGGES
WALTER CATLETT • GEORGE SANDERS
JANE DARWELL • STEPIN FETCHIT
PAULINE MOORE

Directed by Tay Garnett
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

PAT PATERSON

Among the "don'ts" that a good actress always keeps in mind is NOT to turn her back on the audience. Pat Paterson isn't backward about breaking such a rule—her back is *that* beautiful. Pat also looks over her left shoulder for good luck in being back on the screen and supporting hubby Charles Boyer in *Wuthering Heights*

All femme hearts beat as one for Robert Taylor although his heart beats for Barbara Stanwyck off screen. Right here his heart beats for Jean Harlow (and vice versa) as they co-star in *Personal Property.* While you go for Bob, don't let your boy friend kid you that he doesn't like Jean. He does

♥ ♥ ♥ ♥ FOUR HEARTS

THAT BEAT AS TWO

And over here is Loretta Young being held in a tight embrace by the second biggest "rave" of the hour, Tyrone Power, who got you saying it with sighs when you saw him in *Lloyds of London.* They're teamed up romanfically in *Love is News.* And honestly, girls, how'd you like to trade places with Loretta?

"If I Were Queen" —MYRNA LOY

MYRNA I, BY THE GRACE OF LOUIS B. MAYER, OF HOLLYWOOD AND CULVER CITY AND OF THE DOMINIONS ALONG THE SEAS, QUEEN, DEFENDER OF THE HEARTH, EMPRESS OF M-G-M

Myrna sizes up the crown she would wear as queen

By JAMES REID

WHEN you see the new Clark Gable-Myrna Loy picture, *Parnell,* you will make this discovery: the story has startling parallels to the story of Edward VIII and Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

And, oddly enough, the parallels are accidental.

Parnell is based on a play to which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer acquired the screen rights more than a year ago. The plan, in turn, was based on history—history that happened in the late 1880's and early 1890's.

Plans for a costly production were announced months ago. A script was approved, sets were built, costumes designed, players cast. No one then had any intimations that the finished picture might have an ironic timeliness, with history repeating itself sensationally in the meantime.

The studio has not sought to capitalize on the parallels. The studio has not so much as mentioned them. Nor will it mention them. The picture will succeed on its own dramatic merits, with Myrna and Clark heading the cast. But to anyone who has read the play and also the headlines from London, there *are* similarities, as unmistakable as they are unintentional.

Charles Parnell was a dynamic dreamer, a man born to lead. He was the Irishman who inspired—and kept alive—Ireland's long fight for independence. In his early 40's, he met pretty, vivacious Kitty O'Shea, who had a husband, but was secretly estranged from him. Parnell fell desperately in love with her, and she with him. Not free to marry, they long pretended that they were merely friends. But there came a day, near the climax of his career, when members of his own government forced him to choose between leadership of his country and the woman he loved. He chose Kitty O'Shea.—*Editor's Note.*

MYRNA LOY *looked* like a queen—unintentionally. That was probably what started it all.

She was dressed as if for a glamorous costume ball. (Actually, she was dressed for her first costume role.) She was wearing white satin, glorifying the style of the 1880's, replete even to a ruffle. And her reddish hair, too, was fetching—piled high, with curls across the top and curls hanging down on her neck.

She was sitting on the sidelines of an 1880 drawing-room set for *Parnell,* her new picture with Clark Gable. Around her were gathered several male members of the cast, talking.

The picture tells, primarily, the great love story of Charles Parnell and Kitty O'Shea. But in the background always is another great story—the story of Parnell's fight to give Ireland independence.

The group was talking about the Irish distaste for kings and queens. That led to some conversation about Americans' *liking* for them, despite that Revolution back in 1776. We can't read enough about royalty. And when anyone becomes tops in his line, we promptly give him a royal title. Thus, Babe Ruth becomes the Home-Run King; Helen Wills Moody, the Tennis Queen; Fred Astaire, the King of Swing; Helen Morgan, the Queen of the Night-Clubs—and so on, and on, and on.

That brought forth an assertion (from an Englishman) that probably every little American boy dreams of becoming king of *something,* and that every little American girl hopes

If Myrna were Queen she'd probably have more fun than any queen ever had before

some day to become *some* kind of queen. A beauty queen (everyone involuntarily looked at Myrna), a movie queen (everyone kept right on looking at Myrna) . . .

Myrna said, "Don't look at *me! I'm* not guilty!"

What! She had never had any longings for queendom, of any kind?

"Never," she said, shaking her head. "But never."

Obviously, something would have to be done about this. Imagine a girl—especially one of Myrna's appearance and poise—having no ambitions to do a little queening! Someone said as much. Someone else said that, if Hollywood ever heard of it, the capital of cinema would probably insist on becoming a monarchy, just so that it could draft her as Queen.

"But I mean it!" wailed Myrna.

They knew it—even if they pretended otherwise, assuring her that if she kept on not wanting to become Queen of Hollywood, that was undoubtedly what she would become.

"And what do you think I would do then?" she asked.

"What do *you* think you would do?" they insisted.

This went on for five minutes—until finally Myrna convinced them that if she were Queen, she had a right to know what people expected of her. In other words, Myrna practically asked for a "truth session." And this is what developed:

"All right," she began, "if I were Queen, I'd—"

"Probably have more fun than any queen ever had before," they helpfully decided.

As *Katie O'Shea*, Myrna plays opposite Clark Gable as *Parnell*

"If queening couldn't be fun, I *wouldn't* want it," admitted Myrna.

So they set out to tell her what she would probably do . . .

SHE certainly wouldn't give up working—that is, if she could help it. That might be a bit unorthodox for a queen: going to a studio at eight in the morning and working straight through until six at night. But it would keep the lady pepped up and looking her best. And it would take the burden of supporting her off the hands of the realm—which would be something new in any queendom.

She would have a husband (Arthur Hornblow, Jr.) who appreciated the fact that a woman can gain as much satisfaction out of supporting herself as a man can, supporting *himself*. And if her husband were broad-minded that way, why shouldn't the realm be, too? After all, she'd be queen to her husband before she was queen to the rest of the realm.

As Queen, she wouldn't be able to have just a ten-room Early American farmhouse, tucked away in a canyon, along with three acres of flower gardens and three acres of lime trees. It would have to be the biggest thing this side of the Empire State Building. In fact, it would have to be bigger than the Empire State Building, or Hollywood wouldn't be Hollywood, and Hollywood wouldn't be doing right by its Queen. It might even be as big as the *Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody* set in *The Great Ziegfield.*

Myrna wouldn't feel like a queen if it weren't.

And the summer palace couldn't be any mere cabin at Lake Arrowhead, either. It would have to be the size of a hotel, even if she couldn't operate it like a hotel, because the overnight guests might object. As Queen, she would be practically defenseless against people who came to dinner and tried to stay for breakfast.

But she wouldn't have to count

[*Continued on page 76*]

WHAT! NO BOB TAYLOR?

No! But if you insist, turn to page twenty-eight and you'll find Bob in a loving embrace with the gorgeous Harlow. First he loves Garbo in *Camille,* now Harlow and, there's always Barbara Stanwyck. So-o-o here are five handsome men who measure up to Bob. Each is a distinctive type with a different appeal, but they all have plenty of that good old sex-appeal. Take your pick, girls! From 1 to 5, you have James Cagney, Louis Hayward, Alan Marshal, Lew Ayres and Craig Reynolds. Stop your crowding, girls! And, only one to a customer, please. P.S. We thought you might like to know—four of them are bachelors

2

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Getting Away From BETTE DAVIS

That's what happened to Bette when she went to London—she got away from herself. Result? She is vitally alive and has found a peace of mind and an eagerness for work

By HARRY LANG

THE word *"battling"* has been erased, and the word *"bubbling"* can be written in its place—and so it was "Bubbling Bette" Davis and I who howled our way through an utterly screwy luncheon out at Warner Brothers' movie-factory, the other day, between takes on *Marked Woman,* her current starring picture. Bette was in rare form. She didn't have to tell me how perfectly gosh-darn' happy she is to be back at work, because she showed it in every action, and in the tops-high hilarity with which she told me about her experiences in London.

Oh, I don't mean her court experiences. . . ! To blazes with all that stuff. That's all over with, and *how!* I'll just tell you what Jack Warner said to her when she reported back to the studio after the English court had decided against her in her fight to break the Warner contract—

Warner stuck out his hand, gripped hers, and came around the desk and patted Bette's back, the day she first walked into his office. "Forget it, Bette," he said with a laugh; "I've forgotten it already!"

And anyway, it's a lot more interesting to hear from Bette, as I did, about some of the perfectly amazing, and the intensely interesting things that happened to her *outside* of the King's Bench, than what happened inside. Bette told me about it while we were lunching in the "Green Room" cafe at Warners, where the stars eat. Before we were five minutes into our soup, we were laughing so and clowning so that the rest of the people in the room looked worried. When Bette bubblies, she positively effervesces. And she's just as good as any bubbling wine to pep you up, or better!

She started off with a laugh on Ham Nelson. Ham, you know, is her hubby. (And if anybody whispers in your ear that Bette and Ham are bustin' up, tell 'em they're crazier than a coot. I *know.* But that's another story.) Anyway, Ham is New Englandish, you know—but let Bette tell it—

"Ham is from New England. So am I. I know what that means. It means that a nickel is a nickel, no matter how you look at it. Not that we New Englanders are tight, or even Scotch, but we count our money.

"Well, one of the very first nights in London, we took a taxi back to our hotel from the theatre. Now, Ham doesn't know a darn thing about English money. Those tuppence-ha' pennies, and thruppenny-bits and two-an'-sixpence and things like that just didn't register. So, when we got to the hotel, Ham just drew a ten-shilling note from his pocket and handed it to the cabby. The cabby carefully counted [*Continued on page* 84]

The past is "out" with Bette. From now on it's the future that counts

The comedy-drama that might be labeled *The Tempest* is over, and *Caliban* and *Ariel* have gone their separate ways. It wasn't in the cards

Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Wide World

Everything was okey-doke with the Barrymores after their elopement. They gladly posed for our own cameraman (top photo). Above, before the storm clouds gathered

What Happened to CALIBAN and ARIEL

By ELZA SCHALLERT

NUMBER ONE sympathetic hero of the hour in Hollywood is John Barrymore, Crown Prince of the Royal Family of Broadway. Call him *Hamlet, Mercutio, Benedick,* or even merry *Trinculo;* certainly he is no longer the lustrous, not to say languishing, *Caliban.* Nor is Elaine Jacobs Barrie Barrymore, erstwhile student of journalism and ambitious for a stage and screen career, any more the gay, capricious, sprite-like *Ariel.*

The comedy, or drama, however you may wish to describe it, that might be titled *The Tempest,* is over. The two leading *dramatis personae* have stepped out of their familiar roles and donned other habiliments.

It was in the cards from the beginning that the romance and marriage of John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie would strike the rocks. . . . The only question was: "How soon?" I imagine that there were even bets laid on the subject. . . . Would it be one month or two months or five months that the castle of dreams would endure—contrived and created with so much to-do and fanfare by the May and November great lovers?

There wasn't much secrecy about the whole adventure. It was a headline match right from the beginning. In fact, from the initiation of romance in a New York hospital to the finishing touch in the Trocadero in Hollywood, the whole world was "in" on the "strange interlude" between the impersonator of Shakespeare's symbolic caveman, and his irrepressible, and apparently also quite irresistible, elfin attendant.

The Barrymores managed to get from the marrying judge's office in Yuma to the divorce courts in Los Angeles in the brief space of one month and twenty-three days. Somebody also might have figured the hours and the minutes, but no one did. The speed was hectic. *Ariel* and *Caliban*—what a strange mating? Wasn't *Ariel* in Shakespeare's *Tempest* the little witch that used to delight in sticking pins or some such like into a howling native islander? It was John Barrymore, himself, in the hospital in the East who named Elaine *Ariel,* and perhaps thus unconsciously anticipated the unhappy ending of the romantic extravaganza.

Just how, when and where the

[*Continued on page* 90]

BOLES — Not a Ballyhooer

John has been around, man and boy, for quite a few years—but he's still undazzled by it all

By PAULA HARRISON

JOHN BOLES rose to his height of six-foot-one, and with the easy, long-limbed stride that suggests his Texan background, crossed the room to greet me. His blue eyes were pleasant, his manner courteous—deferential even, with the deference of the South to women. There was nothing tangible to account for the impression that he'd as soon be facing a wildcat as an interview. Yet the impression was there. When I taxed him with it, his face broke into the smile that lights its normal reserve to warmth—a smile that starts in the eyes, sweet, rather than brilliant, keeping something of the gravity that marks its owner's face in repose.

"Now that you've found out," he said, "we'll get along. I don't really mind if I can just pretend we're chatting. It's only the idea that scares me. And the feeling that I'll probaly get all the answers wrong. I can really tell you all about myself in a couple of words—big feet, big ears, and a trusting heart. And I never wear hats."

He eyed me rather like a child who knows his task isn't finished, but hopes against hope for a miracle. Because the reticence you feel in him on the screen forms an integral part of his nature. Whatever he may be thinking or feeling, his instinct is to preserve an impassive front. This he probaly inherits from his Scotch forebears. But there's an emotional Irish strain mixed with the Scotch, and the feelings he keeps pent up within him find their release in acting and song.

Not that he doesn't talk readily when he has to. Some stars dislike interviews and prove it by sulking through them Others, less experienced, are struck dumb by panic. Boles is too well-bred for the one, too self-possessed for the other. He knows you can't give an interview without talking. If a question is put which he prefers not to answer, he'll say so quietly, but leaving no loophole for argument. Otherwise he speaks freely, if somewhat deliberately, pausing for a moment to consider his words. There's a reason for the pause, a reason for the deliberation, for when the words come, they strike straight at the root of the matter, without waste effort or beating about the bush.

"I've always been analytical," he said. "Even as a child I wanted to know the whys and the wherefores, and wouldn't accept anything I hadn't proven for myself. They caught me under the porch when I was eight, dissecting a frog with the first knife my grandfather gave me. I told them I was going to be a doctor, and had to know how the frog was made. When our colored man went out to the backyard to wring the chickens' necks, I was always on hand. There was nothing gruesome in it to me. I took it for granted that chickens had to die, and I had to find out what made them alive one minute and dead the next.

"In the same way I wanted to know myself. I'd stand apart from myself and analyze my [*Continued on page 82*]

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S Advice to Girls in Love

Love comes to all girls when they meet Mr. Right Man. Jeanette gives plenty of advice on how to keep HIM interested. Are you listenin'?

"Don't make HIM jealous," says Jeanette who riled Nelson Eddy (all make-believe) when Bob Montgomery visited *Maytime* set

Jeanette advises girls to give as much attention to romance as they do to making themselves beautiful

By GLADYS HALL

"WHEN girls are in love," I asked Jeanette of the tawny hair and Maytime skin and June day eyes and lyrical voice and other lovelinesses, "when girls are in love what are those things which they should do and what those things which they should not do?"

"What they should do," said Jeanette, speaking practically but looking deliciously impractical against the ivory satin of her chair in her dressing-room on the MGM lot, "what they should do, first, last and all the time, is *work at it.* Work at romance. Work at love. Work at being in love. Why not? We work at everything else in our lives, don't we? We work at our jobs. We try to be as efficient, as progressive, as pleasing as it is possible for us to be. We don't believe that because we are hired Tuesday we may not, if we slacken, be fired Wednesday. But we are always so stunned, so heart-broken if, slackening in love, we lose out.

"We work over our homes. We try to make them architecturally beautiful. We bring flowers and fine prints and chintzes and old glassware to the rooms of our homes. We work at ourselves, our faces, our figures, our hair, our clothes. We exercise. We diet. I am sure that, in more cases than not, we bring more flowers and offerings to the rooms of our houses, more patience and persistence to our diets, more inspiration and hard work to our jobs than we bring to the stimulating and refurbishing of romance. Yet in no other department of life do we set up such an ungodly howl as when romance, with a disappointed shrug, a bored sigh, a regret or whatever, passes us by . . .

"Then why not work at love? Why suppose, as many of us seem to do, that the instant our personal careers are, so

Make memories for yourself and for the man you love—the sort of memories that will remain through the years—like Jeanette's memories in *Maytime*

Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Jeanette and Gene Raymond (they'll be married next June) are alone very seldom. Yet Jeanette's advice is not to be alone too much even though you're in love

to speak, launched; when we are definitely and admittedly 'in love', engaged, the altar the immediate objective—why should we sit back, relax, sigh, say or think 'that's that.'

"That is *never* that—that's my advice to girls in love. Every day should be a new day and every hour a building block toward something memorable or something distinguished and inspired. It is for us to choose. Love is, after all, the prelude to marriage, the prelude played by Romance. And only too often the prelude sets the key for the more standard symphony of marriage.

"Make memories for yourself," Jeanette said, her eyes softer, misted perhaps with her memory of memories, "I mean, *deliberately* make memories for yourself and for the man you love. Make memories together, beautiful memories, the sort of memories that will permeate all the years to come with their nostalgia and sentiment. Do charming things together—oh, little things in themselves, perhaps, but the kind of little things that will make you say, in the long years to come, 'do you remember . . .?' and say it with a smile in your heart. Not all of us can take journeys to Samarkand but all of us can fashion the magic of little memories. . . . Walk on a mild Spring night and, as you walk, *realize* that you are young and in love and that youth and Spring are transient and each hour lives only once . . . do these things intentionally, if you must. But sometimes, instead of just 'going to a movie' or 'listening to the radio' walk abroad under the moon or into a sunset and make a memory for yourself and your love. . .

"*BE FEMININE.* And when I say this I know that it means work and hard work in these days of the modern, independent woman, carving out her own career, strong-minded, strong-limbed, strong-willed. But give to men the thing they need today more than they have ever needed it in the world before—I mean, the sense of their own dominance, their own superiority, if you will. Let a man believe that he is the Head of his House, if you would hold him.

"Little feminine touches help. The hair in soft curls. A hint of perfume . . . old songs at twilight (I happen to know that Jeanette and Gene, often, sing old songs at twilight together), laces and feathers and frivolous slippers and absurd hats, which give to a man a sense of his own solidity and, also, a sense of the perversive mystery of woman—for when a woman divests herself of her mysteries a man, restless, seeks elsewhere. Remember that men are forever seeking, from their first breath to their last.

"Never let a man feel that he knows you too well. Trusts you, yes. But never allow him to ask too many questions. Always preserve intact some veiled allurement or the suggestion of a veiled allurement.

[*Continued on page* 86]

After being away for three years in which she raised a family, Frances returns to the screen to play in the Gary Cooper film, *Souls at Sea*

Devastation with a Capital DEE

Hollywood's own daughter (Frances Dee) is back—as devastatingly popular as ever

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

"SHE'S back!" said the hairdresser.

"And am I glad!" said the seamstress. "She's so grand to work with—"

"Just about the sweetest gal in town!" chimed in the keeper-of-the-wardrobe-keys.

They are the real oracles of Hollywood, those three. If you want to know the real *low-down* on a star just ask them! So now I pricked up both ears. "Don't tell me," I said. "Let me guess. You're talking about ——"

"Frances Dee," they chorused.

"Ah yes," said I, catching sight of a slim figure in crinoline at that moment rounding the corner. "The name *is* faintly familiar. She's the brown-eyed little devastator who married that good-looking Joel McCrea some four years ago as I remember."

"And she's the mother of two children!" chuckled Frances Dee in person, dropping us a curtsy. "But right now she's freezing . . ."

No native Californian will believe it but it *was* freezing. There was ice in the Paramount fish-pond. There was ice around the edges of their enormous tank where some of the close-up scenes for *Souls At Sea* were being shot. Three masseurs were on hand to give quick rub-downs to those working in the water. As I went on the set with Frances, Gary Cooper was doing something that looked like an Indian pow-wow dance to keep warm. Heaters were ineffective. The weather man was the villain that day of a hundred Hollywood productions.

"Br-r-r," said young Miss Dee, "They don't need me for a while so let's go to my dressing-room and talk."

We walked past the property department where the prop men leaned out of windows to greet her; past the studio lunch-room where Maurice Chevalier "discovered" her—and she was given the lead opposite him. That was several years ago.

"HOW does it feel to be back on the lot that gave you your start?" I asked.

Frances smiled. Her face has a way of lighting up all over when she smiles like that. "It's—*wonderful!* And strange, too—to be back. To come back married and with children. It's like returning to the town you grew up in—after your whole life has been changed in the time you've been away." She made an expressive little gesture. "I haven't been back inside the gates of Paramount for four years, you know. Oh I planned to visit the studio a good [*Continued on page* 102]

Happy as kids on Christmas morning are Allan Jones and Irene Hervey

Meet the skipper, Allan Jones, who has become quite a sea-going sort of person. When he got into the money he bought a comfortable boat

From Coal Mines to GOLD MINES

By
DAN
CAMP

Old Man Opportunity looks after his folks when the folks don't turn him down. Read this success story of Allan Jones—who's living close to heaven

IT'S given to few mortals to get a private preview of heaven. . . . One of those few is Allan Jones, that good-looking young tenor out at M-G-M. At least, Jones figures he's as close to heaven as he'll ever get on this earth—and if real Heaven is anything like it, he'll be satisfied.

Put yourself in his place, and you'd feel pretty well the same, I fancy. Suppose, for example, that you'd been an only, lonely child, born to a Welsh coal miner in Scranton; suppose all you'd known through childhood was poverty; suppose, in your teens, you had to go to work, running errands, mining coal, driving trucks, working steam shovels sixteen hours a day—work, work, work all the time, and study, study, study through the few hours of wakefulness left between work-times. Suppose, too, that in the midst of all this torment, you were further goaded by a driving, consuming ambition to sing—not just to yelp under the bath-shower, but to be a great singer; an ambition so relentless that it drove you harder than the coal truck or the steam shovel, and made you work 24 hours a day, virtually, to get the musical education you sought. . . .

Suppose, through all that time, that you never had the chance at the pleasures other young men think essential to life—play, dancing, girls. . . . And then suppose that out of all that, you were suddenly transported into a life that was lived in Southern California, with no worry about money, and with everything that money and position can buy, yours for the reaching . . . ! Suppose you had a job that paid you thousands a month, and that didn't call on you to do a stroke of work of any kind for month on end! Suppose you could go where you pleased—Palm Springs in winter, Yosemite, yachting on your own yacht, autoing when and where you pleased . . . !

And suppose, to top all this off, that you found a girl who loved you so much that even Robert

[*Continued on page* 88]

RIGHT YOU ARE,

From Movies to

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

WALLIS SIMPSON, forty-two and smartly groomed, apparently gets her man, Edward, Duke of Windsor, forty-two, ex-King of England, ex-Emperor of India, et cetera. Mary Pickford Moore Fairbanks, forty-three and eternally young, will tread to Mendelssohn's in the spring with Charles "Buddy" Rogers, in the lower age brackets.

Victor McLaglen, forty-six, grasps the golden statuette, highest 1936 award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and murmurs something about being "very grateful as well as appreciative." Turning the slim figure in his big fists, Victor adds: "When a fellow gets to my age and a thing like this happens to him, it's something fine to hand down to posterity. . . . "

Rotund Edward Arnold, forty-seven, beams expansively at the thought of his recent successes (*Diamond Jim, Crime and Punishment, Come and Get It,* plus others) and says: "It took me until forty-one to secure my life's ambitions—a home, security, peace. Youth misses much because to get real joy from a thing, it must be appreciated and valued. Young people take things for granted. When one reaches maturity, he is more careful with happiness and he guards the things that promote it."

This season, we are attempting to prove, it's the oldsters who are having their innings. Too bad, young Bob Taylor, Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Clark Gable . . . even Shirley Temple! If you're under forty, these days, you're too young to know what real life, real love, real accomplishment, can mean. The Romance of the Century (Windsor's and Wally's) has spotlighted the four-decaders. Not only is later-day love popular, but laurels are being handed to the forty-ish for crowning professional achievements.

In fact, if you'll scratch the surface of this here movietown, you'll find it's not youth that makes it go 'round, as supposed, but men and women in their prime. Dr. Walter Pitkin, author of the best-seller *Life Begins At Forty,* was absolutely right. Look at Bill Powell. You laugh and thrill at the humor, the romancing, of Bill Powell, top-notch performer, and William Horatio was thirty-three several years ago. Figure it out. His popularity has never been greater than it is at the moment. And Bill's nonchalance about the forties rivals his popularity. Says William: "It's swell to be forty. I can be myself, let down my hair, run around in my carpet slippers, complain about my rheumatism, look haggard the 'morning after'!"

THE appeal of his old palsy-walsy, Ronald Colman, forty-five and never a day younger, has not been eclipsed by the gush-girls' yens for Clark Gable; followed by Robert Taylor. The forties have brought Colman greater fame than ever before, as shown by his starring roles in the colossal super-epics, *Clive of India, Tale of Two Cities, Under Two Flags, Lost Horizon,* and soon Selznick's *The Prisoner of Zenda.*

Although we haven't figures conclusively to prove it (the curves of her own lush figure

Victor McLaglen won the 1936 acting award when he was 46 and at 43, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., marched to the altar with America's No. 1. Ummmmm Girl, Myrna Loy. As for ex-King Edward, now Duke of Windsor, he found love at 42

From top to bottom are four film celebs, forty-ish and popular. Leslie Howard is 43, Ruth Chatterton is around 40, W. S. Van Dyke is in his middle forties, and Helen Broderick is 40—and likes it

Wide World

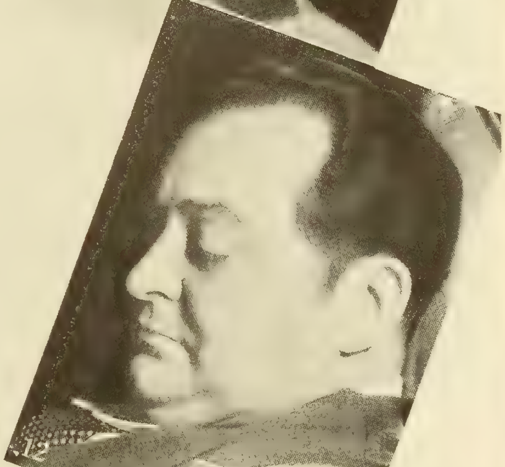
DR. PITKIN!

Monarchies "Life Begins at Forty"

wouldn't tell!) Mae West, Brooklyn belle, went on to greater fame when she approached the forty mark. She was no cuddlesome ingenue when she made *She Done Him Wrong.* Mae must have been—at least—in her middle thirties. And she's been raising Hollywood's blood pressure some four or five years now . . . so you can figure her birth year yourself.

Don't forget, too, rushing to the other film extreme, that Lillian Gish, frail picture flower, at forty is doing *Ophelia* to John Gielgud's *Hamlet* on a Broadway stage. Irene Rich, frankly forty, with two grown daughters to prove it, went from films to greater triumphs in radio. And William Brady's daughter Alice, born in 1892 (see the 1936 World Almanac) has added materially to the luster of her achievements in the first years of her forties. She has her own brand of daffy humor that has its heartiest imitators, but none reaches her zany heights.

The lesson taught by these ladies (and gents) is nothing short of inspirational to you kiddies in the tricky twenties and the thrilling thirties—if you'll bother to take a lesson from what they say: "Keeping the mind active is the main weapon against age," says Mrs. Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, who simply drips red fox fur—a gift from daughter. "As far as I'm concerned the mind should be at the prime around the forties . . . by that time experience with life and people should have taught poise, a knowledge of human nature. I have a dad who would tell you that life begins at seventy-three, so you see where our family stands on the question," says this alert woman who is important in the discovery and training of new talent for RKO-Radio studios.



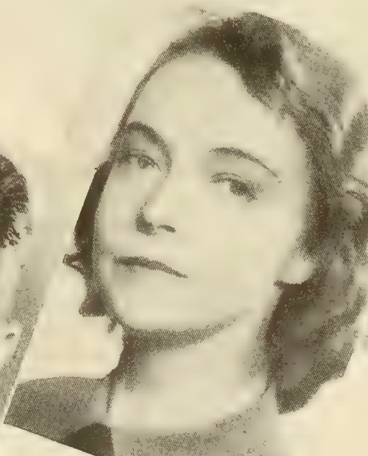
GETTING back before the cameras, again, we have Ruth Chatterton, around forty, with two marriages behind her (Ralph Forbes, George Brent), now engaged in a charming friendship with Spanish pianist-conductor, Jose Iturbi. La Chatterton's film career has never been any brighter than at the moment, following her superb performance of *Fran Dodsworth* in the film by the latter name.

Her co-star, Walter Huston, is another personality whom fame practically ignored until he reached the formidable forties. And now look at the man. Many people call him "America's leading actor." Look, too, while we are in the H's, at Edward Everett Horton, the man whose screen, stage and radio drolleries make you hold your sides with laughter. Long an idol of the stock company audiences, the forties have brought Eddie international fame. And well-deserved, too.

Twenty-nine years ago a short, explosive Italian lad, born in Palermo, decided to become an actor. He was then nineteen, had stowed away in a Boston-bound steamer, had worked as a barber's apprentice, railroad worker, pants presser. Today Henry Armetta, after years of struggle, has realized his ambition—in his forties. Forty-seven to be exact. "You see," he says, fumbling to put his thought into correct English, "I have found that being past forty brings the best in happiness. And, *si,*

[*Continued on page* 104]

Life takes on new thrills for the three celebs below—all over 40. Mrs. Wallis Simpson, at 42, captured the heart of Edward. And Bill Powell says it's swell to be 40. Lillian Gish, at 40, scored a hit as *Ophelia* to Gielgud's *Hamlet*



The four stars from top to bottom are Walter Huston, in his formidable forties, Mae West (who is not 16), Edward Arnold, who at 47, is reaping rewards of stardom, and Paul Muni, 41

ht by Dorothy
n from Acme

Last Call

PICK YOUR FAVORITE STAR

$1000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

(You Can WIN a Prize By Writing 20 Words!)
($1,000.00 In Cash—
64 Big Prizes—
Clip the coupon [below]
mail today.)

1st Prize	$300.00
2nd Prize	$200.00
3rd Prize	$100.00
4th Prize	$50.00

5th to 15th—
10 Prizes of $10.00 each

15th to 65th—
50 Prizes of $5.00 each

Opportunity is knocking at your door.

Think of it! You have the chance of Winning $300.00 in Cash Prizes—merely by Picking Your Favorite Movie Star. Think of it! Sixty-four cash prizes will go to the Lucky Winners in our SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST!

Easy? Why it's the Easiest Contest that was ever offered—the Easiest you ever entered.

It's the first time that a Genuine Election was ever held to determine America's No. 1 Star. And ALL you have to do is vote for your own Favorite Star—and TELL the Reason why you voted as you did—in 20 words or less. Simple enough, isn't it? You couldn't ask for any easier way to win money prizes—and aid your Favorite to be the TOPMOST POPULAR STAR of the screen at the same time.

Show your loyalty—your patriotism by entering this SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST—now—and vote for your Favorite.

Remember, if you don't enter this contest—and discover, later, some star the winner who IS NOT your favorite, well—you're not going to like it a bit. So stand up for your choice—put his or her name in the coupon on this page—and TELL WHY you picked your favorite. It only takes 20 words or less. Surely you can think up a very good reason in a brief sentence of 20 words or less—why YOUR favorite is the Ace of all stars.

Your Favorite may be comparatively unknown—yet may win the Election. Don't think you have to vote for some highly publicized star just because her portrait gets considerable space in newspapers and magazines. Be loyal to your own favorite. You like her (or him). So vote for this player—not for the one you may think is Sure to win.

Much has been written and exploited in the past of "WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR STAR." But never before has a star been picked as the most popular by means of a general election conducted for YOU and YOU and YOU!

After the ballots are counted and results published in this magazine the world will know the name of the most popular screen star.

Some star is Sure to Win this Contest. This Star might as well be YOUR choice.

Your entry may win first prize, or second or third—or one of the lesser prizes. You all have equal opportunities. Prizes are awarded for the reasons you give on the coupon, irregardless of whether your nominee wins the election.

Read the RULES carefully. They're EASY.

It's going to be a Hot Race—and may the best ballot win.

Get Busy! Enter this CONTEST NOW!! Don't delay a minute.

OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door. You're not one to pass it by.

All Aboard. Last Month! Last Call!! Let's GO!!!

RULES

(EASY TO ENTER)

(1) All you need do to enter this contest is to name your screen favorite (man or woman or child) on the coupon below and tell why you prefer that player. Your chances of winning are as good if you vote for an unknown player as for a famous star.

(2) Tell why you voted for this player in 20 words or less. To help you, here is a sample entry: "Because she draws me right into the scene in which she is playing and makes me forget my surroundings."

(3) Prizes will be awarded to the entrants who supply the best and most original reasons for voting as they did. Awards will be made as indicated. The entry chosen as best by the judges will win the $300 first prize; the second best entry will win $200 second prize, etc.

(4) In case of ties, duplicate prizes for the amount named will be awarded the tying contestants.

(5) In entering this contest you may vote for your favorite as many times as you desire. But each entry must be printed, written or typewritten on a ballot coupon as published in this magazine.

(6) Editors of Fawcett Publications and Motion Picture Publications are the sole judges in this contest, and their decisions shall be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding entries in this contest. Entries will not be returned.

(7) This contest closes April 1, 1937. Entries postmarked later than that date will not be considered. Elaborate and bulky entries in this contest are discouraged. As prizes are to be awarded for reasons given for preferring your favorite star or player, your chances of winning will not be enhanced by sending in an elaborate entry.

(8) After you have filled out the coupon, send it by mail to SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. You may paste your entry on the back of a postcard, or send it in an envelope, first class mail. It is not necessary to accompany your ballot or coupon with a letter.

Did you ever find any EASIER rules in a Contest? We bet you didn't. Remember that all YOU HAVE TO DO is—"Merely clip the coupon (left) Vote for YOUR FAVORITE—and tell why you voted for that particular star or player in 20 WORDS OR LESS. Every movie fan has his or her Favorite Player. Be Loyal. Be Patriotic to this player. Your Vote May Win You a Cash Prize—and Your Choice may be elected as America's No. 1 Star. Don't Delay a Minute. Enter This Contest Today. It's the Last Call.

Send this ballot to:
SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST,
7046 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, Calif.

Send this ballot today. It may elect your favorite player No. 1 Star and win $300 for you!

Of all actresses and actors appearing in motion pictures, I prefer:

....(Name only one player).

Now tell in twenty (20) words or less why you voted for the above named player.

....

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....

....

My name is..

Street Address..............................City..............................State..............................

(P)

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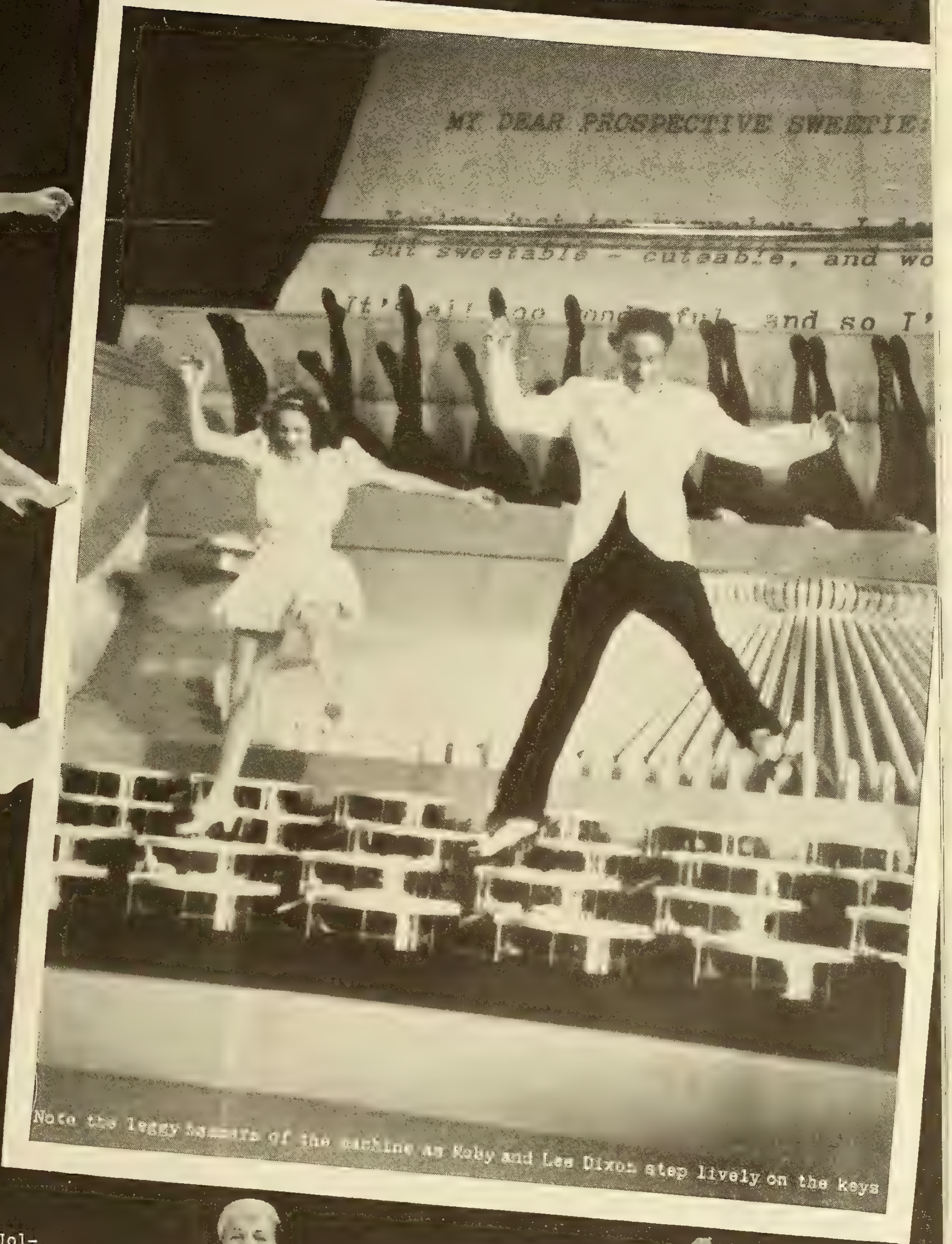
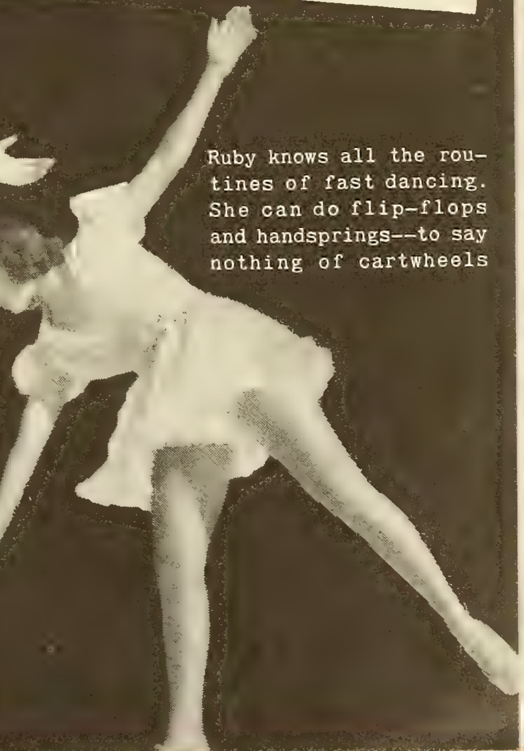

MY DEAR PROSPECTIVE SWEETIE:
But sweetable - cuteable, and wo
and so I'

Note the leggy hammers of the machine as Ruby and Lee Dixon step lively on the keys

Being married to Al Jolson, you pick up some of Al's tricks. So Ruby, at right, does hubby's Mammy

Ruby knows all the routines of fast dancing. She can do flip-flops and handsprings--to say nothing of cartwheels



KITTENS On the Keys

At left is a vest-pocket edition of the typewriter number in Ready, Willing and Able. Kittens on keys

Ed Robinson likes to step lively and live a full life

Step Lively and Live! —

EDWARD G. ROBINSON

If you live a full life like Robinson you'll know what it's all about

By HERB CRUIKSHANK

"I LIKE to ride the New York subways," says Edward G. Robinson. "I get a kick out of them. And, believe it or not, you can learn a lot about living from the subway motto. You know the one I mean, that eternal warning of the guards to 'step lively, please!'

"Let me explain. The fellow who steps lively is alert, alive. And I'm a great believer in living every minute I'm alive. Theodore Roosevelt called it 'the full life.' Franklin Roosevelt calls it 'the larger life.' But they mean pretty much the same thing. The idea is to fill the day with as many crowded hours as it will contain.

"You say that you live twenty-four hours a day. I wonder! To begin with, about eight hours are spent in sleep. So there's a third of your life shot in unconsciousness. What use do you make of the remaining two-thirds?

"Don't mistake me. Such catch phrases as 'the strenuous life,' 'the larger life' and even 'step lively, please' are open to misunderstanding. In my estimation there is nothing more futile, more life-wasting, than the dithering dashes and meaningless helter-skelter with which many persons clutter up their existence. I don't mean a 'fast' life in the common sense of the word, nor a so-called 'hectic' life. I mean one that is full of accomplishment and appreciation of what life has to offer. I mean a full life as against the sort that is led by those who dawdle through the days and years never approaching any real achievement, never having any real fun. I'm one of the 'step lively' lads as opposed to the 'sleepin' in the sun' contingent.

"I'm a big city fellow, always have been. But I live and work and play most of the time in the rural atmosphere of Hollywood. Yet I lead a full life, and I have no patience with people who pan Hollywood, find its atmosphere 'stifling,' can't 'express themselves.' To me they are the most obvious sort of posers and make-believe sophisticates. A sophisticate, by the way, is not the fellow who drinks the most gin, or runs around with the most women, or leads the most night-club orchestras. A sophisticate is the fellow who is worldly-wise and knows how to get from the world the best it has to offer him.

"Life in Iowa or Michigan can be just as full and interesting as that in London, New York or Paris. Or it can be just as dull and empty. It all depends. In Hollywood, for instance, where some find merely a dearth of cabarets and a scarcity of theatrical first nights I find a concentration of the world's most interesting people. If I want to discuss music, art, literature, I can gather a group of the foremost composers, playwrights, authors around my table at any time. If I wish to compare notes on, say, adventure or travel, there are colorful authorities on these subjects whom I can mention among my friends. And so it is with any subject. You can't mention one upon which I can't get accurate, colorful, first-hand information from the pilgrims gathered in the Mecca of Hollywood.

"Yet this rallying point of creative workers is called 'stilted,' 'stultifying' and all the rest of it. I get many a quiet laugh over some of the boys and girls who simply must get 'away from it all' to 'broaden.' It's funny what hitherto unsuspected 'broadening influences' there are at '21' and 'El Morocco' and 'The Stork Club' in this here New York."

Robinson paused to wink and chuckle and refill his pipe. This exponent of the full life enjoys every moment of his own. Not only does he live fully, but almost fiercely! His ready smile and crinkle-eyed laughter, his easy conviviality are only half the man. There is something tense and tiger-like about the other half. There is a smouldering passion hot within his heart. Other times, different environment might have found him a pirate, restlessly seeking the life he loves so well, keeping the fairest women and the finest jewels as his share of the booty.

But he has the fairest woman in Gladys Lloyd, and he has the finest jewel in their son, in whose coming he found intense gratification. There is nothing of the philanderer, the airy *Don Juan* about him. He is too intense a lover to trifle, too passionate a pilgrim to tarry in the by-ways. So with his masculinity fully complimented by the femininity of a wife who remains sweetheart, and the tangible proof of their love present in a son, the star sneers a real *Little Caesar-ish* snarl at the capering *Casanovas* whom he deems half-men, incapable of one real love, impotent to hold one real woman.

Another slant on the meaning of the dark star's full life is offered in his passion for the paintings of the master craftsmen. He feels for his pictures

[*Continued on page* 73]

A Babe in the Hollywoods

Impish but not uppish—that's Wendy Barrie. With her winning ways she is everybody's pal. She's Babe to most of 'em

By IDA ZEITLIN

"HAVE a cushion," said Wendy Barrie. "Have two. You're in a tough spot, my girl, so you may as well sit soft."

The tough spot was a seat on the couch in her dressing-room, before a luncheon-table. My hostess sat opposite. Copper-colored curls were smoothed back from a high forehead. Green eyes sparkled. Lips parted in a smile that revealed the whitest teeth I've ever seen. She breathed gayety and good will, as her voice ran lightly on.

"My heart bleeds for you. You've got to put all my gabble down on paper and make sense of it. I can just sit here and talk about myself to my heart's content. What will you have first? Vital statistics? Height—five-foot-six—too tall. Weight—a hundred and twelve—I'm trying to put some fat on my bones, but no use. Age—twenty-four—maybe ten years from now I'll be sorry I told you, but ten years from now, we'll fret, my pet. Eyes—green—not blue-green nor gray-green but just plain green, like *Becky Sharp's,* the cat. Hair—as you see it. They wanted me to go blonde, but I refused. No, I didn't argue. I just put on a blonde wig and said: 'Look!' They looked and yelled: 'Take it off!' No use arguing. Just show them and they'll see, the lambs. The point is, I don't know much about acting. All I've got, if anything, is to be myself. And I'm not myself in a blonde wig. I'm a jade."

She has the easy manner bred by a cosmopolitan background plus the humor of the young modern. Her words flow in a cascade of engaging nonsense, through which you glimpse now and then the base of sound common sense that is equally characteristic of her generation. She has wit and vivacity. Both her talk and her movements are swift and glancing, flitting from point to point and leaving you hard put to keep up with her.

But her principal charm lies in something deeper than gayety or lightness of touch. It lies in her infectious friendliness. Meet her as an indifferent stranger, and two minutes later you've recognized and responded to the warmth in her. Like the trusting friendliness of a child or a tumbling puppy, it's irresistible.

"Hi, Wendy!" the newsboy salutes her.

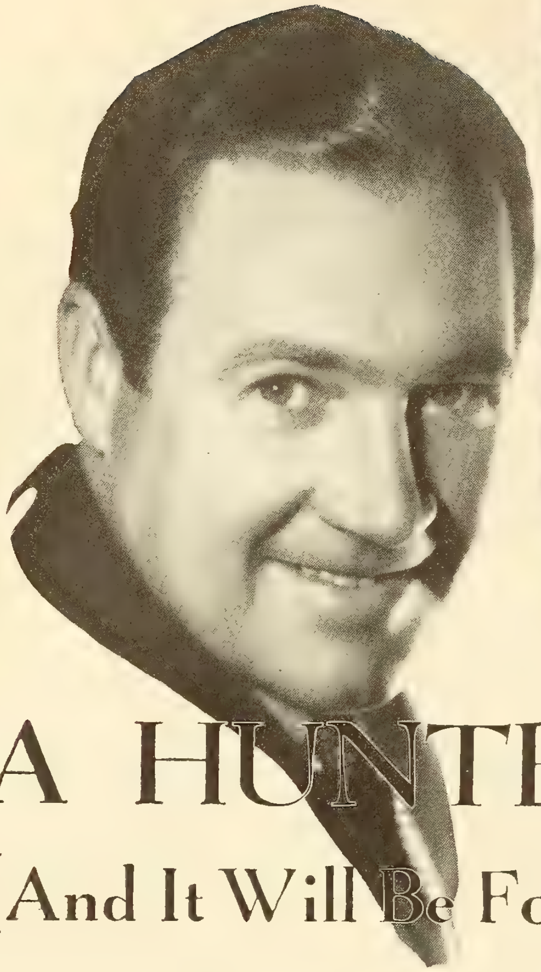
"Meet the babe," grins an

[*Continued on page* 94]

Wendy is five-foot-six and 24 years old. A good height to wear clothes and raise "ohs"

●

When it comes to charm Wendy's brand is irresistible. Part of it releases a sense of humor



Ian has a home down by the sea at Santa Monica where with Mrs. Hunter and their sons they live the year 'round. They're all very English and athletic

A HUNTER You Will Go

(And It Will Be For IAN in a Great Big Way)

You kinda go for Ian Hunter the minute you meet him. His charm is genuine. He's smooth, but not an old "smoothy"

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

IN *To Mary With Love* there was a comparatively unknown star, who, in the minds of many, stole the picture from its two box-office favorites, Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Yet it wasn't his performance alone which won him attention . . . it was the man himself, showing through. As he was patient, protective and tender in that picture so is he in real life . . . and these are qualities which are admired and liked universally. More than that, you feel that these are qualities which are all too rare in a town like Hollywood . . . where synthetic personalities are put on like a new hat, and worn just as jauntily, and with just as little permanency.

Yes, you know instinctively that Ian Hunter's charm on the screen is his own—that it is not dependent on dialogue, or business or tricky camera angles; that it springs from inside him; that it is not plastered on. It is this which makes him so well-liked by all those who know him. He is a charming man first, a charming actor second. Sophisticated, but at the same time sympathetic . . . smooth but not an old "smoothy" . . . soft-spoken, but not wishy-washy or indefinite . . . and sincere, without being over-serious . . . the kind of man who always has a ready smile to give, and a ready broad shoulder for you to lean on.

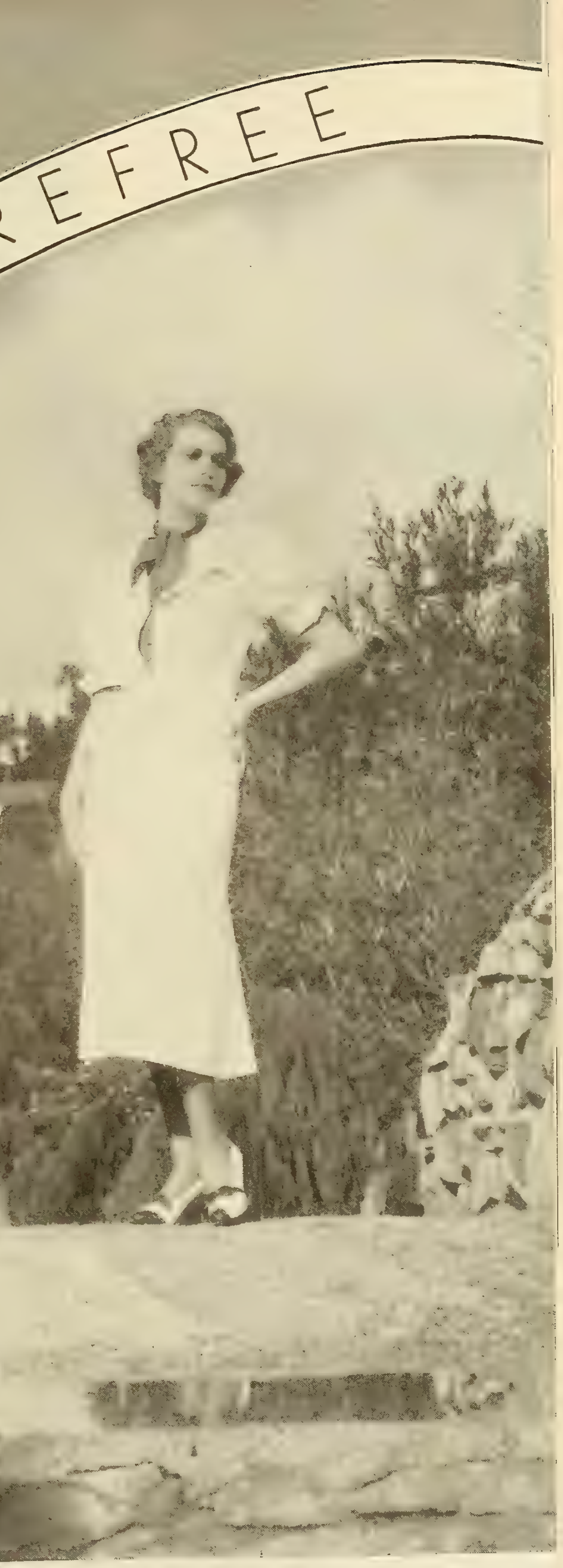
Not long ago out on the Warner Brothers' lot I watched him rehearsing a scene for *Call It a Day*. It was supposed to be Spring, and the California weather, that day, carried out the illusion, though in reality it was December. Archie Mayo, the director, suggested that Ian have a pink carnation in his buttonhole and ordered the prop man to get one pronto. As the prop man hurried off, Ian called him aside. "Don't get a prop one," he said. "Here's some money . . . get some real ones from the florist, will you please . . . a dozen or so . . . you know, for the others, too!" A half hour later, director, assistant director, cameraman, sound man, *et al*, were wearing pink carnations in their lapels. Another star might have ordered hamburgers for the crew, but this lighter touch was typical of Hunter, and the men appreciated it, too. It was novel and colorful, and the set took on a festive air after that—as though it really were Spring out there on the Warner back lot.

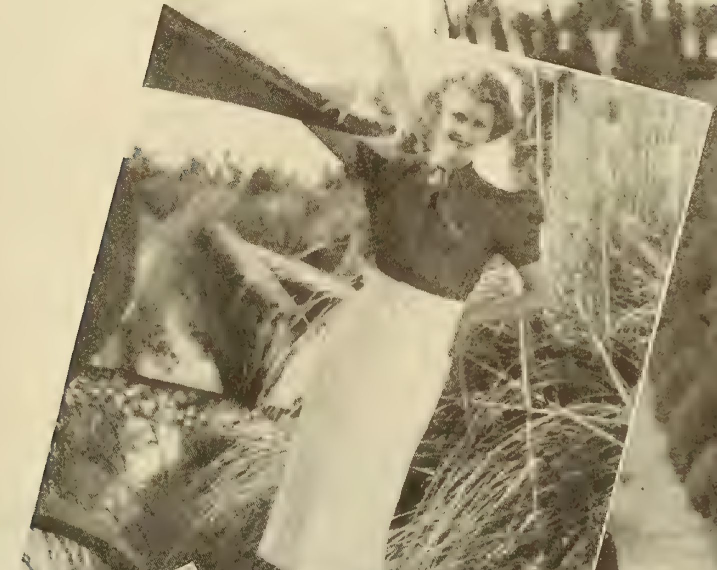
To talk to him you'd never guess that he is terribly serious about his career. He pretends—for his own modesty's sake, I suppose—that it's of least importance.

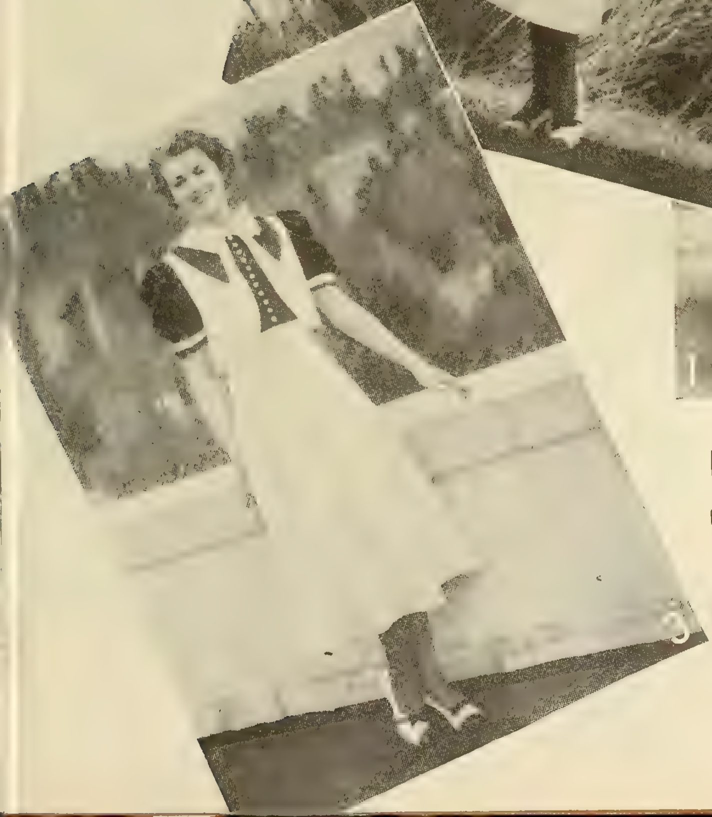
"OH, I DON'T know," he said in that clipped British accent of his, "I don't know exactly why I went in for it, except that it was after the war, and there weren't many jobs, and I had looked all over London without [*Continued on page* 80]

CAREFULLY CAREFREE

1. For spring wear Kathryn Marlowe, RKO actress, chooses a suit of white jungle cloth with a short sleeved peplum jacket
2. Another view of Kathryn in the suit-dress minus the jacket. The attached blouse is a gay white-dotted red silk
3. White sharkskin and navy blue taffeta are combined to create this gay frock







BY SALLY MARTIN

FASHION EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE

1

A spring shower doesn't annoy Kathryn Marlowe one bit as she sallies forth in her smart looking rubberized silk rain coat of royal blue figured in gay red and white

DRESSES BY
MISS HOLLYWOOD, JR.

RUBBERIZED SILK CREPES

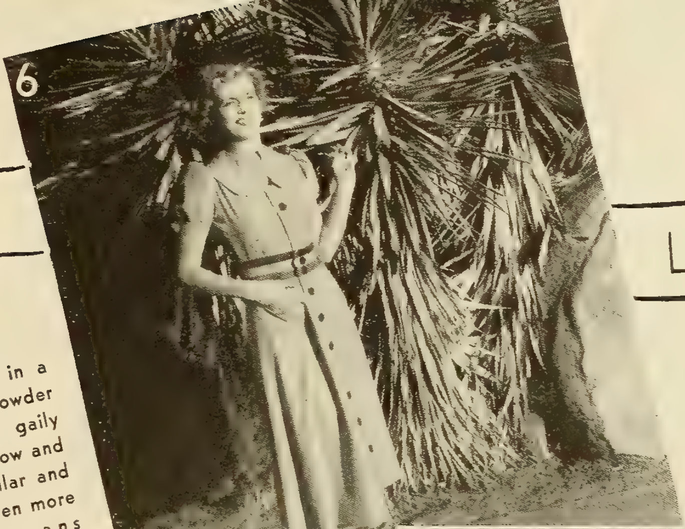
2

Kathryn's coral colored rough crepe dress is piquant and gay. It is fitted close to the waist by means of tucking. The belt and neck accents are of white cording

To keep that streamline figure, Kathryn takes her daily swim. Isn't that yellow knit suit smart?

3

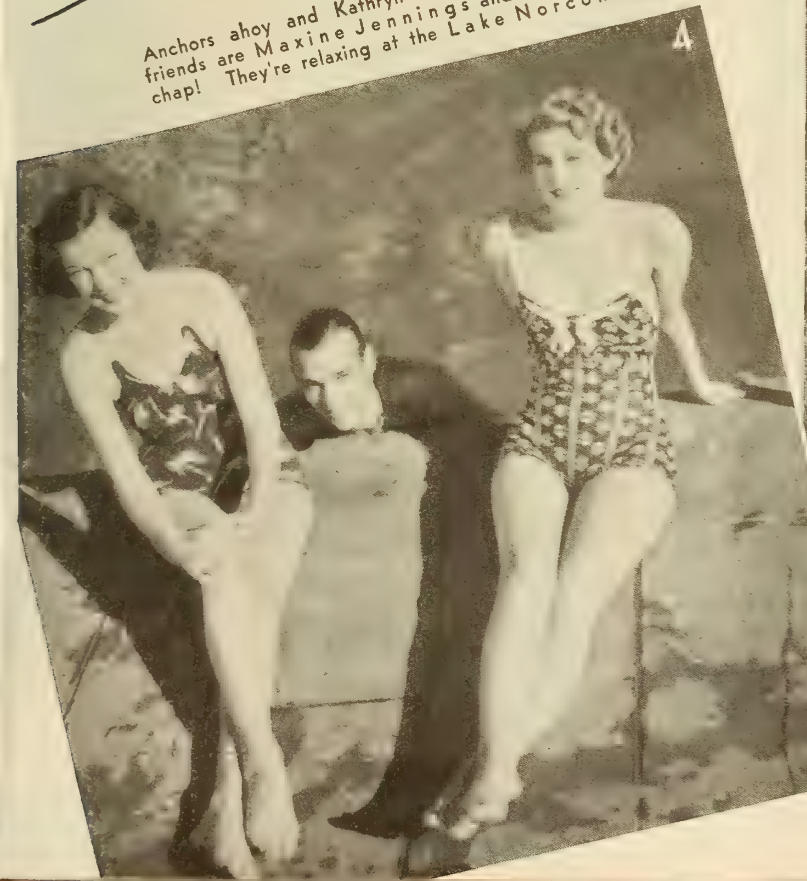
LINENS

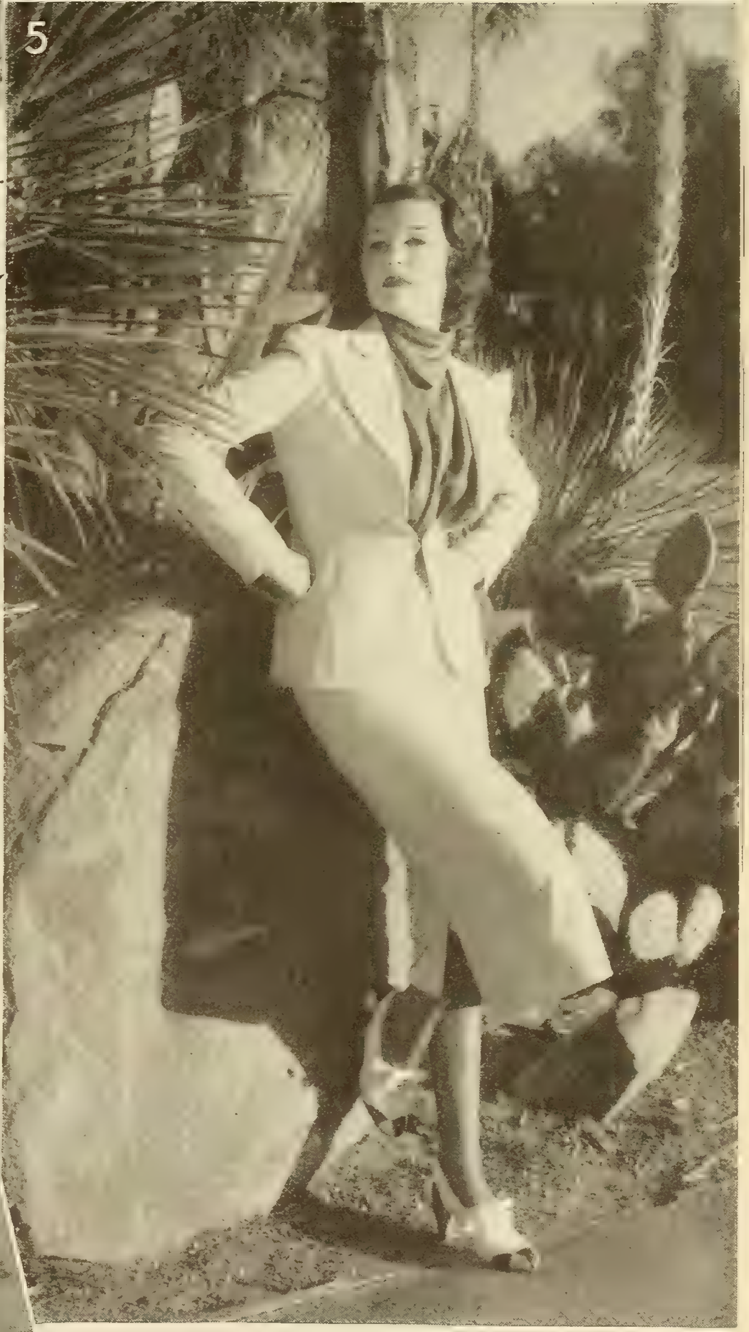


And here's Kathryn in a honey. It's heavy powder blue silk and it's gaily belted in navy, yellow and red. The wide collar and cuffs are made even more interesting by means of rows of stitching

LASTEX SILKS

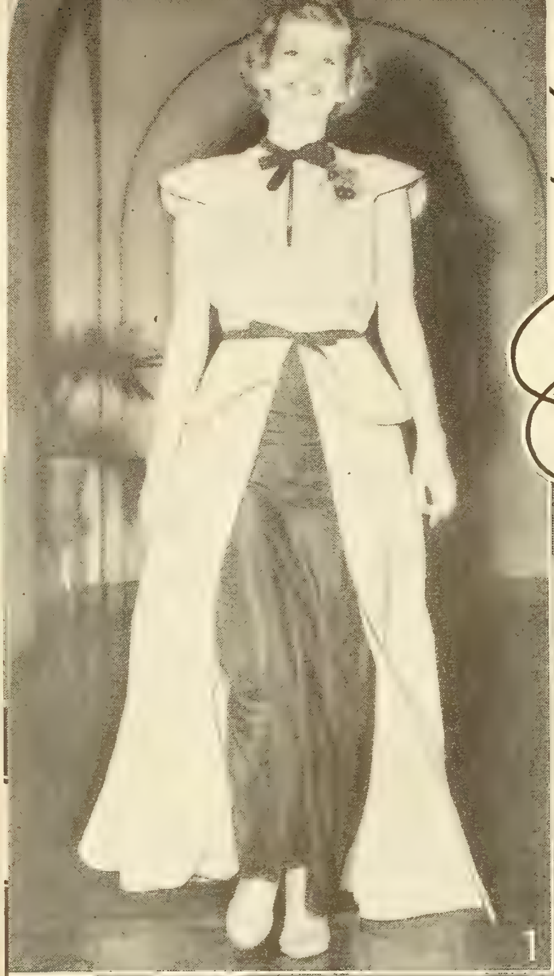
Anchors ahoy and Kathryn makes a quick change. Her friends are Maxine Jennings and Smith Ballew. Lucky chap! They're relaxing at the Lake Norconian Hotel





This man-tailored suit of white non-crushable linen worn by Maxine Jennings is just the thing for resort wear. A large royal blue silk scarf is worn in place of a blouse

CHIFFON TAFFETA ORGANDIE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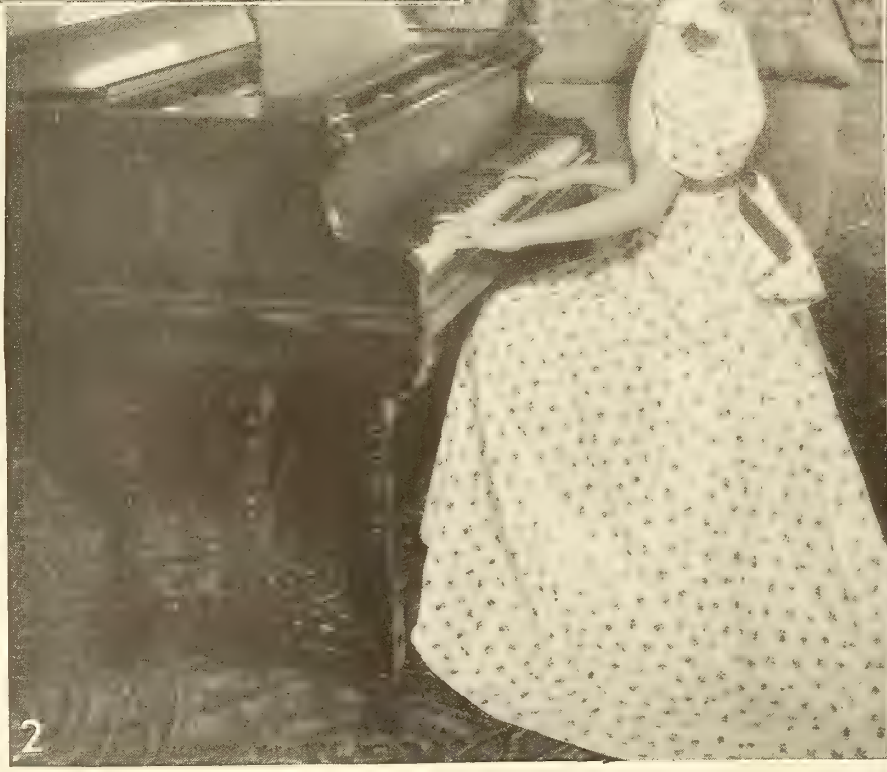
Write to Sally Martin, fashion editor, MOTION PICTURE, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, for personal help with your wardrobe. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope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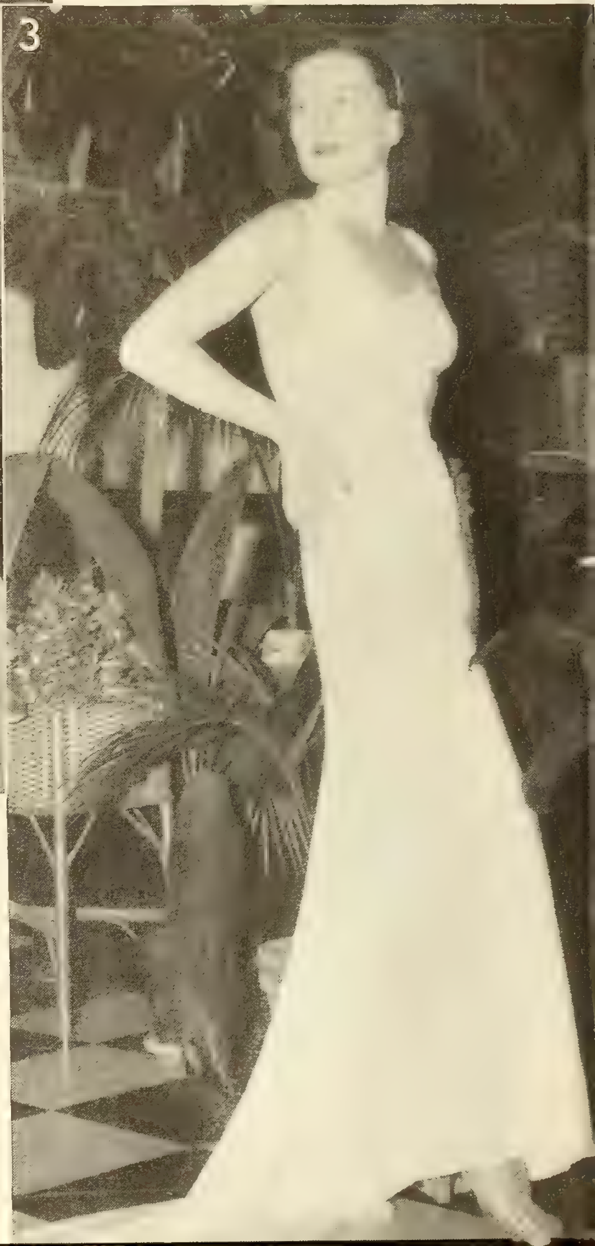
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1. The last dance may be over, but you still look fresh if you choose organdie. Kathryn's is sprigged and piped in blue and is worn over royal blue taffeta. 2. Here is another gay and charming evening frock from Kathryn's wardrobe. It is white taffeta sprinkled with bright red flowers. Don't you like the bustle? 3. Maxine Jennings prefers more sophisticated evening clothes. Hers is an interesting ribbed white chiffon. The wide shoulder straps are studded with gold

Good Time CHARLIE

By CAROL CRAIG

THE opening scene of a certain picture (perhaps you remember it) was an impressive wedding ceremony, with the minister intoning the last words of the service. As the final words fell from the ecclesiastical lips, the wedding guests stampeded forward, swirling about the bride (Una Merkel), all strenuously hoping that she would be "very happy."

One guest suddenly became aware of something lacking in the excitement. "By the way," this character asked, "what happened to the groom?"

The camera swung around, as eyes would have swung around, in search. It focussed finally on a shortish, young-oldish, sober-faced, harmless-looking man, isolated and ignored on the sidelines. The bridegroom.

And the bridegroom was saying, "I hope *I'll* be very happy."

Audiences laughed.

The line was not a wisecrack. It was uttered with a perfectly blank face, without any comical inflections. Innocently, not ironically. Yet audiences laughed. Because the bridegroom was Charles Butterworth.

He personified a male who *would* be the least conspicuous man at his own wedding, and the last one to realize it—with a vague bewilderment. From that opening scene, he went on to steal the picture, which was *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back,* starring Ronald Colman.

That was the first inkling of what is now a certainty: Mrs. Butterworth's harmless-looking boy, Charlie, is one of the most dangerous men in the movies. These isn't a star who is safe in the same scene with him. Put the screen's greatest love team in the foreground, shocking the censors, and put Charlie in the background, neither doing anything nor saying anything, and the audiences will watch *him.*

People like to laugh. And Dead-Pan Charlie is a magnet for laughter . . . without, apparently, ever meaning to be.

He is so distressingly dignified, so hesitantly anxious to be important, so unaware of his inconspicuousness, so naive for his age. And so bedeviled—and bewildered—by the unexpected. So politely dismayed. So haplessly human. So innocently irresistible that he makes any fair picture good, and a good picture better. So indispensably amusing that he still will be aroused, supporting tomorrow's stars, when today's stars have involuntarily retired. And there still will be at least one thing impressive about him—his salary. Which is enough already to give a studio budget department a nice stiff headache when anything happens to delay a production.

Hollywood can replace stars, because it can develop stars. But it can't replace comedians because it *can't* develop them. And there aren't any more where Charlie came from. Because the place where he developed is vanished, gone with the wind, destroyed by movies and radio.

Perhaps you haven't thought of that before. Perhaps you haven't thought of Charlie that way before. But you will.

On first becoming Butterworth-conscious, most people assume that he is English. Perish the [*Continued on page 92*]

If you're Butterworth-conscious (and who isn't?) you've realized that Dead-Pan Charlie is one of the world's great comedians. A sure picture stealer, he can't be replaced. *He's all there is; there aren't any more like him*

Even a tardy Hollywood sun would come out to kiss Jean Chatburn who is nautically neat, and whose nether ones are so nice

Newest entry to enter the argument of who has the most beautiful legs in Hollywood is Virginia Field. Yoo-hoo, Marlene!

The TALK of Holly

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

GONE are "Handies." Passed on (thank Heaven!) are the "Knock, Knocks." But in their stead comes a new manifestation of Hollywood's unwillingness to let well enough alone. Now it's "Proverbs" that's driving the folks cinemad! The idea is to think of a player, then think of a proverb to fit said player. Like this:

MAE WEST—Virtue is its own reward.

GRACIE ALLEN—A fool may ask a question which 40 wise men cannot answer.

CAROLE LOMBARD—Measure men around the heart.

JEAN HARLOW—A sight for sore eyes.

GARBO—A close mouth catcheth no flies.

CHARLIE RUGGLES—The worm will turn.

BING CROSBY—Music will not cure the toothache.

Go on, think up your own, now.

By Way of the High C's

GETTING rapidly to be the most confirmed microphone addict in Hollywood is Joan Crawford. Since taking up singing in a big way, Joan has become one of the Trocadero's outstanding unpaid entertainers. Rare the night she goes there and does not croon a torch song or a love ditty over the orchestra mike, to the applause of the assembled guests. But now she and Hubby Franchot are going to go that sort of thing much better. They are going to make a recording of the aria Dite Alla Giovine from Verdi's opera *La Traviata.* Then they'll play it to their guests, as part of their customary movie shows in their home. They're still talking about doing a play together.

No "Kennels" For Her "Dogs"

TALKING of Joan and the Trocadero, this happened to her one night—and was she mawtified . . ! Like so many of you, and you, and you, and some others of our stars, Joan's tootsies hurt her from too much dancing. So when she got back to her table, she slipped off her pumps under the cover of the table. BUT—when she hunted with her toes to find them again for the next dance, they were gone!!! And she never did find them, but after she had left the place at last in her stocking feet, a woman guest was overheard to boast that she swiped the Crawford slippers for a real Hollywood souvenir.

'igh 'opes?

GOOFIEST Insurance Item of the Month: Erik Rhodes has taken out a Lloyd's policy on his English accent. If, through illness, injury or any other cause he is unable to use it for the screen, he collects big. The policy costs him $2,000 a year, and maybe he hopes he gets laryngitis.

That Guy Napoleon Again

CRACKPOTS of various kinds infest Hollywood. Latest victim was Ida Lupino. First she got a wire from a total stranger, saying that he was on his way to help her, but that he'd have to move into her home to do so. He didn't explain either what he wanted to help her about. Ida laughed it off. BUT next thing she knew, a man stepped out of a taxi in front of her

SAND BEACH FOR PATRONS SWIMMING SUITS ONLY

Judith Barrett waits hopefully at the Ambassador pool for that thar sun to tan her nifties

It was in the bag that *Seventh Heaven* would be made as a talkie after the hit it scored as a silent film. James Stewart and Simone Simon play the Farrell-Gaynor roles

wood

home, and, suitcase in hand, started to walk in. "Who," she asked, "are you?" "I," he replied, "am the guy who wired you. I'm moving in." Ida called police, and the man moved into the psychopathic ward instead.

Love Interest

ODD Fan-Letter Item No. 1—John Boles received, from a girl in Chicago, a fan-letter consisting of 32 pages of praise. He had his secretary condense it for him.

Oh I Say . . .

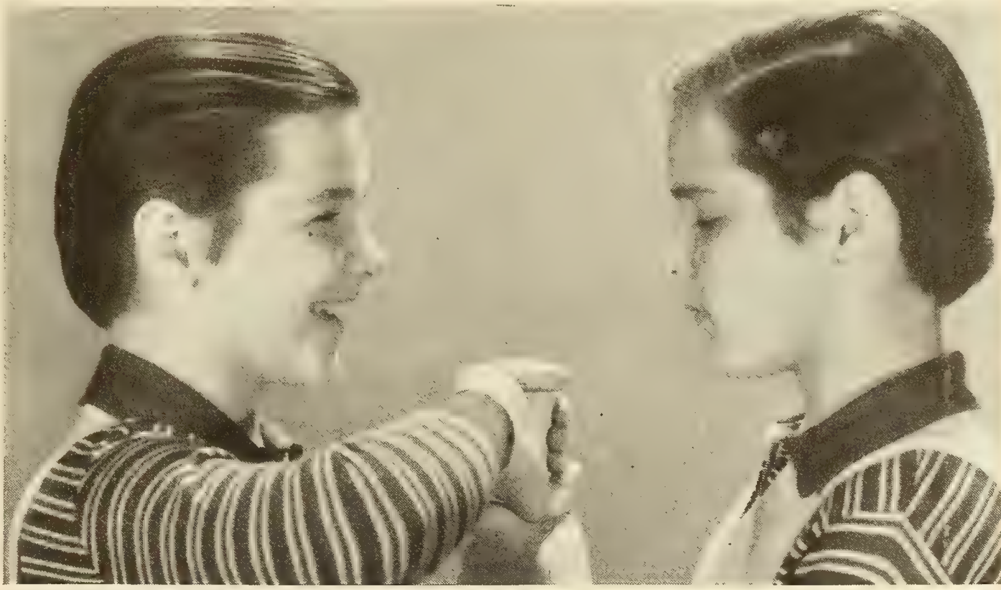
IT was a party at Ruth Chatterton's. Ruth's new butler was functioning perfectly, dead-panned, efficient, silent. Until David Niven, one of Ruth's guests, walked in. Suddenly, as the butler took his hat, coat, he gasped, then almost screamed:

"Why—why, Leftenant Niven!"

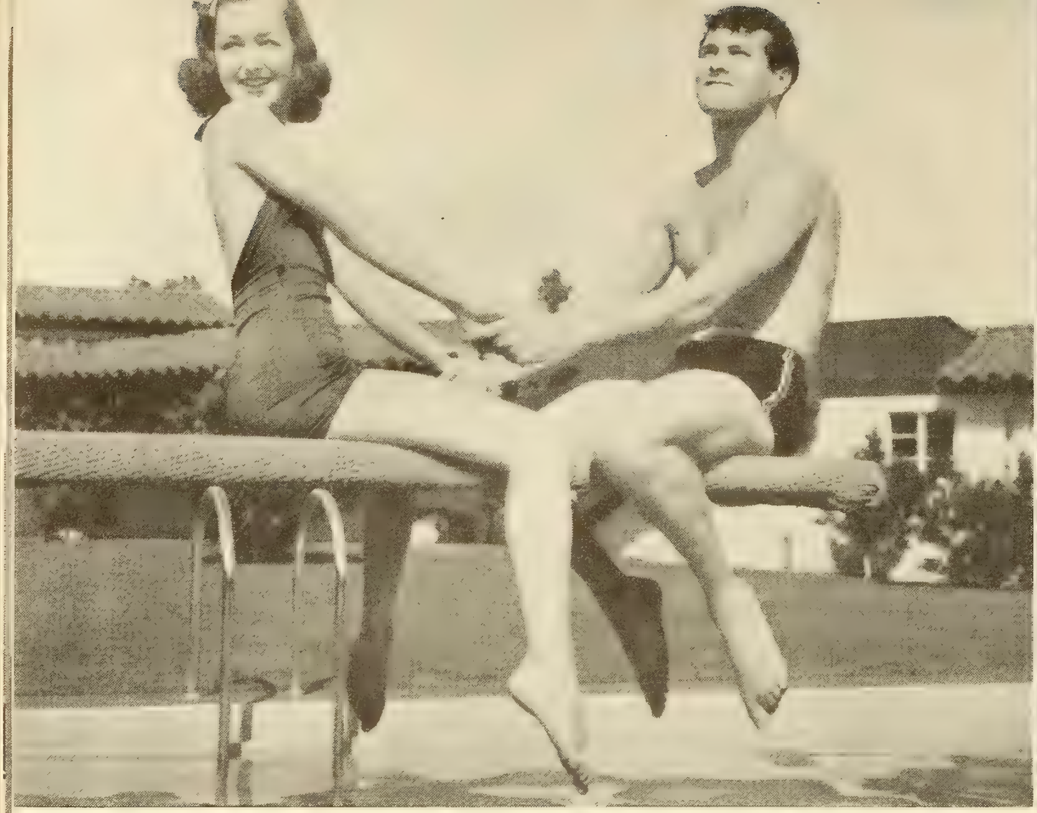
David looked, gasped, too. Then violated all social rules by vigorously shaking the butler's hand. Answer: the butler was one of the company Niven, as lieutenant of the Highland Light Infantry, commanded during the World War. For the rest of the evening, the new Chatterton butler joined the list of Ruth's guests as he and Niven reminisced.

Beauty runs in the family. RKO's Joan Fontaine is Olivia de Havilland's sister

Deanna Durbin, child rave, is thrilled in being asked to appear before George VI



The Mauch twins (Billy at left, Bobby at right) take up the typically boyish pastime of which goes to bat first. Billy wins. Both play title roles in *The Prince and the Pauper*



Palm Springs gets the Hollywoodians when they want the "feel" of a tropical sun. Anne Shirley and Phil Huston were among the recent guests of Bert Wheeler at the desert resort

As pleasing on the eye as her skating is Sonja Henie's figure. Both go together

Martha Raye (comedy rave) strikes a "can you take it?" mood for *Waikiki Wedding*

"Hold me tight, honey," say Anita Louise and George Brent to each other in *The Go-Getter*

Those mad musketeers, the three Marx Brothers (Chico, Harpo and Groucho) take to their mounts for a fast getaway in *A Day at the Races.* Hot tip—a 100 to 1 that Harpo's thrown

Spirit Of Something Or Other

TO Phil Scheuer, who writes a Hollywood column in the Los Angeles Times, our deep bows for a neat bit of reporting, which must, in full justice, be reproduced as is:

"Tableau: they met in the doorway of a Beverly Hills restaurant, and stood silhouetted a brief moment—the youngest actress, and the oldest. Shirley Temple entered with her mother; and May Robson had to bend over a little to squeeze her hand.

"In that instant, time stopped, and two theatrical eras became one; but the pair merely exchanged knowing smiles, as girls will, and let it go at that. Shirley came on in, she was hungry; but May went on out. She had already dined."

Next Week, *Sing, Baby Sing*

DOUBLE BILL (if you *must* have 'em)—

PICCADILLY JIM

and

RAMONA

My, my, my! And next week, the quintuplets, eh?

Diets Build Divorces

AHA, it's solved. I mean, what causes all these divorces in Hollywood. It's been a moot question for years, but at last Grace Moore has solved it. It's diet . . . !

"Diet," says Moore, straight-faced and serious, "is the evil

Lynn Bari, 20th Century-Fox player, enters her legs for Hollywood's best. Keep smiling, Lynn, they'll take you places

And speaking of well-shaped legs, Jane Wyatt puts on her play suit at Palm Springs. "The better to show 'em," says Jane

which leads to so-called cruelty and incompatability. It is overdone by women of the screen. It leads to weakened systems, and that, in turn, to frayed nerves. The husband, being nearest to the woman, bears the brunt—and the first thing they know . . . etc., etc." Whereupon, Grace went and had a steak.

Will Jean Answer Doorbell Now?

JEAN HARLOW has just made a present of a brand new roadster to her colored maid.

News Of Norma

HOLLYWOOD sees irony in the probable future arrangements for Norma Shearer. When she returns to work (although right now, it's still undecided as to whether or not she'll retire from the screen) the person who will have direct supervision over her productions is most likely to be MGM executive, E. J. Mannix. And Mannix, during the Thalberg ascendancy at Metro, was recognized as one of Irving's most active, militant rivals for power.

Ace Ankles

TAKE it from Jerome Schattner, the loveliest ankles in Hollywood belong to Carole Lombard (as if Clark Gable and about seventeen million others didn't already know!) According to Mr. Schattner, second best ankles in Hollywood are Marlene Dietrich's. Third, Ruby Keeler's. And next, in order, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford and—get this!—ZaSu Pitts.

And who, ask you, is Jerome Schattner? Why, kiddies, Jerome is a registered physiotherapist (isn't that *cute?*) who has just completed a survey of Hollywood legs for the New York Pediatricians and Physiotherapists Association. H'm, what a job. But out of it, comes a tip. Reason, he says, for movie stars' lovely gams is that they rarely wear high heels off the set, they massage their feet and ankles regularly, they swim and walk but moderately. Simple, isn't it?

Around the Good Earth

LATEST to sound the retirement note is Paul Muni. Right after he finishes his next three pictures, he announces, he will quit the screen entirely for two whole years, during which two years he plans a world trip with his wife.

Billions In It

TALK of Hollywood is, more than ever, returning prosperity. To such talk came a big boost when official government figures, just released, show that in 1936, there were in the United States four *billion*, 576 million paid movie theatre admissions! And that means, fans, that every man, woman and tot in America averaged 35 visits to the movies during the year.

Believe It Or Not, Ripley

RICHARD ARLEN hasn't seen himself on the screen in over five years. He never goes to his own movies, never even looks at the rushes.

Still Champion

STILL box-office champion, as she was last year, is Shirley Temple! Not even the sexy Harlow and the caloric Gable nor the nimble Astaire and Rogers, nor the guffawish Joe E. Brown approached little Shirley at the box-office handicap, shows the year's figures from exhibitors the world over. Gable was second, the Astaire-Rogers team third in money draw from you fans. Bob Taylor, who wasn't on the 1935 list at all, crashed fourth place in 1936! Joan Crawford slipped two cogs, dropping from fifth to seventh. Surprise of the returns was Jane Withers' running in eleventh place. Shirley offered no comment.

Suckers vs. Rackets

FREDRIC MARCH wants the movie stars to organize an Anti-Racket Bureau of their own. They'd set up and maintain their own Hollywood G-Man system, to guard against the innumerable tricksters who try to work the stars for easy money. Rackets against which March wants protection are various one-man charity bureaus, with nothing more than a letterhead and gall; fake endorsements; blackmail in various forms; phoney appeals for help, and a hundred-and-one other attacks a day.

Irene—The Gadgeteer

IRENE DUNNE'S going Hollywood, if the gadgets in her new home are a tip-off.

[*Continued on page 99*]

Taking the High Hat Out of OPERA

Lily Pons would like to sing *Carmen* for the films. She believes that great opera will not die, but will live with more joy, more splendor, if the whole world loves it

Nino Martini, below, believes that audiences must cry for opera before the movies will make it. Lawrence Tibbett, right, says opera must step off its phony pedestal, come down to earth—and people will like it

TO YOU, who pay your quarters and half-dollars at the movie box-offices of the country, this story is addressed. On you depends the future of opera in America. It is for you to decide whether it shall live or die. And if that statement seems far-fetched, don't blame it on me. I make it not on my own responsibility, but on the "say-so" of those who ought to know—the songbirds themselves.

I talked to five singers whose lives have been steeped in opera, and who came from opera to sing for you in the movies. They all love the music in which they were trained, but they also love singing to millions instead of to hundreds. Their theories on various aspects of the subject differed, but on one point they were all agreed. "Opera's high hat," they said in effect, "will have to be kicked off, if it's to survive. It will have to appeal to those who go to the movies and listen at the radios. Otherwise, it will become a museum piece."

Because they love singing to millions, they are doing their best to kick the high hat from opera. What did the word convey to you five years ago?—a legendary golden horseshoe, lorgnetted ladies, men in white shirt-fronts and tails, all very glamorous, but far removed from your life—"bosomy" foreigners, waving their arms about and emitting jets of sound in an alien tongue which you knew, if you had to listen to them, would bore you stiff.

Then Grace Moore—one of the tribe you'd been taught to regard as a race apart, treading on clouds and dining on humming-birds' tongues—frolicked through a picture called *One Night of Love.* She was slim, bubbling, human as you or I, and a hundred times more exhilarating. In the midst of the romp, she tossed off a gay song from *Carmen;* then, having won you completely, polished off her conquest by lifting her lovely voice in the plaintive *One Fine Day* from *Madame Butterfly.* With the result that you clamored and stamped for more. With the added result that the manager of the San Carlos Opera Company, touring the states, reported that *Carmen* and *Madame Butterfly*—and those two only—were sellouts, whenever and wherever he put them on that season.

Miss Moore, when I caught her, had just been doused in a

Opera's tall topper will have to be kicked off if it's to survive. It must appeal to movie and radio lovers, otherwise it's doomed. So say five MET singers who are now in the movies

By
FLORA STANDISH

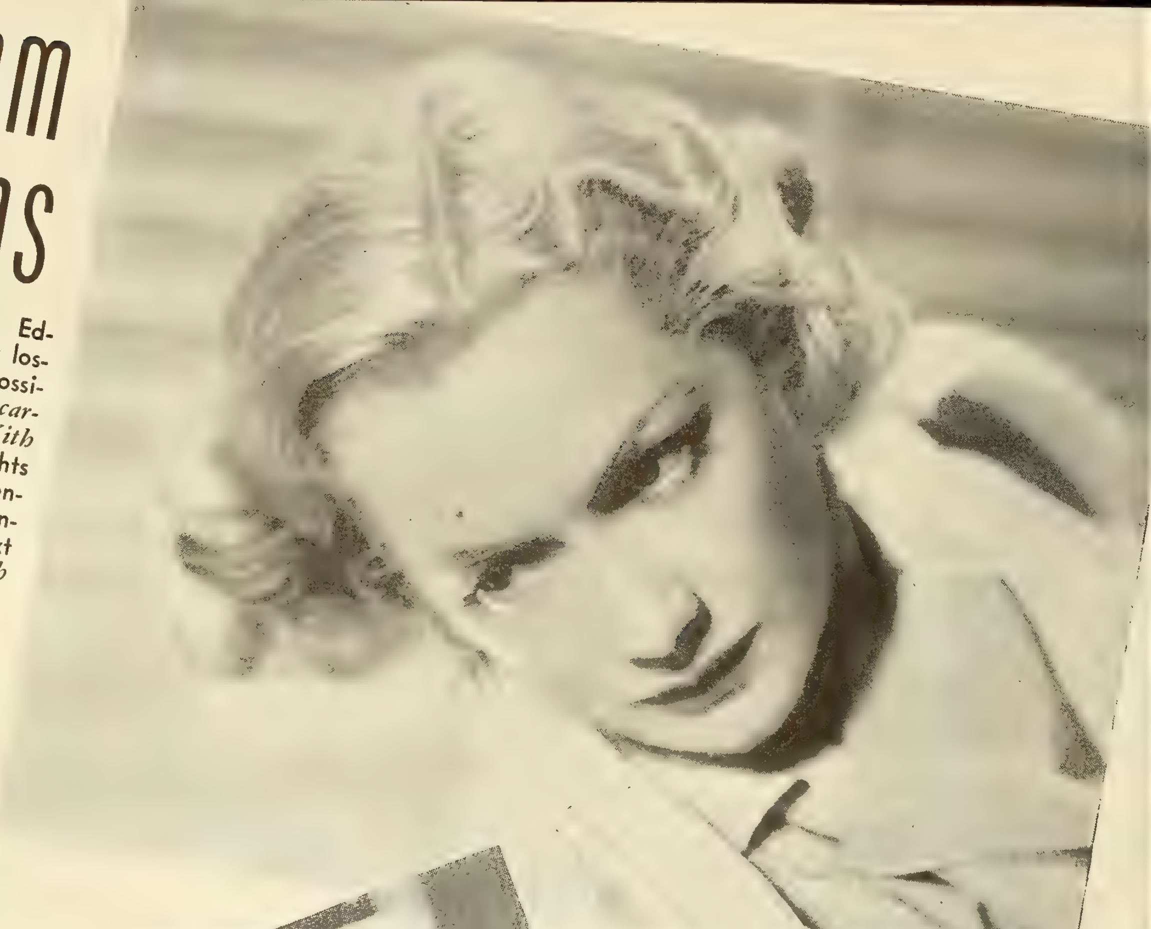
Humanize opera for the people, and they'll stop being scared of it, says Grace Moore. And Gladys Swarthout, left, says screen opera will have to show a new form

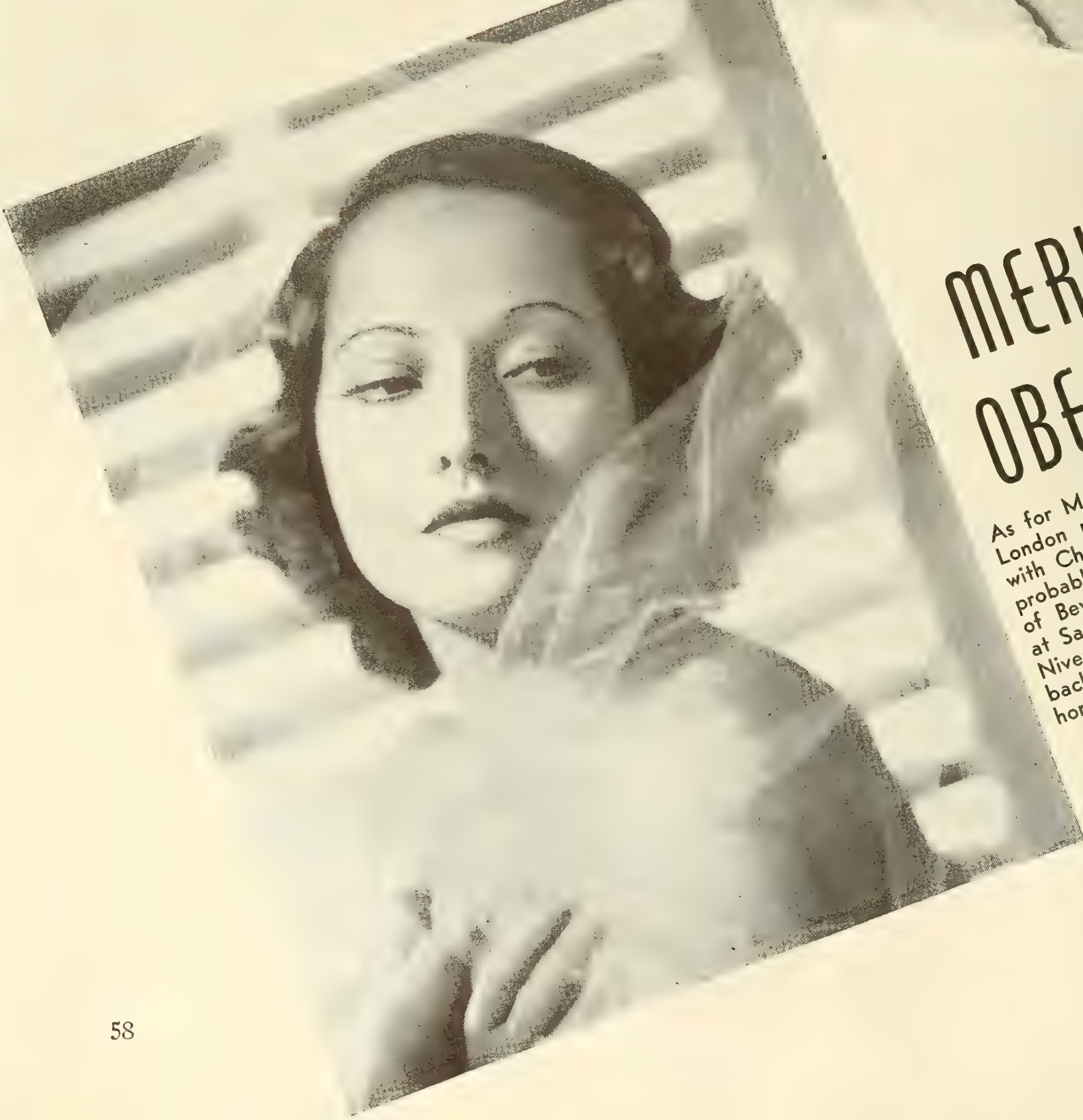
shower of rain with Cary Grant, who plays opposite her in *When You're in Love*, her new picture. But neither her spirits nor her flow of language were affected. She has ideas on most subjects—when she hasn't she says so—and wet or dry, presents them tersely and with vigor.

"OPERA'S still on trial in the movies, and the fans are the jury. They haven't presented their final verdict yet, but I should say things look favorable for the prisoner at the bar. We don't have music in our blood, as the Italians do. I can't, for example, imagine such a scene in America as happened once at my home in Cannes, when Lawrence Tibbett was visiting, and wandered out on the balcony around midnight and began singing opera, purely for his [*Continued on page* 95]

MIRIAM HOPKINS

A dinner with ex-King Edward . . . a fright over losing her passport . . . a possibility of being given *Scarlett O'Hara* in *Gone With the Wind* . . . these thoughts are reflected in the pensive gaze of the golden-haired Miriam whose next film is *The Woman's Touch*



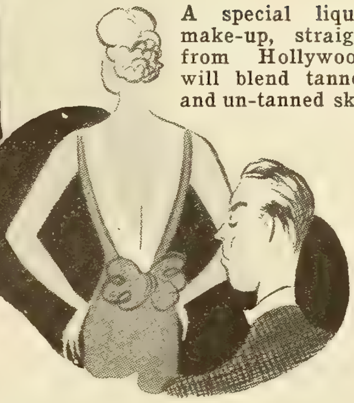


MERLE OBERON

As for Merle who's back in London making *I, Claudius* with Charles Laughton she's probably thinking of the hills of Beverly, the rolling surf at Santa Monica and David Niven who wishes she'd come back soon. Hurry and come home Merle—all is forgiven

A non-smearing lipstick makes this young lady feel so smug and her young man so happy

In *The King and the Chorus Girl* Fernand Gravet co-stars with Joan Blondell



A special liquid make-up, straight from Hollywood, will blend tanned and un-tanned skin

A Frenchman's "I" for Beauty

Fernand Gravet sizes up American girls

By DENISE CAINE

BEAUTY ADVICE

Are you sitting home nights with a book instead of gathering rosebuds? If so, it may be your looks rather than your personality . . . Scrutinize yourself in the mirror, jot down your bad points and send them to Miss Caine for analysis. She can give you advice on make-up and coiffures to make you more attractive. This advice is free. Write to Denise Caine, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Fernand Gravet

NOBODY can convince *me* that women want to be beautiful for beauty's sake or for the fun of making other women envious. I think they want to be beautiful to attract men.

Believing this firmly, I decided it would be a good idea to interview a male movie star to find out what he, as a man, likes or dislikes in a woman's appearance. I selected Fernand Gravet, the French star, because he'd been in this country only a couple of months. His impression of the American Girl would be fresh in his mind, I reasoned, and his memories of Parisian sirens not so dim that he couldn't draw some helpful comparisons. . . .

He had just finished *The King and the Chorus Girl* for Warner Brothers, and was spending a few days in New York before returning to France. . . . Something tells me he'll come back though—as soon as our feminine movie fans see him on the screen. . . . Now, I'm not going off into gurgles over his profile or eyelashes because I feel that the accompanying pictures tell the story. All I will say is that he's just as devastating as he *looks* and I couldn't blame anyone for tearing buttons off his coat or snipping locks of his hair!

I didn't bother to ask him what he thought of our tall buildings but came right to the point with: "How do you think American girls compare with French girls, in clothes and make-up?"

American girls take the honors, according to Gravet, although he did suggest a few improvements, which I shall tell you about by and by.

"I was amazed to find," he said, "that the middle class American girls are so smartly dressed, so well-groomed. In France there are, of course, many beautiful women, but they are the wealthy ones, with nothing to do but preen. . . . Here, however, even housewives and girls in shops and offices seem to have learned how to be lovely on small incomes!"

Which is all to the good, it seems to me, for any man, whether he's an executive or a shoe clerk, prefers a "smart trick" to a dowdy creature.

With a great deal of Gallic enthusiasm, Gravet told me how impressed he had been the day before by the cigaret girl in a swank hotel where he had cocktails.

"She was," he declared, "about ten times more beautiful and becomingly dressed than any of the women seated at the tables, in spite of the fact that they wore emeralds and sables!"

But don't let these compliments go to your heads. It's true that in America, more than in any other country, attractive dresses are priced at $15 as well as $150; that the finest cosmetics are sold at moderate prices. . . . It is also true that housework has been made so easy, thanks to labor-saving devices, that housewives can remain young and lovely. But not all of us are taking advantage of these things as we should. There's still room for improvement!

GRAVET confirmed my suspicion that men don't mind make-up so long as it looks natural.

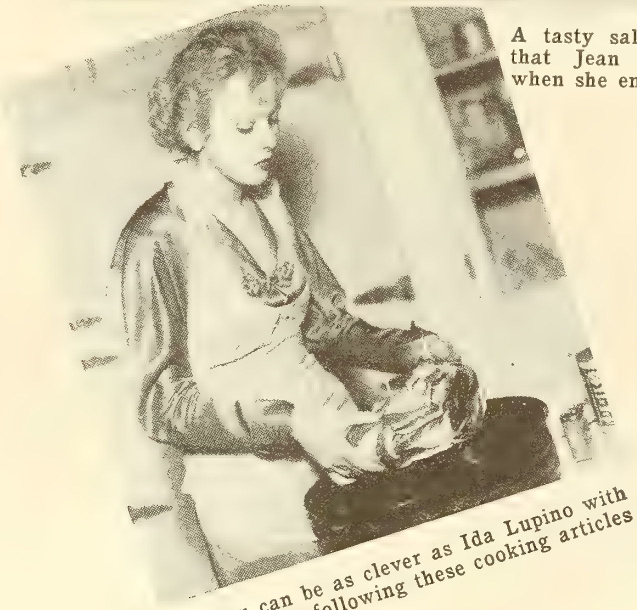
"I think women *should* wear make-up, in different colors for each dress," he told me, "but I don't like to see dark, greasy-looking lips that are painted on without any relation to the actual shape of the mouth."

Gravet shares that last conviction with several million other men, I think, so control your fingers carefully when you apply lip rouge!

"It is not that I object to unusual, even exotic types of make-up or coiffure," he told me seriously, "but I do object to their being worn at the wrong time. . . . I [*Continued on page 78*]

A tasty salad is the dish that Jean Parker favors when she entertains friends

When Anne Shirley steps into her kitchen she likes to make salad dressings



You can be as clever as Ida Lupino with roasts by following these cooking articles

Learn to Cook —and Like It!

Cooking Tender Meats and Palatable Vegetables Enables the New Cook to Serve a Simple Dinner

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

THE modern girl no longer affects mannish clothes, sophistication or unfeminine habits. The modern trend is towards feminine women, not only in dress, but in manner, and life in general. Cooking being a purely feminine accomplishment, we urge all you girls, young and old, to brush up on the culinary arts. To aid you, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, beginning with this issue, is starting a series of articles on HOW TO COOK by that well known home economics editor, Christine Frederick, who has a national reputation as a cooking expert. Take your first lesson now, and if you have any questions, Mrs. Frederick will be glad to help you. Just drop her a note in care of this magazine.—*Editor.*

"OH, so you're learning to cook!" exclaimed pretty Betty Barclay to her friend Jane Lawrence. "Now, what started you on *that* idea? I thought you positively hated the very thought of a mixing bowl or a frying pan!"

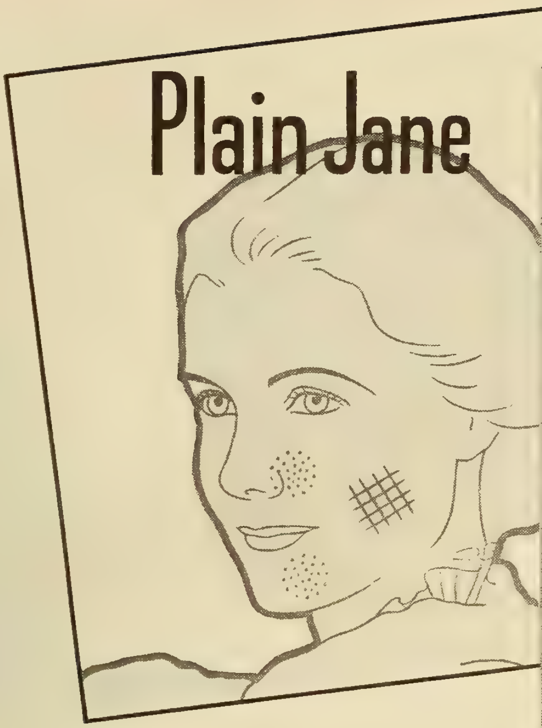
Jane's cheeks reddened up to the fringe of her glinting auburn bob, but her answer was frank enough. "Well, you see, Bet, I've found out that Jack's terribly keen on hearty, he-man-size meals. We've been eating around in restaurants all this past winter, and Jack's tired of it. He says he wants to eat a meal sometime where there isn't a staring crowd, or a waiter to grab the fork out of his mouth while he's still using it. We hope to be married in June, and Bet, honest, I want our marriage to be a success. Besides, think what it costs to 'eat out' all the time. We've figured we can eat better and save half by having home-cooked meals. It's a scandal what these places ask you for a bit of Swiss steak with a bunch of string beans on the side. I'm going to learn to cook—and like it—there!"

And from the determination which showed in Jane's chin, her friend knew that she *would* cook, and like it, too. And as there are countless other "Janes" who are eager to prepare economical and appetizing meals, here's the first lesson in the Cooking Primer: a satisfying light supper, with menu as follows:

Top of Range Meal No. 1

Tomato or Pineapple Juice Cocktail
Olives Celery Curls
Loin Lamb or Veal Chops
Baked Potatoes Green Vegetables
(Stringbeans, Brussels Sprouts or Spinach)
Romaine Lettuce
Roquefort Dressing
Marshmallow Cup Coffee

[*Continued on page* 97]



Pretty Girl

Don't let Blackheads..Large Pores..Blemishes spoil your looks!

Miss Virginia Harris says: "I've learned to fight hateful blackheads and blemishes with Pond's Cold Cream. It keeps pores fine, too!"

Mrs. Arthur Richardson

granddaughter of the late C. OLIVER ISELIN: "I depend entirely upon Pond's Cold Cream to keep my skin clean, smooth, and free from skin faults. I use it night and day. It's indispensable."

Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

MEN get the difference at a glance! Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don't *have* to be plain!

Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just *underneath!*

Begin today to use the rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Livens circulation. Invigorates the under tissues, so your *outer* skin will be clear . . . fine textured . . . flawless! The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl."

Do this twice daily . . . Here's the simple Pond's treatment hundreds of women follow. It's easy to do.

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly.* Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

Do this regularly. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. And the places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-CD, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

gasped when Claire, sick of hiding the truth, up and told the world that she's got a several-months old son, and nobody's happier than she and her five-year hubby, Jack Strauss, realtor.

So now, don't be surprised if other screen-lovers, both he and she, up and admit the truth. Ol' Man Tattler, for one, wouldn't fall in a swoon, for instance, if Lily Pons admitted that she's really been married to Andre Kostelanetz (call me Kosty) for months an' months an' months. Even Charlie and Paulette might openly admit it, too. Only safe bet not to is Shirley Temple.

THE younger set is driving Ol' Man Tattler closer to the booby-hatch than he's ever been in his life. They just go 'round and 'round worse than the music, and they come out where, oh where? . . . Consider: There's the Mary Carlisle, Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney, Lew Ayres, Jimmy Blakely, mix-up. Yeah, they're all in the one picture, and trying to keep track, from month to month (or even from night to night, by Allah!) of Who's Whose is a job no sane man can discharge. Not so long ago the Johnny and Eleanore two-some looked like wedding bells any minute; she even wore his ring. But now—well, they're so frigid toward each other that they have to wear mufflers at Paramount when they work in the same picture. And Johnny steps out these nights with Mary Carlisle, while the Whitney honey is being seen here and there with Lew Ayres, two-time marital loser who mightn't be averse to taking a third chance. Meantime, Jimmy Blakely, who was once Mary's heart, then quarreled with her, is back in the scene again, but this time (so they say) merely as a very dear *friend* of Mary. Hmmmmm—I've seen these Hollywood *friendships* before, my fra-a-a-a-a-ands. . . . ! Anyway, Ol' Man Tattler is just about at the stage where he's decided you might as well take the entire Hollywood younger set, shake 'em up in a barrel, and let 'em come out teamed up anyway they happen to fall. They will anyway.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lee Tracy and Florence Lake—
Still that way, f'heaven's sake! !

ADD to cardiac mixups in movieland the situation concerning Mary Brian and Cary Grant. These two—ah me, these two!!

AT last reports, Cary and Mary are still beating in time. But by the time you read this (so much happens so queeeck in Hollywood!) they may be positively iced. It looked that way for quite a while, when Cary suddenly got alladither about Bobby Mullineaux-Cooper (Hollywood just calls her Bobby Cooper because that Mullineaux is such a bother!) and squired her everywhere—even to where Mary was being squired by other Hollywood men. But right now, Bobby has seemed to switch over to Director J. Walter Ruben for the Cocoanut-Groving, while Mary and Cary are dancing together again. But Ol' Man Tattler will lay no bets on Mary. That one has been "engaged" oftener, without ever getting married, than any other Hollywood beauty.

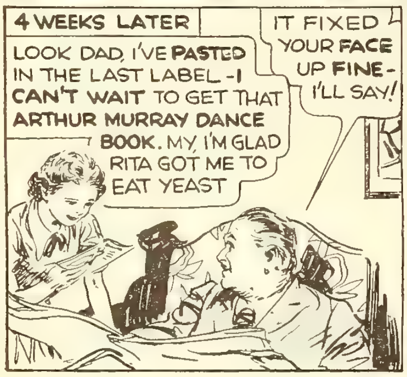
**CUPID'S COUPLET:
Miriam Hopkins and Anton Litvak—
(Finish this one yourself; even Longfellow couldn't *rhyme* that!)**

ITEM 1—Barbara Stanwyck's divorce decree from Frank Fay is now final and absolute. Item 2—Said Barbara: "I'd like to settle this marriage-talk about me and Bob Taylor for once and all. Bob and I are close friends, but we are NOT going to be married. I'm not going to marry Bob or anyone else. If I ever change my mind, I won't make any secret of it. But I say now that I won't change my mind for years and years, and maybe never." Item 3—Hollywood, grinning, remarks that night-clubs, with their atmosphere, et cetera, do queer things to people's hearts, and that Yuma, where you

HOT NEWS!
Now You Can Learn the Newest Dance Steps from
ARTHUR MURRAY
—World's Greatest Dance Instructor
FREE!
IT WOULD COST YOU $5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON TO LEARN THESE STEPS IN ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO

Start Now
a Good

WISH THIS WAS A MASQUERADE - LOOK AT MY FACE - NO BOY'S GOING TO ASK ME TO DANCE


4 WEEKS LATER
LOOK DAD, I'VE PASTED IN THE LAST LABEL - I CAN'T WAIT TO GET THAT ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE BOOK. MY, I'M GLAD RITA GOT ME TO EAT YEAST
IT FIXED YOUR FACE UP FINE - I'LL SAY!

FEW DAYS LATER
RITA - COME OVER QUICK - THE DANCE BOOK'S COME AND IT'S TOO MARVELOUS!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER. DON'T YOU LEARN ANY MORE TILL I GET THERE!

YOU SURE KNOW ALL THE LATEST STEPS ALL RIGHT
DOESN'T SALLY LOOK GORGEOUS TONIGHT -
I KNEW YEAST WOULD CLEAR UP THOSE HICKIES SHE HAD

can get married in fifteen minutes, is only a very short distance away, and people *have* been known to elope. . . .

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Howard Lang and Delma Byron
Don't show the slightest signs of tirin' . . .

POUTY-LIPPED Simone Simon is keeping the heart-guessers high in the air, what with her various swains. Recent Simone escorts have included John Swope, millionaire's son, and Marc Allegrot, French movie director who came all the way from Paris to Hollywood, just to spend a few days with the lil French gal. But Simone, herself, gives no inkling as to whom, if any man, has the inside track. It's all very confusing.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Natalie Draper and Tommy Brown—
She's shopping right now for a wedding gown.

CUPID'S Crashes-of-the-Month:—in London, Charles Guy Folke Greville (better known in Hollywood as the Earl of Warwick) has filed for divorce from the Countess Warwick, not-so-long-ago house guest of the Doug Fairbanks, Seniors. . . . Gracie Allen's brother (yeah, you know!) George, who lives in San Francisco, divorced his wife. Gracie made not a single wise-crack about it. . . . Judith Allen is through with prize-fighters. Announcing that her second matrimonial venture with a pugilist (this time, handsome Jack Doyle who mixes fighting with tenoring) has gone on the rocks, Judith said: "I'm through with men who make their living fighting, and carry their work home with them." . . . Remember Baby Rose Marie in Our Gang years ago? Well, she's a beeg girl now—so big that she just got a divorce from her husband who, she testified, made the mistake of coming home with another kind of lipstick on his face than the kind she uses. . . . Lita Grey Chaplin is in the divorce court again. This time, she's seeking freedom from Henry Aguirre, 26-year-old actor, whom she married less than a half year ago. She says he called her names. In the midst of her troubles, Lita found time to say she is very grateful to Paulette Goddard for the interest Paulette is showing in Lita's two sons, now in Charlie's custody. . . . Nine days after he married Dancer Frances Paxton, dance director Dave Gould asked the court to call it all off, because she hadn't even kissed him in those nine days. Replied Mrs. G: "We just agreed to disagree." . . . Nola Luxford, that new Hollywood star from New Zealand, didn't think much of her hubby named William Bauernschmidt. Anyway, that's what Bauernschmidt said when he asked a Los Angeles court to divorce him from Nola.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
George Givot and Helen Curtis—
It's so dee-*voon*, it nearly hurtis!

LUISE Rainer provided several giggles for the Hollywood people when she married Clifford Odets, playwright. Luise, not understanding much English, and quite at sea about marriage details, thought it was all over when she and Odets filed their notice of intent to wed three days before the actual ceremony, as required by California law. No sooner had she answered all the questions, than she rushed to a telephone, called up a friend, and gabbled: "Ooo, dollink, I am so excited. Clifford and I were just married!" Ruefully, Odets explained that it would be three days and nights yet, before they were married. So three days later, they were. This time, Luise knew it was a take. And provided Giggle No. 2 when, misunderstanding a reporter's question as to where they were going on their honeymoon, Luise blithely replied: "Upstairs." . . . —Caviar and champagne, by the way, was the wedding luncheon.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eddie Anderson and Shirley Ross—
She'll soon be calling him hubby and boss!

WEDDING bells for—Renee Torres and press-agent Erman Pessis, who'll probably be Mr-and-Mrs by the time you read this, even though Ol' Man Winter blew them down when they tried to airplane-elope to Yuma the other day. —Jackie Coogan's mother and Arthur L. Bernstein, Coogan financial manager. Jackie, who's 22 now, was a witness at his mother's wedding; remarked that his own planned wedding to Betty Grable wouldn't happen at least "until after mother's honeymoon is over."—(for the second time) Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Lane. Married in Ensenada, Mexico, they worried over whether or not these Mexican marriages were really on the up-and-up, so they remarried in Hollywood several days later. Now Brian'll have two anniversary dates to remember! —Gail Patrick, one-time "panther-girl" at Paramount, to Bob Cobb, owner of the Brown Derby.

[*Continued on page* 65]

to Clear up your Skin! Make yourself Dancer! *WIN POPULARITY!*

SALLY'S PIMPLES RUINED HER GOOD TIMES UNTIL
OH SALLY, THAT'S SILLY. ISN'T IT RITA?
NO IT ISN'T. HICKIES SPOIL EVERYTHING. I KNOW. I HAD 'EM UNTIL I BEGAN EATING FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. TRY IT SALLY - IF YOU EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY AND STICK TO IT - I'M SURE THEY'LL GO!
NEXT DAY
I WANT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST - OH, WHAT'S THIS?
THAT'S THE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD THAT TELLS HOW TO GET A COPY OF ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW DANCE BOOK

GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

It's easy to become a good dancer with the help of this exciting new book by ARTHUR MURRAY! Learn the newest popular steps . . . how to lead . . . how to follow smoothly! Diagrams . . . photographs make every point clear.

Remember—this book is NOT FOR SALE. The way to get a copy is to save Fleischmann Yeast Labels. Paste these on the FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD you get from your grocer. Send it in—the book is yours!

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, you can still get the book by sending the 81 labels in an envelope, or pasting them on a piece of paper. Be sure to enclose your name and address. Mail labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington St., New York City. (This offer good until August 31, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

"Eat it regularly," says Dr. R. E. Lee, famous physician, "and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help clear up **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."**

● After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25—important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is helpful in clearing up a pimply skin because it clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 *cakes every day*—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water.

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YOU'LL
LIKE
All three

"Princess Chic"

LASTEX FOUNDATIONS

Styled by

HICKORY

PRINCESS CHIC, exquisitely fashioned of two-way stretch Lastex, gives you all the comfort you want and the perfect control you need. Its exclusive feature—the double-knit panel across hips and tummy—trims and slims your silhouette to the moment's mode.

To be fair to *both* your wardrobe and yourself, you should have all three. The All-in-One for Formal, the Girdle for About-Town, and the Pantie for Sportswear.

YOU'LL WANT ALL THREE BECAUSE YOU NEED THEM

$7.50 for the Set of Three. May be had separately, of course.

FOUNDATION: Perfect uplift bra. Side bust control. Streamlined back. $3.50

GIRDLE: Shrewd censor of unruly curves. $2.00

PANTIE: Streamlines your hips. $2.00

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

Margareate Starleigh of Dallas is runner-up. And has she got It!

The winner, Jeanne Whitney, is a gal from Duluth. They still prefer blondes

Virginia Crane, second runner-up is 20, 114 lbs. and five foot four

The Lucky WINNAHS

Three smart girls are this month's winners of Search for Talent Contest

By E. J. SMITHSON

Motion Picture can think of no better way to start the month right than by offering congratulations to the three smart girls who took time by the proverbial forelock, sent in their photographs to the judges of the nationwide Search for Talent Contest, and were rewarded by being posted as winners.

Additional winners will be selected and announced in the May issue of this magazine—and then begins the task of selecting the grand prize winner—the girl who will sign her name to a bona fide movie contract with the Walter Wanger Productions. And may the best girl win!

The Search for Talent Contest, as you know, was sponsored by Motion Picture in conjunction with the Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Company, makers of those popular Hold Bob bobpins.

A word, now, concerning this month's winners. First prize—$50 in cash, and a screen test—goes to Jeanne Whitney, 121½ E. 3rd Street, Duluth, Minn. Jeanne is 21 years old, 5 feet, 3½ inches tall, and weighs 105 pounds. Her hair is golden blonde, her eyes blue and her complexion light. Jeanne is a vocalist by profession and says that she does tap, toe, ballet and ballroom types of dancing. She possesses a contralto voice and has done radio work over stations WEBC and WIND. She has also appeared in amateur dramatics and has worked with a little theatre group and Greysoln Players.

A runner-up to Miss Whitney is Margareate Starleigh of 3223 Fairmont Street, Dallas, Texas. Margareate is a stenographer. Her age is 21, height 5 feet, 4 inches, and she weighs 120 pounds. Her hair is dark brown, her eyes hazel, and her complexion fair. She has taken part in amateur dramatics, does some blues singing and has appeared as Cleopatra in the Queen's Night Pageants at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

Virginia Crane of 211 E. Delaware Place, Chicago, Ill., is the second runner-up. She is 20 years old, weighs 114 pounds, and is 5 feet, 4 inches tall. Her hair is golden blonde, her eyes blue, and complexion fair. Virginia does rhythm tap, soft shoe with tap and ballet types of dancing. She sings and has done light comedy and dramatics. She has appeared in vaudeville, night clubs and was featured in Earl Carroll's *Vanities*. As this is being written she is featured in *Oh Say Can You Sing,*—a revue in Chicago. She states that she trained the tap group in the same show.

Watch this magazine for the final group of winners and for further announcements concerning the selection of the grand prize winner!

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 63]

RIGHT off Li'l Danny Cupid's cuff: . . . Willie Wyler, who lost eight years of his life when ex-wife Margaret Sullavan married Leland Hayward, is consoling himself with Ketti Gallian these days . . . looks like Addison Randall just can't keep himself a girl; now Addison, who used to be oh-so-that-way with Glenda Farrell, has just had his engagement to Audrey Sutherland broken . . . Joel McCrea took time out to fly to Catalina, where wifie, Frances Dee, is on location, to have a wedding anniversary lunch with her . . . Martha Raye is wearing an engagement ring from Jerry Hooper, of Paramount's music department, and cousin of Glenda Farrell . . . over in London, Bob Ritchie, who loved but lost Jeanette MacDonald, is finding solace with June Knight . . . most pursued bachelor in Hollywood was Alfred G. Vanderbilt, who ran his horses at Santa Anita, was seen out with various film stars and starlets . . . Phil Huston is all in a stew over Virginia Bruce and what makes it tough is that he's never met her! . . . Doug Fairbanks Jr., who was squiring Marlene Dietrich all over London, has suddenly gone very coolish on the twosome, because, so a little bird twitters, he just found out that it was all a publicity gag . . . Gertrude Michael, who's been earnestly wooed by Rouben Mamoulian, is wearing a diamond—but it's not Rouben's; it's from her long-time New York millionaire suitor, instead . . . Francine Larrimore had her bags all packed for a trip to Scotland, where she was going to marry one Colin Methven, when she was recalled to do retakes for *John Meade's Woman,* but she says it's only a temporary delay . . .

CUPID'S COUPLET:
June Lang and Victor Orsatti—
They're cooing again after a spatty!

LOOKS to Ol' Man Tattler as though the Merle Oberon-David Niven romance doesn't stand a chance. Not so long ago, they were as inseparable as ham-and-eggs, but right now, there's 6,000-odd miles between them, and many, many months. Merle is in London, making movies, and she's going to be there for at least eight months. Meantime, Davie, getting really under way with his career, is pretty well signed up for months ahead in Hollywood. He's being lonesome out loud for Merle. But Hollywood is Hollywood—and in London, there are plenty of ambitious young gents who'll make the most of opportunity. Ol' Man Tattler is offering ten to one that by the time Merle gets back to Hollywood, the Oberon-Niven romance will be as cold as last week's fried egg.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Craig Reynolds and Gertrude Niesen—
There isn't a sign that this one's easin'

SURPRISE for Hollywood comes in the Binnie Barnes love-life picture . . . Since she got her inter-

[*Continued on page* 67]

CREATE A NEW "YOU"

WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!

A New Face Powder Shade May Give You a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

By Lady Esther

You know what color in clothes can do for you. One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood *part* of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the *wrong* shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for *you,* too—there is a *right* shade of face powder. It won't subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No! This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven't found this right shade long ago is probably because you've been choosing according to your "type"—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. *This is all wrong!* You aren't a type. You're yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alight—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Your mere request on the coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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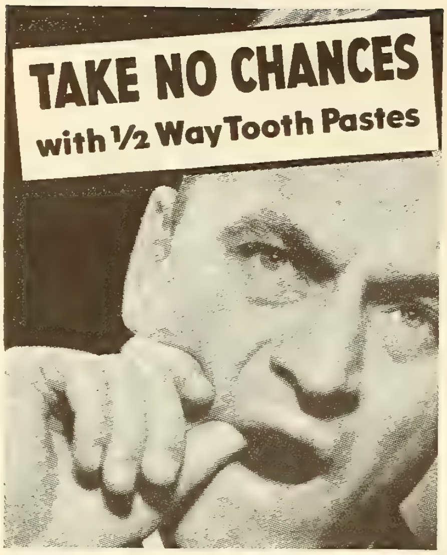
*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)



TAKE NO CHANCES with 1/2 Way Tooth Pastes

Give teeth the Double Protection they need

IF you are now using an ordinary tooth paste, your teeth *may* be white and sparkling; but unless your *gums* are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums.*

End *half-way care* today by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan's, then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan's today. The *big, new* tube saves you money. *Also sold in Canada.*

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

COLOR YOUR HAIR

THE NEW FRENCH WAY

No matter how gray, faded, streaked your hair is now, it will soon possess again beautiful lasting color by the use of our new discovery **SHAMPO-KOLÖR. Shampoos and colors the hair at the same time.** No experience necessary. Takes a few minutes only. Will not rub off. Colors gray hair close to scalp. Can be Permanent waved. Free Booklet, Valligny Products, Inc., Dept. 19-A, 254 W. 31 St., N.Y.C.

WILL YOUR *Eyes thrill Him?*

***NEW SECRET OF* CLEAR EYES**

WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins . . . or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, safe; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

Mary Brian selects 1881 Rogers (R) to enhance her table. Four new patterns are obtainable in the 1881 design. Why not, like Mary, select a new pattern from these charming designs? A new set awaits you at your local dealer

HOLLYWOOD Home Hints

AND now for an advance note on spring house cleaning. . . . Good old Bon Ami will do a lot for you when you get around to washing your windows and woodwork. . . . The fact that it "hasn't scratched yet" ought to be convincing enough that Bon Ami will do the job of cleaning to perfection! Next time you are at the store, buy a box of Bon Ami. . . . You might also ask about the special box they make for you to keep in your bathroom.

MAKE your drinks twice as cold by giving your ice cubes a "lightning break" . . . in other words, get yourself a Lightning Ice Breaker . . . They're extra good for cooling appetizers, too, when they are broken up in this manner . . . Next time you have occasion to use ice in anything, try serving it chipped into little pieces, but chip it in the modern, fast way . . . Everyone likes his drinks plenty cold.

NEXT time you are downtown shopping, drop in at your local dealer's and ask him to show you a new Crosley Shelvador refrigerator! The space-saving plan they have incorporated into their doors will convince you that they are the one to purchase . . . but go in and see one. . . . Your dealer will be glad to show you all the features of refrigeration that Shelvador will bring to you.

A SHOE polish that you will be happy to use! That's exactly the way you will feel about Swagger Liquid Shoe Wax . . . Swagger contains no alcohol, turpentine, shellac or other harmful chemicals . . . it contains only those ingredients essential to the life of the leather . . . Put your "Shine money" away and try Swagger . . . You will be pleased with the polish it gives your shoes!

DID you know that Isabel Jewell is one of Nesco's Hollywood enthusiasts. In the sparkling white kitchen of her new home she likes to prepare a whole meal in one of those new Nesco De Luxe roasters! The new roasters will do all of that and more. . . . The little dial that acts as indicator (it's on the front of the roaster) controls twenty-one heats. And they're good-looking enough for any star's home. But you don't need to be a star to own one either!

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 65]

locutory divorce from that London Husband (now, what was his name? Skip it), Hollywood's been expecting her to wait restlessly for the final before she said her "I-do" with Don Alvarado. BUT—all of a sudden, John King, the tall and handsome lad who used to squire Gail Patrick about before she married Bob Cobb, stepped into the sequence. And suddenly, it's King who's here and there and everywhere with Binnie, while Don seems to have vanished from the script entirely. However, Binnie's final decree is months away. That gives puh-plenty of time for hearts to pitter-patter in Hollywood.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Douglas Fowley and Marsha Hunt
Seem aimin' to try that altar stunt.

HERE's another of those Younger Set mixups—that long-time romance between Anne Shirley and Owen Davis Jr., has gone sour. At least, both Anne and Owen are stepping out with others, these nights—and pretending not to notice each other when they meet. Anne's newest cavalier is Lee Bowman, which leaves Rosalind Marquis on the free-lance lists. Now if Rosalind will just team up with young Davis, it'll be another of those goofy Hollywood kids' tangles that keeps Danny Cupid scratching his head.

More notes from Cupid's files: King Vidor and Betty Hill have called off their engagement, and right now, Vidor's trying to choose between Sheila Graham and Margaret Tallichet, with Sheila seeming to have the inside track . . . Florence Rice, actress-daughter of sports-writer Grantland Rice, says she's not going to marry Ring Lardner, Jr., despite all the Hollywood rumors which she characterizes as "very embarrassing!" . . . medal for the long-time-constancy of Hollywood should go to Ivan Lebedeff, who is still cuhrazy about Wera Engels, and who's planning right now to go to Europe to see her, and maybe marry her . . . don't be amazed if Beverly Roberts becomes Mrs. William Keighley . . . and Rochelle Hudson's newest crush is Austin Parker, one-time hubby of Miriam Hopkins . . . Marian Marsh has finally admitted it out loud, that she's going to marry Al Scott, former husband of Colleen Moore . . . and Loretta Sayers says it won't be long before she's Mrs. to Arthur Johnson, who wrote song hits like *Pennies From Heaven* and *Cocktails for Two* . . . there's a complete ice jam between Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson these days; Bart's keeping warm, though, with the co-operation of MGM's new contractee Lee Russell . . . Arthur McLaglen, one of the McLaglen brothers, is going to marry Socialite Marie Mitchell Shipley of San Francisco, in a month or so.

WELL, well, well, the court finally has dismissed that suit of Vaudevillian Frank Wallace, who wanted Mae West to acknowledge him as her husband. Or does anyone still care?

"Oh Mother! I'VE LOST MY JOB!"

THE job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know *why* she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with Mum!

Quick and easy to use. Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you're safe for the whole busy day.

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing — Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly *odor* of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP YOU IN THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

NEW!
DUART
creme
of
milk
PERMANENT

LOVELY JOAN MARSH

a *permanent* lipstick that actually *softens* the lips instead of making them dry and cracked . . . .

No longer do you have to take your choice of a lipstick that was permanent or one that would keep your lips soft and youthful. Duart's Creme of Milk Lipstick is both permanent and softening.

NEW CALIFORNIA COLORS

According to your complexion, choose one of the four glamorous new California shades. WINE for brunettes with dark skin, SPANISH for medium brunettes, DESERT FLAME for blondes, and a thrilling new shade to wear at night under bright lights—CINEMA . . . also for those who wish a shade just a little darker than DESERT FLAME.

DUART
creme of milk
LIPSTICK

SEND FOR AND TRY THE GENEROUS 25c SIZE
LARGE REGULAR SIZE $1
At all Drug and Department Stores

Mark your shade—Mail Coupon

Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me the shade of lipstick marked below

☐ Wine ☐ Spanish ☐ Desert Flame ☐ Cinema

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________ *State* ______ 13

On the SETS *with the* STARS

On the set of Columbia's *Weather or No,* director Al Green (seated) chats with cast members Ida Lupino, Reginald Denny. Leo Carrillo, a visitor, acted as m.c. for the recent Hollywood Style Show, directed by Sally Martin, fashion editor of Fawcett

Maytime at MGM—durn clever, these prop men! script called for a tender scene between Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, with apple-blossom petals falling on them. So the prop men somehow, in mid-winter, located fifteen blooming apple trees, transplanted them to the stage, rustled them with wind machines, so the petals dropped while Eddy made vocal love to Jeanette. In the sequences where she's aged, Jeanette wore heavy weights in her shoes, to make her steps slow and faltering and you can't notice it. And, Paul Porcasi played the music master even though he had just broken his hip. They "covered" it completely by dressing him in a long, black "dracula" cape, which covers the steel brace he wore.

SEVENTH *Heaven* at 20th-Fox—most temperamental player was NOT, as you might guess, Simone Simon, but *Eloise. Eloise* is the studio name for another French importee. It's one of those ancient and famous taxicabs in which the French army made its famous dash from Paris to halt the Germans. *Eloise,* 22 years old, is so persnickety that for long shots, the studio built a "double" with modern chassis and motor and make-up to make it look like the real car at a distance. But for close-ups, they used *Eloise* herself, and prayed she'd hold together—incidentally, although she tested wigs for five hours straight for her *Seventh Heaven* role, you'll see Simone's own hair in the film.

Park Avenue Logger at 20th-Fox—the picture was all completed and "in the can" when a passenger plane crashed in California, and killed twelve persons. So the studio got the film out, cut out an entire sequence. Because a part in it had been played by Yvonne Trego, the stewardess who died in the crackup!

QUALITY *Street* at Radio—in one setting, there is action in 1805, and again in 1815. It kept the studio research department busy figuring out the technicalities of aging the locale ten years. A rose bush had to grow two stories. A stone stoop step had to show footwear depressions. The house in the background had to be aged by chipping the brickwork, aging the painted trim. That was only part of it. They even had to age Katie Hepburn ten years. My!

Person to Person Call at Universal—Actor Gerald Oliver Smith knows movies aren't so easy. He played in a storm scene that required five retakes. Each time he was soaked to the skin, had to change his clothes completely to be dry again for the beginning of each retake. And all in half an hour!

CAPTAINS *Courageous* at MGM—it was easier for Spencer Tracy, when he played in deep water, and got soaked. MGM's wardrobe department made him a special rubber skin-tight suit, lined with cotton, to wear under his costume, to keep out the icy water . . . and *Hurricane* at Sam Goldwyn's—the man who created the amazing earthquake in MGM's *San Francisco* will also create the great hurricane from which the film derives its title. Goldwyn will pay the man, James Bassevi, $250,000 to make the hurricane. Sam isn't stinting money; he never does. He has also bought, complete, 12 New England cottages, which will be moved, in *toto,* to California to get authentic backgrounds for *Stella Dallas.*

The Road Back at Universal—for this sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front,* Universal has had a big crew of research men, technicians and builders busy for weeks, reconstructing the four railway coaches and locomotive in which the German high command traveled to the signing of the armistice. . . . *Class Prophecy* at Universal—Virginia Bruce was the extras' delight during shooting. Between takes, Virginia gave recitals on the piano on the set, which kept Kent Taylor and the rest of the players entertained.

N*ANCY STEELE Is Missing* at 20th-Fox—Indian magicians have nothing on studio experts. They made a rose garden bloom from nothing in two hours. Constructed garden patches, filled them with loam, planted hand-made rosebushes to duplicate the California prison yard where convict-gardeners raise flowers. Victor McLaglen and Peter Lorre played the "cons." McLaglen, in another sequence, drew the line between art and sacrifice. The scene called for him to shave with water from a mountain stream. McLaglen insisted on the water being warmed first.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney at MGM—when little Lillian Taylor of Joplin, Mo., sees this film she'll be happy. Because as Mrs. Cheyney, Joan Crawford in a certain scene wears a hair wreath of tiny white-and-blue gardenias, hand-made by the Joplin tot, and sent to Joan as a fan-gift. Joan liked it so that she wore it for the scene. . . . Over at *Stepping Toes* at Radio, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are stepping together. And as usual, Fred is putting that endless perfect-making practice and rehearsal time in. Before a camera turned, Fred and Ginger had rehearsed dances for six six-day weeks of six-hour days. That's 216 hours of dancing. . . . ! and the film still to be shot.

L*OVE Is News* at 20th-Fox—this is Hollywood's most superstition-filled production. All the big shots have definite quirks about this or that. Director Tay Garnett wont shoot a scene unless he has a cane in his hand. Star Loretta Young wont shoot a take wherein her feet don't show unless she's wearing her ancient and frowzy pair of lucky bedroom slippers. Tyrone Power wont report unless he has been able to park his car in a certain "lucky" spot in the studio parking lot. Don Ameche knocks on wood before each scene he plays. Slim Summerville wont work unless he can feel, in his pocket, the old badge he wore when he started in films as a Keystone Kop.

Top of the Town at Universal—how the Hays ears must have burned when they clowned a take between Doris Nolan and George Murphy. They'd finished a bedroom take, but Doris and George, full of fun, went on ad-libing. And the cameraman continued to grind. Doris and George went right on taking off clothes beyond the Hays limit, accompanying the action with dialogue—well, let's skip it. Finally Doris hopped into bed. George followed. "What," said Doris, "do we need now?" George grinned. "A good five-cent cigar," he replied. The goofy sequence was left in the rushes, astounded Universal "execs" who viewed them. Then they decided to leave it in for the Hays censors, too. But YOU won't see it. . . . *Souls at Sea* at Paramount—between takes, Monte Blue, who has always wanted to be a lawyer, studies law. And Harry Carey, who holds a law degree from New York University, coaches him. . . .

MERLE OBERON *glamorous star of Goldwyn's* **BELOVED ENEMY**

DUART THE ONLY WAVE
APPROVED BY HOLLYWOOD

★ DUART'S PERMANENT WAVING METHOD is the *only* one *approved* and *endorsed* by the MOTION PICTURE HAIR-STYLISTS GUILD. This Guild is an organization of all the expert hairdressers employed in Hollywood Motion Picture Studios. The Guild is responsible for the beauty care of every lovely star on the screen.

HOLLYWOOD STARS simply can't afford to take chances with the beauty of their hair. And there is no reason why *you* should take chances with *your* hair either. But now, more than ever before, be on guard when you choose your permanent wave. Beware of trick methods of heating the hair. Remember that nearly every lovely star you see on the screen depends on Duart to guard the beauty of her hair. Just ask your operator for a Duart "TWO-TWELVE" wave, she'll know what you mean. Duart Waves cost no more than others, the price depends on the artistic skill of the hairdresser you select.

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SEND FOR DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY
Pages of smart screen-tested hair-styles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

DUART, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

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TUNE IN • JOHN NESBITT'S "PASSING PARADE" NBC RED NETWORK

SKIN LOOK YOUNG?
USE NEW TANGEE POWDER
SEE SOFT UNDERGLOW APPEAR

Ordinary powders often coat skin with a "powdery look", coarsen pores, accentuate lines.

See how Tangee Powder smooths your skin, dulls without coating, gives a youthful glow.

Tangee Face Powder contains same famous color change principle as Tangee Lipstick... Watch its magic bring youthful beauty to your skin... Powder with new Tangee and see a soft underglow appear... works like Tangee Lipstick to match your own natural skin tones. Watch shine go. Then comes clear, youthful color. Blended scientifically, Tangee clings for hours, yet never cakes or blotches. Because you use *less*, it is economical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 55¢ and $1.10. Or, tear out the coupon below for new "Two-Shade Sampler"—dedicated to a lovelier, youthful skin.

New 2-Shade Sampler—2 Weeks' Supply of Powder
The George W. Luft Company 147
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Please rush new 2-Shade Tangee Face Powder Sampler. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada)... Send sampler checked:
Sampler #1 ☐ Contains Flesh and Rachel
Sampler #2 ☐ Contains Rachel and Light Rachel
Sampler #3 ☐ Contains Flesh and Light Rachel
Name________ (Please Print)
Address________
City________ State________

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration

1. Cannot irritate skin, cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Prevents under-arm odor. A white, greaseless, vanishing cream.

ARRID 39¢ a jar

Robert Young and Ann Sothern are MrandMrs in *Dangerous Number*. But, that's no excuse for peeping, Bob!

Fugitive in the Sky—AAA—A murder mystery in the air is the theme of this and it will find you clutching your seats. It's filled with action and thrills aboard an airplane. Jean Muir is the charming hostess and Warren Hull and Howard Phillips a couple of passengers, the former a newspaperman and the latter a killer.—*Warner Bros.*

A Doctor's Diary—AAA—John Trent, a former air pilot, "who flew through the air with the greatest of ease" has taken a flyer at pictures and in this, his first, he plays his part with the greatest of ease. It looks as if Mr. Trent will keep his feet on the ground hereafter. This is a swell film with a "crusading" plot. Others in the cast are George Bancroft, Helen Burgess and Ruth Coleman, all of whom gain credit for their fine performances.—*Paramount.*

Men Are Not Gods—AAA—A unique plot makes this English production outstanding film fare. If you are not looking for reality, but originality, you'll like this. It is done in Alexander Korda's usual excellent style. The cast is headed by Miriam Hopkins and includes Gertrude Lawrence, Sebastian Shaw, Rex Harrison and A. E. Matthews, among others.—*United Artists.*

Don't Tell the Wife—AA½—Guy Kibbee, Una Merkel, Lynne Overman *et al* in an amusing comedy. The plot is rather fantastic, dealing with the gold-mine stock selling-racket, but offers many laughs.—*RKO-Radio Pictures.*

Midnight Court—AA½—As the title implies this story centers around criminals, attorneys, judges, etc., and exposes the "hot car" racket. The dramatic situations are mainly supplied by John Litel, an attorney, who stages a comeback after licking the liquor habit. Ann Dvorak, as his bride, adds the romantic touch.—*Warner Bros.*

Let's Make a Million—AA½—If you like Edward Everett Horton (and who doesn't?) you will like this. Horton is a sucker for some crooked oil investors and instead of marrying his girl (he had good intentions) when he receives his bonus, he invests it in oil stock. However, everything is rosy in the end when Horton recovers the money, the respect of the townspeople and does right by his gal—Charlotte Wynters. And in the meantime you have had many a laugh at poor Eddie's predicaments.—*Paramount.*

Men in Exile—AA½—Not as much punch as one expects from the title, but it is well-handled melodrama with June Travis, Dick Purcell, Olin Howland, Victor Varconi, Alan Baxter and a capable supporting cast. As one suspects, the story concerns an ex-convict and his adventures, and is loaded with action.—*Warner Bros.*

Without Warning—AA½—A detective thriller based on Philip Wylie's story, it retains your interest by its freshness and the capable cast which consists of J. Edward Bromberg, Betty Furness, John Payne, Ivan Lebedeff *etal.* Authentic Death Valley locations supply an interesting background. —*20th Century-Fox.*

THRILLS FOR YOU

How much more enjoyable a motion picture is when it has been made from some novel or story you have read! You can get this added enjoyment from every motion picture you see if you read the fiction stories of new movies in MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE before seeing the motion picture.

This magazine (now on sale at your newsdealer's) is the only ten-cent magazine printing exclusive fiction stories of coming movies. Included in the big April issue are *Seventh Heaven*, starring Simone Simon; *Parnell*, with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy; *Internes Can't Take Money*, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Ten big fiction stories in all. Ask your newsdealer for MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE. 10c at all newsstands.

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Woman in Distress—AA½—May Robson performs in her usual skillful manner in this sympathetic story about an old lady who is cheated out of an authentic *Rembrandt.* The plot centers around Miss Robson, the naive old lady, and her young friends, Irene Hervey and Dean Jagger, newspaper people covering the robbery. Of course, there is romance between the sob sister and the gentleman reporter.—*Columbia.*

Man of the People—AA½—This is built up and around Joseph Calleia as an outlet for his dramatic ability, and he doesn't disappoint. The novelty of it is the Calleia plays the role of an attorney instead of his "typed" criminal characterizations. It is well handled and Calleia is ably assisted by Florence Rice, Thomas Mitchel, Catherine Doucet, *et al.*—*M-G-M.*

Woman Wise—AA½—Rochelle Hudson and Michael Whalen add romantic glamour to this opus, which exposes Alan Dinehart as the promoter of a prize-fight racket. Boy meets girl, when Whalen, a newspaperman, starts a clean-up crusade and Rochelle's father is one of the victims. It's well balanced with drama and comedy.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Dangerous Number—AA½—This might have been funnier, but it just misses by a hair. Robert Young and Ann Sothern in the leads do their best to carry the story, but it isn't enough, not even with the able assistance of Cora Witherspoon and Reginald Owen. Girl from theatre, wed to business man who can't understand stage people, is the plot—*M-G-M.*

Don't Pull Your Punches—AA½—A virile picture whose punches will particularly appeal to male audiences. Professional prize-fighting is the gist of the story, but there is romance, too, supplied by June Travis and Wayne Morris. Barton MacLane is the chief pug who scores in the picture, but not always with his punches.—*Warner Bros.*

Step Lively, Jeeves—AA½—Arthur Treacher returns as *Jeeves* again, the famous character originally created by P. G. Wodehouse. This time as a bogus Earl, which leads to some highly amusing situations. Alan Dinehart, George Givot, ("The Greek Ambassador"), Patricia Ellis and Robert Kent add considerable interest.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Park Avenue Logger—AA½—A logging camp is the locale for this, supplying some beautiful shots and an outlet for George O'Brien's virility. It is not a typical "Western" as Mr. O'Brien is a gentleman from Park Avenue who is sent out to his dad's lumber camp to harden up a bit. During the process he falls hard for the daughter of his dad's rival. You'll like this—it has plenty of action, attractive backgrounds and comedy.—*Hirliman—R-K-O.*

That horse is in good company—William Gargan, Wendy Barrie and Binnie Barnes—in *Breezing Home*

Living Dangerously—AA½—A flashback, as the means of unfolding a murder mystery, lends an interesting angle to this English production. Otto Kruger and Francis Lister raise applause for their excellent acting and Miss Leonora Corbett rates mention for her tense courtroom scene.—*Gaumont-British.*

The Mighty Treve—AA—As this is an adaptation of an Albert Payson Terhune original, it is needless to say that the subject is dogs—a dog, to be precise. *Treve* is a magnificent collie which together with its orphaned young master are the chief participants in this very moving and, if you read the newspapers, realistic story.—*Universal.*

The Devil's Playground—AA—A submarine disaster adds excitement to this otherwise not unusual picture which offers Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Dolores Del Rio in the principal parts. A thrilling climax is effected when a trapped crew in a sunken submarine are rescued. Dolores Del Rio adds a bit of naughtiness to this nautical film. -*Columbia.*

She's Dangerous—AA—The talents of Tala Birell, Walter Pidgeon and Cesar Romero help to make this crime picture fair entertainment. Miss Birell, a Sherlock Holmes in skirts, becomes involved with a gang of bond thieves headed by Romero and is saved in the nick of time from execution by the clever maneuvering of Walter Pidgeon.—*Universal.*

Counterfeit Lady—AA—This will appeal to Ralph Bellamy fans as it is a product for his thespian abilities. The other interesting feature is the discovery of Joan Perry, a charming girl with a flair for acting. The plot, revolving around jewel swindlers is weak.—*Columbia.*

Mama Steps Out—AA—"No place like home" is the moral of this story which supplies some amusing incidents. Alice Brady decides to inject some culture in her bourgeois family—Guy Kibbee, papa, and Betty Furness, chee-ild—and wheedles a trip abroad and then the fun begins. Instead of getting cultured they get chiseled—so back to Indiana they go.—*M-G-M.*

Breezing Home—AA—This is done in the interest of cleaning up horse races. But, while it preaches it entertains. William Gargan, Wendy Barrie and Binnie Barnes add considerably to the human touch with which fine horse flesh is usually surrounded.—*Universal.*

Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it:—*Romeo and Juliet,* a superb production of Shakespeare's immortal love story with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore and a splendid supporting cast. . . . *Lloyds of London,* a distinguished film, lavishly produced, with an interesting cast headed by Freddie Bartholomew, Tyrone Power and Madeleine Carroll. . . . *The Plainsman,* a colorful picture of the white man's courage to keep the frontier safe from the Injuns during the hectic *eighties.* Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur are well cast as those historical characters, *Wild Bill Hickok* and *Calamity Jane.* . . . *Champagne Waltz,* gay, charming, sparkling like a Strauss waltz. But then, the story is about the musical Strauss'. Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray supply the music and romance, and Veloz and Yolanda the dances. . . . *Camille,* you can't tire of the beautiful love story of the *Lady of the Camellias,* nor of the *great* Garbo. Robert Taylor as *Armand* is quite irresistible, but Garbo remains supreme, the Queen of the Cinema. Laura Hope Crews adds zest to this sad, sad story. You'll be sorry if you miss them!

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YOUR QUESTIONS *Here are the Answers*

ASK THE CINEMA SAGE

Gene Autry—Was born in Tioga, Texas, September 29, 1907. Is five feet ten inches tall, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. You can reach him at the Republic Studios, 4024 Radford Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. (D. D., Council Bluffs, Iowa)

Janet Gaynor—She is interested in music and sings exceptionally well. She loves to swim and swings a mean golf club for a girl of her size. She is five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds, has red gold hair and big brown eyes. Was born in Philadelphia on October 6th. (L. M., Helper, Utah)

Tom Keene—He played the part of *Abie* in *Abie's Irish Rose* on the New York stage for seven years. Cecil DeMille saw him and took him to Hollywood for *The Godless Girl*. He was born in Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., on December 30th. His right name is George Duryea. Is six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is *Desert Gold*. (B. J. D., Oakland, Calif.)

Alice Faye—Was born in New York May 5, 1912. That is her real name. She is five-feet-four-and-one-half inches tall, weighs 111 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is fond of walking, horseback riding and dancing. Her first picture was *George White's Scandals*. You can write her at 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Don't forget to enclose a remittance of 25c when requesting a photograph. (C. J. K., West View St.)

Don Ameche—Is five-feet-eleven-and-one-half inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Was born in Kenosha, Wisc., on May 31st. He married Honore Prendergast on November 26, 1932, and has two sons, Don Jr., two and one-half, and Ronald, just a few months old. You can write to him at 20th Century-Fox, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (M. S., Mount Pleasant, Mich.)

Loretta Young—Was born in Salt Lake City on January 6, 1912. Is five-feet-four inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her first picture was *Naughty but Nice* in 1927 and her latest picture is *Love Is News*. You can write to her at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, at the address given above. (R. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Fred MacMurray—Was born August 30, 1908, in Kankakee, Ill. Is six feet three inches tall, weighs 185 pounds, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He began his career by singing and playing in orchestras. He played in *Three's A Crowd* and *Roberta* on the New York stage. It was in the latter revue that he attracted the attention of Paramount officials who immediately placed him under contract. (H. M., Montreal, Can.)

Michael Whalen's increased popularity is keeping him and his sister, Claire, busy answering the stacks of fan mail

Jane Withers—She was acclaimed as a radio and stage star at the age of three in her home town, Atlanta, Georgia. She now has a seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox. Jane was born April 12, 1926. She is four-feet-six-inches tall and weighs 68 pounds. Her hair is straight and dark brown and her eyes are green-grey. (E. S., Trenton, N. J.)

Jessie Matthews—Is five-feet-four inches tall and weighs about 114 pounds. She has dark hair and dark brown eyes. She recently scored a hit in GB's *Head Over Heels In Love*.

● If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Step Lively and Live!

[*Continued from page* 44]

by Degas, Renoir, Picasso and the rest, a real sensuous love. The fire in his soul leaps from his eyes as he regards the canvases, and his voice, explaining their exquisiteness, is the caressing tone of a lover to his love under a heavy moon. He has always worshipped beauty. But not always could he afford its possession. This, though, didn't prevent him from preparing his appreciation in anticipation of that day when he would be able to indulge his appetite.

Like a gourmet, shipwrecked, who thinks up delectable sauces to garnish the viands he plans to enjoy when rescued, Robinson haunted the galleries developing an appreciation of art as a wine-taster does of vintages. When the hour struck he went out and bought, and bought and bought. Within a few years he had acquired an art collection which well might be the pride and achievement of a life-time. He did it swiftly, surely. He was prepared.

You never have seen Robinson meander through a movie. Here, too, his life is full, and his films are full of life. He attacks each role with all the wiry drive, the virile alertness which is so much a part of him. He says:

"They say I'm a slave-driver when I'm working. I'm afraid they're right. I can't help it. I'm filled with a passion to create. I simply can't understand anyone who isn't. In fact, I don't believe there is a red-blooded man or woman who isn't imbued with a creative passion. It shows in the love for children. It shows in any person who gets a new job to do. You've heard 'em say that a new broom sweeps clean. That's the reason—the passion to create in the new work. Those who sustain this passion go on and on to greater creations.

"Too, I feel a responsibility to the world. I get lots from it. I must give something back, for without question, the more you give to life, the more life repays. I have a responsibility to the people who risk their wealth in the picture through confidence in me. I have a responsibility to those who work with me, and whose success to some extent, at least, depends upon the success of the picture. I have a responsibility to the picture-going public which has put me where I am and counts upon me for entertainment. And, of course, one to myself to do the best job of which I'm capable."

Don't think, though, that because Robinson works like a dynamo when in the throes of movie-making that he neglects to play. His handsome home is one of Hollywood's most hospitable, he is a gracious host and Gladys a skillful chatelaine. During production the schedule is pretty much confined to a home-to-studio, studio-to-home routine.

But between pictures, or over week-ends, you may find a group of the Robinson friends breakfasting in the fountained shade of the lovely patio on all sorts of delicacies. Or, in the evening, gather at a table glistening with brilliant napery, crystal and silver for a course dinner bespeaking Robinson the epicure. Recreation-bound Robinson is likely to be found at the boxing bouts or at a symphony concert, at a burlesque show or paying rapt attention to a Reinhardt production of, say, a Shakespearian fantasy at the Hollywood Bowl. His life is all inclusive. So is his work. No star has portrayed more widely different characters, nor in so convincing fashion.

One of his greatest characterizations, of

[*Continued on page* 75]

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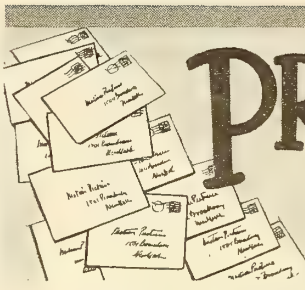

PRIZE LETTERS

How Readers Rate Them!

THEY CAN'T TAKE IT!

$15 Prize Letter

INTENSE emotion on the screen, when carried beyond a certain point will always lapse into burlesque, shattering the whole mood of the scene which the actors were trying to build up. Audiences can not endure the same degree of emotion in a picture that they can read in a book, and all scenes of deep love or grief must be played down below the pitch such emotion would reach in real life.

Charles Laughton

Men cry in life more often than manly convention admits, but no man may cry on the screen. James Cagney did it in *Taxi* and came to grief with the audience. Charles Laughton cried in *Henry VIII* and his public laughed. Recently, at a showing of *Camille* there was loud laughter at the too ardent lovemaking of Garbo and Taylor.

If tragedy must be taken as comedy, let's have nothing but comedies. Ridicule kills the noblest emotions.—*Edward T. McNamaro, 51 Spring Street, Danbury, Conn.*

A QUACK QUACK HERE . . .

$10 Prize Letter

WHO is the greatest male star on the screen today; the comedian who brings more sheer joy and happiness into the lives of men, women and children? It is none other than Donald Duck! And yet, I've never read a single word of praise in any movie magazine for this famous star.

I used to think Mickey Mouse and Popeye were funny—and they are—but neither one of them can compare with Donald's silly "quack, quack" and the ridiculous escapades in which he finds himself. In fact, I get a big kick out of all the cartoon comedies, but Donald Duck is my favorite star, wth Pop-eye and Mickey Mouse as my second choice.

Why shouldn't these animated "stars" receive as much praise as the live ones, considering the genius who with his rare artistic skill has created and made them *live* on the screen to entertain and amuse not only the children, but the adults as well?

I've seen some of these cartoons over and over again and I never yet have tired of them, especially Donald Duck!—*Roy Robert Smith, 115 Sherman, Denver, Colorado.*

EVEN GRANDMA LOVES TAYLOR

$5 Prize Letter

I'M eighty and I have one hobby—the movies. And why do I like them? They open the doors to everything I've craved for and never had . . . Romance, Travel, Adventure, Life. I relax in the downy depths of my choice seat and imagination takes command while Lowell Thomas transports me to those realms that I shall never see. And Garbo, the incomparable, brings the Romance which eluded me in real life.

Robert Taylor

Perchance, I shall carry away the cherubic faces of the Dionnes to spice my drab and lonely hours. Again, the golden notes of a Moore or a MacDonald will fall like a benediction on my soul. So, a toast to Filmland and my favorite twosome—Garbo and Taylor—and may I live to see them together in many more pictures!—*Ellen Flaherty, 1038 Murdock Ave., Parkersburg, W. Va.*

CHALLENGING MAE WEST

$1 Prize Letter

I USED to admire your cleverness, Miss West. In those "lean days" when all girls were boyish, skeletonized and slinky, it was smart of you to give the hungering eye of man a treat. Your generous curves burst upon masculine sight as a glorious vision from a man's dream of Heaven. Today, however, I am wondering about you. You seem out of step with the procession, and distinctly not ahead of it. All the girls are going soft and silky again, so the men have no complaint. Why are you retaining your hard-bitted manner and the corner-of-the-mouth talking?

Mae West

Turn dovelike, Miss West, in both disposition and physique, and outdo the others in softness. Coo with your curves and men will love you forever.—*Florence Lyon, Old Lisbon Road, Lewiston, Maine.*

HOWSABOUT IT, EXHIBITORS?

$1 Prize Letter

WHEN Hollywood realizes it's losing millions because seven year old Johnny can't sleep after seeing *The Crusades,* and thirty year old papa and mama are bored to tears over *Humpty Dumpty,* maybe somebody will take a cue from churches and provide separate *simultaneous* entertainment for parents and children.

When we attend church, Junior is no longer required to sit on a hard pew and tear up the song books while Dr. Blank discusses subjects beyond his comprehension. No indeed! He goes to a room resplendent with sandboxes, picture books and music, where he worships according to the dictates of his own intelligence. If churches can provide this arrangement, why can't theatres? While parents witness mature drama in one auditorium, let Junior sit in an adjoining room, where he thrills to pictures produced exclusively for children.

A reward to the exhibitor who opens the first Picture Show Nursery!—*Mrs. Chester Adams, 7721 19th N. E., Seattle, Wash.*

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Step Lively and Live

[*Continued from page 73*]

course, was that of *Little Caesar*. Of it he says: "*Little Caesar* in real life could, quite probably, appear as a bore, a dull, stupid guy. As such he possesses no dramatic interest. But within him there was more. And in my interpretation of him, I tried to show the *Little Caesar* that exists a little bit in all of us. That, I think, is what made him interesting and understandable. I enjoy taking a character like that by the hand, so to speak, and saying to those who come to see the picture, 'Here is the kind of fellow he really is!' "

In the picture just completed, *Thunder in the City,* Robinson is an American ballyhoo artist who tries high-pressure promotion on a conservative English group with hilarious consequences. Originally budgeted around $350,000, the allotment was increased to twice that sum in an enthusiasm on the part of the producers to make the movie bigger and better. With his accustomed liveliness, the star went to work with a vengeance. Not only does he portray the leading character, but has a hand in the story, the supervision of production and the direction.

Now, for Warner Brothers, he plays the part of a fighter's manager in *Kid Galahad,* in which he tops an all-star cast including Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien and Humphrey Bogart. This complete, at least three more await him on the Warner lot for the present year, each reported more exciting than its predecessor. There is still the chance that Robinson will return to the Theatre Guild, to which he gave so many triumphs, for a Fall play. But this would be only an adventure, another experience in a full life, for the star has the highest confidence in the screen as a universal medium of expression. He says:

"I have just returned from abroad where I visited such cities as London, Paris and Copenhagen, each different from the other, and each, indeed, representative of a different type of culture and inhabited by a different variety of humanity. The same pictures were playing in all of them, and French, English and Danish audiences were laughing and crying at the same things which bring tears and smiles to moviegoers in New York, Hollywood, or any place. Human emotions are the same the world over, and while difference in language may be a barrier to understanding and interchange of ideas between people, pictures are understood by all. This is proof enough of the essential brotherhood of all mankind, and it may turn out that the movies will prove to be the force that saves the world from itself by bringing understanding to all.

"History shows that the theatre has been a greater agency for reformation, for the battling of evil, than even literature. And this for the simple reason that men who might not be able to read could still understand the play. This being true, imagine the power of the motion picture, which reaches millions where the stage takes its message to hundreds.

"To me the screen is one of the most important of the modern miracles which we take so lightly because of familiarity. Almost within memory men have been burned as witches for less perplexing magic than the movies, the telephone, radio, aeroplanes, and all the other discoveries of this marvelous age we live in and take so much for granted. With these things coming into our lives every day, this is certainly a time to 'step lively' and to keep abreast of the times."

WINNER!

Permanent Wave given Miss Holiday by Louis Parme, N. Y.

"All My Friends Tell Me How Nice I Look (since I've been using Marchand's)", *says Grace Holiday,* Covington, Ky.

PICTURED above is charming Miss Holiday, MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest winner for March. A most popular girl in Covington, all agree Miss Holiday would be popular anywhere.

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"If I Were Queen"—Myrna Loy

[*Continued from page* 31]

the linen or silver, herself, after they left. She could turn that job over to the servants. Although she might have to count the servants.

Then there would be state receptions—which would be deadly, unless some way (heretofore undiscovered) could be found to make state receptions amusing. But she could always avoid the duller events. Being a movie queen, she would have a stand-in . . .

IF, on the servants' night out, she stacked the dishes for the cook to wash in the morning, she wouldn't be running a risk of losing the cook. She could have a dishwashing machine. In fact, she *would* have one. As Queen, she would, on the whole, try to create jobs for people—but washing dishes is one she would eliminate. And would her subjects love her for it! Particularly those loving husbands who do kitchen-police duty after dinner.

As Queen, she would probably forget to be unapproachable. Although she would very likely insist on having certain hours to herself so that she could grovel in the garden. As Queen, she should certainly have the right to go garden-groveling, if she still thought that weed-pulling was fun. And, being Myrna Loy, she might.

But once in a while, like a heroine in a movie of luxury, she would have breakfast in bed. And have a boudoir, as well as a bedroom. And wear ostrich-trimmed negligees. And have a French maid. And *both* a sunken marble bath and a glass-enclosed shower. She would want to play Queen *once* in a while.

She wouldn't go to the Trocadero on Sunday nights just because it was the current thing to do, or the fashionable place to be seen. But if she felt like going for amusement, she would go. And if the band struck up something like *Pomp and Circumstance* when she entered, she'd probably scream. Wouldn't that surprise everybody? She has a good healthy scream, too—the only left over from the horror-picture days. The salute to the queen would have to be something swingy, really reap her favor. Or something like *The Way You Look Tonight.*

She would abolish any set style of court dress. She wouldn't expect every woman to dress in "the Myrna manner." In fact, if she stayed human, she would be fearfully annoyed if that happened. She would decree that every woman could—and should—wear what best became her, and she wouldn't mean slacks-on-the-street. Those would be outlawed, as too devastating to the female figure.

MYRNA, herself, would go around most of the time in simple sport dresses, minus frippery doodads. Her heels would be medium-low, and her hats medium-exotic. There ought to be something exotic about every woman. And, with Myrna, it could be eyes and hats—among other things. She wouldn't wear ermine all of the time, or even a tenth of the time. Just on those occasions when they rolled out the red velvet carpet.

She would see to it that no employer made one employee do the work of two. She would see that everybody had a job. She would have a minimum-wage law. And a five-day-week—"even for movie stars."

She would want the realm to be as happy and comfortable a place as—as Bill Powell's playroom. That might be a bit difficult to accomplish, but . . . she could call on practically anybody to help her. And would. It would be amusing (and a change!) to be lazy.

In an ideal realm, Bill would be the ideal man for Prime Minister. He may not look much like a minister, but he certainly is in his prime. Sharp-witted, and smooth-tongued. Dignified, but not dull. Persuasive, but not pompous. And no headwaiter can look more elegant in white tie and tails. Where is the statesman, here or abroad, who could make him out—or get one jump ahead of him?

She might rather like to have Earl E. Freeman as Lord High Chancellor. As Yuma's "marrying justice," he got in the habit of judging movie stars at a glance. This office would give him a chance to check up on his middle-of-the-night first impressions. If he'd talk afterward, he ought to be an interesting member of the Cabinet.

Her candidate for Chancellor of the Exchequer might be Adrian. Dealing with figures would be right in his line. He understands them; he knows what to do with them. No matter what a figure might be, he could always make it look better. He would be one man whose designs would be the right kind.

CLARK GABLE should make a good Home Secretary. Heaven only knows what a Home Secretary is *supposed* to do, but she could have Clark visit all the homes in the realm (between pictures), to find out if everybody was happy. No woman would leave him out on the doorstep, like a brush salesman. No woman would resent his asking if he could help her. And no man would resent him, either—although a man might come home from work on time if he knew Clark was there.

There wouldn't be any Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Or Home Affairs, either. Those titles would be too ambiguous. But the realm might be able to use a Secretary for Love Affairs. And Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter, could be It.

There being so few queens left abroad to pick possible fights with, she wouldn't need a War Secretary. But, Hollywood being Hollywood, a Secretary of Peace might come in handy. Francis Lederer believes that peace among all nationalities is possible. She might give him a chance to prove it. Hollywood has them all.

A First Lord of the Admiralty would be necessary if she ever felt like invading the South Seas. (Offhand, could she think of a place she would rather invade, when she had the time?) And Spencer Tracy probably would have the first bid for the post. He used to be in the Navy, and he has a boat.

The Minister of Labor would probably be some assistant director. No one else could possibly have the same experience in persuading all kinds of people, from stars to prop boys, to get to work.

Will Hays, who was a Postmaster-General once, might be one again. But Robert Taylor has possibilities, too. The prospect of Taylor playing Post Office would have box-office appeal in any realm. Even the realm of fancy.

Then there would be the peerage to think about. Myrna would probably change the requirements for winning titles. You couldn't have one just because your father had one. You'd have to earn it, yourself. And she would have titles for women, too. No woman could get a title simply by getting a man—even if he *was* hard to get.

THE noblest of the nobility are the Dukes and Duchesses. It oughtn't to be too easy to become one. You ought to have to be among the ten best actors or actresses in the realm—performance after performance. Paul Muni could have a dukedom, if he wanted one. And Luise Rainer could be a Duchess, if Clifford Odets were willing.

Marquis and Marquise are fancy titles. The requirements ought to be something fancy. Clothes, maybe. The ten smoothest Beau Brummells could be Marquis'; the ten best-dressed women, Marquises. Even if Hollywood became a monarchy, Constance Bennett could still keep her present title. And Joan might win one.

The couples who are happily married never get any publicity. They never get any credit. They deserve recognition. Maybe there ought to be one title that couldn't be obtained in any way *except* by marriage. Make the honeymoon last ten years, in Hollywood, and you ought to be entitled to the titles of Viscount and Viscountess, at the very least. The Cagneys, the Gleasons, the Lloyds would be among the eligibles. ("And, by the way, when a couple married, they'd have a chance to go off on a honeymoon.")

THE ten highest-paid male stars ought to have a title all their own. Baron, maybe—because their bank accounts are so "baron" after they pay their income taxes. And the ten highest-paid female stars could be Baronesses—because they have to spend even more than the men, with wardrobes added to taxes.

The realm would have free speech. But rumors would be illegal. ("I might issue a ukase or two, on occasion, to the effect that romance and marriage *can* be synonymous. And expect to hear no more from the columnists.")

There wouldn't be any politics-playing. It would be against the law to invite someone to a party because he might do a favor for you some day. Cocktail parties would be for fun. So would Sunday evening buffet suppers.

And there could be a nice, juicy, special punishment for people who took themselves too, too seriously. Cells lined with mirrors, and surrounded with phonographs just out of reach, all playing records of other people laughing. That ought to cure them.

Then, there should be a law that nobody could pose except when having photographs taken. Everybody would have to be himself—without temperamental flourishes. It wouldn't be fair, especially if you were a vegetarian, to bite the hand that fed you.

Myrna might have a special use for page boys. She could have them stand outside theatres with their trumpets, tooting at regular intervals, letting people know just how good the pictures were. Five toots for a five-star picture, and one toot for a one-star picture. After a while, all pictures might become so good that there wouldn't be need for bank nights.

Just then an assistant director—a potential Minister of Labor—summoned Myrna back to work.

"How did we do?" asked her all-too-willing courtiers.

"I couldn't do without you," she said, smiling, "—if I were Queen."

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New Orleans, La.—400 N. Rampart St.
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HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry CURLER

A Frenchman's "I" for Beauty

[*Continued from page* 59]

remember having seen a very beautiful French woman at an elaborate formal dance, wearing a blue frock, with her hair tinted to match. It was charming, then, but how awful it would be during the day!"

Men are conservative at heart, you see! They may tell you that you look cute in slacks, but they'd be embarrassed to death, having to escort you into a nice restaurant if you were wearing them!

"Which do you consider more important—the grooming of a woman's hair or the style in which it's worn?" I asked.

"Well, you see—I'm a dog lover. . . ." Fernand replied.

"A *dog* lover?" I gasped, feeling that I was rapidly losing control of the situation.

"Yes," he answered. "Anyone who raises dogs knows that the cleanliness and sleekness of a dog's coat is an indication of his breeding and vitality and the care bestowed on him. . . . So naturally, I think well-cared-for hair is of major importance, in a man or a woman, too."

It had never occurred to me, but there seemed to be something to it! Frequent shampoos and daily brushing are in order for you and Fido both!

IT is probably well for the future of the race that American girls are so athletic; but Fernand sees no other advantage in it. . . . Athletics can be carried so far that womanly charm vanishes, he feels. There's this business of playing so hard at games that a girl gets red and sticky. . . . There's the danger of over-developing leg and arm muscles. And the costumes worn are so often unbecoming to the feminine figure, thinks Gravet. . . . He dislikes ski pants on a woman, and riding habits aren't much better. These outfits are all right for men who are slim-hipped and flat of thigh, but they don't do much for a woman's figure.

He's right, too. I wouldn't want to revert to Victorian days, when women had to go around swathed in ruffles; but I do think the girls of today should be careful to use rear-vision mirrors when they select slacks, shorts, riding clothes or ski suits! The person who started the custom of trousers for men and skirts for women, in the dim past, knew human anatomies pretty well. . . There's nothing funnier looking than a college boy dressed in women's clothes for his part in the student musical show, is there? It's just possible that we gals look quite as ridiculous in tight riding-breeches! Well—it's something to think about, anyway.

Another bit of grooming neglect that doesn't improve a girl's standing with men is the habit of suntanning and then not using a darker make-up to match, Gravet believes. The lady in the sketch offers an allied example of something that annoys men—she's made no attempt to cover the un-tanned areas that was protected by her bathing-suit straps! To make all skin exposed to the public view one smooth, uniform color, there is a special liquid powder, straight from Hollywood, that comes in four shades. It will blend the tone of your arms, neck and back with that of your face, and also impart a delicate finish. . . . I've used it as an invisible shield against sunburn and freckles, and found it most effective. If you want to start the summer right, do send for the name of this dollar product.

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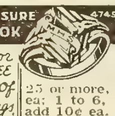

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She lost 6 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips and 6 in. off bust. She lost avoidable reducible overweight and regularized elimination.

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M GRAVET has noticed that lipstick with a greasy, coated look begins to smear, after the soup course, spoiling the prettiest gal's charm. That's sometimes the fault of the lipstick, of course, sometimes the careless way it's applied. Do write to me for the name of a lipstick that would stay on all the way through a Roman banquet. . . . It's a lovely color, suitable for blondes or brunettes, and "strong" enough to "stand up" under electric lights. Apply it generously, then outline the edges with a lip brush, let the color set, and bite on a bit of tissue. Result: your lips look smooth and fine-textured, not greasy, and you can forget about them fór the rest of the evening. This lipstick costs only $1 and is sold widely.

No matter how pretty a girl's ankles, they don't attract him if there's a shadow of a wrinkle in her hose, Fernand says. . . . Now there's only one way to be *sure* your hose look like a second skin at all times, and that is to wear a girdle with supporters. I thought elastic garters went out with that horrible below-the-knee roll; but judging from the number of sloppy socks I see trudging along the street, there must be some of them left.

If you refuse to wear a girdle because you're just a wraith, don't be fooled! A girdle will streamline your bony angles, making your clothes look heaps better. If you refuse because you think they're uncomfortable, then you've never worn the new type girdle made of elastic net! This whiff of nothing is made by a well-known and reputable manufacturer, and although it doesn't *look* as durable as a chiffon hankie, it will last and last, launder and launder. It gives your curves just the right amount of restraint and streamlining, feels like a glove and keeps your hose looking like a lady's. Price is moderate, size and color range wide. Want the name?

FERNAND, sophisticated Continental that he is, likes to see colored nail polish on a woman's hands. It makes them more dramatic, seems to glorify the shape and size of the hands, he believes. All he asks is that it harmonize instead of clash with the frock worn, and show no signs of chipping. There's an inexpensive but lasting polish on the market that comes in three new "misty" shades. . . . The palest is a rose-beige that goes well with browns, green and that high favorite for Spring—Beige; there's a medium rose shade that looks grand with blue and grey, always popular Spring shades, and a lively cherry-toned lacquer that is perfect with black, white and evening pastels. You can buy all three for 60 cents, for they're only 20 cents a bottle. I'll be happy to furnish the name.

Fernand likes the way American girls keep their hair done in crisp, buoyant curls at the neckline. It's a flattering, feminine style and much nicer than a cropped effect, he thinks. I agree with him, provided the curls *are* crisp and neat, and not bedraggled. It's not difficult to keep them neat, if you put them up every other night on comfortable curlers. . . I've just discovered some that come in such a variety of lengths and thicknesses that they can cope with any texture or length of hair—from tiny wisps to thick strands. . . . They're of light, perforated metal (for quicker drying) and fasten firmly by means of a little red ball that slips into one end of the hollow tube. Ridiculously cheap at a few pennies. A stamped envelope will bring you the name and, incidentally, any other information you want on how to improve your looks!

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A HUNTER You Will Go

[*Continued from page* 46]

getting anything. There was only one real opportunity that I knew of and that was to accept a partnership in a sheep-ranching venture in Australia. This had come about through a buddy of mine in the trenches. Then, luckily, I met my brother, and without knowing it he helped me make up my mind about my future.

"Yes, that does sound rather odd, doesn't it: 'I met my brother'—just as though I had never been introduced to him before. But that's precisely the way it was, I assure you. You see all of us—and there were seven in the family (I was the seventh)—were raised in Capetown, South Africa, but when I was still just a baby my older brother, Kenneth, had struck out on his own. He became an actor; he acted in England for a while, and then went to America. And he was still in America when I went to England during the early part of the war years. After the war he came back, and I returned from the front, and so you see, that really was the first time we had ever met.

"I remember I walked into the house and Mother said, 'Ian, I want you to meet your brother,' and we shook hands—all just as formally as that! After a while we got to talking and I could see that he had fared well on the stage and I realized then that a stage career might be my salvation. I didn't tell any of them of any plans that night, but the next day I applied at a theatrical office.

"I suppose it's very undramatic to say that I walked out with a job . . . I suppose it would be a better story if I told you that it took months and months of starvation before I got anything . . . but that's the way it happened. I did get a job right then and there. Of course it wasn't much of a job, as parts or salary go, but it was a start. I received five pounds a week, and I played fifteen characters, all in the same play . . . just bits. Walk ons, and horses' hooves off, mostly, and a few sailors and peasants thrown in. The five pounds wasn't much to live on, but I managed to get along.

"OH, YES, I had to be on my own all right. The family never really had much money . . . it was different in Capetown, but that was before my father died. He was a wine merchant and very successful and we had the usual advantages offered children in English colonies . . . good schooling, and a pleasant social life. Only I never cared very much for either. I spent all my time hanging around the water, watching the Malay fishermen, learning about their boats and delving into their lives. They were much more interesting to me than anything the colony had to offer and I had a passion for boats.

"Of course, anyone who has a boat mania also has a lot of wanderlust and devil-may-care in him, and I guess I am no exception. During those early years of my career on the stage I naturally progressed to better parts and bigger salaries, but I'm sure that I would have progressed much faster if I hadn't always hankered to spend every hundred pounds, the instant I had saved it. I was always running off to Scotland, or Ireland, and sometimes I'd be away months at a time—when I should have been in London doing a play.

"Another thing, unless I was personally interested in a play, personally thought it good, I always found excuses for not doing it. Of course I didn't have any business

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being as choosey as all that—in a long career you have to do the good plays as well as the bad—but, unfortunately, I was never very good at donkey work; a lazy happy-go-lucky life was always more appealing.

"After I married, though, it was a little different . . . I buckled down. My wife was an actress, too—which helped, because that gave me a double interest in the theatre. Her professional name was Casha Pringle, and we did a number of plays together. In fact we met in one, *Spring 1600*. . . . No, that is not a telephone number," and Ian smiled his nice crinkly-eyed smile. "At least in this case it was meant as the Spring of the year, 1600 . . . but I understand though, that in New York that is the telephone number of the city jail or some such place! Oh yes, it was a romance from the word go. That was over twelve years ago . . . and we're still married and still happy.

"She gave up her career about four years ago . . . she just decided she'd rather spend all her time with the boys. We have two of them you know, and I think it was a good decision. After all, children grow up so fast and what's the use of having them if you can't care for them yourself? I never realized how much they meant to me, every hour, every day, until they signed me to come to Hollywood for pictures, and Casha and I came alone and left them in England. I only had a one-picture contract then, so it seemed the best thing, but the minute I signed up for a long term, we sent for them. Still, contract or no, I'd never do that again. It was too long and there were too many miles between us."

IT'S strange . . . usually when an actor owns up to a wife and two children he loses some of his charm, some of his allure, for the feminine fans. But in Ian's case it's quite the opposite. His feeling for his family is quite in keeping with the rest of his character—tender, protective, sympathetic. You'd *expect* a man with as much stability and sincerity to have a family . . . and his home-happiness is doubtless one of the things which has enriched his personality.

Still, though, he owns up to them in print, the members of Ian's family never obviously own up to him around the studio . . . that is, his wife seldom visits him on the set, as many movie wives do; his boys never make a nuisance of themselves barging in to have luncheon with him in the studio dining room. Ian's work is all very professional and remote from his private life, as it should be. In the same way his private life is not spent in mixing with Hollywood's "professional" society. The Hunters live at the beach, at Santa Monica, all the year 'round. They swim, play tennis, go horseback riding, and boating . . . all very athletic and very English . . . and they entertain very little. Long evenings at home, around a blazing fire, with good books to read—this is the most they ask.

While Ian pretends that his career isn't of vital importance, that being an actor holds no great and overwhelming interest, however, director Archie Mayo put another light on it, and in so doing paid him a most unusual compliment: "Ian is one of the most sincere and workmanlike actors I've ever known . . . and the most modest," he said. "He's the only actor I know who ever bothers to look at other actors' rushes—most of them only want to know how they are doing—Ian wants to know how the picture is doing, too, and that is unheard of in this town! Interest and sincerity to the nth degree . . . it's the thing that will get him right to the top in Hollywood!" —

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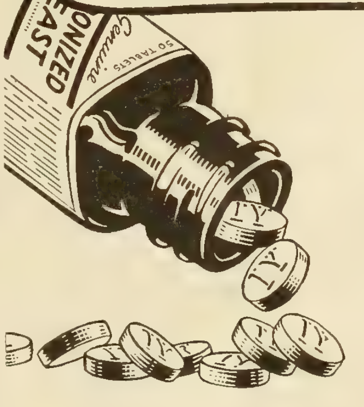

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1 can BREAST-O'-CHICKEN *Tuna* *4 tbsp. fat*
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½ cup mushrooms, sliced *Few grains pepper*
2½ cups milk

Heat fat, add flour and pepper, mixing well. Add milk gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Shred BREAST-O'-CHICKEN tuna and crush potato chips. Combine all ingredients, saving out a few potato chips to sprinkle on top. Pour into a greased casserole, sprinkle with remaining potato chips. Bake in moderate oven for about thirty minutes or until top is browned.

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Boles—Not a Ballyhooer

[*Continued from page* 35]

weaknesses. Not to be morbidly introspective, but in an effort to overcome them. When I was in high-school, for example, I realized for the first time that I was overtimid. So I forced myself to do something that was foreign to my nature—entered a public speaking contest, simply because the thought of facing an audience frightened me to death. I was so scared that I wouldn't let my father and mother come. The five minutes before I went on was an eternity of terror. If I could have done it without disgracing myself, I'd have run away. But once I was on, I found that it wasn't so bad —that your imagination can do worse things to you than any fact. And it felt pretty good when the principal told me next day I'd won honorable mention.

"Not that it's easy for me even today to face an audience. But if I hadn't found the courage to do it as a boy, I might never have found the courage to do it at all. Now, at personal appearances, I play a little game with myself. I tell myself: 'They wouldn't be out there, if they didn't feel some friendly interest in you.' And as I walk out, I pretend I'm not in a theatre but in my home, entertaining a group of friends. It seems to work all right." How all right is evidenced by the fact that a recent two weeks' engagement was extended to three months.

NOT until lack of funds interfered with his boyhood dream of being a doctor, did he give any thought to earning a living with his voice. It was an asset that neither he nor anyone else had taken seriously—not even the old ladies of Gainesville, Texas, who would stop him on the street to say: "We all enjoyed your singing at the school last night. You have a mighty pretty voice, John."

His father knew little about voices, but he knew and respected his son. And when John told him that he wanted to go to New York to study singing, his father said: "If that's what you want to do, go ahead and do it," and advanced him $600 to start with.

Even then he had no fixed plan beyond a summer's study. "But I was Scotch enough to be practical and Irish enough to be optimistic. The Irishman in me felt: 'There's always something waiting around the corner.' The Scotsman said: 'It's up to you to get round that corner, and grab what's waiting.' In other words, I believed that the Lord helps those who help themselves. I still believe it. For some reason, even as a boy, I felt an active fear of destitution. I wanted to make money, not for power or possessions, but because of the independence money brings. So I went to New York with no more definite idea than to keep my eyes and ears peeled for opportunity."

At the end of the summer, his money gone, his singing teacher asked him: "What are you going to do this winter?"

"I don't know."

"How would you like to teach French and music in a Glens Falls high-school?"

"It would be a godsend."

During his two years in Glens Falls, he acted as business manager for his teacher. His business instinct developed. Or, differently put, he began more and more consciously to live by the rule that the Lord helps those who help themselves. He conceived and put through the idea of organizing a group of fifty students for a year's study of music abroad, in return for which he got the trip and his own tuition free.

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LANDING back in New York broke, he walked the streets of Broadway and sang for every producer in the business. "What's your experience?" they asked. "None," he answered. "No experience, no job," they said in effect. How to help himself now? There seemed only one way, and he took it. "I manufactured myself some experience, and when the next producer barked, 'What have you done?' I told him, moving it far enough west so he couldn't check on it."

That did the trick. He was signed for the romantic lead in what proved to be the season's musical hit, *Little Jessie James,* with Miriam Hopkins playing the ingenue. He was so green that he didn't know upstage from down. "Here's where you walk upstage," said the director, and Boles promptly marched himself down to the footlights.

He screwed his courage to the sticking point, stopped thinking, and walked out on his opening night in a daze, much as he'd walked out to the high-school platform for his public speaking contest. This time he won more than honorable mention, but he still couldn't take it in. Some two weeks later he woke up to the fact that he, John Boles, the boy with the "pretty voice" from Gainesville, Texas, was singing hit songs in a hit show on Broadway. That night they almost had to carry him out.

Gloria Swanson spotted him in a trifle called *Kitty's Kisses,* and engaged him for pictures on the strength of his personality, for this was still in the silent days and his voice cut no ice. But sound was already in the air. A technician took Boles into a projection room to hear "one of those new talking pictures," and when he came out, he knew what was waiting around the next corner, and prepared to meet it.

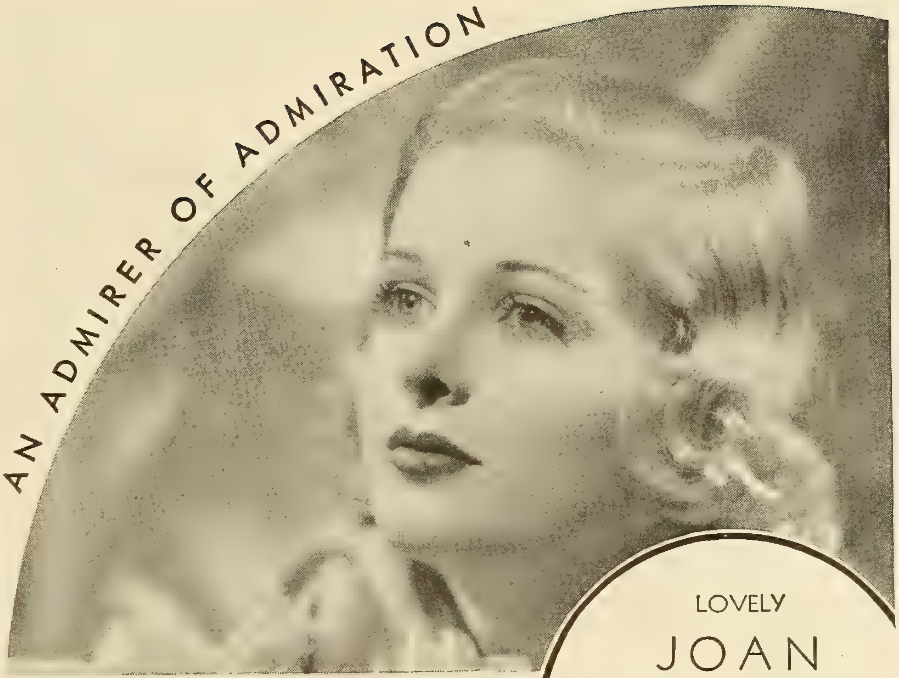
In those days they had atmosphere orchestras on the sets, playing *Hearts and Flowers* to help the heroine squeeze out a tear or two. "I made it a point," says Boles, "to be where the orchestra was, and between scenes I'd entertain whoever happened to be standing around with a song or two. I like to sing and I like to entertain my fellowmen, but I'm frank to admit that it wasn't pure love of either that prompted my warblings."

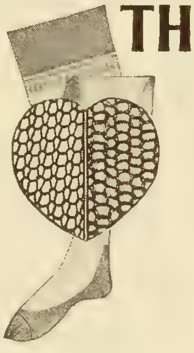
It wasn't long after that Roy del Ruth was hunting a singing lead for *The Desert Song.* He finally signed Boles. "What I like about the guy," said the ordinarily taciturn Mr. del Ruth in the longest speech he has ever been known to make, "is that he hasn't got forty thousand agents prancing around, telling people how good he is. I heard about him from the fellows who'd worked on his sets—prop-men, electricians, who hadn't any axe to grind." Mr. Boles grinned, and let it go at that.

HE DOESN'T know yet whether he's to sing in his next picture. "It's up to Universal," he said. "If they want me to sing, I'd love it. If not, I can always sing for myself." I thought I detected a shade of wistfulness in his voice, but he refused to go beyond the smiling admission that he "might be disappointed if they didn't let me sing once in a while." His fans would certainly be disappointed, if his recent tour is any criterion.

From Texas to Canada their first question was the same. "When are you going to sing again on the screen?"

Apart from his voice, his appeal lies in an impression of combined gentleness and strength. I once heard a girl sum it up this way: "I'd like to put my head on his shoulder and tell him all my troubles. Just a look at his face makes me feel he could magic them away."





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Getting Away From BETTE DAVIS

[*Continued from page* 33]

out a lot of coins, mumbling queer terms like 'two bob, two an' thruppence' and so on, and finally handed it to Ham. ''Ere's yer chynge, guv'nor,' he said, and Ham looked at it and put it in his pocket, after giving the cabby a tip. And so we went upstairs.

"I noticed Ham was quiet as we went to bed. I turned out the lights, and there wasn't a sound from his side of the room. I reasoned he'd gotten pretty tired, and was fast asleep already. So I turned over and started to sleep. And then, all of a sudden, out of the silence and the darkness from Ham's side of the room, came a blistering fulmination: 'Why, the blankety-blank-blank!!!—*he short-changed me two shillings!*'

"It had taken poor Ham a full hour- and-a-half to figure it all out, but his New England financial conscience wouldn't let him go to sleep until he had. And all the rest of our stay in London, Ham kept looking for that same cabby—but he never found him again."

IF ALL you know is what you read in the papers, as grand old Will Rogers used to say, then you might have an idea that Bette did nothing at all in England but go to court, and give out interviews. But the truth is that she and Ham managed to stow away one grand lot of fun.

Like a couple of school-kids on a holiday, they traipsed to the darndest places—to London's "Coney Island"; to Convent Garden market; to the Lancashire back-country; to a hundred-and-one places that the usual tourists don't go. Bette, for the first time in years, got away from Bette Davis.

"I was able to feel in England, more often than in America, that I had left my movie identity behind. The English, once you are out of London, have that ineradicable English reserve. Even if they do recognize you, they don't intrude on you. And I was able to have fun and go where I wished and do as I pleased without being surrounded by autograph-hunters and curiosity-seekers."

She went to Lancashire because she had always wanted to hear the famous Lancashire dialect spoken as is. With a couple of friends, she went to an old English pub there, hoping that some men of the countryside would come in and start talking. Finally, after a few hours of waiting, plus good old English ale, in stalked one of those pictures-from-Punch characters. Bette leaped at him with a whoop of joy, and nearly scared the old man's head off.

"I'm an American," she crowed, "and I want to hear a Lancashireman talk. Come and talk with me."

And that, she admits, was a darn fool trick. "It just shut him up like a clam," she whooped, "and it took so much ale to loosen his tongue again, that by the time he really got to talking to me, his Lancashire tongue was so thick that I couldn't understand a word he said!"

There's a hotel clerk at an English seaside resort who still doesn't believe that the nice lady and gentleman who stopped at his place were Americans. Bette and Ham had gone there for a week-end, and when they registered, the clerk inquired:

"My I awsk your nationality?"

"We are Americans," replied Bette, in that carefully modulated, cultivated voice of hers.

"But really, I sye, you cawn't be Uhmeddic'ns, y'know!"

"Why not?" demanded Bette.

"Because, ahfter all, you don't talk like Uhmeddic'ns. *ALL* Uhmeddic'ns talk like this—" (and then he screwed his mouth over to one side, and twanged through his nose: 'Well, I guess it's a swell day, ain't it, pard?')

Bette and Ham went into gales of laughter. "But we *are* Americans," she finally told him, "and *all* Americans *don't* talk like that."

But the clerk merely smiled superciliously, and when they left, he was still convinced that Bette and Ham were a couple of Britishers, spoofing him a bit.

"You know, I think the most unpopular activity I carried on over there was my one-girl campaign to make them change their monetary system. I couldn't learn their system, so I insisted on converting them to ours. But they're still unconverted. Ah, me!"

DESPITE her kidding, Bette really admires the British hugely. "I came away with a vast respect for them. For their reserve; for their dignity; for their friendliness.

"Friendliness, yes. It doesn't seem so at first, but it's there. You've got to get past the reserve, first. During the trial of my suit, I hid away in a little out-of-London hotel, for a while, to rest. Of course, everybody there knew who I was. In America, I would have been surrounded by questioners, self-appointed friends, and so on. But do you know that I sat there in that hotel lobby, and diningroom, and porches for three solid weeks, all alone, without a soul talking to me or even approaching me or even looking at me!! I felt like a pariah, and thought I was being snubbed because of the publicity, or something. But all of a sudden, as though a probationary period had ended, the reserve vanished—and I found myself in as warm and as friendly a circle of real friends as anyone could ask. Let them thaw out their own reserve, and they are lovely. But if I had made the first move to approach any of them—the ice would have been all over England!"

In the shops, too, she found a friendliness and a camaraderie that is lacking in America. Shopkeepers and clerks—"clarks"—show an amazing solicitude for patrons' likes and feelings. "Why—horrible as it is to admit it, Ham had a bit of a hangover one day," Bette giggled. "So, we went into a chemists' shop (they don't call them drugstores, you know) and Ham asked the clerk for something to fix him up.

"To fix you up, sir?" asked the "clark," bewildered at the term. So Ham explained, in basic English, that he'd had a bit too much of something or other the night before. The "clark's" eyes opened in understanding and compassion. He called another "clark." They called the proprietor. The proprietor called another frock-coated man. They went into a huddle, as though they were conferring over a serious operation. Finally, with all supervising, one of them compounded the gosh-darndest mixture Bette and Ham had ever seen.

"Now take this, and you'll feel fine," said the "clark" to Ham. Not without trepidation at the queer stuff, Ham gulped it. In two minutes, the "clark's" promise came true—every trace of grief had gone from Ham's nerves. And they wouldn't take a penny for it!

BUT beauty shops?—well, Bette prefers the good old USA kind. She tried a London one, for a manicure. "And will you want varnish, lady?" asked the girl who worked on her.

"Varnish?" gasped Bette. In Hollywood, "varnish" means either varnish or liquor. She wanted neither, and told the girl so. The girl showed Bette a bottle of nail-enamel. "This is varnish, lady," she explained. So Bette amended, and said yes she'd take some varnish. The girl went to work, and applied the varnish. Not only to Bette's nails, but liberally to finger tips and as far down, here and there, as the outer knuckle. Bette was too astonished to pull her hands away.

Finally, the girl said: "There, miss; that's done. Of course, I'm a bit new at this, y'know—and that isn't so very nice and clean, is it, lady? But if you don't let people get too close, you know, they really won't notice it, eh?"

Bette kept her hands clenched in two tight fists until she could get back to the hotel and do her own "varnishing."

AND in London, too, the newspapermen gave her a lesson in How Hollywood *Should* Dress.

"I was much too concerned with my court affairs to worry about dress," says Bette, "so, after having been photographed and interviewed in court the first day, I showed up the next day, wearing the same simple sports suit. I noticed a decided coolness and eyebrow-raising. The third day, I wore the same thing. That evening, our hotel room phone rang.

"Miss Davis," said a voice, "this is so-and-so of the Evening Something-or-other. Would you mind wearing something different into court tomorrow? Really, we expect Hollywood stars to dress better than you have, y'know. . . !"

The British courts leave Bette deep in respect. "I have nothing but the most profound admiration for them," she insisted. "They decided against me, but they decided honestly. And, anyway, in a British courtroom, you get a sense of dignity and of force and power that doesn't exist in American courts. All those wigs and robes and pomp and ceremony might *sound* funny—and maybe look funny, over here—but in Britain, they are awesome. I'll never forget my experience in English courts of law—and I don't mean that I'll look on that experience with resentment, either."

AND now, all the English experience is behind—the sorrow and the struggle of the courts; the thrill of new experiences and sights; the fun of ludicrous adventures and events; all the varicolored pattern of as hectic and as experience-crammed a few months as Bette Davis has ever had or hopes to have. It's all in memory. Out of that memory, Bette has washed all bitterness, and all unpleasantness.

"I've found peace of mind. I'm anxious to work. From now on, I never want to talk about it again. It's past; the future alone is what counts. My one remaining, dominant emotion is joy—joy at finding my friends are all still my friends, at finding I've got work to do, and a chance to do it with full friendliness and co-operation from all sides, top to bottom.

"You know, in London, in the midst of it all, George Arliss and his wife came to visit me." (It was George Arliss, you fans remember, who really gave Bette the biggest start her career had, when he took her for his leading woman.)

"Mr. Arliss, with that rich wisdom of age and experience that is his, talked to me, like a father. He helped me to a more sensible viewpoint on some of the questions that were tormenting me. He urged me to go back to Hollywood, and work out my salvation. He told me that he, himself, wishes he can come back to Hollywood to make pictures, rather than stay in England. His kindliness, his advice, his baring of his own wish to return to America, made me realize that I could find a rich contentment in returning to work at Burbank."

AND so, here she is, back and working. She's thinner—I've never seen Bette so thin. But she's alive—tremendously and vitally alive. There's a fire about her that glows through all she says and does. Ham is not with her now. He's in New York, learning the business end of the music business. He's going to stop leading an orchestra and crooning, and he's going to get on the other side of the desk. It's a grand restart for him. In a few months, he will open a Hollywood office for the big music firm he's working with. And then Bette will have refound happiness, in a richer sense than she's known it before, she now admits. London's battle taught her half of it; the lack of Ham during these days of enforced absence taught her another. Soon she'll have bigger and better pictures, and she'll have a real home and more time to be with her husband.

"I don't know that I'll ever, ever ask for anything more," she said. And she wasn't laughing, that time.

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YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!
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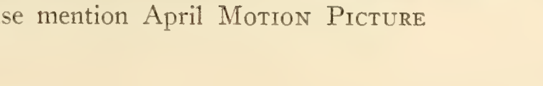
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Jeanette MacDonald's Advice to Girls in Love

[*Continued from page 37*]

"I'd certainly advise girls to demonstrate at least a touch of domesticity now and again. Even if it kills them," laughed Jeanette, "even if they have to take a course in 'Ten Easy Lessons.' I can only speak for myself—and *I* do."

She does, too. Almost every Thursday night Gene and his brother, Jeanette and her mother have dinner together. Sometimes they have it at Jeanette's home. And when they do, Jeanette cooks the dinner. "It's a kind of showing off, of course," Jeanette laughed again, "I do one or two dishes rather well. The others, not so well. I've had some dismal failures but we've had a lot of laughs."

As a matter of fact, Jeanette believes, it isn't the way things turn out that is important. What is important is that the man sees the woman he loves in traditional poses, bending over the stove, sifting flour, wearing an apron, doing the things which are, still, a part of his racial consciousness so to speak. There is something subtly reassuring to a man in the sight of a woman in the kitchen. A kind of inner glow of 'all's well with the world.' Even if the little woman is an actress, an aviatrix, a business executive or what-not she is still in the kitchen and things are, safely, as they always were. Men cling to traditions far more tenaciously than women do . . .

"Then, too," Jeanette said consideringly, "if a woman can manage to act a little timid occasionally it can do no harm. But only if she is the type. I couldn't," laughed Jeanette, "I couldn't possibly get away with jumping onto a chair and screaming or fainting at sight of a mouse. I'm too tall. I'd look ridiculous. Not to mention how I would feel. Besides, I *like* mice. And besides again, I can't faint! But skipping the mice one can always manage a telling shudder over a snake or shrink a little at an —an elephant or something!

"WHEN you think of it," said Jeanette, "the two greatest women stars the screen has ever had have been two of the most appealingly feminine, *most* feminine women on the screen—Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor. That is indicative of something. It serves to indicate, I think, that men like to feel that they are our protectors. And we women of today, strong-minded, 'emancipated,' free to live our own lives, really like to feel that men *are* protective, one way or another. And so, if you can't faint at sight of a mouse—or even an elephant—you *can* say 'what do *you* think?' now and again.

"Be different once in awhile, too. That's important. I mean, in little ways. Change the way you do your hair every so often. Use a different make-up. Be sun-tanned for a time, then veer off to a lily-white. Try to ring as many changes as possible on the one person and personality which is all any of us have to do with. We try to change the period and type of our furnishings now and then. It's a good idea to change the period and type of our personalities, too.

"And don't be alone, together, too much or too often, even though you are in love and, naturally, prefer to be alone. Don't be just two little people together and exclude the world. For the world and other people bring out different facets of your personality, enlarge and enrichen you and make all the more rare and precious the adventure of being alone. Gene and I are alone very seldom . . ."

THEY are alone very seldom, Jeanette and Gene, if casual glimpses of them here and there mean anything . . . for they've been seen at the symphony concerts together, usually with another couple. They've been seen dining and dancing with Ginger Rogers and Jim Stewart, the Johnny Mack Browns and other friends. Thursdays are their "family" evenings. And when either or both are working and the program is demanding they do their "calling" by telephone and retire early.

"Which makes it all the more exciting to be alone together," Jeanette said.

Just then a message arrived from Gene. And the message was that though this was Thursday night couldn't they, just once, run away and have dinner all by themselves? And Jeanette's smile and Jeanette's eyes said that, of course, they could and that it would be in the nature of an adventure and wasn't it fun of Gene to send the message in this round-about way . . . ?

"And it's so important, too, not to be too obvious," Jeanette said. "I mean—I'll have to quote from Gene again—the morning of the day we started *Maytime* a box of sweetheart roses was delivered to me on the set. No card was enclosed. That evening I said to Gene 'Do you know someone sent me sweetheart roses this morning, I can't think who . . .' Gene said 'I don't know that I care for that, now that we are engaged you know . . .' " Adolescent by-play, of course, since Jeanette knew perfectly well who had sent them to her and Gene knew that she knew. But it was fun and—well, that's the laughter of romance, that nonsense sort of thing. "If you can't be 'kinder' silly now and then—watch out!" said Jeanette. Then, every morning of the production, faithfully and fragrantly, the sweetheart roses arrived. And this is what Jeanette meant: It was so much more significant, so much less obvious for Gene to send those clusters of sweetheart roses daily than it would have been if he had just sent the customary mammoth basket of flowers when the picture ended . . .

"IT'S so important, I think, to be surprising now and then. Not always to run too deadly true to form. I most certainly do not believe in a girl changing her personality for the man she loves. Love is a clever alchemist and works the necessary modifications in both personalities. But for a man to fall in love with a girl as she is and then try to change her into something she isn't and *someone he didn't fall in love with at all* is manifestly absurd. Don't ever submerge the personality with which, originally, he fell in love.

"I wouldn't dare to give advice to other girls on the question of giving up careers or not giving up careers for marriage. That is too much a matter of the individual. It depends on too many things, conditions and circumstances. But I should say that there should be no fear of a woman's career causing trouble, misunderstanding or jealousy if the man you love is equally ambitious, himself, and as intensely interested in his own career as the girl is in hers."

Again I knew that Jeanette was speaking of her own personal experience. For I do know that Gene is proud of Jeanette's career. I know it by the way his face lights up when someone praises something she has done. I've been at previews of Jeanette's pictures and have caught a flash of Gene's hand squeezing Jeanette's when, at a song's end, the audience breaks into involuntary applause.

"Gene proves my point," continued Jeanette (proving mine, also). "He has his own work. He hasn't scratched the surface as yet of what he can do and will do. He has never, I think and *he* knows, done the type of thing he should do, is trained to do, equipped and qualified to do. He should be playing the adventure type of picture—Sabatini roles—he is an expert fencer and boxer. He rides like an unleashed wind. He has a magnificent physique and in costume parts, gallant, reckless swashbuckling roles he would be superb.

"Which leads me to something I've always felt, or not felt. I've never believed that old *cliche* about 'opposites attracting.' Opposite physical types may attract but it is, or should be, only skin deep. *Don't,* if you can help it, fall in love with a man who doesn't share your interests, laugh at the things you laugh at, ache for the same wrongs. Why, the thing that drew Gene and me together in the first place was music. I couldn't conceive of marrying a man who didn't share my love of music. We'd be *strangers,* such a man and I. Gene does share it. He is himself an accomplished musician. He plays. He sings. He composes music and writes lyrics. We play together and sing songs together whole evenings through and have wonderful times . . . Then, of course, we both love the screen. Our careers are individual but speak the same language. We both love to ride. We both read the same books. We are not opposites at all, thank Heaven. We are 'sames,' if there be such a thing.

"LOVE is an emotion, yes. But *an emotion alone is not enough.* That is why I have often said that I do not believe in too young, too adolescent, marriages. Thousands of men and women can and do have emotions about mere shadows on the screen. But emotion divorced from the realities is too nebulous, too rootless, too floating a thing.

"I should advise girls, contrary to many opinions and the theories of many novels, *never to try to make the man they love jealous.* If you have to stoop to this inferior emotion, if he needs more excitement than his trust and confidence in you can give him—for goodness' sake, *don't marry him.* If a man needs to be jealous in order to keep interested, if you like to make him jealous—which means, really, that *you like to cause him suffering*—well, your love is built on sand and it *will shift.* You won't have to make any effort in that direction.

"I don't mean by this that once you are in love, or even engaged, you should suddenly and miraculously become deaf, dumb and blind to all other living men. Of course not. To admire and to be admired is part of every woman's birthright and every man's, too, for the matter of that. It's right for a man to know that other men admire the woman he loves, but admiration and amorousness are leagues away and a world apart. I know," said Jeanette, "that I act no differently now when we go out, go to parties, than I did before we were engaged.

"I am afraid," laughed Jeanette amusedly, "that the girl who is always 'watching a man's pennies' for him is making a great mistake. I don't mean by this that a girl should allow her fiance or her husband to spend more than he can afford, to run into debt. But I do believe that to expect attentions, entertainment from a man is good for both of you, most of all for the man. Men were born expecting to entertain a girl, do things for her, make her happy. It makes a man feel necessary and important and right. I've yet to see the man who really appreciates the woman who saves and scrimps and economizes for him. They don't know it, men, but such an attitude, such a practice, is really a subtle blow at their self-esteem. It's an innocent reminder that they are falling down on their job. Let a man do things for you . . . he loves it . . . "

Jeanette (who may sing at the Met one of these days soon) was called to the phone. Time for her daily singing lesson. Then time to rehearse for her radio broadcast. Then time for a photographic sitting. Then . . . but "I don't know that I have been much help," Jeanette was saying, pulling a small cinnamon brown hat over her cinnamon gold hair, "but I do know, I *am* sure, that it is necessary to work at love, at romance, at being in love and being loved, as it is necessary to work at anything we hold precious in our lives. And be feminine . . . the wife, the potential mother, is still what man seeks in woman no matter what her 'other career' may be . . .

"I think," said Jeanette, a picture framed by the sun-gilded doorway, "I think if we work at love for the joy of working, if we are feminine, if we have confidence, the one in the other, if we make lovely memories, there will be poetry and perfume and permanence through all the years to come. . . . "

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From Coal Mines to Gold Mines

[*Continued from page* 39]

Taylor, believe it or not, had to play second fiddle in her love-life. And suppose she married you and turned out to be even more wonderful and adorable and swell as a wife than she was as your sweetheart . . . !

Wouldn't you, like Allan Jones, figure that you'd had your share of heaven, already? And if the studio came to you and added that your next role would be the lead in *Firefly* opposite Jeanette MacDonald —sure road to stardom!—would you ask much more of life? Of course not. Neither is Jones.

And so permit me to present, screen fans, the Happiest Man in Hollywood—this Allan Jones of Scranton, coal-mine canary who made good in a big way.

By and by, in this story, I'm going to present, too, his wife, who was Irene Hervey before she up and married him. I don't need to re-hash for you the hectic story of Irene and Allan and Bob Taylor. The news columns and the radio that bring you your Hollywood gossip told you plenty about that triangle—and so you know how, in the long run, the heart-fluttering Mr. Taylor passed out of the picture, and Allan Jones won the fair lady. That's been one of Hollywood's loveliest idylls.

BUT before I tell you about that, I want to go back into Allan's earlier struggles, because, for one thing, the contrast will make the present picture more brilliant. And, too, there's a story about Jones that you've never heard before—and it's too priceless not to be told. . . . It happened in Deauville, some years ago, when Jones, having saved $1,500 out of a sixteen-hour-a-day seat at the steam shovel controls, took his courage in his hands and went abroad to study music, after some study on this side. He was good enough to get himself a spot with the Deauville summer opera, which just about paid for his room and his meals and his *vin rouge*, and left him a few extra *francs* to travel to Paris, now and then, to absorb some more music.

What he needed, however, was the "patron" that is so necessary to a music student's career. It's axiomatic in the world of the concert stage, and opera, that even if your voice be magnificent, and even if you have courage to match, still you may fall far short of the goal unless some great figure—great either in the world of music or in other world affairs—takes you in hand and charts your course. But no such patron stepped into the empty spot in Jones' life.

One night, however, when he was wiping the grease-paint off his cheeks in his Deauville dressing-room, a figure from an Oppenheim novel stepped through the door.

"M'sieu Zhones?" it asked, with a flourish.

"Uh huh," huh-huhed the American Allan Jones, and went on wiping his face.

"I am Raoul Duval," the stranger went on. Jones almost expected to see Mata Hari appear from under the newcomer's opera cloak. She didn't. The stranger merely asked: "Will you do me the honor to partake of cocktails wiz me?"

Jones did him the honor. And learned that M. Duval, a Frenchman with an Oxford education, was the husband of a wealthy American woman, and that they entertained many great world figures at their palace. Daily rendezvous with Duval followed for Jones, and one evening, Duval suggested that Jones come to the Duval mansion, meet Mme. Duval—and sing a few songs, perhaps. . . .

BUT imagine Allan's surprise when he appeared and found the house crowded with guests wearing evening clothes, gold braids, ornaments, red-ribbons across shirt-fronts, monocles, diamonds—just the setting of a king's reception or an ambassadors' ball. Jones' knees played a castanet solo. They did double time when an imperious dame was presented to him—"the Marquise de Polignac!" Titles slithered through his ears. Jones, who'd expected a quiet little evening with the Duvals, was stunned. When a grey-haired woman was introduced to him as just "Mrs. Armstrong," he was relieved. But only for a moment. She fastened him with a glittering eye. "Well," she snapped, "what are you prepared to sing for me, Mister Jones?" It wasn't just a question, it was a challenge. Jones' temper rose at the tone.

"Nothing particular," he snapped.

"What? Haven't you arranged a program?"

"No," snapped Jones. The woman glared at him.

"Why, the idea!!!" she exclaimed, and swished off.

Jones turned to the man who was to play the piano for him. "Say," he demanded, "who is this old dame, anyway—and who does she think she is, talking to me like that?" The accompanist didn't answer, merely pushed the grand piano into place. Just as he struck the first notes, and Jones' knees aquiver, stepped to the platform before that great glittering assembly, the grey-haired Mrs. Armstrong barged imperiously to the front of the picture, waving her finger at him.

"No, no, no, no," she said, loudly. "Not there, Mister Jones, not there. Stand over there, instead!" Exasperated, Jones almost shouted a few American cracks at her. He checked his tongue just in time to avoid shocking the gathering, but as he obeyed the imperious dame, he demanded of his accompanist:

"Listen—if that whaddayucaller butts in once more, I walk off, see? She can't get in my hair that way!"

The pianist laughed, and Jones only had time for a moment to wonder why before he had to sing. He poured his voice into that singing, and fired it, too, with the heat of his rage at the grey-haired virago who was getting "in his hair." The audience went wild. And Jones was amazed to see the bossy dame leading the rest in enthusiastic applause. And then, back of the platform came M. Duval, his host, with Mrs. Armstrong in tow. . . .

She was all smiles now. Duval was red-faced. "I must apologize, M'sieu Jones," he begged. "May I now present Mrs. Armstrong in her true identity—Madame Nellie Melba."

Jones went dizzy. "If I ever came near passing out in my life," he told me the other day, "that was the moment." Here was Dame Melba, the then greatest living figure in the world of song, enthusiastically praising him and his singing. And before Jones left that night, Dame Melba had appointed herself to the vacancy in his career —and it was Dame Melba, one of the greatest of them all, who, figuratively, took Allan Jones under her wing.

"To her, and to what she did for me in the years that followed," Jones admits, "I owe most of what success I ever hope to achieve." And when Dame Melba died, a few years ago, no more sincere mourner wept than Allan Jones. But by that time, with her guidance and help plus his own ability and courage, Jones had made the toughest part of the grade. And, from a coal-miner's son who sang in a soot-dark Scranton church on Sundays, he had risen through successive stages of struggle and effort until now he appeared in opera in America—and there followed the inevitable screen test.

I say "inevitable" advisedly, for Jones has, plus his voice, a sort of manly presence that is a cinch for the screen. He is good-looking. Not tall, but tall enough. A face patterned on Greek lines, good physique and charm—a personality that captivates—one that projects itself through the lenses of cameras and machines onto the screen.

STRANGE it is that his first crashing into screen fans' consciousness came in a picture that was supposed merely to be funny—the Marx Brothers' *A Night at the Opera*. In that, Jones got one real chance to sing—and the number was *Alone*. If you saw the picture, you'll never forget the thrill of his voice, crashing through that chorus, will you? Is it any wonder that *Alone* zoomed immediately into the top position as the tune of the day . . . ?

Up against tough competition, with the Tibbett and the Nelson Eddy on his own lot, Allan Jones might have become just another fill-in nonentity if he hadn't had those attributes that can't be denied. And that's why he's just been cast to sing opposite MacDonald in *Firefly*. And when he's finished that, I'll lay you a little bet that Tibbett and Eddy and the rest of 'em'll have to move over and make room on the stars' bench for one more singing sensation, Allan Jones.

About his private life, he's frank. He knew that, naturally, when he and Irene Hervey were married, atop all that publicity about Irene and Bob Taylor, that there'd be a lot of talk, and a lot of questioning, and a lot of printed words about it. He took it in grand humor, and didn't hit the ceiling when some things were published.

"Oh, we hesitated, now and then, to open a magazine for apprehension of what we'd read about," he admits, but he admits it with a laugh and a shoulder-shrug, and lets it go at that. And he goes home, from the studio, to Mrs. Jones-who-was-Irene-Hervey, and they forget it, and are as happy as a couple of kids on Christmas morning.

THEY'VE just taken a scrumptious apartment on a Hollywood hillside, and down from it, stretched acres of poinsettias—flaming in bloom at this season of the year. Irene got a cold, though. Right away, they rushed off to Palm Springs, and there Allan Jones, with the black, smoke-filled and soot-ridden memory of Pennsylvania's coal mines still fresh in his mind, found the glory of relaxation. To him, in the months when the studio didn't call him, though his paycheck went through just the same, came the realization of a reward well earned. Nobody can begrudge him the leisure and the money and the happiness he's found; he's worked for it.

But he plays just as hard as he worked. It must have gotten to be a habit—to do things the hard way. Down at Palm Springs, the other day, he bought Irene one of those motor scooters. Then, like a dad with his son's Christmas electric train, he began playing with it himself. He hit it up to 35 miles an hour—and then all of a sudden, he came to a corner . . . ! When he came to, the doctors were taking a row of stitches in his throat. It ached. In that moment, terror gripped Allan Jones' heart as it had never been gripped before. His throat!—the instrument which had brought him this close to heaven—was it destroyed?

He couldn't speak, easily, for days. A deep gash had cut into it, where a sharp stone had stopped Jones' headlong flight from the scooter-wall collision. When the doctors finally told him it was safe to try his voice again, Jones suffered. Such tiny things may ruin a voice—and this gash was not tiny. He tried his voice. And the sunshine flooded back into life again, for it was unharmed.

IN IRENE HERVEY JONES, Allan finds everything he ever hoped for in the woman who was to share his life. Jones is absolutely crazy about the sea. Somehow it seems that these stars who come from inland places turn to the sea when they get the money and the freedom. Jones is no exception. He's bought himself a long, comfortable boat, and most of his spare time, when he's not in Palm Springs, he's out on the Pacific. And Irene is with him. She loves it as much as he does.

It's really lovely, the way these two find a parallel of interests. He loves the sea; so does she. He likes the desert; she's mad about it. He likes at sit at home, and read, and take life easy. So does she. He's not crazy about night clubs, and the merry-go-round of after-dark life in Hollywood. Irene finds she can do without it, beautifully. And so they're happy, doing the things they each like to do, while Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck find happiness in other channels—you've seen their photographs in the night clubs and playspots of Hollywood, of course. Old Man Opportunity and Old Dame Fate sort of look after their folks when the folks don't let 'em down.

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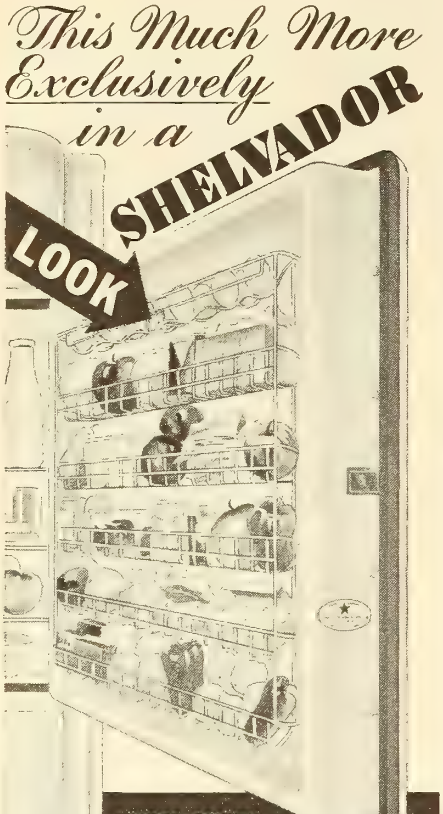
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What Happened to Caliban and Ariel

[*Continued from page* 34]

tenuous thread broke which held John and Elaine together, and also whether they were ever happy following their marriage, can mayhap best be answered by chronicling certain events to which your humble reporter happened to be witness. Elaine lays the root of all the evil that caused the overthrow of her matrimonial alliance at the door of Jealousy. John, with true Barrymore reserve, and perhaps disdain, says nothing.

The happening which I observed that seemed to pave the way for the climax, as the lightning before the thunder, was a social gathering a few days after Christmas. It was in the exclusive home of a brilliant author and dramatist, who has long been a friend of all the Barrymores, in particular John, and his distinguished sister, Ethel. It was one of John's rare social appearances. He was stimulated along that line by Elaine during their brief wedded life.

During the dinner it became apparent at various times that the solicitations of Elaine, and her mother, Mrs. Louis Jacobs (also a guest), for John's welfare—their kindly suggestions that he partake of his food and so on—did not meet with his heartiest approval. He was never anything but the perfect gentleman in his acknowledgment of their interest in his behalf. However, his reserve was dangerously polite, perhaps even touched with hauteur, and, for those who know Barrymore, it was a forewarning. Nothing was really said . . . nothing really done . . . only one sensed rumblings underneath the calm, almost tolerant, Barrymore exterior.

Following dinner, guests divided almost radically into different groups. Elaine engaged in an ardent discussion with a titled woman who is a very fine concert pianist. Mrs. Jacobs had conversation with one or the other of the men or women who were present. John, over in another corner of the room, won a veritable audience when he embarked with riotous gayety on typically Barrymorish wit.

Miss Barrie seemed very concentrated on her conversation. But then she is after all a devoted music lover, and for a girl of twenty-one years shows exceptional discernment and understanding. Just by the way, one of the things she accomplished while wedded to John was to have him take her to symphony concerts and to recitals like Fritz Kreisler's. The rarity of the actor's attendance during recent years at events of this nature was dramatically emphasized during the "moments musicale" to which he squired Elaine.

During the evening I heard that Elaine had thoughts of taking a part in a stage play, called *The Return of Hannibal.* It was her determination to enter on this, you may remember, when revealed to John that had much to do with arousing later the Barrymore ire.

John, himself, was in fine fettle. In fact, he was in his glory and grandeur, sending forth shafts of wit like the flashing of swords, and holding his listeners spellbound with his roystering anecdotes of people and the theatre. He styled his remarks in the mood of Hogarth, Swift and other satirical and outspoken gentlemen of the era of virility. It was something to listen to, because roystering, ribald or otherwise, a Barrymore is always brilliant.

Now and then during his conversation he would raise an eyebrow, and cast a roving eye in the direction of his wife and his mother-in-law. But they remained aloof from the group. Something in the air was even tense, and just a trifle ominous, and, when the party broke up finally, John evidenced no great desire for leaving. He was gay and good-natured, but the compass did not point homeward, and it actually took some urging to prevail on him to take his departure. He was Barrymore, the supreme, that evening, the all-sufficient, and no threads, strings or cords could bind him. Indeed, he seemed almost in a revolt phase.

THE clouds that gathered, as I saw it, at the party that evening broke into the raging storm which ended in one big clap of thunder four nights later at the "Troc," when John magnificently strode out of that night club, leaving his wife amid the ruins of the shattered temple of her romance. The song was ended; the melody lingered on, but only for a little while. What happened during the four intervening days and nights nobody really knows, but one suspects much—at least psychologically. And of course, Elaine had perfected her stage plans, which became the precipitating issue. She made known she was going into the play called *The Return of Hannibal* during the party at the "Troc." One thing led to another, until things became very hot, and ultimately John struck Elaine, says her divorce complaint, quit the restaurant, and went away in a taxi. As far as is known, they never saw each other for some time after that.

Things took their course. John was with his trainer Ken Kelley, as the newspapers reported, and Elaine stayed with her mother at the house John and she had rented as a "love nest"—a gaunt, forbidding sort of mansion, large and rangy. On one occasion before the Barrymore occupancy I remember visiting it, and they had an exhibition of wild animals.

I don't think there was ever much hope of a reunion, despite the so-called Barrymore probation which was reported in the newspapers. Almost immediately after the separation Barrymore took steps to revoke any power of attorney he might have given his wife—a power of attorney which she herself never admitted. Elaine suggested that peace might be re-established, but there were absolutely no signs of this. Her mother secretly advised friends that there was scant expectation of any new beginning—that it could only prove a repetition of difficulties that had been encountered previously. Within about ten days a divorce complaint was formally filed.

What really happened can only be guessed. John did not like the idea of Elaine acting in a play separately from him. He wanted to essay a short stage piece with her called *Minuet* during a series of personal appearances in picture theatres. That would have been a neat joint debut. But their only appearance together was during a radio broadcast of an interview, during which Barrymore grandly stylized his comments, while Elaine won a number of admirers by her simplicity and sincerity.

Did John really revolt? I have a great suspicion of that. That is always possible with one of his temperament, and he'd never give any clue as to what was actually going on. His chivalry would prevent that. But a secret revolt seemed in progress the night of the party at the writer's home; it probably only needed due provocation to bring it out into the open, as at the "Troc" a few days later.

Elaine reached the stage where she said that life with John was impossible, and, that, after she had taken no quick plunge into matrimony. There must have been fitful indications all along, even after the break-up, that he was still "mad about her."

However, that doesn't explain everything. Elaine asserted that she couldn't be happy idle. "Three times *Minuet* was planned, and three times it was postponed," she said. "For one like myself, who has always been ambitious for a theatrical career, and who really gave up large opportunities to marry John and come to the Coast, that was most discouraging. I wanted a career, and I didn't want to interfere with John's work in pictures. The only way in which I could manage to be active was independently. John didn't approve that at all. He didn't want me to be separated from him, and to have other associates during those periods of separation. I desired his happiness above all things, but I couldn't give up everything. It just wouldn't work." And then, she indicated, there were other issues.

RECITING the whole legal litany already so much publicized would be a dull matter. After all, what looks like charges of mental and physical cruelty in a certain light, may perhaps in another become only a terrifically strenuous expression of devotion. Or revolt.

John and Elaine had fun together. I'm sure of that. He's a great chap, any way you regard him. Mrs. Jacobs always said he delighted her, that he brought her great enlivenment. She was never, I believe, at ease about the marriage, which was one reason she stayed with her daughter. She discloses a very vital loyalty to "baby" as she calls her, yet while it is a consuming motherly devotion, it is tempered with intelligence, and a definite sense of her child's individualism.

As I have heard it from her lips, Elaine had a school-girl "crush" on John from the time she was a mere youngster. She engineered the interview in the New York hospital when she was studying journalism so that she might meet him. She followed him across country in mad plane flights—and she'd never been in a plane before—and the weather was rough. Perhaps, also, she may have believed that she was the one woman in the world who could help John to new happiness, after three unfortunate marriages, and protect him from certain undependable—as she thought—friends. Youth has a stout heart and brave dreams! . . . Perhaps, too, she felt she could aid his career. She did go in for sociability, which he seemed to enjoy. She had definite ideas about her future with John, or certainly she would not have remained devoted for the better part of a year or so before their actual marriage.

John, we know, was very fond of her. It was a visible manifestation. Besides he was ever full of monkey-shines in her presence, springing on her (she has a very exact mind) odd and unusual words that are not to be found in any dictionary, and using obscure words in odd and impossible meanings. There was "uxorious," for example. John applied that to Elaine because he asserted she was "nuts about precision and statistics." He kept it up, until one day Elaine went and looked it up in the dictionary, and found that it meant simply "excessively fond of one's wife!" Well, anyway, John probably chose it because of its intriguing sound.

Furthermore, because Elaine at one time went to the exclusive Hunter school for girls, John would delight in finding obtuse questions to raise, and at most unreasonable times, as Elaine expressed it, say about four o'clock in the morning. If she couldn't answer, he'd exclaim: "What, you a Hunterian and you don't know the answer?" "No," she would say, "what is it?" Whereupon Barrymore would come through with "Well, I'm darned if I know." There just wasn't any answer.

Being a precise person in her thoughts, she probably often kept John on tenterhooks—but in the beginning this was only amusingly . . . Later? . . . Who knows?

John, I know, had admiration for her talents. He felt that she had gifts for poetry writing, and he was anxious to take her under his wing as an actress. But then, too, he loves his own separate swashbuckling ways which are like none other. He couldn't, possibly, settle down to anything the least conventional.

I think it was a brave attempt on both their parts to make the best of that brief marriage, but it simply wasn't to be. Perhaps the most poignant phrase and the most significant, and one which paints the whole panorama, were a few words once uttered by Elaine's mother. She said in substance:

"It's a pity that we didn't meet John earlier. We were just twenty years too late!"

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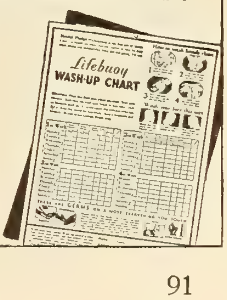
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Good Time CHARLIE

[*Continued from page* 51]

assumption. His name may sound English, and most of his roles may be English; but his devastating dignity is his own. He was born in South Bend, Indiana—the son of a doctor. And came into the world without a globule of theatrical blood in his veins. It took a long time for anyone, except Charlie himself, to suspect that he might do all right on the stage.

When her new-born infant wouldn't smile for afternoon callers, embarrassed Mrs. Butterworth would say, "I suspect he's going to be a judge." She repeated her suspicion so many times through the years that she finally believed it.

As a child, *I* was warned that if I didn't stop making up faces, Jack Frost might come along and nip one of the expressions, making it permanent. That, however, was not what happened to Charlie. As it was in the beginning, so his face remained. Immobile. That was the cross that Dr. and Mrs. Butterworth had to bear. Never, by merely looking at him, could they discover whether he was innocent or guilty. They had to stand him up and question him. That was how he learned to think fast on his feet—and answer slowly, bewilderedly.

His teachers were also a great help to him in that respect. One early guide of the agile Butterworth mind, mistaking inexpressiveness for innocence, questioned every member of the class anent a disturbance before she came to Charles, who was the culprit. She forewarned her successor. Gradually, imperceptibly, over a period of years, Charles acquired polite dismay.

Adults invariably noticed him. He was the kind of little boy who looked at them with a complacent blankness, and kept on looking, until they cringed with self-consciousness. They would have cringed more if they had known how his mind was photographing their eccentricities.

Here was the first symptom that Charlie was a comedian in embryo. No one knew it—not even Charlie. He was acquainted with no comics. He had no way of knowing that the funny fellow is the one who can see eccentricities in other people, then exaggerate them in his own person. No one ever told him. But, in time, he sensed.

IN HIS teens, when Charlie sat down to talk about going on the stage, people laughed. That was comical. He had the darnedest way of saying the funniest things with the straightest face! Imagine Charlie as an actor!

That was just the point, Charlie was convinced. He *didn't* look like someone you would find on a stage. That might make his being there all the funnier. He didn't argue the point. But he couldn't help noticing that people also laughed when he *wanted* them to laugh—and that the less warning his face gave of anything amusing in the offing, the louder was the eventual laughter.

That was a valuable observation. It led directly to another. The funniest people were those who were unintentionally funny. The people who took themselves too, too seriously. He salted both observations away, and bided his time to cash in on them. He went to college. The college was only a few blocks away from home. Its name was Notre Dame.

His mother knew about his stage fancies. *She* could picture him on the stage—but she thought that maybe that was because she was his mother. If so, she wanted him to have another profession to fall back upon. But what profession? Charlie didn't know what he wanted to take. His mother advised—law.

So Charlie, who never looked forward to hanging up an attorney's shingle, studied law. But, unlike the usual law student, he did not keep his nose buried in great tomes. He worked nights on the South Bend *News-Times.* The job took him to all sorts of places, where he met all kinds of people. Some of them were amusing, unconsciously. He put them down on paper, in the form of monologues. And, in time, started delivering the monologues at banquets.

One—a mock Rotary Club speech—rolled the banqueteers right off their chairs. "That was my undoing," he says, with a wry smile. "When Notre Dame finally decided to give me a law diploma in 1924, the first thing I did was to frame it. The second thing was to rush off to Chicago and try to get into vaudeville.

"I got a chance to do a 'single' act in small theatres on the outskirts. Then I was booked into the less exclusive theatres of Detroit. I played around in small houses for quite a while. I wasn't a screaming success. The Rotary Club speech wasn't too subtle—I used it later on Broadway in *Americana.* It was just too subtle for my bookings.

"However, vaudeville was the best thing that could have happened to me. I had to face an audience for fifteen minutes at a time, on my own, and try to keep them amused. I had to find out, on my own, what would make them laugh. I had to learn, on my own, that the way a line was timed was as important as the way it was uttered. There wasn't a gag writer handy to improve my lines, no stage director to improve my delivery. All the improvement had to be self-improvement.

"No man ever became a comedian by having someone else tell him how to be funny. Comedy is something you can't learn in a school. You have to learn it by yourself, on a stage, in front of an audience that you can see and feel and hear. And there isn't any place left where a beginner can get that sort of training. The stage, the screen and radio all demand polished comedians. They won't stand for beginners, as vaudeville did."

HE WAS in training for about two years before he landed in New York, still not a screaming success. There he chanced to meet J. P. McEvoy, comedy-playwright. McEvoy, learning that Butterworth wrote all of his own material, offered him a job as "a sort of gag man-assistant." The job meant a chance to stay in New York. He accepted.

McEvoy was writing a revue called *Americana.* Butterworth hesitantly suggested the inclusion of a skit about a Rotarian making a speech. Without any hesitation, McEvoy arranged an audition for him. He clicked in the audition. And when the show opened, even the critics rolled in the aisles. Broadway had a new comic—an overnight star. Charlie, a master of understatement, says: "It was fairly easy to get jobs after that."

He starred in *Allez-Oop, Good Boy* and *Sweet Adeline* in lengthy succession. Then, in the summer of 1929, the movies got him. He went to Hollywood to appear in *The*

Life of the Party with Winnie Lightner, and *Illicit* with Barbara Stanwyck. Afterward, he returned to Broadway to finish out the run of *Sweet Adeline*. Then he went back to Hollywood to stay, except for one excursion East for *Flying Colors*.

He made a number of pictures for Warners, then decided to free-lance. M-G-M came along with a tempting offer. He signed another dotted line, and stayed signed for three years. Now he is a free-lance for keeps.

"When you're under contract, a studio doesn't feel it's getting its money's worth out of you unless you're working. To keep you working, it may stick you into things you don't fit. And you fight your way out of one, only to land in another. . . . It's much more fun, living your own life." And, in the Butterworth case, it pays just as well. In fact, better.

LIKE you and me, he is shrewder than he looks when photographed. But, unlike you and me, he is constantly confused with his photographs—upon which hazy gullibility is written large. Whenever anybody waters some new oil stock, Charlie hears from him. Mortuary salesmen beat a path to his door. So do realtors, insurance agents, yacht salesmen, inventors with Rube Goldberg imaginations. But as they rap on the front door, Charlie always eases out the back. He's *not* a member in good standing on the "sucker lists."

For all his numerous pictures, he has been married only thrice on the screen. Once in *Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back*, again in *Magnificent Obsession*, and now in *Swing High, Swing Low*. In which Lombard-MacMurray starring vehicle, he plays a piano-playing band leader, honeymooning with Jean Dixon.

You rather expect him to be single in private life. He's married. His wife is an actress who is no longer acting. You used to see her in pictures as Ethel Kenyon. Which is more than Charlie ever did. He never set eyes on her until he went back to New York to do *Flying Colors*. On the opening night, he went into the 21 Club for dinner alone. Some friends stopped beside his table. With them was Ethel Kenyon. They all made arrangements to meet after the show. . . .

Approximately five years later, Charlie and Ethel decided that they had fallen in love that first night. The Marriage License Bureau collected two more dollars. That was several months ago. And the honeymoon still is not over.

Charlie didn't demand that she give up her career. That was her own idea. "She wanted to be on top or nothing." In other words, she would rather be completely a wife than half a star. She sounds like a bright girl, this Mrs. Butterworth. Offscreen, her husband is less deliberate than on, more decisive, less serious. He has an unmistakable grin. An unmistakable nonchalance. And unquestionably sharp eyes.

If he isn't Charles Butterworth on the screen, who is he? "A conglomeration of different personalities, seen over a period of years, merged into a more or less deadpan countenance. The conglomeration wasn't calculated, and the merger wasn't studied. They just happened. He's a chap almost anybody would feel superior to. Maybe that's one of his secrets; I don't know. A forgetful, blundering soul who tries to be important and can't be—there's usually a character like that in every town. Seeing him, people can sort of picture Ned Hooper or whatever-his-name-is in similar situations. They laugh, pityingly."

HE STILL observes people—but he doesn't have the opportunities that he used to have. "Unfortunately," he adds, "when you're in pictures, your face becomes pretty well-known. I used to go to pool-rooms and dance-halls, looking for ordinary people with eccentric mannerisms. Now I can't. I'm spotted, recognized, foiled. I rather miss that prowling around."

A year and a half ago, Charlie and Groucho Marx planned an auto trip across country, avoiding big towns, staying on back roads, "sort of" studying people. They still are waiting to get time off simultaneously. And now that Charlie is master of ceremonies on a radio hour, the date of departure is made further indefinite. He hardly has time these days for tennis, swimming and piano-playing.

Contrary to the legend about comedians, he has no desire to play either Hamlet or Napoleon. He *says* he'll be content if he can play "comic characters with a spark of intelligence—characters who aren't sappy, only forgetful and bewildered." A sentiment shared by all of the Butterworth-conscious.

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SCREEN PLAY

A Babe in the Hollywoods

[*Continued from page* 45]

electrician, introducing his pal. Her hair-dresser bakes pies for her, and the hair-dresser's husband does her Christmas shopping. She's Wendy or Babe to all of them—or, more recently Buck, after Buck Benny, because in her current picture, *Breezing Home,* she "rides again."

Nor is this relationship the result of any false heartiness on her part, adopted for policy's sake. The hair-dresser is a lady of twelve years' experience with movie actresses. "Some I've liked," she says, "and some I haven't. But I've never met any to compare with the sweetness of this one."

SHE was born Marguerite Wendy Jenkin in Hongkong, where her father was a K.C. "and that doesn't mean Knights of Columbus either." It means, as a matter of fact, King's Counsel. "When mother and daddy were married, they didn't have a cent, poor darlings, and daddy decided he could make his way faster in the Orient than England, which seethes with barristers who have rich relatives and things to push them along."

In Hongkong Daddy managed nicely without any pushing. Wendy was sent to school in England, and later to Switzerland. Before she was seventeen, she had circled the globe six times. It developed her sense of independence. After making her debut in Hongkong, she decided it was time to seek her own fortune. "There was nothing to do in Hongkong but get married. Not that I've anything against getting married, but I wasn't going to be pushed into it. And once I get an idea, there's no controlling me. I used to get them at school sometimes," she recalled meditatively, "which accounts for my having been expelled from several. I don't get *that* from my family. Must be a throwback to a Spaniard or something. Of course daddy could have stopped my going to England by stopping my allowance. But he wouldn't." Her voice grew gentle. "He was too sweet."

He compromised by sending her mother to London with her to see her settled. They were having lunch at the Savoy Grill one day when one of those things that never happens happened.

A man came up and addressed Wendy. "Are you in the theatre?"

"No," she replied automatically.

"Would you like to make a screen test?"

"Yes," she gasped. It was Alexander Korda, on the hunt for three girls without stage or screen experience, to play three of the more unfortunate wives of *Henry VIII.*

"FOR DAYS," she said, "I walked around in a stupor, thrilled inside but to the eye of the beholder fairly sane. First, I don't believe in talking about things. When I talk about them, I never get them. Besides, when you've lived the kind of life I have—when you're all of four and your mother's got to leave you at school and go six thousand miles away, you learn to hide your emotions. Even when they told me daddy had died—" a curious quiet veiled her eyes, "I didn't show my feelings. When I go to pieces, my family goes to pieces.

"As for Korda, I just went ahead, made my test, signed my little contract, did my stuff. I don't know now how I got away with it," said the girl who made such an unforgettable impression as silly little *Lady Jane,* fluttering about in her wedding finery while *Anne Boleyn* went to the scaffold, dying to give her lord his only son.

"I'd never dreamed of myself as an actress, and there'd never been one in the family, so far as I know. Of course we'd had lots of priests," she reflected, "and daddy was a brilliant lawyer, and priests and lawyers have something in common with actors. And my uncle was Sir Richard Warren, a famous surgeon. And there's something dramatic about a man who can go out and cut people to pieces and not bat an eyelash, don't you think? Maybe it came out the other way in me or something. Anyway, here I am, and I adore it.

"After *Henry VIII,* Merle and little Binnie were snapped up and rushed to America. I wasn't," says the forthright Wendy. Which was all right with me at the time, because I wanted to be gay in England for a year and a half, and I was. Then I felt the moment had come to storm Hollywood. All my good friends pulled long faces. 'It's bad to go unless they send for you.' And suppose they never send for me—what then?

"So I arrived in Hollywood on my flat feet with a French maid and no money between us. Well, you know the routine. You're supposed to flit hither and yon and be coy and say you're just visiting and wouldn't have a job if they handed it to you in baby blue Cellophane, and all the time you're dying to get one. It seemed like a waste of good time to me, and who do you think you're fooling anyway? So I got me an agent, and he got me a screen test, and that got me a year's contract at Paramount, where I was always the rich man's daughter, very sweet and with nothing to do. After which I free-lanced."

IT WAS her father's death in Hongkong last year which prompted her to quit free-lancing for a Universal contract. "While daddy was alive, I worked more or less because I liked it. I had an allowance—not a fortune—but enough to get by on. His death made me the man of the family, so to speak. I had to have the kind of security a contract gives you. I had to know I was going to make five cents or a dollar or whatever it was this week and next and ten weeks from now, instead of a thousand today and heaven knows what tomorrow. So I signed with the studio I thought would do me the most good. They're going to promote me soon," she said, slipping back with instinctive relief to a lighter mood. "New dressing-room. Chintzes and flowers and everything gay and snappy and little Wendy happy as a flea on her wedding morn."

The family she has made herself responsible for consists of her mother and "a beautiful baby sister with violet eyes, who looks like Loretta Young." She tries to be casual about both, but can't quite keep the caress out of her voice when she speaks of them. "They're a scream," she says.

"As for mother, I can't make her out. She's never so much as stepped inside a studio—terrified of being thought 'one of those *mothers,* you know.' But let me make a date to meet her at the hair-dresser's, and let me be five minutes late, and what's the first thing I hear as I open the door! Mother's gentle voice issuing from a booth: 'Have you seen my daughter in So-and-so?' Oh, well, I suppose all mothers are like that. One has to indulge them," said Wendy, pretending to apologize for a parent who, in her secret opinion, was all she should be.

Taking the High Hat Out of Opera

[*Continued from page* 57]

own amusement. You know how powerful his voice is. Well, he woke up the peasants for a mile around, and they came flocking to listen. He entertained them for an hour in the moonlight, and I've never heard such *vivas* in an opera house.

"The farmer in the Middle West and the cottonpicker in Georgia may not sing *Traviata* at their work. But nine out of ten of them, hearing certain arias today, would say: 'Oh, yes, that's the thing Grace Moore or Lily Pons sang in her picture.' Which seems to me a step in the right direction. I don't think the screen will use opera in its present form. But if you told the story of *Carmen* and her treachery, or of *Butterfly* and her broken heart, simply, as you'd tell any love story, and combined it with the music as you'd combine it in any musical—then, of *course*, why *shouldn't* it go?" she cried, her voice aglow with conviction. "Opera's like a lovely girl, whose face has been hidden under a forbidding mask. Tear the mask away, show people what's really there, humanize it for them, and they'll soon stop being scared of it."

NINO MARTINI'S lean face broke into laughter, when I put my question. "Do I know?" he demanded, his arms flung wide. "In the movies I sing what I am ordered to sing. In *Here's to Romance*, I must sing a popular song—you remember?—in the five-and-ten cent store. The director said: 'Jazz it up!' The singer in the picture doesn't like—Nino Martini doesn't like—but they both must do it. So they close their eyes, like as if to take castor oil, and they jazz it up. And the audience *likes*.

"But in *Gay Desperado* I sing *Celeste Aida* for that beautiful bandit, *Braganza*. *Braganza loves Celeste Aida*—and the *audience* loves *Celeste Aida*. 'Sing *Celeste Aida*,' they beg me on the radio. So what can I think? I can only think that they love jazz and they love *Celeste Aida*. Maybe if we sing a whole opera in the movies, they will also love it. But who knows? The producers are afraid—of course. Were I producer I, too, would be afraid—much work, much expense, much trouble with temperament, maybe, because," he suggested with a sly twinkle, "in opera there would not be one Nino Martini to struggle with, but Ninos and Ninas as well. And in the end, perhaps, no money. The audience must beg for this opera, weep for this opera, cry that they cannot live without this opera—then the movies will make it. Not before."

WHEN Lily Pons did what she called her "'ot dance" in *I Dream Too Much*, she went far toward knocking the high hat, if not from opera, at least from opera singers. This she continued to do on the RKO lot, where she recently finished *That Girl from Paris*.

If you think she sits in glorified isolation, while her co-workers pussyfoot round her, you were never more mistaken. Where the ribbing is hottest, there you will find Miss Pons, chortling with glee. "Snooky!" someone will call, and the dulcet voice which answers is that of Miss Pons. Why Snooky? "Someone name me so," she explained demurely, "and I find it charming—what you call cute. Now zey all name me Snooky."

She is vibrant, electric. They all seem twice more alive, these opera singers, than the ordinary mortal. 'I 'ave sree reasons," she said, "why I like to sing for ze feelm. First, it is gay. Zey laugh at me, I laugh at zem. But," she announced in triumph, "zis year my English is not so funny like before. One day I listen to playback of my song. 'How you like it?' ze director ask. 'Fine!' I tell 'im. I understand eve-r-r-y single word I say.'

"Second reason: in ze feelm, if it is not so good ze first time, you do it again. If necessaire zat you do it twenty times, all r-r-right, you do it twenty times, fifty times, until it is good.

"Sird reason: ze whole world hears you. See—I 'ave sung in many countries—opera, concert, radio. I give myself ze pleasure to sink I am known. But after my picshure I receive sousands of letters from kind people who never hear me before—who say: please make anozzer picshure. Zat is nice, hein?—to find so many new friends.

"I like to keep zose friends. So each year, if zey wish, I will make one picshure. I 'ave no time for more. Because I love also opera. I will tell you what I like—one day to sing *Carmen* for ze feelm. Great opera will not die—so I believe. But it will live—'ow shall I say—wis more joy,

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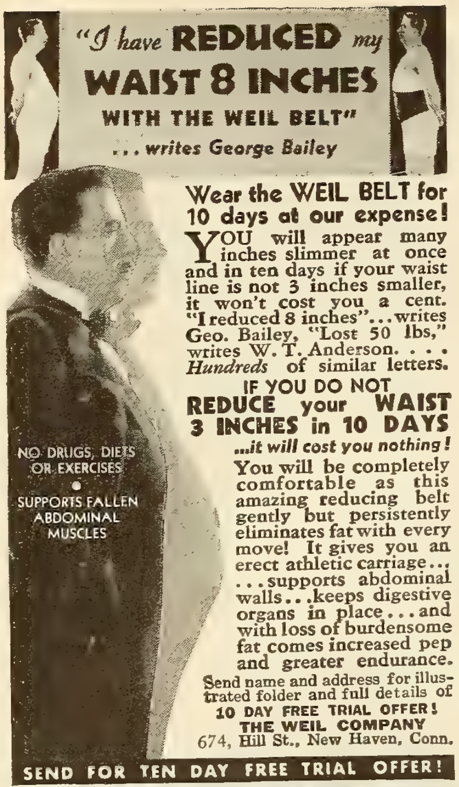

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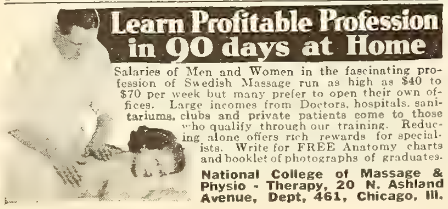

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more splendor—if ze whole world loves it.”

THE darkly radiant Gladys Swarthout, fresh from *Champagne Waltz,* has yet to sing an operatic aria for the screen. The reason is simple and, for the movies, almost too logical. “There's never been one that fitted into the story,” Miss Swarthout smiled, “and we didn't want to drag it in by the heels. But this I can tell you. Every time Pons or Moore or Jeanette MacDonald's sung opera in a picture, my mail—and theirs, too, I'm sure—will be swamped with requests like this: ‘When you go back on the radio, won't you sing that aria Jeanette sang in *San Francisco?* I don't know the name of it, but I'm crazy to hear it again.’ Which makes me feel hopeful for the future of opera.

“Not that I believe it will be photographed for the screen as it's presented on the stage. Screen opera won't be opera as we've known it, but a new form. I don't presume to say what that form will take. But at the *Opera Comique* in Paris, for example, all dialogue is spoken, not intoned. Well, starting from there, why couldn't we work out a picture technique that would tell the story in dialogue and bring in the arias? You'd have the same problem as they had in *Romeo and Juliet*—satisfying the lovers of opera tradition and at the same time winning over the people who think of both Shakespeare and opera as too highbrow for them. But there's nothing really highbrow—if by that you mean unintelligible to the many—about beautiful stories and beautiful music. Look at all the people sitting with their ears glued to the radio on Saturday afternoons, listening to the Met. There's the nucleus of your greater audience.”

LAWRENCE TIBBETT, “the greatest male singer in the world today,” according to Miss Swarthout among others, was outspoken in his condemnation of the hokum which he says “will be the death of opera if we don't break it down.” Mr. Tibbett has natural simplicity—not the labored kind that works hard at being one of the boys, but the kind that is born of good sense and loathes what's phony, wherever it rears its head.

“Half the people who go to opera,” he says, “don't give a damn about it. They go because it's the thing to do. They heave their chests and murmur: ‘Divine!’ because they think that's culture. Once I was asked to sing at a Hollywood party. I knew they didn't care anything about music, but I sang. I put some kind of gibberish to a tune, and said it was a Russian folksong. A Russian princess came over to me and moaned: ‘You have brought me back my youth. The peasants sang that song on my father's estate when I was a child.’ There never was any such song. That's the kind of bunk so many of our music-lovers pull.

“People have an idea that all opera is art. It isn't. Some operas are bad. *Mood Indigo,* played by Duke Ellington, is better music than a lot of operas. I've got far more respect for the fellow who honestly likes *Yes Sir, That's My Baby* than for the faker who pretends to like Wagner. There's nothing you can do about a faker. But if you honestly like *any* kind of music, the chances are you can be taught to like other kinds. The screen, with its scope for the pictorial, could break down the resentment that comes from lack of understanding. It wouldn't be an overnight thing, but it could be done. Look how they stuck Stokowski into the middle of the last Jack Benny picture. And the audience applauded.”

All of which seems to put it squarely up to opera and you. Do you listen to the Met on Saturday afternoons? Did you yell for Stokowski and Bach in *The Big Broadcast?* Are you learning to love the operatic arias you hear sung on the screen? If so, there are willing hands in Hollywood, ready to give you what you are ready to take. There are willing feet, ready to kick the high hat from opera, bringing it down to earth and you.

Hollywood! Here We Come!

[*Continued from page* 13]

tour of the different sets—with pictures in the making. Paramount is the home lot of Claudette Colbert, Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray, Marlene Dietrich, Martha Raye, Bob Burns, Bing Crosby and Carole Lombard. Here Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur made *The Plainsman.* Here Jack Benny, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney and dozens of other skilled performers make pictures which thrill you. After the studio tour you are invited to another cocktail party, this time at the home of James Gleason. A score of stars will help to make this party an unforgettable one. The Gleasons know how to entertain! Monday evening you will be taken back to Paramount to witness a preview of a picture just finished, but which has not been released.

Tuesday morning you are invited to visit the Max Factor Make-Up Studio. Souvenirs will be given all who attend. On Tuesday night comes the greatest party of all—a happy get-together at the famous Wilshire Bowl for a supper dance. The Wilshire Bowl fringes the Beverly Hills-Hollywood fashionable district and is a favorite playground of the stars. In fact stars will serve on the reception committee for this party.

THE second tour will proceed with similar arrangements, with but these changes—cocktail parties will be held Sunday afternoon at the Edward Everett Horton home, and Monday afternoon Fay Wray will entertain at her home. No matter which tour you take you'll be royally entertained at the cocktail parties.

Following these glorious days of hobnobbing with the stars will come the pleasurable trip home *via* Las Vegas, Salt Lake City (famous for its Mormon Tabernacle) and Colorado Springs.

Further details are contained in a free illustrated booklet about the 1937 Movieland Tours, which are being groomed on a scale sensationally larger than the phenomenally successful tours of 1935 and 1936. You can get the booklet by using the coupon accompanying this announcement.

More to the point, to insure obtaining one of the rapidly disappearing supply of remaining reservations, send in $5 per person to reserve a ticket on the excursion. Remember, to be certain of this marvelous opportunity you should act promptly! It will be a vacation you'll cherish in your memory the rest of your life. Make your reservations now. Use the coupon on page 13.

Learn to Cook—and Like It!

[*Continued from page 60*]

Even a simple little dinner like this is a challenge to the new cook. That is why, while she is familiarizing herself with her kitchen equipment, the top-of-the-range technique will seem easier than any oven cookery, which we will also discuss later.

SINCE meats are a main item at most dinners, let's chat a moment about what meats to buy and how and why to cook them by certain rules. Meats are classed as tender or tough, and we will begin with the tender cuts which are much the easier to cook. In the first place they *are* tender because they have little or no connective muscular tissue which must be broken down by the addition of water, high heat, or long cooking. Tender meats include chops, steaks, ground meats such as Swiss steak or Hamburgers, ham, liver and bacon. They are all cooked in a short time, over a relatively high heat, and with no added water.

Select loin chops (as of lamb, pork or veal) and have them cut about 1 inch thick. Or choose a T-bone or Porterhouse steak, or a small Club or Delmonico steak and have it cut about ¾ to 1 inch thick. Carefully trim off excess fat or membrane. In buying chopped meat, do not accept the pre-ground meats in the butcher's case, but ask him to cut off a one-pound or more slice of the lower or top round of beef, trimming away the fat meat, and grind it twice through the meat chopper. In this way you will secure fresh, juicy meat of known quality, without any suspicions of "trimmings" or useless fat which is often added in ready chopped beef.

Tender meats may either be broiled or pan fried. In both cases, generously grease broiler or pan with a vegetable cooking oil, never with butter which burns too quickly under heat. The heavier the skillet, the easier it is to control the cooking. Now for this 7-Point Treaty:

1—*Heat pan (or broiler) very hot.* (A furious sizzling means too high a temperature, which toughens and shrinks the meat; while too low a temperature makes a stewing sound which tells you juices are escaping.)
2—*Brown or "sear" meats on both sides,* to keep juices in.
3—*Lower temperature after meats are seared,* and continue cooking until meats are done to desired point of rare or well-done.
4—*Drain off all excess fats during the cooking,* especially ham or bacon grease.
5—*Never cover pan-fried meats,* as this "steams" and extracts juices, leaving meat tough.
6—*Remove cooked meat to piping hot platter,* dot with butter, season with salt and pepper, and
7—*Serve immediately!*

THE perfect accompaniment of any tender, quick-cooking meat is a baked potato and a green vegetable. Easy, yes, but how many cooks can turn out "mealy" potatoes and vegetables green as grass in May?

Wash potatoes, scrubbing hard. Cut off thin slices from each end, making it easy for escape of steam while cooking, and for starch cells to burst and thus become dry and mealy. Lightly rub outside with cooking oil, and bake, hot oven, from 30-40 minutes. The convenient portable covered "oven" with rack, which fits over any single top-gas-burner, is most economical for such baking. When potatoes are done (which you can tell by a light squeeze between the fingers), slit them open on top, scoop out some of the pulp, mash, blend with butter, salt and pepper, and repack into their shells, keeping them hot until serving. But remember, any baked potato will quickly go soggy if covered with lid or napkin, which induces steaming and hence too much water. Plan the timing of their baking so that they will be ready just at the moment you turn your steak or chops onto their platter.

AND now for the green vegetables. Whole shelf-fuls of books have been written about how to keep green vegetables green, but here is all that knowledge boiled down as follows:

1—*Cook green vegetables a short time only,* indeed the shortest time possible.
2—*Neutralize the acid of cooking water by adding 1/16 teaspoon baking soda* to the

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan Picture "Green Light"

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Amazing New European Discovery Is Sensation in America!

IF YOU HAVE PIMPLES, WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS, CREPEY NECK, it only takes 20 minutes to try a new treatment called Calmas French Face Conditioner. You can use it at home without the knowledge of anyone. Results will positively astonish you. It is harmless and even a child could use it. No face lifting, peeling, special massages, exercises, clay or mud packs. It is introduced here for the first time, but has been used extensively in European resorts (where exorbitant price is paid for it) by women who come from all over the world to be made beautiful. While Calmas French Face Conditioner produces results which are positively amazing, the only way is to prove it to yourself by making this simple test: look your face carefully over notice pimples, wrinkles, blackheads, etc.; use this treatment (it will only take you 20 minutes) and see the difference in your appearance.

There is a booklet called "What Every Woman Wants" which will be sent you absolutely FREE, if you care to know more about this new, unusual way to beauty. Send TODAY your name and address to Calmas Products, Dept. 21-A, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

DID YOU KNOW THAT there are 3,000 more women than men in Hollywood?

SENSATIONAL

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LOSE FAT

7 to 62 POUNDS QUICKLY

Without Thyroid Extract, Dinitrophenol, Hot Baths, Starvation Dieting, or Enforced Exercising—

So You Can Improve Your Figure and Get to Feeling Better

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

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Orange Pekoe and HERB TEA

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TEA

Figure as Slim, Lovely, Graceful as a Model's

Excess fat is frequently caused by faulty elimination of poisons which interfere with the body's natural weight and energy regulating processes called metabolism.

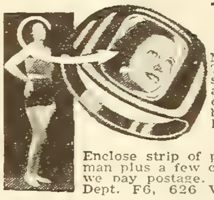
Consequently it often takes that delicious and refreshing GERMANIA Orange Pekoe Tea you drink 15 minutes before each meal, and that pleasant tasting, purely vegetable GERMANIA HERB TEA, you drink with one or two meals each day, together with eating whatever you want, excepting much starchy foods or fatty meats to get your energy on the increase and those trouble-making intestinal toxins or poisons on the decrease, so you can quickly lose those pounds of unnatural excess fat and improve the appearance of your figure.

Don't delay! Get your package of GERMANIA ORANGE PEKOE TEA and GERMANIA HERB TEA at any Food, Drug or Department Store today. Satisfaction is guaranteed or money back.

AMAZING FREE OFFER

No Money—Just Your Name

For free packettes send name and address to Germania Tea Co., 544 S. Wells St., Chicago, Ill., Dept. 44



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Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 59c we pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. F6, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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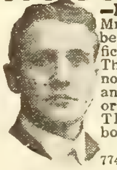

—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

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IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR and DON'T LIKE a MESSY MIXTURE.... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, **I am proud of my Color Imparter for Grayness.** Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; it can't leave stains. As you use it, the **gray hair becomes darker, more youthful color.** I want to convince you by sending my **free** trial bottle and book telling **All About Gray Hair**
ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 36, LOWELL, MASS.

boiling water, before dropping in vegetables.

3—*Never cover the pot while cooking,* as this cuts off oxygen, and makes for darker texture and coarse flavor.

4—*Before vegetable is completely done, drain off water,* add lump of butter, and return to lowest heat until butter blends with vegetable.

All green vegetables fade with cooking because their green pigment or dye is very sensitive to acids. And since all vegetables contain quite a proportion of acid, the green will fade to an unappetizing brown unless the vegetables are cooked very quickly, and their natural acid changed and neutralized by the addition of baking soda. That is the *why* and *how* of adding the proverbial "pinch of soda"! Spinach can and must be cooked in from 5-8 minutes; green peas require about 12-15 minutes; brussels sprouts take 18-20 minutes; fresh asparagus 15 minutes. If you follow the above suggestions, your vegetables will persist a bright Kelly-green.

CRISP, fresh green salad belongs with this dinner. Avoid all heavy or nut-sprinkled or mayonnaise-laden fruit or fancy salads, keeping them for a main luncheon dish. Copy the Italian or French epicure who serves only a "green leaf" salad at dinners, a salad tossed in a fragrant bouquet of tangy French dressing. Long in advance of mealtime, wash, pick over and drain your green salad plants, and wrap in a clean towel or special lettuce bag, and place in the refrigerator to chill. Make up your dressing into the bowl or bottle from which it is to be served, and chill. This simple Roquefort Dressing is a favorite of any man:

Roquefort Dressing

½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¼ cup malt vinegar
½ cup olive oil
¼ teaspoon onion juice
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort cheese

Combine all ingredients except cheese, and shake vigorously. Chill. Add cheese just before serving.

AND now for the dessert. Even if you are the kind of person who is blessed with "beginners' luck," let's leave pies, cakes and puddings to a future lesson in our Cooking Primer. The most suitable top-off or happy ending for this first dinner might be: a tray of assorted table cheese and hard crackers (in which case, omit cheese in the salad dressing); a fruit whip with wafers or lady fingers; or a gelatin dessert, refreshingly chill and made, oh, hours before, and set to "cook by cool" in the refrigerator. Take your choice, but let me give you this tasty "10-minute" marshmallow recipe:

Strawberry Marshmallow Whip

1 package strawberry gelatin
½ cup boiling water
1 cup "frosted" strawberries and juice
16 marshmallows, quartered
¾ cup heavy cream, whipped
24 Ladyfingers or vanilla wafers

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, and chill. When mixture begins to thicken, whip until foamy. Add berries and juice and whip again. Add 8 marshmallows, quartered, and fold in whipped cream. Divide into 6 sherbet glasses, insert 4 wafers to each glass, and garnish with 8 marshmallows flavored and tinted with berry juice. (Serves 6.)

Continuity! You know what that means

Hollywood Selects Cast for "Gone with the Wind"

■ WHO will play the role of Rhett Butler in the screen version of "Gone With The Wind?" Who will play Scarlett O'Hara? Who will play Melanie? You will want to read the complete story of Hollywood's casting of this talked of picture in April SCREEN BOOK.

■ THERE are lots of other reasons why we recommend this fascinating magazine for your attention. For mystery drama you can't beat an exciting true story entitled The Producer Died at Dawn. And there's the amazing revelations of a HOLLYWOOD LOVE THIEF. You will be astonished at the frankness of this film personality. She opens her heart, telling things that have never been told before. Dig up a dime now and dash over to your neighborhood magazine emporium. Your dealer's supply cannot last long.

APRIL ISSUE

SCREEN BOOK

NOW ON SALE

10¢

SCREEN BOOK

in a good film—the star entering at the right moment after the hero has done his bit and before the villain enters with his gat! Every tiny bit of the whole story "timed" to exactly the right pace. Well, cooking a complete meal successfully is exactly that—getting the continuity timed and paced right, seeing that all the dishes get finished and ready to serve as an ensemble, having the hot foods served very hot and the cold dishes served very cold, and all with no friction from kitchen to table. Will you, the new cook, learn to time your cooking continuity so that the salad and dessert are made in the forenoon, green vegetable and potatoes ready at the precise moment at which you are ready to lift the steak from its platter and carry it onto the table? It may take a bit of rehearsal to get your exact entrance cue for walking to the dinner table, but it's worth it.

Like cooking? Why, Jane's just crazy about it, especially when Jack looks at her with his whole heart in his eyes as he reaches for his knife and fork and says, "Well, baby, this is one swell meal!"

FREE . . . FREE . . . FREE . . . FREE

Watch for the NEXT LESSON in LEARNING TO COOK—IN MAY MOTION PICTURE.

Write today for your DINNERS OF THE WEEK menus, with STARRED DESSERTS. These will be sent to you FREE. Just send this coupon to Mrs. Christine Frederick, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 55]

There is, for instance, that beacon, like a miniature revolving lighthouse, atop her home, to guide wandering guests to her roof. And there are her telephones—she's got nine of them in the house, and they're all hidden—one in a piece of pseudo-Rodin sculpture; another in a phony shelf of books, some others in cavities in the sidearms of her chairs. Most of them are revealed automatically when the ringing of the bells trips a trigger which opens a concealed doorlet. My, my, ain't it swell being a moom pitcher star?

What of Gypsy Rose Lee?

Jack Oakie's description of Mae West: "Public Anatomy No. 1."

China Calls

Anna May Wong, who wasn't born in China at all, is nevertheless going back to China forever . . . ! Anna was born in Los Angeles' Chinatown. Not until last year did she visit China, homeland of her parents. It was a new experience for her—a soul-shaking experience. She believed, until then, that she was thoroughly occidentalized. Yet, ever since

Hollywood* SWINGS TO DUNDEERS

Paula Stone

Appearing in "The Eleventh Hour" a Chesterfield Production.

Cool CREPE SOLES

Comfortable, non-slip and airily ventilated by DUNDEER'S unique handlacing! Other smart models for active and spectator sports at leading shoe stores . . . or write for name of nearest dealer. *Dundeer Department, International Shoe Company, 1509 Washington Ave., Saint Louis.*

Crepe Sole; all white or brown and white

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a name to rely on when you visit
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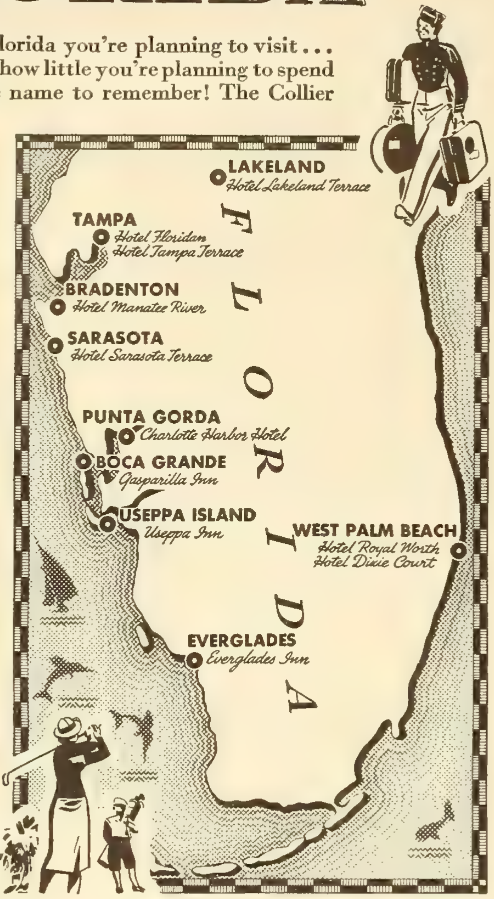
NO matter what part of Florida you're planning to visit . . . no matter how much or how little you're planning to spend . . . "COLLIER" is the one name to remember! The Collier chain of hotels . . . strategically located, handsomely equipped, serviced in the most modern hotel tradition and operated under one all-embracing, responsible management . . . will completely satisfy your wants, modest or elaborate as they may be.

Several of Florida's *leading resort hotels* are included . . . in her most celebrated golf and fishing centers . . . as well as a number of fine all-year houses for overnight stops or extended stays.

For sportsmen, for motorists, for leisure-seekers, for season residents or two-week vacationists . . . Collier hotels provide a warm and friendly Florida welcome!



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Depending on hotel selected:
American Plan . . . . . . $7, $10 and up.
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Apply to TRAVEL AGENT *or address individual hotel managers or Collier Florida Coast Hotels, 220 West 42nd St., New York City. Tel. WIsconsin 7-2000.*

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USEPPA INN, Useppa Island . . . . GASPARILLA INN, Boca Grande
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COLLIER FLORIDA COAST HOTELS

DID YOU KNOW THAT over 4,000 stories are read every month by studio readers, but that only about eight-tenths of one per-cent are actually produced?

New approved formula
REMOVES FRECKLES WHILE YOU SLEEP

Whether you have a few freckles or many, fade them out quickly and gently *while you sleep.* Get a jar of Nadinola Freckle Cream today and apply at bedtime. Day by day skin becomes clearer, fresher. Usually freckles disappear in 5 to 10 days. So do other blemishes. Nadinola Freckle Cream is *guaranteed* by a famous laboratory with 36 years' experience in this type of skin treatment. Only 60c at drug and toilet counters; 10c size at Ten Cent Stores. • Or send a dime for trial package to NADINOLA, Dept. 134, Paris, Tenn.

NADINOLA Freckle Cream

TYPEWRITER ½ Price
Easy Terms
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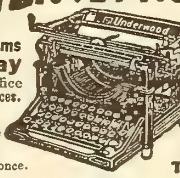

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she has returned, she has been unhappy in Hollywood. "I never realized," she said, "I could be so homesick for a place as I am for China. Now, it seems to me that I have never been home, although I was born here in Los Angeles. And I feel I must go home." And so, there will be held soon an auction of all of Miss Wong's possessions. And then, she says, she will go to China, to remain there for the rest of her life.

Night Owl

BECAUSE, for years, he worked night after night, on the radio and stage, until after midnight, Don Ameche now cannot get to sleep before 2 a.m., even though he works days. So he has a bookshelf beside his bed, and reads until 2 each morning.

Knows Her Onions

NO poor showman is Sonja Henie, newest 20th-Fox star. She knows the value of stunts, with the same uncanny accuracy as P. T. Barnum used to show . . . For instance, her color schemes. In 1936, she got plenty of publicity, by printed and spoken word, because of her all-white color scheme—she dressed invariably in white, had her home decorated throughout in white, even had her car painted and upholstered all-white. But that wore out. Did it feaze Sonja? No, indeed. For 1937, she's switched colors. Now it's blue—and she's having her home redone completely in blue, has turned in her car for a new one, light blue with blue leather upholstery to match, and is buying an entire new wardrobe, all in blue. Maybe, for 1938, she'll go Technicolor, and be a rainbow.

Why They Call 'Em Ice

GLORIA STUART doesn't like diamonds. "They're cold," she complains.

Jeerio

LONDON, not as excitable as Hollywood over publicity gags, seems to have gotten a bit fed up with Marlene Dietrich's activities over there. Anyway, this is what one columnist wrote: "I understand that the Ministry of Transport is considering a scheme for roping off a large section of West End and closing it to traffic. This compound will be reserved for Miss Marlene Dietrich, the film actress, and those who want to look at her. She will be flood-lit every evening from seven to eight, by kind permission of the Gas Light & Coke Company. It is hoped that this scheme will enable the eccentric minority which is NOT interested in Miss Dietrich to go about its business of pleasures without interference." Fawncy that, now!

Tutti-Fruitti

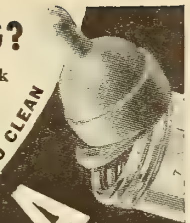
XMAS in Hollywood: Jack Oakie, on Christmas night, barged into the Trocadero in white flannels and a bright red flannel zipper sweater coat!

Render Unto Cesar

FAN-MAIL Oddity No. 2—From Chicago, a girl sent Cesar Romero a leather-bound autograph book, containing

BABY COMING?

See your doctor regularly. Ask him about Hygeia Bottles and Nipples. These wide mouth bottles are easily cleaned. Nipple is easily kept germ free. Don't take chances. These are safest . . .
ASK YOUR DOCTOR!



SAFEST BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN
HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLES AND NIPPLES

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin

Happy! I once had ugly hair on my face and chin . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried depilatories, waxes, liquids . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty, love, happiness with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 319, Chicago.

New! Pocket Radio

TINY TONE
POCKET RADIO

Batteryless, Wireless, Tubeless Radio $2.99
Complete Postpaid

Amazing midget radio weighs only 2 ozs. Receives all stations with clear beautiful tone—no static or interference—nothing to ADJUST or wear out. Should last for years! ENTIRELY NEW DESIGN. Not to be confused with cheap so called "Pocket Radios." NOT A TOY. Tunes police and airplane calls also! The newest radio sensation of the year! Absolutely complete with instructions for use in hotels, offices, autos, trains, camps, at home, on boats, etc. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT. No messy hookups to any current whatsoever. THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS report wonderful service in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD! THESE ARE FACTS. Any color furnished (state yours). Can be used by ANYONE without experience. Send only $1.00, pay postman balance or send $2.99 (M.O., cash, check). Guaranteed! Order now!

TINYTONE RADIO CORP., Dept. F-4, Kearney, Nebr.

Pimples Kill Romance

Many shattered romances may be traced directly to ugly skin blemishes. Why tolerate itchy pimples, eczema, angry red blotches or other disfigurements resulting from external causes when you can get quick relief from soothing Peterson's Ointment? 35c at your druggists. Money refunded if one application does not delight you. Wonderful also to soothe irritated and inflamed feet and cracks between toes. Free sample, Peterson Ointment Co., Dept. K102, Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM Gives Your Eyes a New Deal

If you wear glasses, or think you should, our FOUR MONTHS' TRIAL OFFER—containing the inspiring story of glasses discarded for Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism, Old Age Sight, Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc., as told by USERS AT HOME of this Revolutionary System—will be mailed FREE upon request.

NATURAL EYESIGHT INSTITUTE, Inc.
Dept. 74-A Los Angeles, Calif.

greetings in their native language from fans of 37 different nationalities, all living in Chicago. Now Cesar is looking up the word "Thanks" in 37 tongues.

Upping The Pay

LESS than a year ago, your favorite Hollywood reporter (I bow, modestly) interviewed Bob Taylor, then an unknown working on the Universal lot. He was getting something like $150 a week, and liking it. Now, MGM has just torn up his old contract and given him a new one. It runs to about $4,000 a week, guarantees Bob Taylor approximately a million dollars in pay within five years. Talking of contracts and salaries, Bill Powell and MGM are going 'round and 'round, a bit. Bill, they whisper, wants $200,000 a picture before he signs up again.

Talent

GARY COOPER is taking up his sketching again, doing "candid-eye" charcoals of fellow-players.

Love Life Is His Own

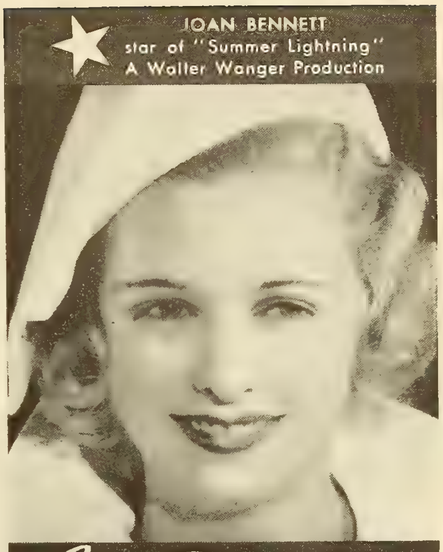
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW may be the plu-perfect little English gentleman, but not too much so. . . . It became too much, it seems, when the publicity department suggested that it'd be a good gag if Freddie, like the grownup stars, would escort some girl to the premiere of *Lloyds of London.* Since Tyrone Power was beauing sweetie-pie Sonja Henie to the opening, why wouldn't Freddie squire a little girl who worked with him in the film, asked the press-agents. Aunt Cissie thought it a good idea, and relayed the suggestion to Gentleman Freddie. Freddie hit the ceiling. Not only did he tell Aunt Cissie and the world that he'd NOT escort said little girl, but that he wouldn't even go to the darned old movie at all, if she was even going to be among those present! It looked bad for a while, but he backed down halfway, and consented to go, even though the girl was somewhere in the audience. But he didn't escort her. His love life, as Nelson Eddy also says, will be his own, by gosh and by jiminy!

School's Never Over

POOR Shirley Temple. Got a vacation, and went to Palm Springs. But had to take her teacher with her!

Senor Mix—Gaucho

TOM MIX is coming back to the screen. And that, fans, is news—for Tom, the man who has more broken bones in his body than anybody else in pictures, has been off the screen over two years. This time, however, if present plans go through, Tom will turn his back on the famous old Wild West sombrero-and-chaps and two-gun character he's always played, and will star in a series of movies glorifying the *gaucho*—which is South America's counterpart of our cowboy.



Joan Bennett **says**

"A Film Actress can't take chances with MOTHS"

One Spraying Mothproofs a Whole Year

Your clothes are just as important to you. Now *get rid* of moth dangers as movie stars do. Spray with Larvex *today.*

Spraying with Larvex is the complete safeguard advised by scientists and used by manufacturers of costly woolens. It penetrates to the very center of every woolen fibre. Moths starve to death rather than eat the fabric.

Odorless, stainless, Larvex does away with the clothes storage problem, too, for one Larvex spraying lasts a full 12 months.

Spray with Larvex today and forget the moth problem this year!

LARVEX
ODORLESS
NON INFLAMMABLE
One spraying mothproofs

Mothproof with LARVEX and be sure

"IT'S FUN TO LOOK YOUNGER AGAIN!"

..*and* so easy *to Safely Tint*
GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Meet the Californian!

Our new economy train to Los Angeles

The *Californian* (Chicago-Los Angeles on the scenic Golden State Route) has been a sensational success from the start. The reasons: economy meals in the diner (BREAKFAST 25c, LUNCHEON 30c, DINNER 35c), free pillow service, stewardess, luxurious chair cars, improved tourist sleeping cars, completely air-conditioned, special chair car for women and children.

LOWEST FARES! Only $34.50 from Chicago to California in chair cars; $57.35 round trip. Slightly higher in tourist sleeping cars.

FOR FOLDER describing the *Californian,* write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. FW-4, 310 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Southern Pacific
FOUR SCENIC ROUTES TO CALIFORNIA

Many Young Folks now say
NAC CREAM
NAC POWDER
NAC

NAC
QUICKLY CLEARS THE SKIN

Tested and Approved ★ 4871 Good Housekeeping Bureau

No Laxatives — No Yeast
No Harmful Internal Drugs

Pimples are usually caused by germs in the skin and consequently require a penetrating, antiseptic external treatment. Internal treatments are frequently ineffective. It often takes NAC, Volatized Sulphur Cream you rub on at bedtime and NAC Prescription Powder that you use during the day, to get the skin cleared up quickly.

NAC Cream 35c-$1.00
NAC Prescription Powder 55c-$1.00
At All Drug and Dept. Stores
Purse Sizes 20c at 10c Stores

"NAC Has the Knack of Quickly Clearing the Skin." Don't delay. Get your NAC today. Satisfaction is Guaranteed or Money Back.

SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE
For a free sample of NAC Prescription Powder (☐Rachelle ☐Natural) write—
NAC, Dept. 164, Winnetka, Ill.

Devastation with a Capital DEE

[*Continued from page* 38]

many times, but somehow I never got the chance. I've been so busy. And now to have a contract here..."

It's a brand new five year contract. They wanted her, and wanted her bad, to appear with Gary in this picture *Souls At Sea.* Why? Because Frances is an anomaly. She has the gentleness, that illusive charm that goes with beautiful period costumes (remember her *Meg* in *Little Women?)* and a typical modern verve. (As witness the *heiress* in *The Gay Deception!)* Of course she hasn't worked much since the advent of David. He arrived about a year ago to keep two-and-a-half year old Joel Dee company. "And it's so nice to have big Joel working here on the same lot with me while I'm making this first 'return' picture! He's playing in *Internes Can't Take Money* with Barbara Stanwyck," she explained.

HARD to imagine this slim, gay girl as a dignified young matron and the mother of two. Ah but she is! And the mother can overshadow all else in an instant. It happened this way:

We were having tea in her dressing-room when NEWS arrived from the reception office. Master Joel Dee, in the company of his grandmother, was paying his initial visit to a motion picture studio. MOM-my and DAD-dy were there, weren't they? Well, then it was high time he was inspecting the place. A chubby little fellow with Frances' eyes and the McCrea expression in miniature came bounding into the room. Then he stopped abruptly. He looked puzzled —then shocked. That *was* MOM-my . . . and it wasn't. He'd never seen her in make-up before. Besides his MOM-my didn't wear huge hoop skirts like that so you couldn't even find her lap to crawl into. He looked wildly for DAD-dy. No sign of him. Just a queer person sitting with notebook and pencil where DAD-dy should have been. Young Mr. McCrea voiced his protest. He voiced it loud and long . . .

With a quick movement Frances cradled him in her arms. For the moment Hollywood, the whole vast mechanism of making movies, ceased to be. She was just Mrs. McCrea trying to console a bewildered small son.

They telephoned to DAD-dy on the set. DAD-dy said the paternal equivalent to "Keep a stiff upper lip, m'boy; I'll be right over," and the sobs ceased as if by magic.

THERE'S a sturdy fine quality about this little family. They have something that rumor and fame and glitter can't touch. Some folks call it "luck." And some call it *"love."* I used to think marriage put a pretty definite period to romance. I don't any-more—not since watching Joel and Frances. They lunch together every noon in the studio commissary; he swings around to her dressing-room every night and they go home in their new family car. Frances has never been more beautiful in her life. She has the look that only a woman deeply loved can have.

"For three years," she chuckled, paring an apple for Joel Dee, "I've been asked how I managed a household *and* a career. I don't 'manage.' I simply have them and I'm perfectly happy with both. Of course I'm only living my own life; it might not work out at all in other cases—but," reflectively, "I think it's beneficial to have a career

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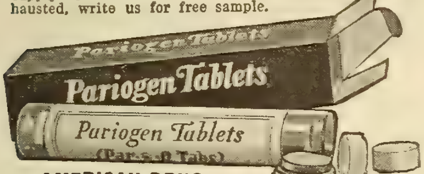

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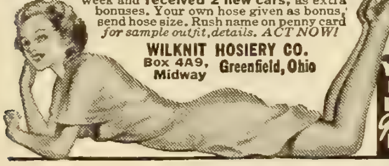

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along with home interests. It makes life more balanced. You get a clearer perspective and you're far more stimulated. I know I'm terribly happy to be back under contract and to have every moment taken up. And Joel is so proud. He *wants* me to have a career . . ."

Suddenly she sank back against the wall, lost in sombre thought. "Wouldn't it be miserable to be married to somebody who refused to let you go ahead with what you wanted to do? To have a husband who resented your outside interests? Naturally, if the man were big enough himself he wouldn't be so worried. Thank heavens that Joel understands—he's the most unselfish person I've ever known."

Her words evoked a swift memory, of Joel reading aloud a "rave" notice on Frances from a New York paper . . . and grinning from ear to ear . . . and telling me, "Gee, isn't that swell? But she deserves even better reports!" No. Joel isn't the kind to stand in her way—nor she in his. They have no plans for appearing in a picture together; they don't care particularly to do that unless a very suitable story is found. And that may be the very answer to their happiness—*independent* careers.

"IT'S a funny thing," said Frances. "*The major events of my life have all happened within three blocks of this studio.*"

"You see—I was born in Hollywood. In a little gray house up on Melrose just about three blocks from here. There were only bean fields around this vicinity then. It was quiet and country-fied—maybe that's where I got my love of the country! It gives me such a funny feeling every time I drive past the place and see the same old pepper tree I fell out of when I was about Joel Dee's age . . . And I remember how fascinated I was a little later when mother took me to hear Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. It was at the time of the war and they were speaking on the liberty loan campaign.

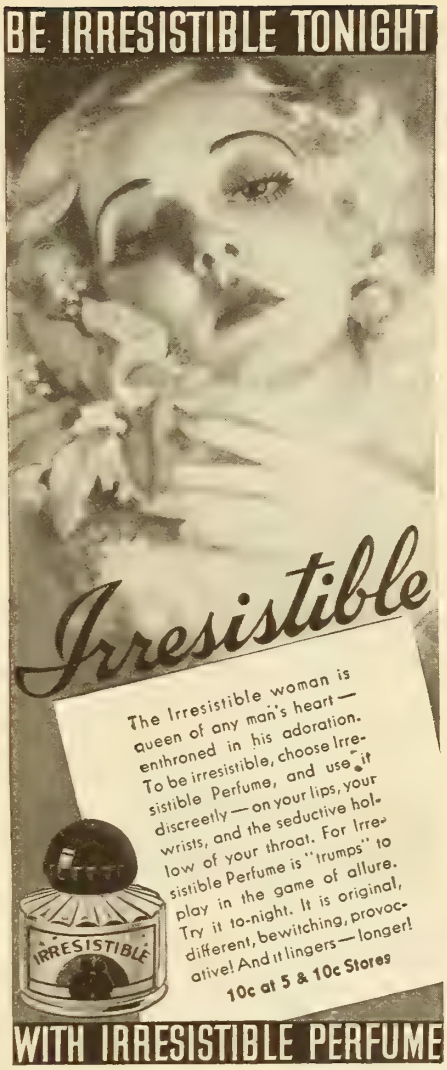
"Then we moved to Chicago. I always wanted to come back to California but I had to wait until that summer vacation from college . . . It was supposed to be just a visit—but I never returned East. I didn't think much about it at the time, but a very short distance from my birthplace was the studio where I got my first 'break' in the movies. And on the lot right next door, RKO, I met my husband. I'd gone over there to play in *The Silver Cord* . . ."

"You're the only star I know of who was actually born in Hollywood," I told her. "And now, Miss Native Daughter, what about the other highlights in your young life?"

"Why, they're Joel Dee and David, of course!" And her look said, *Tut, tut, such an unnecessary question!* "Actually, though," she added, "everything else in life is dwarfed beside having babies—everything, even the day I had my first chance in pictures."

THEY spend most of their time at their ranch, these McCreas. It's that sunny, somnolent spot out at Sherwood Forest, about fifty miles from town where they have a thousand acres of rolling land. And where they live the sort of existence that made the early Californians the envy of the race. A spreading Mexican ranch house . . . an amiable old caretaker and his wife . . . a string of good horses . . . Joel and Frances adore it and the children wax fat and healthy.

"We never do anything very exciting—just run back and forth between the ranch and the house we've rented in Beverly Hills to use while we're working," Frances explained. "All I know is I'm not bored! . . .



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But I'm tired of telling people we do things. We don't! We don't go to the Trocadero or to the Grove. We never get around to it. Perhaps some persons have the idea we don't like Hollywood, its social life and so on. Oh, but we do. It's just that Joel and I haven't had time to go much. We say, for instance, now on Thursday evening we'll make up a party and go to the Troc . . . Then Joel gets a new script to go over or I have a late photographic sitting or something and we don't budge . . . Gary and Rocky (Mrs. Gary) visit us at the ranch quite often because they like that sort of thing too. And when we do attend a party we have an awfully good time.

"In the spring we're hoping to have our first real holiday together since we're married. We're going to England. Neither of us has ever been to Europe . . ."

The telephone in the outer room jangled. Would Miss Dee please go to the set? She gave Joel Dee a hurried hug. Dusted powder on her diminutive nose. Then Hollywood's favorite daughter went back to work . . .

Right You Are, Dr. Pitkin!

[*Continued from page* 41]

sensible young men spend their youths struggling and fitting themselves for the goal of success in later life. But you have to plant healthy seed to get a happy crop!"

Major menace Boris Karloff admits to being past forty when success in the shape of his role of *Frankenstein* came upon him. And he's glad it didn't come earlier. He would have missed grubbing for a living, working as a laborer, truck driving. He wouldn't have valued his good fortune if it had come when he was in his sophomoric twenties. He says: "I can appreciate recognition much more now after years of trouping . . . 'batting' around the country, taking what parts that came my way . . . they laid, I think, a foundation that will make my success more lasting."

TEARING ourselves from comics and menaces, the lists of the romantic actors are full of four-decaders. There's Leslie *(Hamlet)* Howard, playing *Romeo* (against his better instincts, he says) at forty-three; the so-o-o-sympathetic Herbert Marshall, a World War veteran—and the War has been over for nineteen years, it lasted four for the English, and the enlistment age was twenty-one. Bart—pardon the informality, Mr. Marshall—is definitely forty-ish. So is that able actor Paul Muni at forty-one. Joseph Schildkraut is forty-one, Ralph Forbes forty, Richard Dix forty-one, Edmund Lowe—the suave—is forty-four, Edward Gould Robinson forty-three, baritone Lawrence Tibbett is forty, and Warner Baxter, still flourishing—still enjoying a comfortable fan following—handsome roles, is around forty.

Moreover, Baxter admits that he has realized the ambition of a lifetime. He is the owner of a hill-top home that is the consummation of his life-long dreams. Who said a man (or a woman) was through at forty?

"I'd rather be forty than any age I know," Helen Broderick said to me. "At thirty-two I found that there was no Santa Claus. At thirty-five I found that there weren't any brass rings on the merry-go-round and I whipped off that merry-go-round in nothing flat. Now, with all those blasted illusions behind me, I know exactly where I stand—and where nearly everybody else stands, too, for that matter. I like being the age I am because my son is grown up now, and is a charming adult companion and friend."

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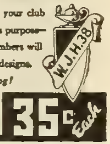

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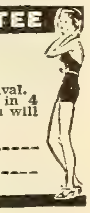

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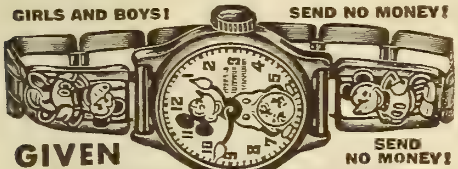

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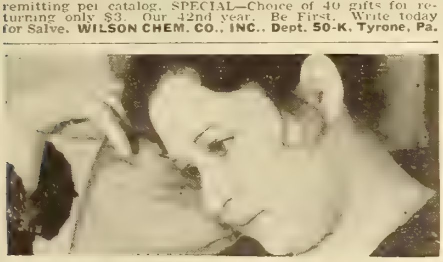


Always "Tired"

THEN, too, periodic pains drag her down and wreck her vitality. Many women suffering from headache, backache, nervousness and weakness, due to functional disturbances, as well as the prospective mother who has loss of appetite, and the woman of middle age, should try that vegetable tonic favorably known for nearly 70 years as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Buy now! Tablets, 50 cents.

Incidentally, her comedy "side-kick," Victor Moore, passed forty over twenty years ago.

It took years for your favorite screen and air comics, Jack Benny of Paramount and NBC, and Eddie Cantor (forty-three) of 20th Century-Fox and CBS, to reach the high places they now occupy. And if Jack's near-million dollars a year doesn't spell success to you, dearie, then something is awfully, awfully wrong somewhere. Benny philosophizes this way on the subject of age: "If life begins at forty, then that explains why I feel like a two-year old. Mary says she's having my hat widened for that middle-aged spread. She contends the old felt must be spreading—it lives on the fat of the land.

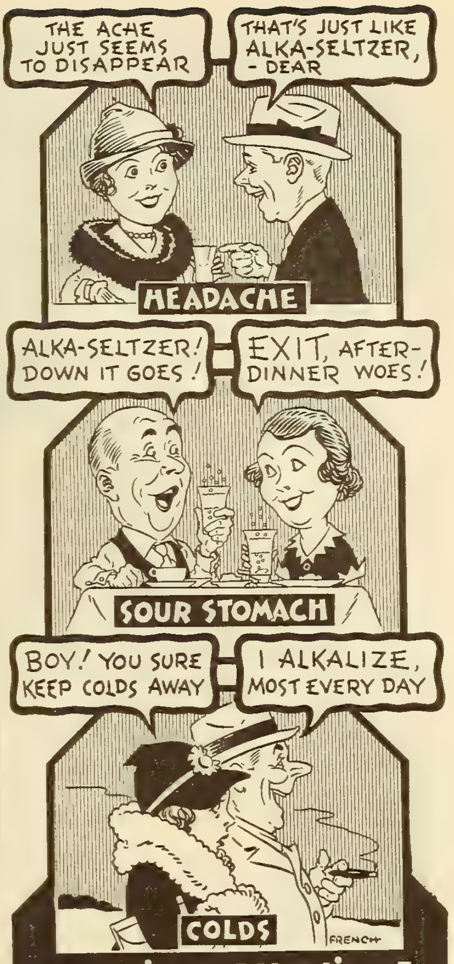
"But seriously," continues Kidder Benny, "though I can't exactly say life began two years ago, I do admit that fate has been more than usually kind to me since the day I completed my two-score years. The films have given me the nod and my radio efforts have continued to panic the sponsor. In fact, things look so rosy for me I've got thorns in my eyebrows!" And speaking of eyebrows, black-browed Basil Rathbone is forty-four and has been enjoying very good fortune, thank you, these last few years. So has fidgety Frank Morgan, forty-three.

ON the threshhold of the forties, and therefore—if the theory holds—at the beginning of even greater success, is Fredric March, in his late thirties. And Conrad Nagel, too, sees a rainbow ahead in the forties in the shape of his new directing contract for George Hirliman and Grand National. Nagel has been an actor for years and years. Romantically, the fellow is keeping up averages, too, with repeated rumors of his engagements to Kay Linaker; also a certain young lady from the South.

Among directors, producers, writers, the age of forty has brought considerable triumph. W. S. Van Dyke, known in his thirties for the excellence of his travel films (*White Shadows of the South Seas, Trader Horn, The Pagan, Eskimo*), whittled out an enviable movie colony reputation for himself when, a few years deep in his forties, he began to turn out smart comedy-mystery dramas *(The Thin Man)* and glowing musical features *(Naughty Marietta, Rose-Marie)*. "Life for me," says he, "has always been pretty much of a day-to-day proposition, but now that I have arrived in the 'fatal forties' I find that adventure has not stopped. On the contrary, it has begun all over for me!" Which may or may not be a cryptic statement.

John Ford, forty-ish, walked off with last year's Academy Award for directing *The Informer;* Producer Harry Cohn, just inside the magic age, pulled Columbia studios, a small independent company, out of the doldrums and into the sacred atmosphere of the major producing companies. No small achievement. Cameraman Hal Mohr, husband of Evelyn Venable, crank-turner on *Midsummer Night's Dream* which won him a 1935 Academy statuette, turned forty and turned director all in one breath. Now he is set to direct *Class Prophecy*, one of New Universal's most important 1937 films.

At forty-three Paramount's capable Arthur Hornblow, Jr., won outstanding production honors; capped them by marching to the altar with the Nation's No. One Ummmmmm Girl, Myrna Loy, considerably his junior. Which brings us to Love again, and a pleasant note to close on. If you are forty, if you plan to be forty sometime—remember this: The flaccid, forlorn forties are a thing of the past. From pictures to palaces, these days, men and women are just beginning to get the best out of life when the decade-gong strikes four.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The Moss Co., Rochester, N. Y.

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JUST RUB IT ON

Between OURSELVES

by Larry Reid

"GARBO Loves Robert Taylor." MGM says so in its advertising campaign on *Camille.* The nation's billboards, newspapers and magazines are telling us this momentous message. Of course, the picture, *Camille,* is concerned in the Swedish siren's romantic splurge. Telling the world that a great star of Garbo's rank loves the idol of the hour is something to be chalked up for MGM's showmanship. Taylor is tops—the favorite of the femmes. So the appeal of the man to the fluttering feminine heart is capitalized—even to the extent of having him share the love of a woman who has frowned on romance, at least in her private life. But she DOES LOVE BOB in *Camille.* So it's all play-acting, and smart advertising.

GARBO IS STILL GARBO

THE tie-up of Garbo and Taylor is bound to act to the benefit of both, but particularly to Garbo. She had slipped in the public's palavering, and at the box-office. The tragic role of *Marguerite* in *The Lady of the Camellias* is accepted as the greatest test of an actress' emotional powers. A gifted actress never fails to go to town in portraying the frustrated character. So with Garbo, despite the fact that she loves Robert Taylor—on the billboards or in the story. It is a magnificent performance, utterly dwarfing anything she has projected before.

Greta Garbo

Yes, Garbo is back; she never really went away. All she needed was something worthy of her gifts. She can continue to love Robert Taylor or plain Joe Doakes—given the proper emotional medium—and she would always stand out, sure of her art and supreme in it. And this is no disparagement on Bob's acting. Indeed, he portrays *Armand* so sincerely that you forget the character is a sap or even a sop, drawn for the purpose by Dumas *fils* to create the larger figure of the love-lorn *Marguerite.*

SEE RAINER AND LOVE HER

MGM should promote a new slogan as a companion piece to "Garbo Loves Robert Taylor." The new one might be adopted for *The Good Earth* as follows: "Everyone Loves Luise Rainer." After you and you and you have seen her here, all of you will take her to your hearts. Her performance in this intensely human picturization of Pearl Buck's memorable story of Oriental soil—and how it governs *Wang's* whole existence surely stymies this typewriter.

As the tragic *O-Lan* she brings deep humility and pathos to the character—and makes it convincingly real. She creates a mood that draws you right into the screen. As you watch her you take up her burden—and become the loyal and self-effacing wife. Paul Muni as her husband, who forgets the soil in his mercenary and pecuniary progress; who casts aside his wife in his upward advance—but who returns to her when the soil reclaims him, is physically, the *Wang* of the book. But in the picture he seems but a complement to Rainer and her portrayal. Her *O-Lan* is tempered to bring out the spiritual, human flame. And Rainer ignites it.

Luise Rainer

Here is the actress of the year—this Luise Rainer. Having won an award for the best performance among femme stars last year in *The Great Ziegfeld,* she seems destined to win it again with her performance in *The Good Earth.* In the compass of a year the Viennese charmer has climbed to the head of the picture parade — and this without benefit of ballyhoo. Talent, like truth and murder, will out.

The Good Earth is Irving Thalberg's posthumous triumph since it took on form and substance under his supervision. It has been four years—on and off—in the making, but the expenditure of money, time and labor have not been wasted. There's nothing in sight to cope with it unless it's *The Lost Horizon.* But we must await the dawn of this Columbia canvas before we can pass judgment, though all signs point to a magnificent triumph.

THE COMEDIAN BUSINESS

TAKING up the cudgels for the comedians the producers had better begin thinking about replacing a fast-vanishing market. They've established training-schools and what not, to find replacements for the players who carry the love interest. But nothing has been done to find replacements for comedians for the few fun-makers who supply the comedy relief. There is no training-school at all. The producers have been asleep at the switch while routing their top-notchers and "finds" on the main track of romance. Time was when vaudeville became the training-school, but vaudeville is gone. The radio is not a training-school because it doesn't call for pantomime to express a comic character—the comic is just a gag-slinger, dishing up wisecracks with his assembled stooges. On the screen no beginners are wanted; you have to be a "finished" comedian before you start, and the same is true of the stage.

Edw. E. Horton

In vaudeville every comedian was his own boss. If he was an ambitious kid living in a small town he had the idea he could be funny if he tried. He built up an act in his father's barn. When it was polished a bit he persuaded a third-rate vaudeville agent passing through the town to have a looksee at it. The agent thought it might go. So the youth got booked on the gas-light circuit. With audience reaction he found out what was funny and what wasn't. He discovered that a certain line said in a certain way would get more laughs than otherwise. He learned about timing. He finally reached a better circuit. Then went on to still better ones. All the time he was his own boss. He taught himself the business of how to be funny. It was the only way he—or anyone—could learn. He constantly experimented with new ideas, new expressions, new gags. And, in time, he became a full-fledged comedian with a reputation.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE

So-o-o-o-o-o. Name your list of comedians. There are not many of them. Practically all of them with the exception of Edward Everett Horton, Harold Lloyd and one or two others, came out of vaudeville. But with vaudeville gone what does this do with the comedian business? It means good money for the men who have learned how to be comics. But where are the replacements coming from? Who are to take the places of the Haleys, Frawleys, Ruggleses, Moores, Chaplins, Butterworths, Lloyds, Hortons, Healys, Laurels, Hardys, Wheelers, Woolseys, Browns, Fieldses, Summervilles, Herberts, Blores, and Mundins? Some of these men may not always be the picture-savers, but they are often the picture-stealers. They can't go on forever. As ex-King Edward said in speaking about something or other: *Something must be done.* The answer here looks like a training-school for comedians, with the above-named composing the faculty.

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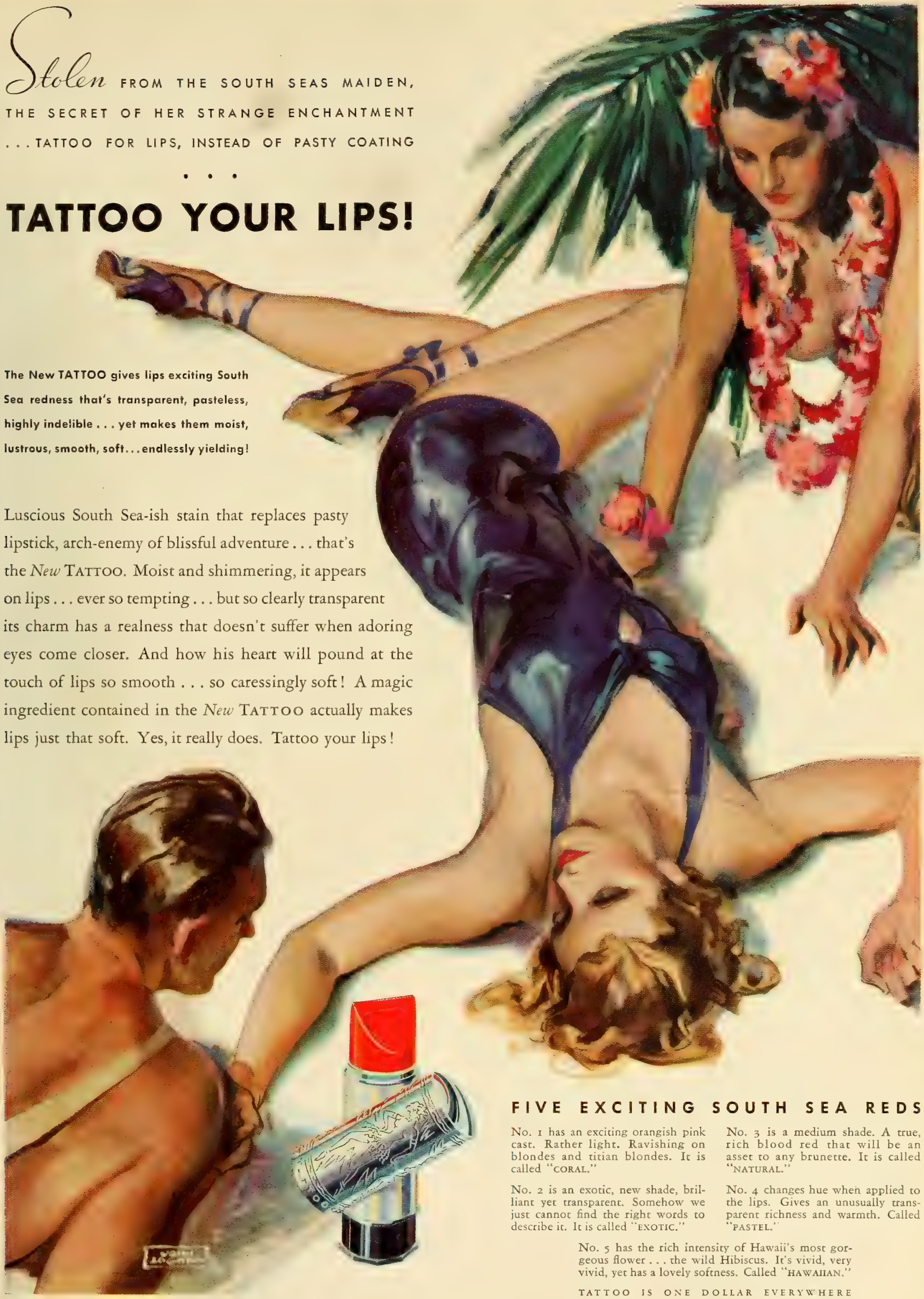
Stolen FROM THE SOUTH SEAS MAIDEN,
THE SECRET OF HER STRANGE ENCHANTMENT
. . . TATTOO FOR LIPS, INSTEAD OF PASTY COATING

. . .

TATTOO YOUR LIPS!



The New TATTOO gives lips exciting South Sea redness that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible . . . yet makes them moist, lustrous, smooth, soft . . . endlessly yielding!

Luscious South Sea-ish stain that replaces pasty lipstick, arch-enemy of blissful adventure . . . that's the *New* TATTOO. Moist and shimmering, it appears on lips . . . ever so tempting . . . but so clearly transparent its charm has a realness that doesn't suffer when adoring eyes come closer. And how his heart will pound at the touch of lips so smooth . . . so caressingly soft! A magic ingredient contained in the *New* TATTOO actually makes lips just that soft. Yes, it really does. Tattoo your lips!

FIVE EXCITING SOUTH SEA REDS

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood red that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 changes hue when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth. Called "PASTEL."

No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower . . . the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness. Called "HAWAIIAN."

TATTOO IS ONE DOLLAR EVERYWHERE

You need this throat protection too!

...That only a light smoke offers

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you ... be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke **OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"**

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MOTION PICTURE

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Movie CLASSIC

10¢

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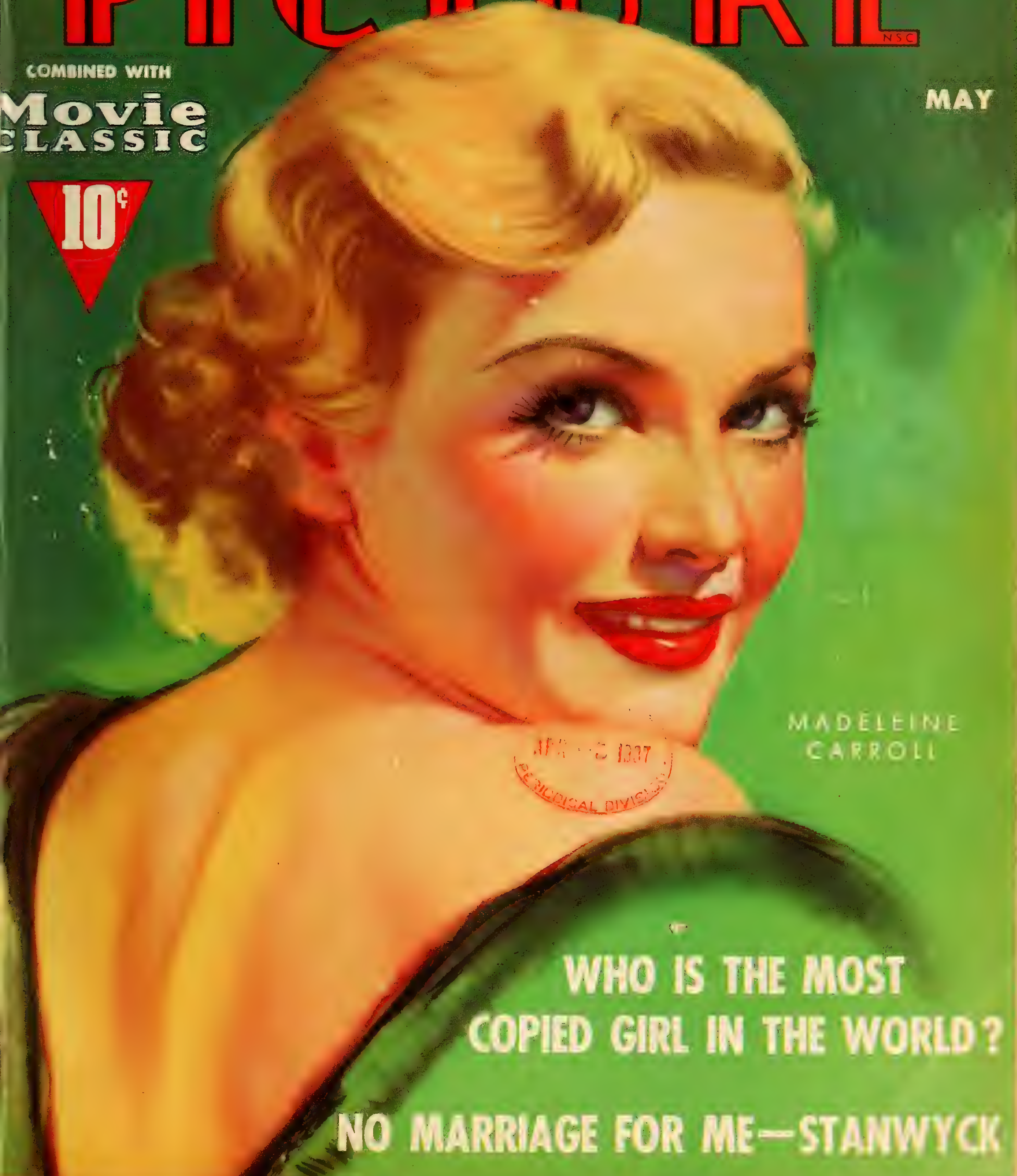


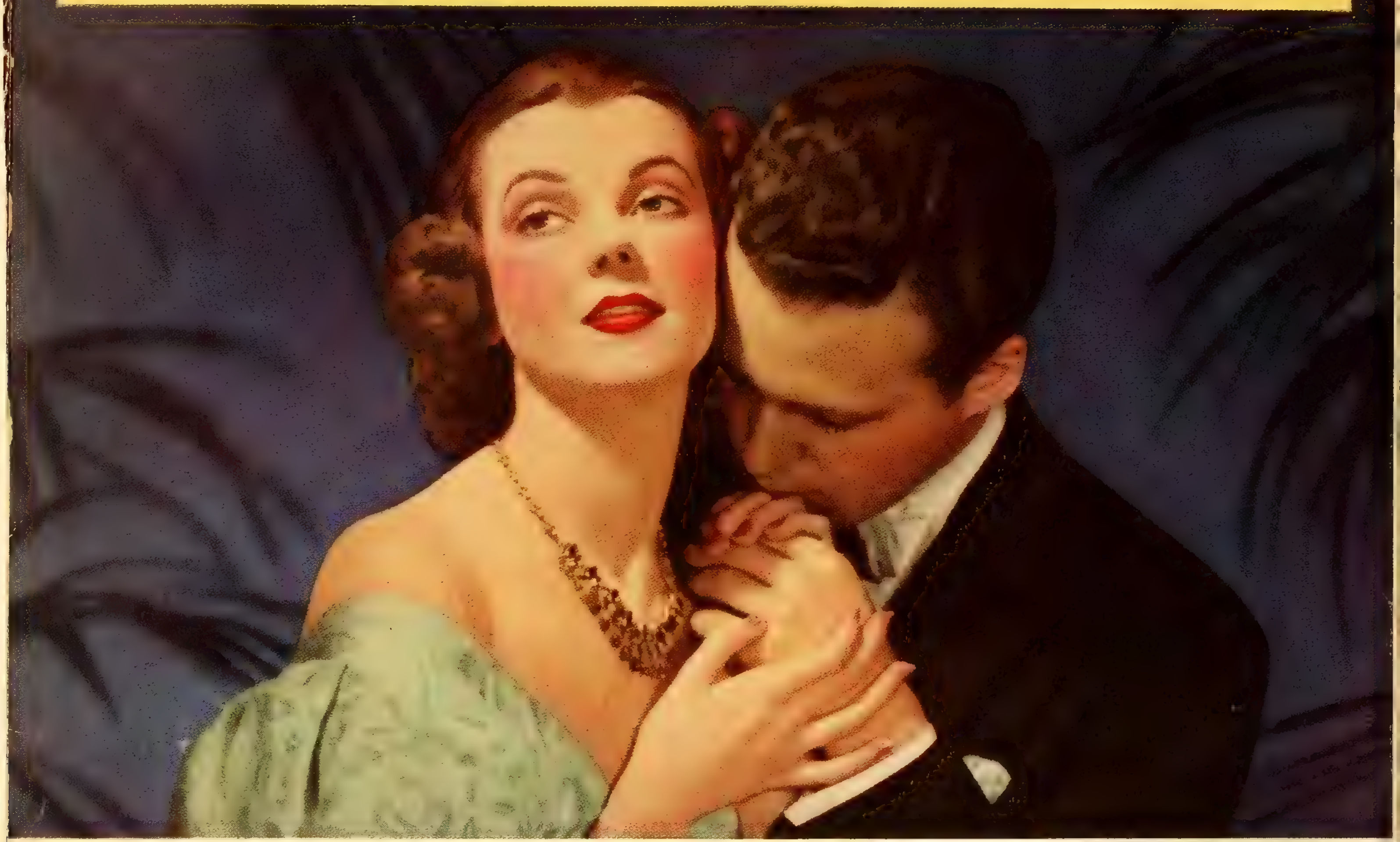
MADELEINE CARROLL

APR 6 1937
PERIODICAL DIVISION

WHO IS THE MOST COPIED GIRL IN THE WORLD?

NO MARRIAGE FOR ME—STANWYCK

"Darling you're so lovely it frightens me!"



HOLLYWOOD! The ever-critical — the master authority on beauty — has its very own secret for flawless charm! — A secret you now may share. All types go to make up Hollywood's group of glamorous screen sirens. Yet each is a picture of cameo loveliness. To see them is to adore them! Each vital type — whether Titian, Brunette, or Blonde — owes her radiant beauty to the intimate secret of make-up *keyed to her individual coloring!*

NOW—with HOLLYWOOD MASK Matched Make-up—you may achieve the same devastating results. For the velvet-textured Powder of HOLLYWOOD MASK *accents* the skin-tones; the soft, glowing Rouge merges with shade of skin; and the Lipstick, matching the Rouge, leaves lips ripe, tantalizing — lips that promise to give — and to take! And all three, keyed to *your* individual coloring.

Underneath it all, the knowledge that the skin is baby-fresh and revitalized with the HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial.

Follow the Hollywood method, just as a screen star. Let your mirror reflect a new, ravishing *you.* You'll be vibrant! Re-made! Luscious! Ready to undermine hearts of men the world over.

You'll find poise and assurance, too, in knowing you've properly stressed inner beauty, by make-up that accents *your own* color tones.

Don't delay glorification! Awaken your sleeping beauty with HOLLYWOOD MASK Matched Make-up. Ask today for your own shades at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Hollywood MASK

FOR INTIMATE BEAUTY

HOLLYWOOD

Avoid Blackheads—Clogged Pores

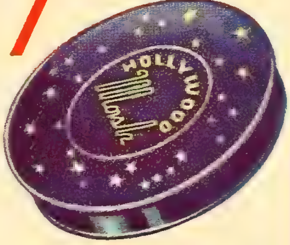
Purge tiny dirt-ridden pores. Cleanse the *base* of the face! Strengthen and feed under-skin tissues with HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial. Large Tube $1.00 Purse Size 10c.

Acquire Bloom of Youth

Bestows glowing blush on cheeks. Merges with skin tones and blends with powder. Plays up to eyes and hair. Peachbloom, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large Size 50c. Purse Size 10c.

Alluring Companion to Rouge

Have rich, red, taunting lips! — Come-hitherish, soft—that *stay* soft through an evening of kisses. Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry. Extra Size 55c. Purse Size 10c.



Escape "Flour-Barrel" Look

Heavenly new powder reveals true skin-tone; clings longer. Harmonizes with cheeks and lips. Soft, subtle, natural! Rachelle, Creole, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large Size 75c. Purse Size 10c.

Start your beauty adventure now! If your store hasn't HOLLYWOOD MASK as yet, check *your* shades below, for generous introductory treatment. Be sure to include HOLLYWOOD MASK Facial—the base of new loveliness.

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I enclose 10c for each purse-size cosmetic checked.

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LIPSTICK ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark ☐ Orange ☐ Raspberry
ROUGE ☐ Orange ☐ Poppy ☐ Raspberry ☐ Peachbloom
POWDER ☐ Rachelle-Brunette ☐ Peach ☐ Dark Rachelle ☐ Natural ☐ Creole ☐ Blanche ☐ Suntan

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MOTION PICTURE

Combined With

Movie Classic

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Editor

MAY, 1937

Volume LIII, No. 4 Twenty-sixth Year

A NEW SLANT ON RONALD COLMAN

The actor with the most expressive eyes on the screen comes to you next month in a fascinating interview. You have long worshiped at his shrine, and today he has just as strong a grip on your hearts as when his personality and talent first flashed across the screen. With new picturegoers he is held in just as wide esteem. Not given much to airing his opinions, yet when he does break his usual silence he commands your attention. In the June issue of MOTION PICTURE you'll be listening to what he has to say. It's an issue crammed with interesting articles about your top favorites... and newcomers, too.

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AL ALLARD—Art Director

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Dull-Listless
—SKIN BROKE OUT!

● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

Here's the lesson she learned

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Three minutes of chewing make the difference

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● Now life is so *different* for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. M-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

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THE CHEWING GUM
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NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

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The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

BY HARRY LANG

CUPID'S COUPLET:
They're callin' him "Mary's Little Lamb,"
But Buddy Rogers doesn't give a—toot!

● ● ●

AND they'll probably be Mr. and Mrs. Rogers by the time you read this in print. As this is written, the plans are for a London wedding. Mary Pickford wanted the wedding to take place in her beloved Hollywood, but the death of her sister, Lottie, and previous professional engagements of Buddy so switched the date-plans that the London wedding was set instead.

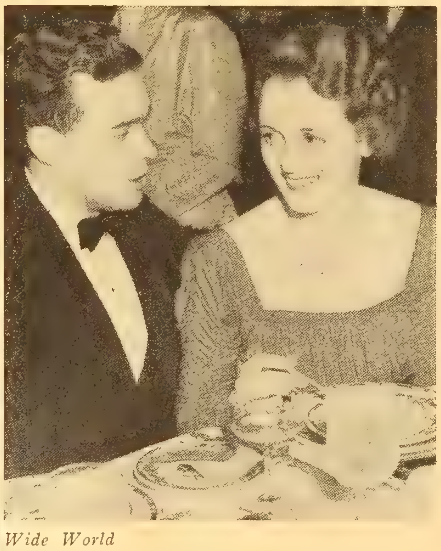
● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Alice Faye's big brother, Bill,
And June Gale are in Cupid's mill!

● ● ●

TYRONE POWER is keeping the Hollywood who's-whose-guessers guessing, what with Sonja Henie and Rochelle Hudson! It looked for a while as though Tyrone and Sonja were altar bound (but if you'll check back over Ol' Man Tattler's tips, you will see where he told you that Tyrone, career-bound, isn't thinking at all seriously about marriage, right now). However, when Twentieth Century-Fox's publicity department arranged its parade of stars to a certain preview the other night, they told Tyrone that he was expected, for publicity reasons, to escort Rochelle to the show, Sonja being east on a personal-appearance tour at the time. Dutifully, Tyrone called for Rochelle and squired her to the theatre. Next day, the columnists and the gossips howled the news that Tyrone was two-timing Sonja, had switched his heart and affections to the Hudson gal.

Evelyn Terry, 18-year-old Pittsburgher, won her way to a film contract through madcap yells as a stage stock player. Some yeller!



Wide World

Mary Astor who made headlines last summer, made them again when she recently eloped and married Manuel Del Campo of Mexico City

● ● ●

FACT is (this is Ol' Man Tattler talking) that Tyrone's heart is still whole, and that neither Sonja nor Rochelle has any mortgage on it (even though the boy's really very fond of both). Tyrone finds his mother taking excellent care of him in a housekeeping way, and feels that marriage now would gum up an auspicious career-launching. (And now I suppose he'll make a liar out of me by eloping with either Sonja or Rochelle, any minute...!)

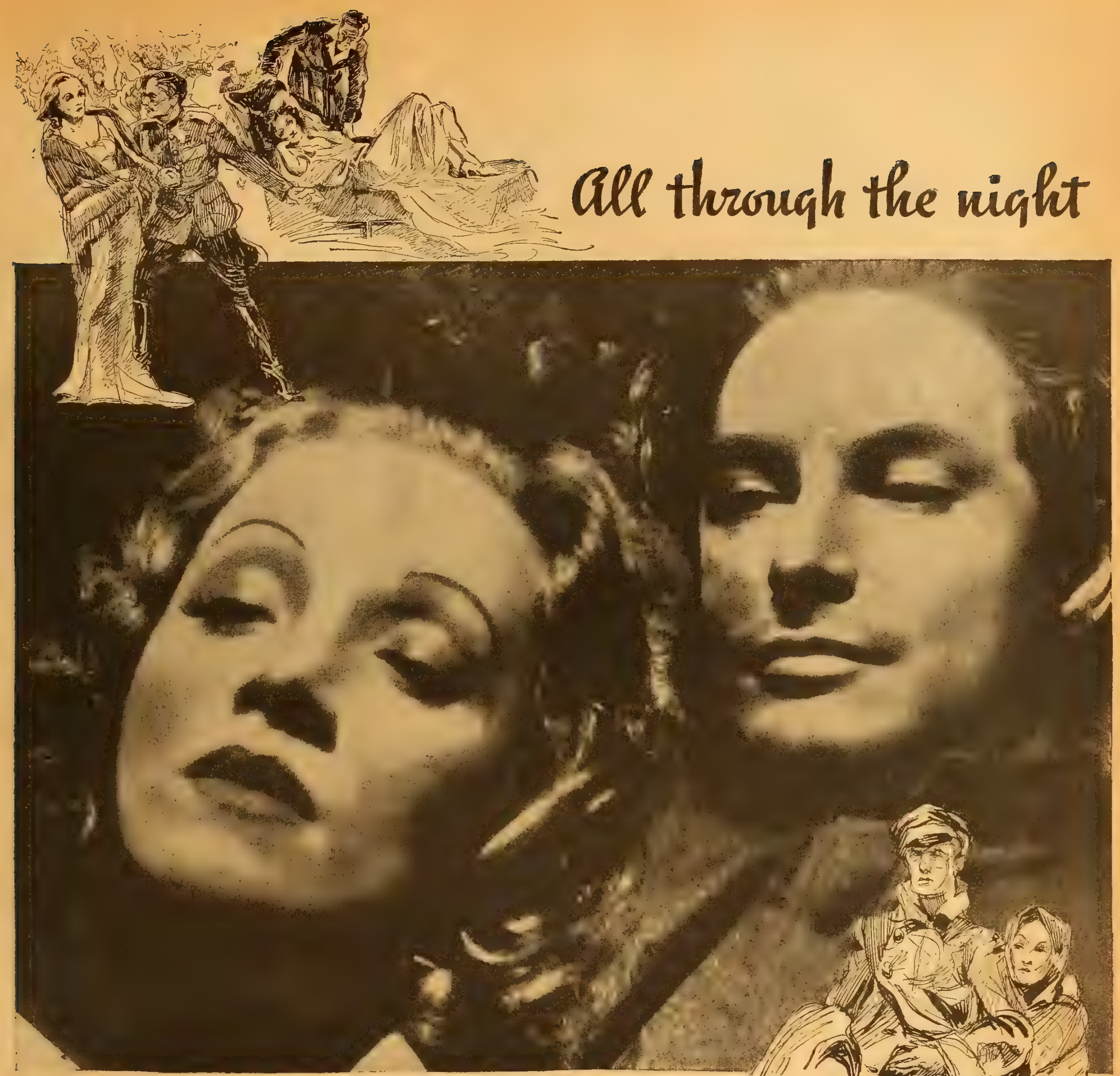
● ● ●

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jean Muir and New Yawk's Richard Watts—
Still among the "Hottest-Hots!"

● ● ●

CLOSEST-to-the-altar-but-"no-take" romance in Hollywood *was* that between June Lang and agent Victor Orsatti. She

[*Continued on page* 8]



All through the night

ALEXANDER KORDA *Presents*

MARLENE ROBERT

DIETRICH·DONAT

IN

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

All through the night—hand in hand—heart to heart—together...Facing danger—sharing adventure—together...Pursued by hatreds and passions—lost amid perils too great to face alone...Looking into each other's heart—to find each other...All through the night—arm in arm—escaping together...Tomorrow held their destiny...Tonight held their love

---

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists

Virginia Weidler—Paramount Star Appearing In "Maid of Salem"

Home Made
Ice Cream!

Do you remember? . . . It was one of the highlights of childhood:

What a thrill when Mother dips out the first spoonful! Just like the art of cake-baking—those simple recipes Grandmother used to make Ice Cream are today the most wholesome for growing children. And for mothers, too, who find ordinary "frozen desserts" too rich and fattening.

Make some Ice Cream for dinner tonight! Give the family a treat! Your dealer is showing the latest models of freezers!

"HAVE A PARTY"

AND MAKE ICE CREAM

BUY A FREEZER
at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

The PICTURE PARADE

CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

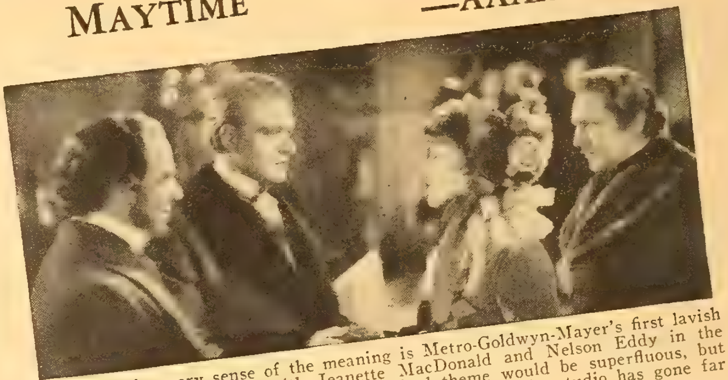
LOST HORIZON —AAAA—

All the superlatives that you've been hearing about *Lost Horizon* have been realized. It comes to the screen, one of the great pictures of all time. James Hilton's story has been translated into a moving, gripping drama—one that, touched as it is with a spiritual note, achieves a quality that places it apart and uplifts it. It is a triumph for Frank Capra, the director, and Robert Riskin, the adaptor. Together they have woven a pictorial pattern which quickens the pulse and heightens the imagination.

You are literally drawn into the screen as you follow the adventures of a small group of white people—shanghaied via plane into the inaccessable reaches of Shangri-La (an earthly paradise). There, under the guidance of native humanitarians they undergo a change of character—and readily adopt the spiritual covenant of Shangri-La—summed up in two words—Be Kind. This is the substance of the story—which is embroidered with romance, thrills, comedy by-play—and dovetailed together in a fabric of gorgeous settings, highlighted by exquisite photography.

Flaws it has, surely—the flaw of editing to compress what must have been tremendous footage into something approaching feature length, and the flaw of ending it on the "boy wins girl" idea. It is finely acted.—*Columbia.*

MAYTIME —AAAA—



Splendid in every sense of the meaning is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's first lavish musical offering of 1937, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the starring roles. A description of the original theme would be superfluous, but it may be said here without fear of contradiction, that the studio has gone far and beyond any beauty which the stage attained.

The songs were written by Sigmund Romberg, composer of the original Broadway score, and also by Herbert Stothart, who has composed the first film operetta, *Czaritza*, which provides a complete and lovely sequence in the picture. Robert Z. Leonard, who last year was responsible for *The Great Ziegfeld*, was entrusted with the guidance of *Maytime*. He handled this assignment with the same remarkable skill.

Miss MacDonald and Eddy sing the stage production hit tune, *Will You Remember*, so effectively that few who heard it will soon forget. Miss MacDonald also sings two complete operatic arias and portions of others. Eddy has three novelty songs, and together, they sing a touching duet, *Carry Me Back To Old Virginny*.

John Barrymore plays a picturesque and appropriate role as a temperamental impresario. A picture that far excels *Naughty Marietta* and *Rose-Marie*.—*M.G.M.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

Edward Everett Horton, left, gives a cocktail party for the vacationists on the second tour, leaving Chicago August 8. Above is a birds-eye view of Hollywood Boulevard. Right, top to bottom, are scenes en route. Along Columbia River Highway, Mt. Rainier, Bad Lands

All Aboard for Hollywood!

You'll meet the stars on our Movieland Tour!

TWO WEEKS of glamorous travel and an eye-opening coverage of the "inside" Hollywood so many influential tourists have tried in vain to crash, is the thrill anticipated by those who have made reservations for Fawcett Publications' Movieland Tours of 1937, for which final arrangements have been completed.

If you have not yet made your reservations, you have little time to wait. Only $5 will reserve your place on this tour of the American West and the marvels and miracles of Hollywood, the wonder city.

You need only mail in your reservation and Motion Picture will do the rest. Through the Bad Lands, the Rockies, the breath-taking Mt. Rainier National Park, Seattle and the great Pacific Northwest, the historic spots of interest in San Francisco (the city has hundreds of them)—then Hollywood and your share of the private lives and work of the stars!

Such delights your vacation will afford! Luxurious travel on private trains, special service de luxe, en route, sight-seeing trips along the way, bridge tournaments and gay parties at big hotels, and then a few days of what you have always yearned for—mingling with your favorite screen idols.

The first tour leaves Chicago July 11, the second August 8. Identical party plans have been arranged for both trans-continental house parties, so only your convenience need dictate your choice of the most satisfactory date for your vacation.

USE THIS COUPON

Mr. W. F. Hagemann, Movieland Tour Manager,
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Chicago, Illinois.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $.................... Please enter my reservation for....................

persons, to insure a place for us on tour No....................

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 11, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 8.)

Name ....

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City .... State ....

FROM the depot you will go straight to the Clark Hotel, in the center of the shopping and theatre district of down-town Los Angeles and directly across the street from the Pacific Electric Depot from which the Big Red Cars will inter-urban you rapidly to all the best-known play-spots of Southern California. One of Los Angeles' most modern hotels, famed for its excellent cuisine, the Clark Hotel is near famous Pershing Square, Los Angeles' best known metropolitan park.

A tour of Hollywood on the first day will take you past the noted night clubs and pleasure spots of the entertainment capital, and through the swank residential districts inhabited by the stars. Late the same afternoon you will be feted at a cocktail party by Basil Rathbone at his beautiful home.

Sunday night you will be guests at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, most famous showhouse of the world and home of Sid Grauman's far-famed mighty prologues.

Paramount studio, home lot of Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, Martha Raye, Jack Benny and Burns and Allen, will be thrown open to you the next morning. You will see the grinding of cameras, learn how sound is [*Continued on page 67*]

Follow the Stars
TO A PERFECT HAIRDRESS
HOLD·BOBS
. . . the secret

Winsome Ruth Lucille Brink of St. Louis, Mo. was winner in the December "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. She receives a FREE screen test, $50.00 in cash, and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studios.

THE sleek, sculptured lines of today's smart coiffures . . . delightful to look at and easy to do! The secret? HOLD-BOBS! These bob pins . . . the favorites of Hollywood where a perfect hairdress is so necessary for a beautiful appearance . . . are unlike any other bob pin. Their exclusive, patented features insuring a smart, distinctive hairdress, are: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair.

With HOLD-BOBS you'll never see why your hair stays beautifully in place. But you'll *know* the reason your friends compliment your new hairdress! Ask for HOLD-BOBS at your favorite store. You'll find these bob pins everywhere.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-57, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD-BOB
SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
Curved Shape Style

★Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .

HOLD·BOB
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

Copyright 1937 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

The PICTURE PARADE

[Continued from page 12]

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL

AAA½—The outstanding feature of Mervyn LeRoy's first independent production for Warner Brothers, is the introduction to American audiences of Fernand Gravet, long the darling of Continental cinema audiences. Gravet has good looks, a grand sense of humor and a tremendous amount of screen personality. He is certain to click big and assures a huge success for *The King and the Chorus Girl.*

It will be difficult for you to keep the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wally Simpson out of your mind when you see this film, primarily because Fernand Gravet bears a striking resemblance to the former Prince of Wales, and secondly, because there is a hinted parallel between a rich, but indolent, ex-king in love with an American girl. Even if there is no connection, the film is "timely."

Joan Blondell, an American chorine, catches the king's eye when he visits the *Folies Bergere* and romance germinates. However, before the happy ending there are a few hurdles to pass over. It's good fun, so don't miss it.—*Warner Bros.*

LOVE IS NEWS

AAA½—Here is a romantic farce which, while it treads familiar ground, is sparkling and spontaneous due to the clever direction of Tay Garnett. It is a positive remedy for those early Spring doldrums and more effective than a Champagne Cocktail.

Love Is News is a newspaper story which brings to mind those two recent box-office hits, *Libeled Lady* and *Love on the Run.* It headlines the romantic escapades of a young heiress and the merry chase she leads a star reporter. It may be improbable, but plenty of fun. Besides, it's a splendid vehicle for Hollywood's newest team—Loretta Young and Tyrone Power.

Miss Young plays an heiress engaged to marry a foreign title. She is big news, and she resents intrusion of reporters into her private life—particularly one reporter, the new man-of-the-hour, Tyrone Power. And when Power tricks her into an interview, she plans revenge.

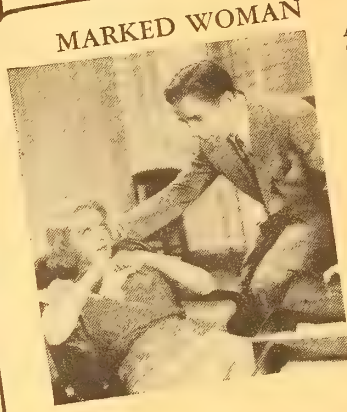
Tyrone Power hands in another excellent performance which will bring him to the top, and Loretta Young is captivating in her role. Don Ameche scores, too.—*20th Century-Fox.*

MICHAEL STROGOFF

AAA—Russia is the background for this grim melodrama adapted from Jules Verne's story. The Russia of love and hatred, cruelty and terror. Most of the film was photographed against authentic backgrounds in Siberia and such a fine job of matching has been done that it is impossible to tell which are the natural scenes and which were photographed in the San Fernando Valley. The original scenes were produced for the French version and by securing Anton Walbrook, who plays the title role in both productions, Hollywood, in their clever negotiations, procured most of the thrilling Tartar sequences which would have cost a fortune to produce here.

Anton Walbrook does a superb job as the spy who falls into the hands of counter-plotters and is outstanding in a cast which includes Margot Grahame, Elizabeth Allan, Akim Tamiroff, Fay Bainter and Eric Blore. Elizabeth Allan plays a young girl who is traveling through the war-torn land just at the right moment to be on hand for the love interest. Margot Grahame is intriguing as a Russian spy. It's good drama.—*RKO-Radio.*

MARKED WOMAN



AAA—Despite the blurb at the beginning that calls attention to the fact that if characters seem counterparts of real flesh and blood persons it is only a coincidence, most of those who see this film cannot help but liken it to the infamous "Lucky" Luciano case in New York which recently made headlines. While the story is sordid, Director Lloyd Bacon handled it with discretion and finesse.

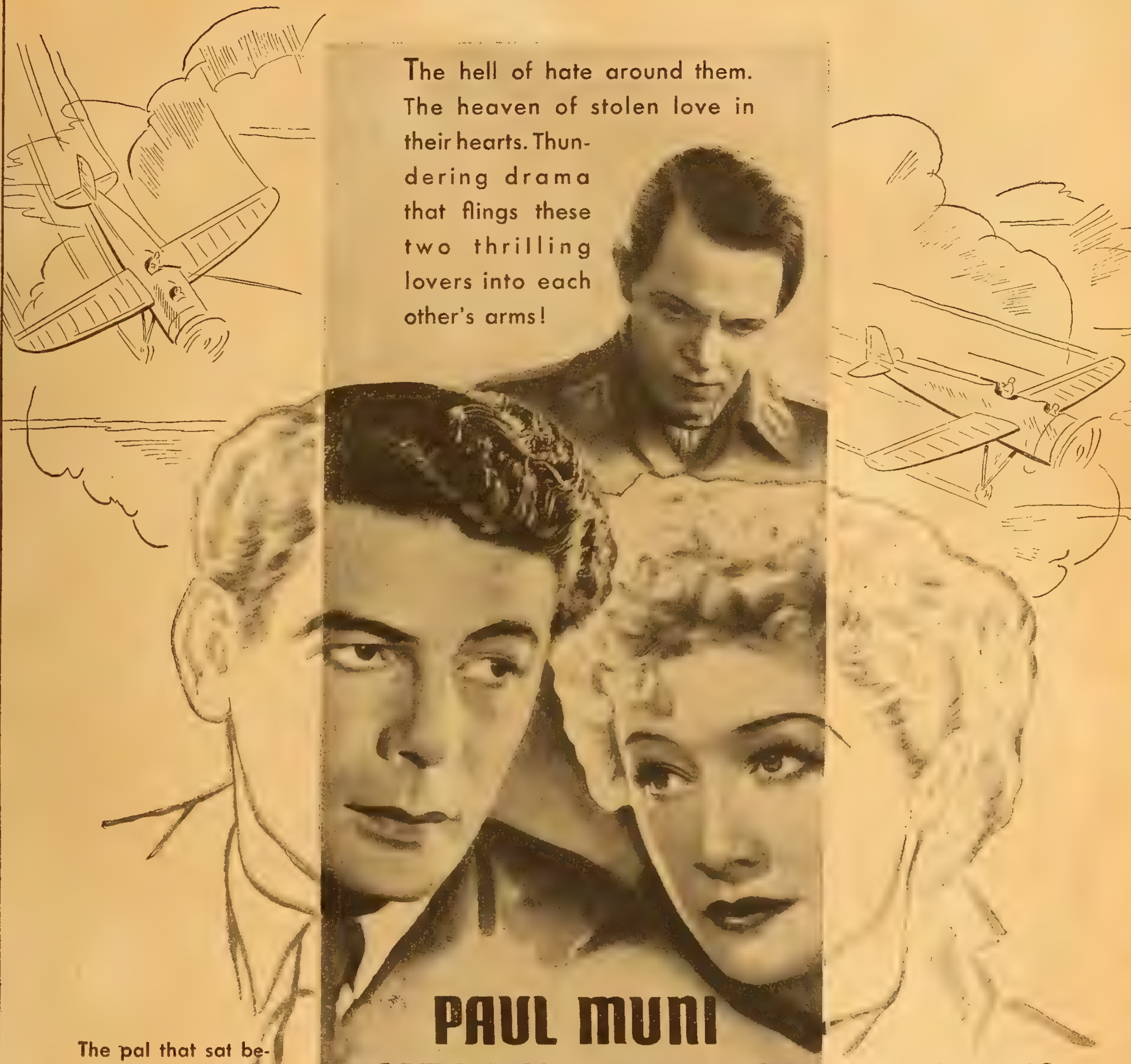
Marked Woman is a stark drama of the underworld and tension is savagely maintained from brutal beginning to unrelenting ending. Bette Davis plays one of five doubtful hostesses at a night club "clip joint," the others being Isabel Jewell, Lola Lane, Rosalind Marquis and Mayo Methot.

When a playboy passes a rubber check for gambling losses and is murdered by the relentless gang, Bette plays the district attorney (Humphrey Bogart) for a chump in a frame-up which clears the racketeers. All goes well until her innocent young sister is drawn into the public scandal and into the net of the gang leader. Then Bette Davis becomes reckless in her revenge. Miss Davis and Mr. Bogart are excellent.—*Warner Bros.*

[Continued on page 16]

YOU ALWAYS LOOK TO MUNI FOR THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROLE!

The hell of hate around them. The heaven of stolen love in their hearts. Thundering drama that flings these two thrilling lovers into each other's arms!

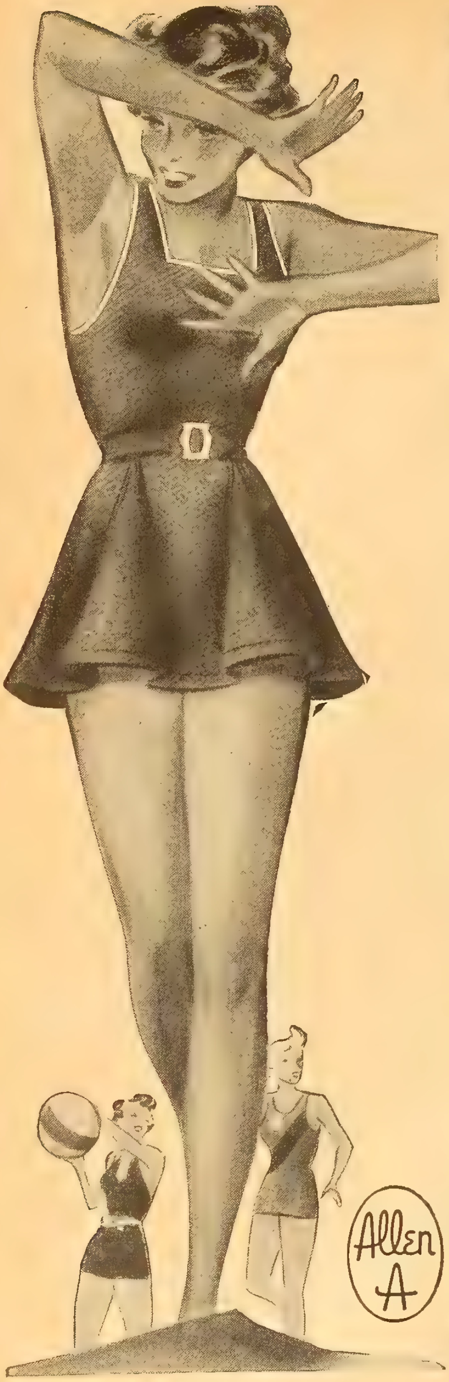


The pal that sat beside him in the plane that spattered death was in love with the woman he called his own.

PAUL MUNI
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"THE WOMAN I LOVE"
with **LOUIS HAYWARD**
Colin Clive · Elizabeth Risdon
Owen Davis, Jr. · Sterling Holloway
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

RKO RADIO
PICTURE
•
Produced by
ALBERT LEWIS

Gloriously lifting two great stars to new greatness!



The swing skirt as featured by Allen-A is 1937's important fashion news for surf, pool, and beach. Flare skirts were popular at all winter resorts, both in fancy knitted fabrics and woven prints.

- Designed by Trebitsch, stylishly tailored from fine woolens knitted in Allen-A mills, every model is actually swim-tested and truly "See-Worthy." *Spring-needle knitting* affords extra elasticity which assures perfect fit and longer wear. In all the new roughweaves and plain ribs — $2.50 to $8.50

Write for descriptive circular and dealer's name.

Allen-A
SWIM SUITS
KENOSHA WISCONSIN

The PICTURE PARADE

[*Continued from page* 14]

SILENT BARRIERS

AAA—This is a historical chronicle about our close neighbors, the Canadians, who have been sorely neglected as subject matter for the films, although they are in a position to offer fresh material in their pioneering and progressive stages. They also offer a wealth of beautiful backgrounds in their Canadian Rockies and mountain lakes.

Apparently England finally realized that their "Dominion Across the Sea" would lend itself, both pictorially and historically, to their new industry and were lavish in making this an outstanding production.

It is the story of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and of the heroism of its early campaigners who faced peril, but persevered in opening up the continent, thus paving the way for the railroad. The human angle is traced through the affairs of two friends and there are some briefly-sketched incidental love affairs. But, the real drama is the building of the railway which affords many thrills. The cast headed by Richard Arlen performs well.—*Gaumont-British.*

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR

AA½—The only striking thing about this is the interesting and capable cast and the gorgeous settings. The story, which is hardly plausible, is all about an artist's soul and his love affairs.

Melvyn Douglas is the painter and the women in his life are Virginia Bruce and Leona Maricle. The other members of the distinguished cast are Reginald Denny, Pert Kelton and Thurston Hall.

Douglas is engaged to Leona Maricle, a lady of means and intellect, who loves him sincerely, but he meets Virginia Bruce, a cabaret dancer with a questionable background and persuades her to model for him. Douglas, restless and unhappy in his surroundings, thrashes his problems out with Virginia while engaged in working on his masterpiece, and finds her sympathetic and real underneath her hardness. He decides to devote his last two weeks of bachelorhood to Virginia's education, but in the meantime they fall in love.

Miss Maricle accepts the situation with grace, but demands that Virginia also give up Douglas for the sake of his career. Pert Kelton adds the comedy touches. It's amusing.—*Columbia.*

ESPIONAGE

AA½—The title *Espionage* is misleading for while this does have a spy angle it is of minor importance. The important thing is that this is a splendid farce and it is a pity that the producers didn't take advantage of the comedy content, which may have been an afterthought, and retitled the film so that picture audiences would at least get a hint that they are in for an hour of grand entertainment.

This starts out to be a melodrama but it quickly turns to joy-making by some novel twists. Edmund Lowe and Madge Evans, rival reporters, find themselves on the same assignment and by a strange coincidence both have the same passport and are forced to occupy the same stateroom as man and wife on a trans-European train. Their assignment is covering Paul Lukas, a munitions tycoon, who is traveling in his private car with a companion—Miss Ketti Gallian. Lukas is suspected of traveling on a secret mission which may precipitate a war and it is up to Lowe and Evans to get the "dope." You're sure to enjoy it.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

GIRL OVERBOARD

AA½—Is a sympathetic story about the romantic life of a beautiful cloak and suit model—Gloria Stuart. Although it is modestly produced you will find it interesting, and suspense is maintained by adding a murder mystery. It is knitted well together and packs considerable human interest. Gloria Stuart plays her part sympathetically and with understanding. Besides, she's awfully good to look at.

Mary (Gloria Stuart) and *Molly* (Charlotte Wynters) hop an ocean liner so that *Mary* can avoid the unwanted attentions of her employer. He pursues them, however, and just as the boat is ready to sail he hops aboard. *Molly*, his used-to-be-gal, kills him by stabbing him with a pin, but it is *Mary* who is suspected of the crime and her arrest is ordered by radio. Conveniently, a fire breaks out aboard ship and *Molly* jumps overboard after vainly attempting to confess to *Mary.* But, *Mary's* break comes when she rescues the young son of the district attorney and endears herself to the father. After overcoming some difficulties in clearing herself. It all ends very happily.—*Universal.*

NO USE, MISS *Scrub-Hard,*

No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste.

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP.. contains NO GRIT..NO PUMICE
–Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..
Pepsodent gently floats film away —instead of scraping it off.
–Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..
Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates gums.
–Refreshing!

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS **IRIUM**

Change to
PEPSODENT
TOOTH PASTE
containing
IRIUM

The modern way to remove film and win flashing new luster on teeth

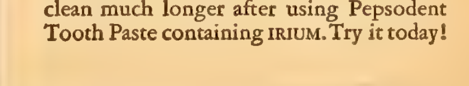
● Attention Scrub-Hards! A thrilling new dental discovery now makes your brushing *thoroughly effective!* It steps up the cleaning power of tooth paste–removes dingy film and helps polish your teeth to a sparkling luster you never thought possible!

IRIUM–the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent–*ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment. It *obsoletes* the harsh abrasion of older methods–provides a smooth, gentle washing action that speedily loosens clinging film and floats it away like *magic.* Now proper brushing gets *results* –in teeth that shine with natural brilliance.

Completes the formula for beautiful teeth

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush–penetrates between teeth–cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth will stay bright and feel clean much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it today!



All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

"Well, I'll be..!" *said the Duchess*

don't they know the

KLEENEX HABIT

saves towels from make-up stains

● Now that Kleenex Tissues cost so little, there's really no excuse for staining towels with make-up. The Kleenex Habit saves embarrassment, saves towels, saves money!

Yes, here's a safer, better way to remove face creams and cosmetics. Kleenex is so soothing that irritation is practically impossible. Yet beauty experts will tell you it absorbs grease and dirt from deep down in the pores. Also remember the Kleenex Habit to blend rouge and eye-shadow, to shape and blot lipstick, to wipe away mascara and excess nail polish.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room.
Save Steps—Time—Money
For handkerchief use during colds...To dust and polish...
In the kitchen...For the baby
...*And keep in the car*—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

YOUR WITNESS on the STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. Does it cost the studios much to give screen tests?

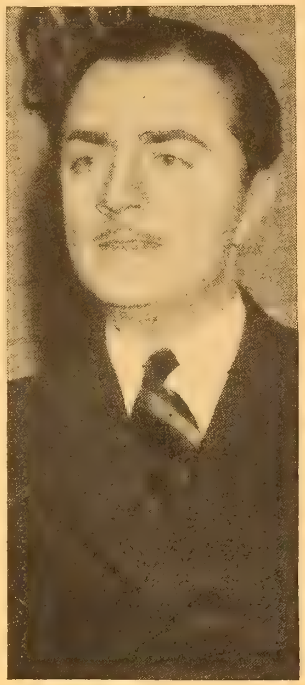
A. It costs plenty. It costs the salaries of "grips" who put props and cameras in place; the salaries of the electrical crew which lights the set; of the make-up experts and hair-dressers; of two cameramen, and of twenty or thirty high-priced technicians and workmen, and a director, and an experienced player who acts opposite the hopeful one. Not to mention the cost of the film, the treatment of the film in the laboratory and the screening of it.

Q. Is the automobile Mae West used in *Go West Young Man* her own?

A. No. That Rolls Royce is Constance Bennett's car. The studio rented it from her for $1000 a week and it was used for two weeks.

Q. Regardless of publicity, what male star is most popular with the feminine fans?

A. You'd think it would be Robert Taylor, wouldn't you? But I asked Mrs. Dorothy Smith of the Travelers' Aid Society and she ought to know, for it's her job to look after the movie-struck young girls who run away from home to come to Hollywood. She says that most of these girls come to see William Powell. Gary Cooper is their second choice.



Most movie-struck girls who run away to Hollywood, come to see Bill Powell or Gary Cooper—NOT Bob Taylor

Q. The other evening, in a picture theatre, I saw the hero on the screen smash his fist through a window. Now don't tell me . . .

A. Yes, I know what you mean. Here's the answer: that window was made of candy! There's a man in Hollywood named J. C. Chalmers, a white-haired Scotch candy maker, who makes all those champagne glasses and window panes and mirrors which are broken for drama's sake. He uses sugar to fashion golf balls, deer antlers, lamp chimneys, tobacco, candles, straw hats, buttons, soap, bottles, ice-choked rivers, and once he patterned half of a candy whale. It weighed 750 pounds.

Q. What is Kay Francis' real name?

A. Katherine Gibbs.

Q. Does Brian Aherne come from a theatrical family and where was he born?

A. He was born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England, son of Mr. and Mrs. DeLacey Aherne. His father is a famous architect of Birmingham, and his mother, who has never acted professionally, is one of the organizers and directors of the Birmingham Repertory theatre. It was in one of her amateur productions that Brian made his stage debut at the age of three.

Q. What film star has the largest fan club?

A. You'll never guess. It's Buck Jones, and his fan club has three million members, mostly boys. The truth of this is vouched for by a newspaper which, a short time ago, doubted that any fan club could be so big. A little investigation furnished proof. This past year, Buck received over 50,000 requests for autographed pictures. This western star takes his fan club seriously and there are rigid rules for membership. The rules are similar to those of the Boy Scouts, general good conduct and also a good standard of scholarship in school being necessary. Buck has refused fortunes because he will not let this club be tied up with advertising in any way. He is proud of the thousands of letters he has received from ministers, school heads, probation authorities and others, applauding his club, for many of the branches are in the poorer districts and they act as a great influence in keeping the boys out of trouble. It is interesting to know that not a single member of his club has ever been in court, for any misdemeanor. There are Buck Jones clubs in every state of the Union, in Honolulu, and even in Europe. In Hollywood, the Buck Jones Rangers have an eighty piece band which Buck supports, buying uniforms and equipment and paying the rent of the headquarters.

BETTE DAVIS tells you how to protect Daintiness

"You girls who want to be popular—remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it spoils romance.

HAVE you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that's most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin *sweet*—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be *near* you—even if they don't know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You're sure to find it works for *you*.

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

"A Lux Toilet Soap bath is a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you're tired and have a date to keep. You'll find it peps you up in no time!"

"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love.

Star of Warner Brothers' "MARKED WOMAN"

9 out of 10 screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep *your* skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.

SAVE 1/3 on RUGS

Send your OLD RUGS, CLOTHING

Write for *America's Greatest Money Saving Rug Catalog;* 66 pages of beautiful Olson Rugs in model rooms, all in actual colors. Describes—

Patented Olson Process of reclaiming the valuable materials in old carpets, rugs, wool clothing: how we shred, sterilize, merge, picker, card, comb, bleach, spin, dye and reweave into deep textured, firmly woven, full bodied, seamless,

REVERSIBLE RUGS —that can be used on both sides. *Twice* the wear. *Double* the luxury, at 1/3 less cost.

Choice of 66 Early American, Oriental and Modern designs, Plaids, solid colors, tweedy mixtures, ovals.

ANY Size You Want —to fit any room—sizes you can't get elsewhere.

IT'S SO EASY—Just 'PHONE the Railway Express to call at your door for material, or ship Freight—at our expense.

You risk nothing. Satisfaction guaranteed. Our 63rd year. [Beware agents. Order direct.]

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MEN behind the STARS

SIDNEY FRANKLIN

Director of *The Good Earth*

SIDNEY FRANKLIN is a man who would find no place in Hollywood—if Hollywood were the sort of place its critics paint it! He is scholarly, unassuming, soft-spoken, intellectual, and precise—adjectives more fitting for a small-town schoolmaster than a director in the world's most colorful industry. One associate, meaning no disrespect, called him "mouse-like!"

Yet, Hollywood hands him such assignments as *The Good Earth, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Smilin' Through, Reunion in Vienna, Private Lives,* and *The Guardsman.* He will direct Norma Shearer in the vitally important *Marie Antoinette* when Norma decides to continue her career.

Two sequences in *The Good Earth,* his latest triumph, show why producers find him valuable, even if he isn't a director in the good old De Mille tradition! Remember the famine, when Paul Muni and Luise Rainer begin their long trek Southward? These scenes seemed extra-real because Franklin shot them under the same type of lights used in newsreel work. "I wished audiences to associate this part of the picture with news pictures of actual famines and disasters they had seen," he explained modestly.

Again, the Franklin *touch* showed when Luise Rainer, on her bridal night, plants the cherry tree, and Paul Muni raises a lantern to her face. *It was the only time in the entire picture when he allowed "the little monkey," as he nicknamed Luise, to look as lovely as she really does!*

"I wanted the audience to see her not as a Chinese peasant woman, but as the radiant girl Paul Muni, the bridegroom, saw by the light of his lantern," Franklin told me. For the rest, he did something no director in Hollywood has dared to do before. He made his heroine almost grotesquely ugly, permitted her only one long speech, and relied on her eyes alone to convey the drama of her life!

Just before a *take* for the *Good Earth,* director Sidney Franklin demonstrates to Luise Rainer how he would do that particular scene

A native of San Francisco, Franklin grew up just as the infant film industry was struggling to be born in Hollywood. A career as an actor was his earliest ambition, and soon after graduating from public school he won a part in the D. W. Griffith film *The Sheriff.* Other small roles followed, and his career seemed promising indeed, until one day he was assigned to a scene in *Intolerance* for which his costume consisted of a pair of shorts. Outdoor locations were then the order, and the California sun blistered down for two days. Franklin was carried to a hospital so dangerously sunburned that he decided at once to transfer his activities *behind* the cameras—where a man might wear a shirt if he choose!

AS camera assistant to the late George Hill, he gained a world of valuable experience and an ambition to direct. Like almost all of Hollywood's tried and true old-timers, he had courage and originality. Saving his pennies, he directed and photographed his own production, called it (fittingly enough) *The Baby,* and persuaded D. W. Griffith to view it. The famed director bought the film on sight!

Now established in his chosen field, Franklin collaborated with his brother Chester to direct many popular features and serials, including *Going Straight, Aladdin and His Lamp,* and *Let Katie Do It.* (Chester, incidentally, is still in Hollywood and recently directed *Sequoia.*) Alone, Sidney continued his career with such silent hits as *Smilin' Through, East Is West, Her Night of Romance, Beverly of Graustark,* and many others.

Eighteen years behind the cameras have given him a keen insight into audience psychology, as well as a knowledge of actors. Woe betide the star who tries to escape tedious rehearsals with a flimsy excuse! Without fuss or fireworks, Franklin knows how to exert his authority. He can be stern, but also tactful.

But, it's his thoroughness and conscientiousness that make him noteworthy in Hollywood. To give orders to the Chinese extras in *The Good Earth* he refused to rely on interpreters. So he learned Chinese!

FUTURE FAVORITES

MARGARET TALLICHET

By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

MARGARET TALLICHET'S story of how she got into the movies is one that seldom happens. . . . In fact her story so closely matches up to the story of the picture she is now in, some Hollywoodians suspected that her contract with David O. Selznick's organization was a publicity gag. . . . But let's start from the beginning: Miss Tallichet was born in Dallas, Texas, a scant twenty-one years ago and was educated in the usual manner, which means grammar school, high school and college. . . . It was while she was in college that she first got her hunch to become a movie personality. . . . Because of family financial reverses, Margaret Tallichet was forced to go to work and earn her way through the last two years of college . . . and it was while she was employed on the society staff of a local newspaper that she had her chance to interview a talent scout then visiting Dallas in search of new faces. . . . The scout told Miss Tallichet that she ought to be in pictures, so after finishing college, she hurried to Hollywood to look up the talent scout and "call his bluff" . . . On arrival in Hollywood, she discovered that the scout was no longer connected with his studio . . . but the ex-scout's secretary gave her a word of advice . . . that she should take a job as a stenographer that was offered to her and stay in Hollywood to await her chances. . . . Margaret stayed and in a short time she became a secretary in the publicity dept. . . . This new position brought Margaret into contact with the stars, including Carole Lombard. . . . Carole listened to Margaret's ambitions with a sympathetic ear and it was not long before Carole Lombard told her of a small part in Dave Selznick's production, *A Star is Born*. With the aid of Miss Lombard's agent, Miss Tallichet secured an interview with Mr. Selznick and, more important, a part in the picture. . . . Numerous tests followed, and Miss Tallichet was placed under long term contract to that studio . . . thus ending the chit-chat that Miss Tallichet was a publicity stunt. . . . Hollywood now admits that there are great possibilities of her becoming a star . . . for Miss Tallichet's first picture is *A Star Is Born* starring Miss Janet Gaynor. . . . As to looks, Miss Tallichet is a tall, willowy blonde . . . there is an appeal in her youth and a freshness about her that seldom registers on the screen . . . Maybe Margaret's interest in sports is responsible for her beauty, for she goes in for all of them. . . . horseback-riding is her favorite. . . . Get a good look at Margaret in *A Star Is Born*, for David Selznick has never yet made a mistake as a "star picker" . . . You're going to see lots more of this young lady!

Now Her Date Book TELLS THE STORY!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE SINCE SHE KNOWS THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MEN JUST CAN'T STAND a girl who's careless about perspiration odor! So why take chances? Cashmere Bouquet Soap makes it so *easy* to be sure. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather keeps you so sweet and clean, removes every trace of body odor; frees you from any fear of offending!

ITS LOVELY PERFUME LINGERS, TOO . . . clings lightly to your skin, long after your bath! For Cashmere Bouquet is not just an ordinary scented soap. Its exquisite, flower-like fragrance comes from a delicate blend of 17 rare and costly perfumes. That is why it lingers on, just as fine imported perfumes do!

HOW MUCH MORE ALLURING men find the girl who bathes with Cashmere Bouquet . . . who is always fragrantly dainty! But remember, only a soap like Cashmere Bouquet, scented with the costliest perfumes, can bring you this *lovelier protection*. You won't find it in ordinary scented soaps!

PROTECTS COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing . . . yet it removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics — keeps your skin alluringly clear and smooth!

NOW ONLY 10¢
at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

CASHMERE BOUQUET THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

BEWARE OF "Crippled Diet" IF YOU ARE SKINNY RUNDOWN TIRED-OUT..

Your System Can Actually Starve at a Banquet if it Isn't Getting the Minerals that Enable You to USE FOOD!

A Big Appetite Doesn't Prevent "MAL-NOURISHMENT"

Thousands Report Corrections of Such Deficiencies By Using Kelpamalt, Rich Mineral Concentrate From the Sea . . Gains of 5 to 15 Lbs. in Few Weeks . . . Rugged New Health—Good Resistance!

Posed by Professional Models

Don't be fooled by a good appetite. If you are skinny, weak, tired-out, sickly, unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength, no matter what you eat, you may actually be suffering from "Mal-Nourishment". Doctors now know that unless the food you eat contains certain minerals essential for the body's chemical processes, even a lot of food can fail to yield adequate nourishment. Digestion, in such cases, is incomplete, assimulation poor, and digested food isn't being changed to energy, strength and flesh. In Kelpamalt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea, minerals essential to these body processes are available in their naturally occurring form, such as assimilable iron, copper, calcium, phosphorus, and others—all contributing to the supply of vital minerals needed for digestion and assimilation. Most important is Kelpamalt's natural iodine (not the chemical liquid kind). It is iodine, scientists say, that it so vitally important to the health and proper functioning of blood, liver and glands. Kelpamalt is richer in iodine than oysters, hitherto considered the best source.

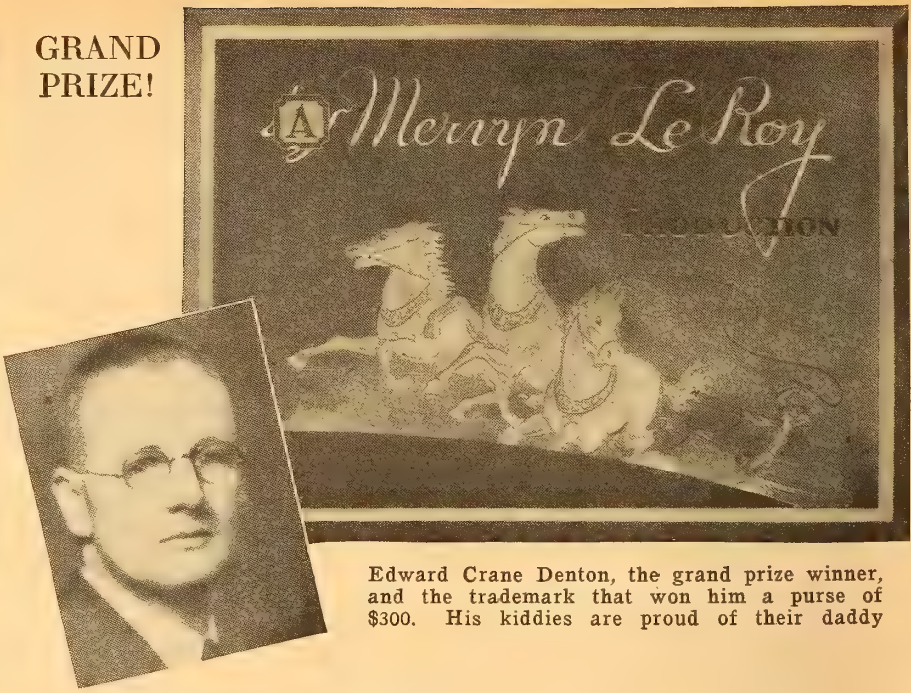
Try Kelpamalt for a single week. Thousands report they are amazed at the improvement Kelpamalt has brought them. Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks are not uncommon; new strength, new energy, better digestion and elimination. They eat better, sleep better and almost invariably say they now feel fine. Your own doctor will approve this way. 100 Jumbo size Seedol Kelpamalt Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—cost but a few cents a day to use. Get Seedol Kelpamalt today. Seedol Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL Kelpamalt *Tablets*

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page booklet on How Thousands Have Built Strength, Energy and Added Lbs. Quickly. Mineral contents of Food and their effect on the human body. New Facts about NATURAL IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. KELPAMALT CO., Dept. 1176, 27 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

GRAND PRIZE!



Edward Crane Denton, the grand prize winner, and the trademark that won him a purse of $300. His kiddies are proud of their daddy

Here They Are!

From 31 countries came the 15,000 entries in the Mervyn LeRoy Trademark Contest. Here are the winners!

CONGRATULATIONS to the winners! After more than two weeks spent in selecting the best contributions from among 15,000 sent in from 31 countries to the Mervyn LeRoy Trademark Contest, the judges were unanimous in their vote that to Edward Crane Denton of 12 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass., should go the grand prize award of $250 for his trademark entry submitted to Motion Picture Magazine. This entry also won a $50 cash prize for being the best submitted to Motion Picture. Again congratulations.

The judges selected Mr. Denton's entry because, to them, its distinction, its dignity, its symbolism and its adaptability to all uses made it particularly appropriate.

Mr. Denton is an artist employed by Peel, Denton, Palmer, Inc., of Boston, Mass. He is a New Englander by birth and parentage and was born in Boston, October 31, 1893. He studied art more or less irregularly, at the Boston School of Fine Arts and the Fenway School of Illustration. But his studies were interrupted in 1917 when he heard the "Call to Arms" and enlisted in the U. S. N. R. F.

Mr. Denton is married and the father of two children, a girl and a boy, ages nine and six respectively. They've been bragging to their schoolmates in Newton Centre about their daddy having won the contest. More power to you, Daddy Denton!

Other $50 cash prize winners are as follows:

Miss Dorothy Rothermel,
116 Winchester Road,
Langhorne, Pa.

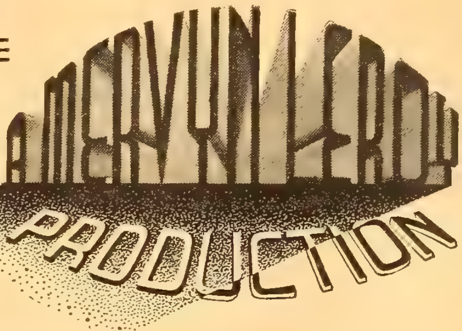
Hollis E. Leffel,
602 So. 6th Street,
Chickasha, Okla.

Alex Scenna,
440 Ivondale St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

W. Ditzel,
1624 First Ave.,
New York City.

To those thousands who failed to win a prize, the judges, Director Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, vice president in charge of all Warner Brothers advertising and publicity, and Edward Selzer, director of Warner Brothers studio publicity, wish to extend their deepest and most sincere thanks for helping to make the Trademark Contest such an important success.

$50 PRIZE



W. Ditzel of NYC wins MOVIE CLASSIC award

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Hollywood
Spring is here . . .

Darling:—

REMEMBER what I told you in last month's fashion letter about the Santa Anita race track? That it was *the* place to go to see the movie gals in their new clothes? Well, I got myself all dolled up the other day and went to the hoss races. Early. Because everyone goes to the club house first for lunch. . . . And the clothes I saw there made my $19.50 spring suit look like something out of a missionary barrel. . . . Alice Faye was lunching with Tony Martin, and she was the smartest-dressed gal I've seen for a long time. She was wearing one of those new tri-colored sport suits. You know, the more colors you can put together this Spring, the smarter you are. . . . Alice's suit was of light-weight wool in three pieces—a biege skirt, a short fitted jacket of the new California "redwood" shade, and over all she wore a three-quarters length top-coat of a vivid Irish green. Her bag and gloves were of the redwood shade. . . . While I was talking to Alice I spied a hat that I couldn't help following up to see who was under it—and right you are—it was Betty Furness. Otherwise Betty looked perfectly sane but on her head she had the tiniest brown straw pill box ever—in fact no self-respecting pill could fit in it. And to be sure it wouldn't blow away, Betty anchored it to her head with a silk scarf of brown and orange which tied around the hat and under her chin.

THE races are heaven for amateur camera fiends, but it took Cecelia Parker to make her camera part of her costume. Around the middle of a brown cashmere sports dress, Cecelia wore a belt of natural pig skin. The belt looks like a cartridge belt, in the front is a place for the tiniest candid camera ever, and the "cartridge" holders are used for the extra camera gadgets. . . . I saw Myrna Loy with what looked to be a camera slung over her shoulder, so I went over to find out if she had been bitten by the picture-taking bug. Myrna laughed when I asked about her camera and showed it to me—and it was a *purse!* And really one of the most practical, and at the same time one of the smartest, new bags that I have seen. It fairly shrieked races—or any sports event where you want your hands free. The bag is flat, pouch-shaped, of luggage calf.

CASHMERE seems to be the most popular light-weight woolen this spring. Maureen O'Sullivan was wearing a sports blouse of this soft material. And as usual with Maureen's sports blouses, it had her initials on it. The initials were cut of suede and appliqued in front, right under the soft rolled collar. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Delma Byron were comparing belt buckles while they were waiting for the first event. Jeanette's buckle is fashioned of old keys. The keys made of antique gold, slip through loops to fasten a brown suede belt which she was wearing with a brown *cashmere* dress. . . . Delma, who is sort of nuts about astrology, has taken the Zodiac sign of her birth—Leo—and has had it tooled on a wide brown leather belt which she wore with a natural kasha sports suit.

WHILE I was wondering what these gals would think up next, the first event was announced—and that put an end to my fashion sleuthing. Because when the hosses run—even clothes are forgotten. . . . But just to do things up right, I went completely social and took in the Screen Actor's Guild Ball. What a time! . . . While I was in the powder room trying to get the wind out of my hair, Eleanor Powell arrived with what I thought was a new type of evening hat. But when she stepped to the mirror and started unwinding it, I found it was just a chiffon evening hankie, wound about her head to keep the wind out. Eleanor told me it had taken her hours trying to get the right twist to it so that it wouldn' unwrap.

A BUNCH of the gals were huddled in a corner, looking, I thought, at each other's arms. But when I joined them they were admiring some of those new charm bracelets. It seems that a charm bracelet now, must have a purpose. Like Anita Louise's which is an "achievement" bracelet. The tiny gold charms each represent a picture which she has made. There is a small book inscribed *Anthony Adverse,* a tiny *Titania* for *Midsummer Night's Dream,* and a half dozen others. . . . Irene Hervey's is the sweetest of all—because it is a romance bracelet. (And you know how romance gets me!) The charms on Irene's bracelet represent things that were significant in her romance with Allan Jones. There is a wedding ring, a church bell, a sail boat, and tiny gold letters that spell "I Love You." Ahhhhh—

I'll keep snooping so I can have more to tell you next month. **MLLE. CHIC.**

"THE SECRET IS ON THE LABEL"

ASK YOUR HAIRDRESSER TO TELL YOU ABOUT THESE HERETOFORE UNREVEALED

Charm Secrets

Amazing facts are revealed in the straightforward statement of ingredients which are imprinted on these scientifically-correct DONA RAY cosmetics. Now you can be absolutely certain of your cosmetics. No dangerous chemicals — no harmful impurities — no useless materials in DONA RAY. Everything that goes into DONA RAY Products is purposeful, tested, safe!

FREE! VALUABLE COSMETIC SECRETS YOU SHOULD KNOW! Would you like to read a gay and daring booklet called "THE MOON IS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE"—which tells the inside story of cosmetics? It's free! Simply write to . . .

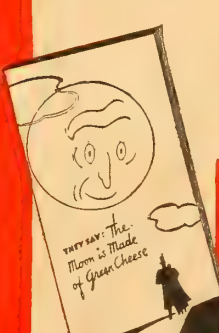
DONA RAY, Raymonds, Inc.
Dept. 57 • Saint Paul, Minn.

At last—famous cosmetic formulas brought out into the open—by DONA RAY! You, charming lady, have a right to know what you put on your face. And to this end, DONA RAY puts a list of her ingredients on every label.

The truth will out — and here it is! Because your beautician knows the chemistry of cosmetics and because she understands your skin, she can explain the usefulness of the various ingredients *listed on the label.* For this reason, DONA RAY Cosmetics *are sold only in beauty parlors.*

DONA RAY Products are honest aids to loveliness. They are as pure as they are beneficial. You will find that they do exactly what they claim to do — enhance your charm! Ask your beauty operator to tell you about DONA RAY!

Dona Ray


THEY SAY: The Moon is Made of Green Cheese

WRITE DONA RAY TODAY

DONA RAY, Raymonds, Inc.
Dept. 57, Saint Paul, Minn.
Send me FREE a copy of "The Moon is Made of Green Cheese" which reveals valuable cosmetic secrets.

Name..
Address..
City.............. State...........

"You are good company now"

"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

FADED...with a sad looking skin...no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation...you may have to face it, too.

Overwork...worry...undue strain...colds and other human ills often take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood. Hence a run-down condition...a weakened body...a poor complexion.

If you are so unfortunate, no longer do you need to worry, as to how you may regain strength...firm flesh...restore a natural glow to your skin. Simply take a tablespoonful of S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal...and forthwith, within a shorter space of time than you probably realize, those weakened red-blood-cells will become healthier and richer.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

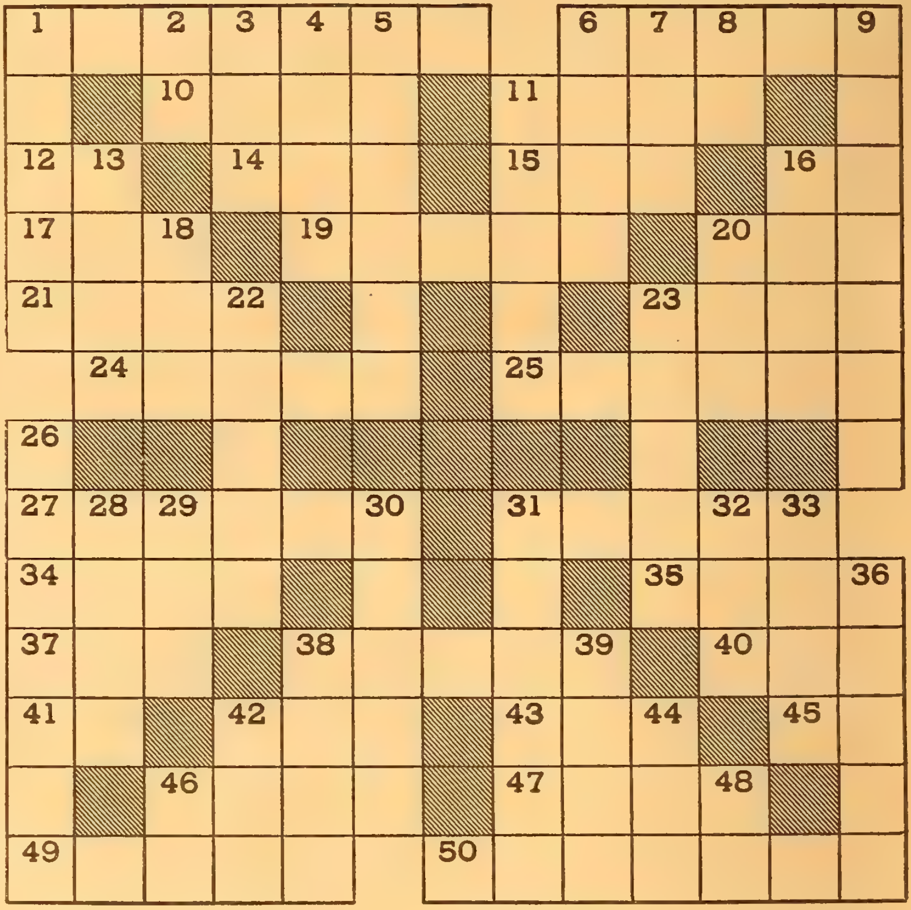
Be good to your skin from within and your skin will be good to you. Enjoy more pep...more vigor...by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!



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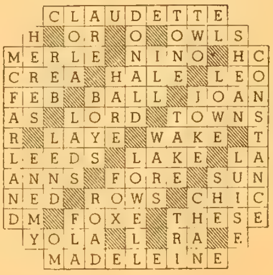
ACROSS

1 Blonde Paramount star
6 First he was Nick, now he's Dick
10 Her last name is Engels
11 MR. DEEDS GOES TO—
12 Initials of Mr. Devine
14 SERGEANT LUCKS in UNDER COVER OF NIGHT
15 LOVE ON THE—
16 Initials of one who co-starred with late Marie Dressler
17 ASTA of THIN MAN fame is one
19 He played opposite Marlene Dietrich in THE GARDEN OF ALLAH
20 Many extras are used in—scenes
21 First name of former Mrs. Nick Stuart (poss.)
23 MARTHA HARDING in MAID OF SALEM
24 Players weep or wring their hands to portray this emotion
25 THE HOLY—
27 She was THE JUNGLE PRINCESS
31 Juvenile singing actor seen in RAINBOW ON THE RIVER
34 A principal feminine character in THE GOOD EARTH portrayed by Luise Rainer
35 WIVES NEVER—
37 Male lead in THE JUNGLE PRINCESS
38 —OF THE MORNING
40 First name of hero of MORE THAN A SECRETARY (abbr.)
41 WOMAN—DISTRESS
42 —ARE NOT GODS
43 Exclamation
45 Mr. Olivier's initials
46 Remember Mary Pickford in—OF THE STORM COUNTRY?
47 Lariat used by cowboys in westerns
49 BUD in GO WEST YOUNG MAN
50 He stars in westerns (poss.)

DOWN

1 Principal roles
2 Initials of star of GO WEST YOUNG MAN
3 Band leader seen with Walter Winchell in WAKE UP AND LIVE
4 Valentino portrayed one in role of THE SHEIK
5 His first name is Gregory
6 Jeanne Dante stars in—DAYS WONDER
7 MIND YOUR—BUSINESS
8 Mr. Novarro's initials
9 DANGEROUS—(pl.)
11 Hero of A DOCTOR'S DIARY
13 Short for Joan Crawford's ex.
16 Sport mentioned in recent Joe E. Brown film title
18 Marlene's nationality (abbr.)
20 Month in which Edward Everett Horton was born (abbr.)
22 You'll see her in SEVENTH HEAVEN
23 Kind of dialect affected by Nick Parkyakarkus
26 Wallace Beery's ex-wife (poss.)
28 First name of Mr. Marshal
29 Month in which Robert Montgomery was born
30 Kay Francis married him in STOLEN HOLIDAY
31 He had lead in BLACK LEGION
32 Birthplace of 30 Down (abbr.)
33 First name of Madison, movie gangster
36 He had lead in ONCE A DOCTOR
38 Hoot Gibson starred in CAVALCADE OF THE—
39 Bing Crosby sang "One, Two, Button Your—" in PENNIES FROM HEAVEN
42 THEY—IN A TAXI
44 An animal friend of TARZAN
46 BACK—NATURE
48 Initials of Mr. Lowe

Last Month's Solution



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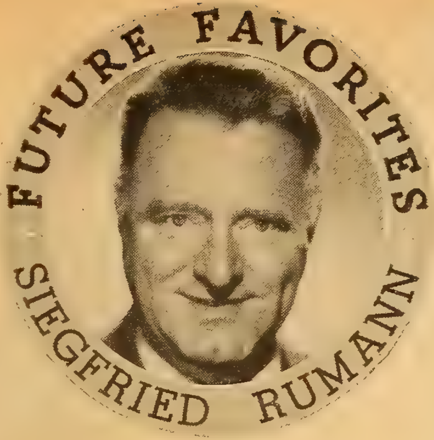


FUTURE FAVORITES

SIEGFRIED RUMANN

By LEE SPENCER

BIG SIG RUMANN, born Siegfried Carl Alborn Rumann of Hamburg, will undoubtedly be one of your Future Favorites because the gifted German has the ability to make you scream with laughter, cringe with fear, weep with sympathy. . . . Not everyone, the fortyish Rumann has proved, needs youth and beauty to succeed in movie-town. . . . Imported from Broadway after an outstanding *Preyssing* in the stage's *Grand Hotel*, Rumann appeared in numerous Fox films . . . then the mad Marxs subpoenaed him for *A Night at the Opera*. . . . In woollen unmentionables he romped off with comedy honors. . . . Spent his off-screen moments during the film's filming singing Low German songs with the whimsical brothers who loved it. . . . They showed their favoritism by requisitioning him again for their *A Day at the Races*. . . . Sig proved his versatility when he played father to Anna Sten (remember her?) in *Wedding Night* . . . a crazed lion-tamer in the hair-raiser *East of Java*. . . . He almost scared himself when he saw the preview of *that* one. . . . Now he's doing a doctor-murder suspect in *Time Off for Romance* (ne *Dead Yesterday*) . . . At home he putters with microscopes, woodcarving, metal work; calls things whose names he forgets "Kalamazoo-ries" . . . His constant activities help him forget war horrors (he was a lieutenant in the Saxon heavy artillery) and post-war Germany which found him entertaining in cabarets. . . . His month's wages, during German inflation, were in the millions of marks. . . . Just enough to buy a box of matches! . . . Six foot Rumann is a graduate of Ilmenau College where he studied electrical engineering; abandoned it for the theatre, appearing for one five-year span at the Kaiser's Theatre in Kiel. . . . A yachting enthusiast, he belonged to the Kaiser's Yacht Club, too. . . . Now he is a one hundred percent American citizen. . . . Thirteen years ago he arrived in New York on money loaned (and immediately repaid) by two American army officers that he had met during War Intelligence service. . . . The actor has definite ideas (mostly negative) about the current school of "repressed acting" . . . Sig has just put his Sig-nature to a long-term Twentieth Century-Fox contract so he will have plenty of opportunity to experiment with his acting ideas.

DID YOU KNOW THAT
a big flock of movie celebrities will be heading toward London shortly to take in the Coronation?

If you do not . . .
REDUCE
your HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!

"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" says Miss Healy
● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue, New York.

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You are absolutely SAFE when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere.

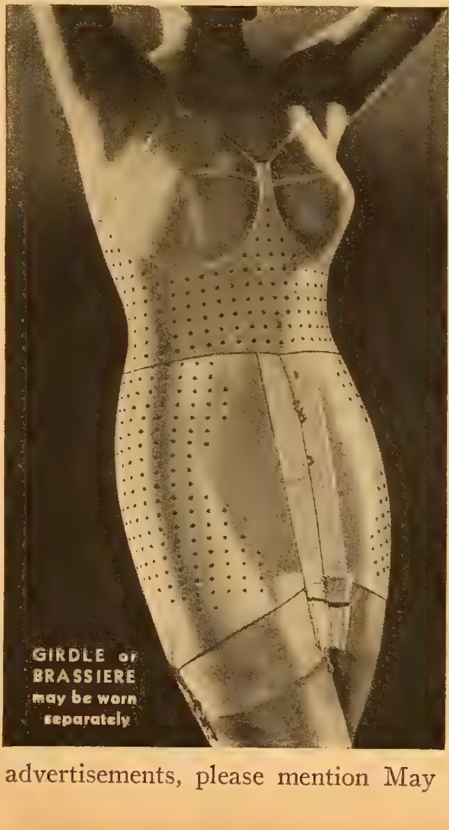
Appear Smaller At Once

You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . the massage-like action and gentle pressure take off the unwanted inches at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm . . . the spots where fat first accumulates.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything." *Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.*

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches." *Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.*

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted." *Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.*



GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately

"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!" *Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.*

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs." *Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.*

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs." *Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.*

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller." *Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.*

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36." *Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.*

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!" *Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.*

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . hear the admiring comments of friends. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.
Notary Public

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Dept. 75, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Address
City State

LOVERS WHO LIFT YOUR HEART TO THE STARS...*in the tenderest romance of our time!*

This was heaven
—*to make one man her life...her love...her world!*

SIMONE SIMON

...emerging as the screen's greatest star ... in the role she was born to play!

and

JAMES STEWART

in

'SEVENTH HEAVEN'

with

JEAN HERSHOLT · GREGORY RATOFF · Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg · John Qualen
Victor Kilian · Thomas Beck
Sig Rumann · Mady Christians

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Adapted from the stage play "Seventh Heaven" · produced and directed by John Golden · written by Austin Strong

20th CENTURY FOX
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

SYLVIA SIDNEY lent herself so beautifully to color in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* that *Il Duce* has summoned her to Italy to appear in their first all-technicolor production. We hope, Sylvia, that you have been practicin' that Fascisti salute

CLARK GABLE

Our own dear Gable as he is, and as *Parnell*, wreathed in smiles in anticipation of his reunion with his own dear *Kitty O'Shea* (Myrna Loy). And, as we go to press, Clark is still in the lead for the role of *Rhett Butler* in *Gone With The Wind*

ROCHELLE HUDSON

Rochelle Hudson bobs up as scrumptious as ever—winning her way into your heart (the boy friend's, too) because of the umph of her appeal. Her next picture is *That I May Live.* And aren't we glad we're alive to look her over and appreciate her charms!

The MOST-COPIED

The honors go to Joan Crawford who leads them all in

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IN HOLLYWOOD, city of superlatives, each film star has one thing that is greater than the next. Dietrich's legs are tops, Garbo has more glamour (let's not argue this), Bob Taylor is most popular. The honors for being the most copied go to Miss Joan Crawford.

You will know what we mean if you have battled your way through huge puffed sleeves, starched jabots that threatened your jugular vein, "wind blown" bobs, "vagabond" hats that zipped over the right eye, brightly daubed lips, Zulu sun-tan, slacks, gardenias, wide-lapeled polo coats, no stockings, sandals, shining noses, enameled nails, nails with no enamel, unplucked eyebrows. Joan inaugurated most of these.

From the time that La Crawford first flashed into Hollywood's firmament with her thumb-wetting, finger-snapping "hey-hey" girl in *Dancing Daughters*, to the present *Last of Mrs. Cheyney* (you should see the beetle-backed tweedy suit coat she wears in *this!* . . . oh, well, you will—by the hundreds) she has been a style-setter. She has changed the fashion notions of a nation of women. Even a world of women. From Boston to Budapest to Bali they copy the way she walks, the way she dresses, the way she does her hair, the way she trains her brows, paints her lips.

Joan, herself, is aware of this, but she doesn't seek to stimulate it. "If I am copied, it's because of my clothes," she says, "and Adrian designs those, so Adrian is responsible for all of that."

However, Adrian, Metro's designing wizard, does not design the curve of her brow, the cut of her hair, nor does he suddenly decide that she is to abandon

Joan's white organdy dress, worn in *Today We Live*, was widely copied, likewise, the *Letty Lynton* puffed sleeves

Joan set a style for wearing hats over her eye and also for abandoning stockings and adopting sandals

A SILENT SOUL AT SEA

We're all in a sea over Gary Cooper in his role of mariner in *Souls at Sea*. But, we wish Gary would settle down. First he Goes to Town and now to sea. Still, we can't resist that Cooper personality so we've booked passage on the maiden voyage

The POWER and the Glory

Tyrone is reaping the glory of the spotlight and modestly admits he'll just have to make the best of it

By HARRY LANG

"FROM the mouths of babes, wisdom!" From the mouth of 22-year-old Tyrone Power, newest overnight star of miracle-working Hollywood, there has just come the most searchingly caustic-yet-smart comment on film fame and fortune that has ever stunned blase cinemaland.

It was the morning after Tyrone had suddenly and brilliantly exploded into stardom with the world premiere of *Lloyds of London* in the arc-lighted setting of Hollywood's famous Carthay Circle Theatre. He read the lavish words of the critics and the Great Ones of Movieland who make and break destinies. He found himself lifted into the gable-taylor-macmurray-brent-*et al* constellation, and he knew that he had attained the heights to which thousands aspire in heart-breaking futility.

It might have driven many fellows quite mad with joy and self-admiration. But not 22-year-old Tyrone. Know what Tyrone said? Why, he just sighed, deeply *and a bit unhappily* believe it or not. Then he frowned. And then he spoke *thirteen words* that give you a greater key to his character than you'll ever find in all the thousands of words you'll be reading about him from now on. He said:

"Well—I guess I'll just have to make the best of it, somehow........"

To understand most thoroughly that extraordinary reaction, you've got to understand a little more about young Power, first. Not alone *who* he is, but also *what* he is. This story will try to give you that understanding of a new personality in Hollywood—a figure you'll soon learn to admire and to know. It's not going to be just another of those cut-and-dried biographies and resume stories that flood the prints as soon as a new sensation appears on the screen.

It's going to be a word picture from the inside out, painted by a man who has worked and talked and played with Tyrone Power, both before and since he crashed Fame in his first starring role. Here is this man's story, just as he gave it to us. When you've read it, you'll understand what lay behind those Hollywood-startling thirteen words of Tyrone Power.

I WENT to see Tyrone (begins the man who knows him so well) the day after the *Lloyds of London* premiere. I found him sitting on the lawn in front of his house, roaring with laughter. Cause of his amusement was a vociferous clown of a wire-haired terrier by the name of Bonzo. Bonzo is Tyrone's dog. They're as inseparable as ham-and-eggs, or Hollywood-and-"yes." They have an hour's romp

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Tyrone woke up famous after *Lloyds of London* to find himself on the heights with Gable, Taylor and MacMurray. Now that he has *arrived* he won't go Hollywood or high hat

"That MARTHA RAYE, she kills me!"

The above is what you hear over and over in Hollywood—and everywhere else .

There's no one like Martha in all of Hollywood. She's a new and novel personality

By KAY OSBORN

THERE just isn't anybody like Martha in the whole of Hollywood. Everything about her is new and novel to this town . . . not only her type of entertainment and her looks but her personality, her character, and her real-life doings! "That Martha Raye, she kills me!" It's as though that phrase is in a crack on a phonograph record; you hear it over and over, on and on, round and round. And here are just a few of the many reasons why.

Now there was her recent ten-day stay at a Hollywood hospital, for example. Martha was sent home from the set of *Waikiki Wedding* one day because she was sniffling and coughing and sneezing so badly that her dialogue sounded as though it had a symphonic orchestra behind it. A few days later the doctor diagnosed pneumonia and ordered her to the hospital at once. Well, it turned out to be the biggest break that hospital ever had. You'd have thought it was a Hollywood premiere, when Martha was carried in on a stretcher.

All the internes, all the nurses, all the doctors, and half the patients who could get out of their beds, turned out to welcome her. Martha did everything but sign autographs—and she did plenty of that later. Down the corridor, from a position which is known as flat on the back, she grinned and laughed and waved to everybody, and a little more feebly than usual, yelled "Yeah ma'am, Oh boy! Ain't this dreamin' it up pretty!"

[*Continued on page* 96]

Spread before you here is what you will see in *Top of the Town*, which presents dances, songs, witty sayings, girls and more girls—to say nothing of such entertainers as George Murphy and Doris Nolan, below, and Gertrude Niesen, lower right

The five girls on the left are members of the ensemble of fifty or more. They're all neat and not over 21. Way down below Ella Logan struts her stuff to the accompaniment of weird music played by Gregory Ratoff, Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert and Henry Armetta

TOP OF THE TOWNERS

—Hurrell

Kitty Carlisle knew she had what it takes, but she had to make good on Broadway before Hollywood became sold on her

Kitty's legs have been called the prettiest in town by Winchell. But she can also sing and act

The Guess Men Guessed Wrong about Kitty

By AL KNIGHT

GUESS-MEN, more than yes-men, are the menace of the movies. Re-take Town, called Hollywood for short, is full of 'em. Their motto is: "If at First You Don't Guess Right, Guess Again!" Sometimes these second guesses click. But the misses prove costly. Consider the guys who guessed wrong about Gable, about Taylor, and let them slip from the contractual clutches of the studio. Consider, if you will, the celebrated case of Catherine Carlisle, called Kitty!

Kitty was one of the babes in the Hollywoods signed up for comparative coffee 'n' cake money, who stop, look and listen for the knock of Opportunity. A cinema Cinderella, unknown to the film faithful, she gave the fans a thrill when that rich, dramatic soprano of hers made *Cocktails for Two* the worthwhile thing in *Murder at the Vanities*. Encouraged, she topped the successful debut with *She Loves Me Not* and *Here is My Heart*, scoring direct hits with *Love in Bloom* and *June in January*. Kitty considered herself launched.

Then came *A Night at the Opera*, and Kitty sang another song so appealingly as to endear both song and singer to the multitude of moviegoers. It was *Alone*. Remember? Kitty does. It proved her swan song. When option time came in Hollywood, Kitty went to New York. Not that she worried enough to get wrinkles. But it was provoking to encounter such unappreciative stupidity on the part of the guessmen, particularly with such a talented guest to grace their galleries.

The kid kept confidence in herself. With all modesty she knew she had what it takes—face, figure, voice, verve. But the guess-men of Re-take Town were blind as the fish in underground waters. And just as cold. So, with that melodic laugh of hers, more musical than elfin flutes, [*Continued on page 76*]

Singing Cinderella

The Cinderella story is re-told with the amazing Deanna Durbin as this season's heroine. She was a failure at twelve, but a success at thirteen

By BETTY REESE

IN THIS topsy-turvy business of moving pictures, an actress is as likely to be through—finished—out like a dead Mazda bulb—before her career really gets under way. That is why a little over a year ago, Deanna Durbin, now fourteen and Universal's brightest singing-acting starlet, was considered by Hollywood to be a complete flop. Her career was, to put it like a roguish Russian, *kapoot.*

A shy schoolgirl with a glorious, mature soprano voice, she had been hustled to a Culver City studio (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) because a starring film for that grand old lady of the singing world, the late Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, was being jockeyed into shooting position. Casting officials needed a girl, with a voice, to play the young Ernestine. Durbin was signed to a contract.

Time passed, as time does, and the film was not made. Schumann-Heink's health would not permit it. The little Durbin went to school, waited for the studio's 'phone call, learned a few more arias, played with her only sister, the elder Edith, romped with Tippy, the cocker spaniel. When the studio call came it was to appear in a short subject, with teenster Judy Garland, a singing miss, too.

Released, the film—called *Every Sunday Night*—was just so-so. It didn't do much for either girl's popularity. The even pattern of Schoolgirl Durbin's life continued undisturbed by motion picture maneuverings—just, we might emphasize, as it does now that she is a ranking star. Her manager, her family, conspire to keep the rugged side of Hollywood from rubbing off the bright luster of this newest starlet. She remains innocently unaware of the personal and professional battles that are being waged about her. Thus they hope to keep her, and there's every chance that the miracle may happen.

Deanna (accent on the "Dee" and just plain old "Anna" after that) might have been satisfied with her film progress, because her greatest desire is not films, but an operatic career, with a "Met" debut at seventeen. Her manager, the energetic Jack Sherrill, was not. He asked for release from her contract; took the news of his precious cargo to Rufus LeMaire in charge of Universal's casting department.

About that name. If you, too, have wondered about Starlet Durbin's unusual first

[*Continued on page* 92]

The Durbin girl favors a bike to get around that Hollywood town

ARLEN Has What It Takes Now

Dick found faith in himself and made good

By DICK PINE

DICK appeared to be mixing cement as I entered the gate. "Be with you in a moment," he shouted. "Go on in. You'll find Joby there, if she isn't putting the baby to bed, or taking him up, or whatever she does to him at this time of day."

I waved and nodded, and walked along the path under the walnut trees to the door which led into the white stucco, red-tiled house. I have never seen that house without reflecting that Dick planned it when he was a youngster in Hollywood, mowing lawns for his cakes and coffee.

I entered Dick's dream house. It is not the "spacious mansion" usually associated with motion picture stars; it is designed for solid comfort. I mean, it's a home; a place where one may smoke a fruity pipe, or, if one feels inclined, put one's feet on a table, without damaging a delicate inlay, or scratching a sandalwood number. It's so lived-in.

Presently, Dick came in, wearing a blue sweater and white duck pants, mahogany colored. (Dick, not the pants.) He settled himself on the settee and lit a cigarette.

"I'm feeling good this afternoon," he announced. "I went out early this morning and shot a beautiful birdie on the fifth hole at Lakeside. My tee shot carried about two hundred and fifty yards; then I took my. . . ."

"Spare me," I pleaded, "I know the rest. You holed a chip shot—or something." He looked dampened. I went on. "Last week, I had three teeth out, and when the dentist put in the needle, he . . ."

"All right, you win! What shall we talk about?"

"Well, I want to know about the time when nothing would go right for you, and you quit Hollywood and went to San Francisco, and you thought that everything had come to an end, and you were just about as desperate as a man can be."

Dick looked thoughtful. "I've never told that story to anybody; but, as a matter of fact, I don't mind talking about it at all—now. The only difficulty is to know where to begin."

"Suppose you begin with what caused you to quit Hollywood, and go to San Francisco."

The pride and joy in the lives of the Arlens (Dick and Joby) is their young son, Ricky. Like all kids he enjoys the circus

Fawcett photo by Rhodes

"I WAS in stock at Paramount, which meant doing odd bits in this and that picture. I had just completed what I thought was my first real screen role, and was so proud that I dashed around displaying the film, or sequences of it, to everyone who would look at it. Then a casting director took me to one side. 'Dick,' he said, 'I wouldn't show this thing to a soul. It's a bad picture, and you're just terrible!'

"That's when I thought I realized that I could never make good in Hollywood, and I quit cold, packed a suitcase, and went to San Francisco."

"What did you think you could do in San Francisco?"

"Oh, I didn't know, and I didn't care much. Hollywood had slapped me in the face, and I wanted to leave it behind and forget it. All my hopes had been dashed; my work wasted; my self-confidence destroyed. As it turned out, there was nothing for me in San Francisco. Things were pretty grim. In fact, they were so grim that . . . well, we needn't go into that. Let's talk about your teeth. What did the dentist . . .?"

"Things were so grim," I interrupted, "that the idea of suicide occurred to you, didn't it?"

Dick smiled slowly. "Well, I suppose that the idea of suicide has occurred to a great many sane and normal people. I *did* think of suicide. I think that I thought I was actually planning the means." He paused, and his eyes [*Continued on page 73*]

She Doesn't Know the Answers

Luise Rainer has an intense eagerness to know the answers to everything. And it accounts for her sense of adventure

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

"WHY is it that marriages do not often work out well in Hollywood?" asked Luise Rainer just one month before she married the playwright, Clifford Odets. "I cannot understand. Sometimes I think it would be so wonderful to get married . . . to know that there is one person to whom you belong and who belongs to you, but out here they say that you belong first to your career, that people drift apart because of their careers. Tell me," she said, in that intriguing foreign way of hers, "Tell me, do you think that is so? Or do you think the reason for unhappy marriages is something else, maybe?"

It was a turn-about . . . it is interviewers who are accustomed to ask those questions, stars who are expected to answer them. "But how can I answer those questions when I do not know?" she objected. "I, myself, am looking for answers. I am always looking for answers—to everything. Once I went to a famous astrologist for answers, but suddenly when he had told me about my past and then started to tell me about my future, I said, 'No, I have changed my mind! I do not want to know!' It was not that I was afraid. But suddenly I realized it might cheat me of making my own discoveries. If you are expecting things, then there is no curiosity, no surprise. 'No,' I said, 'I thank you just the same, but I think I will not look into my future . . . I will go ahead and live into it and see for myself!"

And so, on January 8th, Luise went ahead and "lived into" her life, as she puts it so quaintly, and married Mr. Odets. A month before she was not sure that a Hollywood marriage could be happy . . . a month before she was not sure of any-

Luise has a great curiosity about life and people and experience. That's why she has such a fine grasp on such roles as *O'Lan* in *The Good Earth*. In this she has found the answer to emotional acting

In her quest for knowledge Luise "lives into her future"—seeking the answers herself

thing . . . nor is she now. Of course she *hopes*—she is no different than any other young bride, but as she has done everything all her life, so has she gone into this marriage, with a high spirit of adventure!

It is Clifford Odets' belief, too, that life isn't all harmony and roses . . . that you can never be sure of happy endings . . . that life is too full of sudden adventures, unseen corners. All his plays have been bitter, realistic ones. He wrote *Awake and Sing*, *Till the Day I Die*, *Waiting for Lefty*, *Paradise Lost*, and became famous as "The George Bernard Shaw of the Bronx". Some critics also compare him to Eugene O'Neill, Sean O'Casey and Chekhov. Then Hollywood heard of him and intrigued him west to write the screen adaptation of *The General Died At Dawn*, to the tune of $2,500 a week. Originally he had scoffed in rather Leftist fashion at writing for the movies, but he came, he saw, and eventually he was conquered. Aren't they all? He suddenly saw the many different opportunities the screen offered to writers.

As he told the press: "I believe that my ideas can be put over in pictures. I hope so, because it will give me a much wider audience. But I won't be a party to the fraud the screen has been perpetrating on the public for years: boy meets girl . . . life is swell. I won't do that. Life, romance, happiness . . . it's tough!"

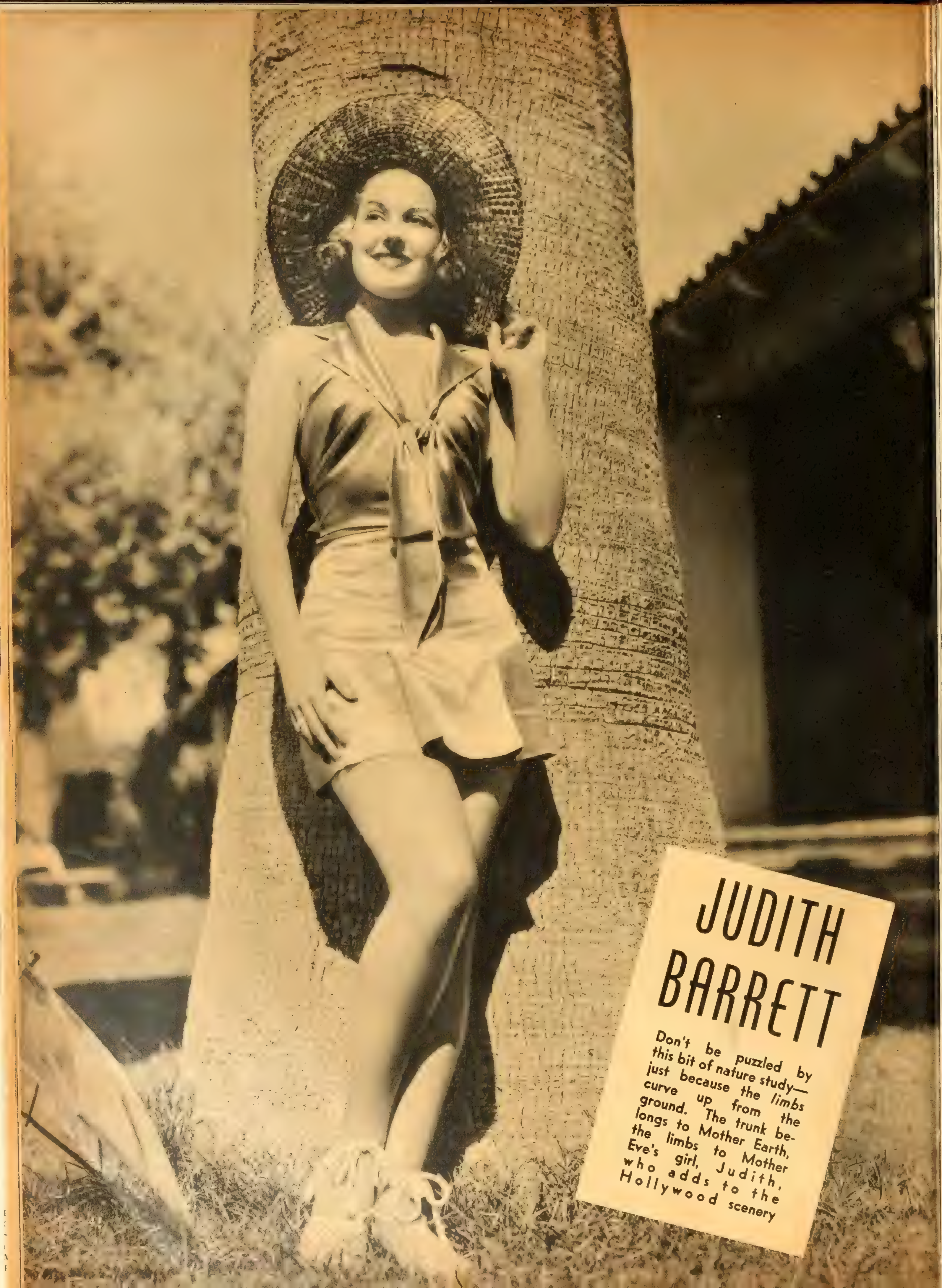
Then he met Luise, fell in love . . . and he *still* felt the same. As she had admitted quite frankly, "I don't know the answer . . . if marriage can be happy with a career . . ." Neither could he be certain. "Boy meets girl . . . life is swell . . . it's a fraud!"

But just the same they were married. It's part of their congeniality . . . neither of them has ever been married before, but both of them step eagerly along a new, untried road, fully expecting sharp corners, unseen byways. Two such brilliant careers may be stumbling-blocks along the way, or they may prove stepping-stones. Neither of them knows, but both go gladly looking, hand-in-hand.

LUISE has always been like this—an adventuress, a spy on Life. Yet this is a quality which few people have seen in her. Hollywood, too long, had the impression that she is a sad, morbid, hermit-type of girl . . . never going anywhere, staying gloomily at home. But once you know her, you know that this rumor does her a great injustice. Only dull people are prey to frequent gloominess, and Luise is never dull. She is powered by too much spirit for that. She devours everything with interest . . . books, people, music, magazines, art, work, play, bridges, colors, maps, globes, roads, anything and everything that will lead her to knowledge.

"It's my curiosity about life and people and experience," she once told me. "Do you know I cannot bear to travel on express trains because they go so fast through little places I would like to see. It's funny, isn't it . . . but I keep wishing they would slow down, or stop so I could get off and stay a while. And when I am driving, I do not always like to follow the main, marked road . . . but the little side roads, which will lead me to surprises and adventure. I like to learn how people in the little places on the side live, and love and think. But sometimes I go to the big places, too, to see what big things are being built, and what big progress the world is making . . . and I will go anywhere to see beauty . . ."

It was then she told me of a trip she had just made to San Francisco to see the opening of the new bridge. And because it shows her eagerness about doing and seeing, because it reveals her inner self so completely, it's a story which should be told. It explains so much about Luise. [*Continued on page 82*]



JUDITH BARRETT

Don't be puzzled by this bit of nature study—just because the limbs curve up from the ground. The trunk belongs to Mother Earth, the limbs to Mother Eve's girl, Judith, who adds to the Hollywood scenery

Ed Arnold, like all big men, is an "outdoorsy" type. He likes to tinker with his car

—*Fawcett Photo by Rhodes*

Everybody Loves a Fat Man

You've said at the box-office why you love Edward Arnold on the screen. It's because he's an old spirit raiser-upper

By IDA ZEITLIN

WHAT'S wrong with this title? I didn't know till I'd tried it out here and there, and was met by unanimous protests. "Ed Arnold's not *fat!*" "Don't you know the difference between a fat man and a big man?" "He's got huge shoulders, but did you ever take a look at his stomach? There *isn't* any."

For the purposes of this story, Edward Arnold remains a fat man. You've got to stick to your catchline. Call him big, if you'd rather. The important word is second from the front, not the rear.

You don't need me to point out to you that you love Arnold on the screen. You've said so at the box office more substantially than words can say it. Undoubtedly, fat men exist whom everybody loathes. But whoever first spoke the line had in mind the kind of man Arnold projects on the screen—open-faced and open-hearted—yes, despite the rascalities of some of the characters he plays—filled with a boundless zest for life, with an innate good will which embraces the world. Listen to his laughter, that starts somewhere down in his boots and mounts and swells, shaking his shoulders, creasing his face, rolling up and out in a series of abandoned chuckles. Listen, and try to keep your own spirits from rising. I dare you to go "droopy." He's an old blues-chaser, that's what he is.

No man could laugh like that who didn't love laughter, to whom it wasn't a natural expression of his being, who wasn't at peace with himself and the world. Perhaps, without analyzing it, that's the quality you feel in him; the quality in which your affection is rooted. It's a sound feeling, for by the people who know him Arnold is even better beloved than by you who know only his shadow.

The day after *Sadie McKee* was released, he bumped into Joan Crawford on the Metro lot. Almost without exception the morning reviews had loudly proclaimed that Arnold had stolen the show. He was a little

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The Lord of BELLEIGH ACRES

His lordship, Edward Everett Horton of Belleigh Acres, founded his estate on belly-laughs

By JAMES REID

This is the face that built fame for Eddie Horton. You'll be seein' it in *Lost Horizon*

A HALF-HOUR passed, and nothing happened. Perhaps three-quarters of an hour. Then the lady on Edward Everett Horton's right looked at him, frankly baffled. He didn't know it. Nor did he know that, from him, she looked toward the other couple at the table, with a large question mark in her eyes—eyes which plainly asked, "What's wrong with him? He's not the man I thought he was."

The other couple—the hosts of this small dinner party—looked at Eddie. *They* couldn't see anything wrong with him. He seemed to be enjoying himself, the meal, the company, the surroundings. At that precise moment, he was savoring a morsel of entree as if it were the first tender bit of tenderloin he had ever encountered in Hollywood. (Perhaps it was.)

They shot inquiring glances back at their lady-guest-from-out-of-town—their lady guest who had asked them if they knew Edward Everett Horton, and had asked to meet him. Finally, she could endure her bafflement no longer. She could endure silence no longer. She turned to Eddie.

She asked, "When do you open up?"

"Open up—?" he echoed, innocently.

"Yes. When are you going to make me laugh? I haven't laughed *yet.*"

Helplessly, he laid down his fork, stunned into mute amazement. So she was another of those horrible people—those incomprehensible people who think he must be funny twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week!

She spoiled his dinner for him . . .

Which is a gentle way of breaking to you the news that Edward Everett Horton is a man with a vast secret sorrow. He can't understand how he manages to give out such impressions. No one understands him.

Consider, for example, what happened when he was playing *serious* drama at the Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles. Cheerily, even blithely, one morning he boarded the usual bus for the usual ride downtown. Contrary to his usual custom, he found a seat. The seat was behind two elderly women. At first, he paid no attention to them. Then his sub-conscious prodded him into eavesdropping. One of them had just mentioned the play in which he was appearing.

Both had apparently seen the play. One had urged the other to go, and she had gone—the night before. Now they were exchanging comments, particularly about one Edward Everett Horton. One said, with mournful certainty, "He's definitely the son!" The second nodded, in sad confirmation.

("The son?" puzzled Eddie. "What son? Whose son? And why the grief?" He strained to miss no detail.)

It appeared that both women were from the same Mid-West town, in which both had lived on Charles Street North. In the next block had lived a little boy who was a half-wit and whose father and mother had died of shame. The women had often wondered what had become of that little boy. Now they knew. He had changed his name to Horton, had somehow managed to get on the stage . . .

IF THE completely sane Mr. Horton looks vaguely bewildered at times on the screen—well, you can hardly blame him. After that. And after some of the other things that have happened to him off-screen. He can't remember when the bewilderment became chronic. But he's fairly positive that it must have begun in the cradle, to reach its present proportions. He has a hazy memory of people laughing when *he* brooded, even in his romper days.

The scene of his cradling was Brooklyn, New York, only a half-hour from Broadway, which—bewilderingly enough—he never did reach as a stage actor. He was the first of four children. And that explains why he was named *Edward Everett* Horton. That was his father's cognomen.

And where did Edward, Sr., get it? *His* father had five sons and, being a man of aggressive public spirit, named each of them after Men Who Mattered. Thus, there was a George Washington Horton, a Millard Fillmore Horton, a Herbert Barclay Horton, a Winter Davis Horton, and an Edward Everett Horton. The latter was christened after the orator who delivered the main address at Gettysburg on the day that President Lincoln said a few words there.

When Edward, Jr., was barely able to talk, his father saw to it that he used his full name. The habit grew on him, so that long after he went on the stage,

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The Lush TILLY LOSCH

You're going to hear a great deal about the luscious Losch, the Viennese dancer, who sets a new style in movie glamour

By LEON SURMELIAN

EVERY now and then a new star shoots up in the cinematic sky. One who is different, exciting, and who compels rapt attention. What makes the star-parade of Hollywood such an intriguing show is the arrival of such newcomers who might be great luminaries of the screen tomorrow. The Viennese dancer and actress, Tilly Losch, gives such a promise, and you'll hear a great deal about her as time goes on. She sets a new style in movie glamour.

You saw Tilly in *The Garden of Allah*, in that noisy rendezvous of swart, turbaned men-about-town, as she danced like a fair Circassian slave before her lord, her flaming heart set on a somber visitor (a fugitive Christian monk) while several of those desert rakes showed their savage teeth and longed to eat her up alive. That was a bit of sensational dancing, the like of which the screen had not seen before. The dance scene was the high spot of the picture. Now, weeks after the showing, you forget Dietrich and Boyer—but you remember La Losch. In a few brief moments she stamped her personality in the minds of millions. Currently, Tilly plays another Oriental role, as *Lotus* in *The Good Earth*. But she has made up her mind that she will be her Occidental self in her next picture, and MGM is giving her an elaborate series of tests with that end in view. She may reach star rating in her next picture. She is definitely a big-time personality.

This exotic Viennese, with reddish-brown hair and pale blue eyes, is the most famous dancer of Europe. She has been the toast of royalty. But she is more than a dancer. She is an experienced actress, forceful, vivid, and of unusual charm. After garnering professional triumphs in the largest cities of Europe and America she has finally settled down in Hollywood to be a movie star.

"Don't make me cute!" she pleaded with her hands. Dancing with hands is a specialty with Tilly. They haunt you—those extraordinary hands of hers.

Cute? No, we don't exactly think of her as cute, except that there is a certain girlish quality about her, especially when she laughs. This epithet must have been applied to her by some other writer, leaving her indignant. Remember that there is only one Tilly Losch, while millions of girls might be cute. And it's a word that affronts her dignity as a serious artist for, make no mistake about it, this young lady has puh-lenty of artistic pride.

"I am not like anybody else," she said. "Whatever I am, whatever I do, I want to be myself,

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There is something of a Garboesque quality about Tilly that gets you interested

As Tilly appears in The Good Earth

HERBERT MARSHALL'S Best Girl

Bart went to jolly London for a spell and he came back spellbound with love

By GLADYS HALL

LEST your temperatures rise, my friends, Herbert Marshall's best girl is his little daughter . . .

And Bart, as he is known to his intimates, David Niven, Ronnie Colman, Eric Blore, Alan Mowbray and other congenial spirits with whom he plays tennis and poker, talks soccer and cricket and books and plays and the theatre and England—and English club life which they all so sorely miss—is changed.

Not externally, not superficially. That grave and gentle charm of manner, the deep reserve under the tempered courtesy—these are intensified. His prejudices, hobbies and habits remain much the same. He still, he says, likes to play attractive crooks on stage or screen and does NOT like to play the long-suffering, meekly-martyred chap who always makes the supreme sacrifice. His favorite foods remain cold beef, sliced thin, salad and chocolate eclairs. His favorite playwrights are Shakespeare, Lonsdale and Samson Raphaelson. He has no musical interests and has no particular talents or achievements other than his work. His favorite game to play is cricket; to watch, soccer. He dislikes, above all things and people, pretenders and poseurs. His favorite author is Lytton Strachey. He loves a good game of poker, otherwise doesn't gamble. He seldom reads the "funnies" save for *Skippy* and *Henry*. He usually retires at 11 p. m. and wakes at 7 a. m. His main hobby is, still, to collect original sketches and books which his friends autograph for him, either their own or a dictionary, it doesn't matter so long as it is autographed. Which, in passing, led him to show me a handsome dictionary given him by his old and best friend, Eric Blore, on the occasion of his last birthday. On the fly-leaf it contains this inscription, original with Eric Blore and in his own handwriting:

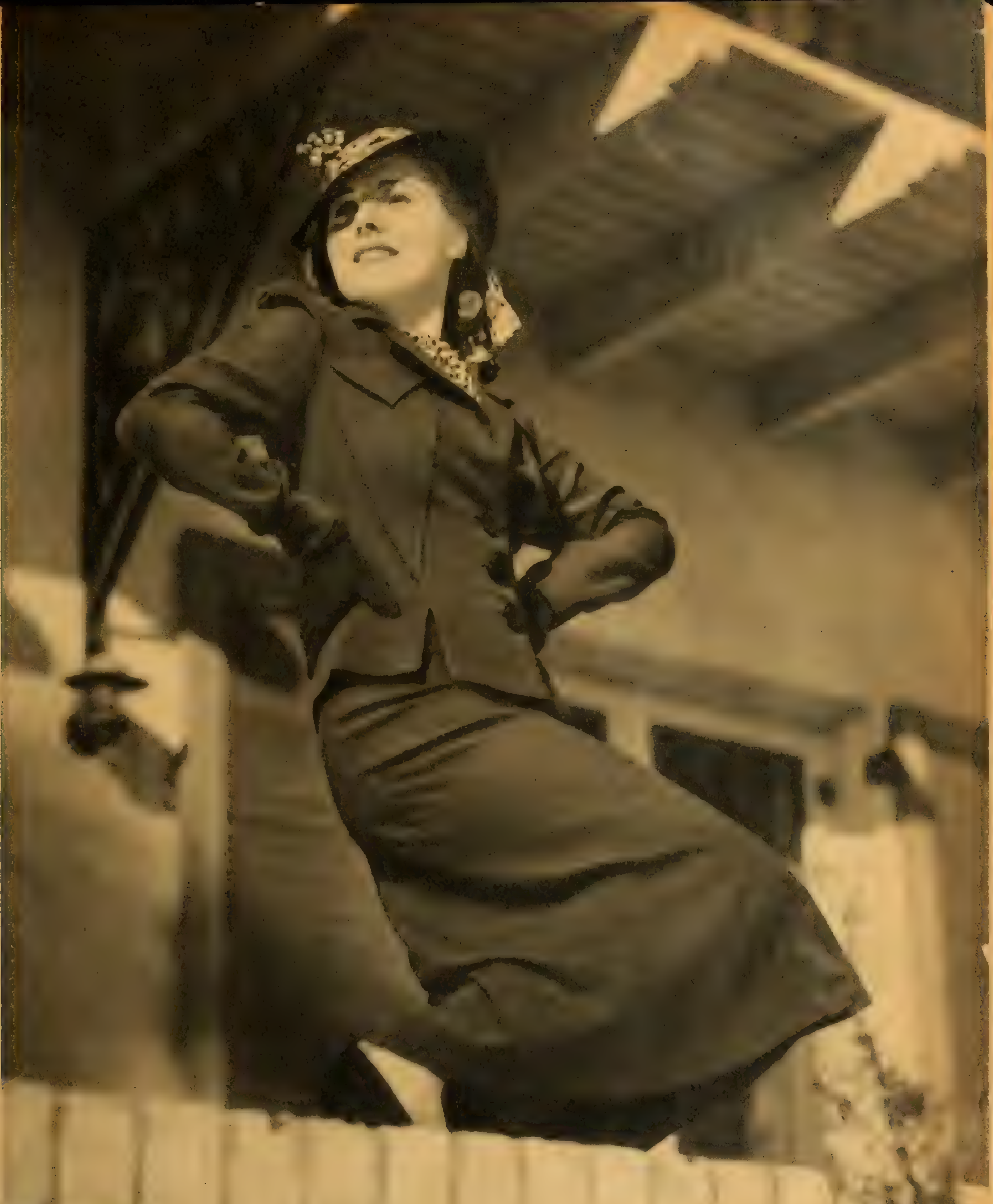
"If words were birds and flew away
And left me dumb this very day;
I'd whistle till I nearly burst
To re-entice the very first
Most brightly-decorated flight
That I might say to you tonight
'May this, your birthday, be the start
Of even greater blessings, Bart.' "

He is very proud of that.

No, it isn't in any of the pleasant surface ways that Bart has changed. It is that the aim and purpose of the man seem to have struck deeper roots. Some of the haunts he knew last year know him no longer. He is seen about less frequently. Nor are Gloria Swanson and Bart the constant companions they have been for some time. Gloria, under contract to MGM, staging a come-back, is deep in scripts and rehearsals, Adrian fittings and conferences, photographic sittings, interviews. Bart is submerged in plans and preparation for his work, his joint contract with RKO and Columbia Pictures, his plan, in the near future, to co-star with Marlene Dietrich under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. It was Lubitsch, you may remember, who directed Bart and Miriam Hopkins in *Trouble in Paradise*—the film which first made the fans passionately Marshall-conscious.

ONE feels that other things are meaning more to Bart now. He seems to be more purposeful, more concentrated on what he hopes to do, and at the same time, happier and gayer than I have ever known him to be. As

[*Continued on page* 88]



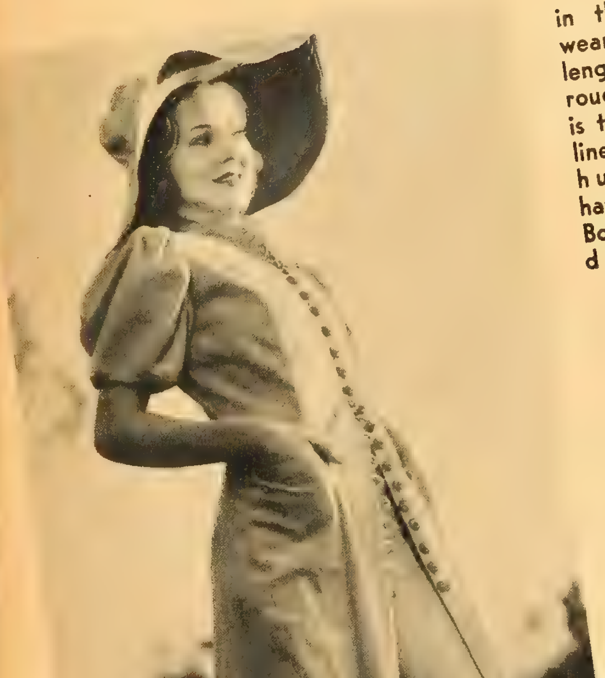
THE PULSE OF FASHION

By SALLY MARTIN
Fashion Editor, Motion Picture

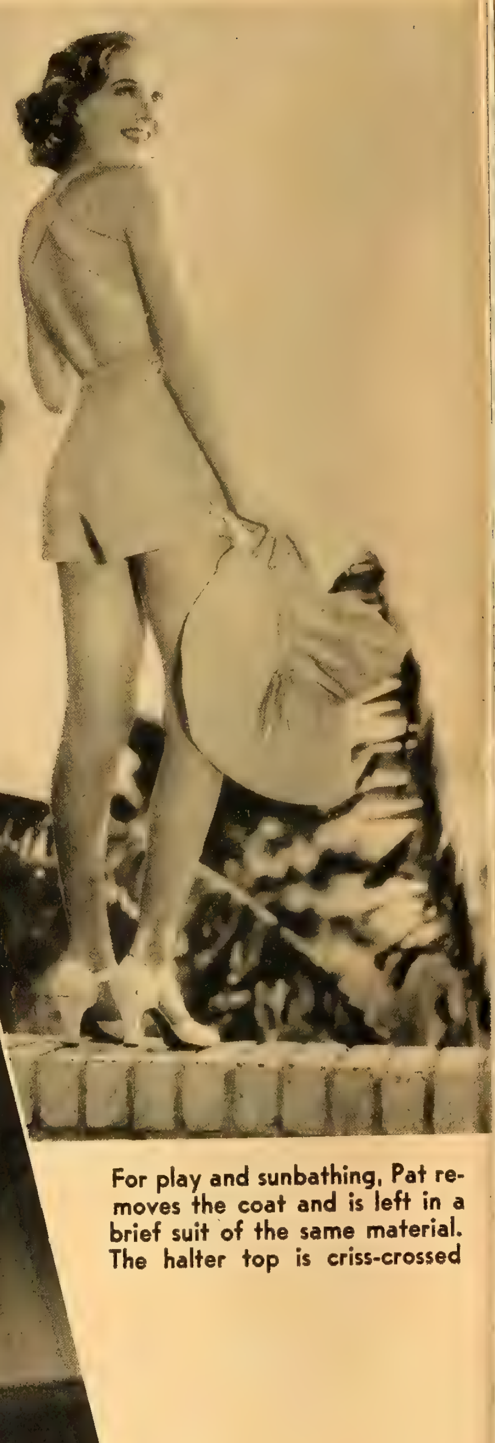
Suits and Spring are synonymous and so is Pat Paterson in her marine blue wool peplum tailleur from Viola Dimmitt. The short notched jacket and full hemmed skirt are decidedly 1937. Her straw hat is from Leslie-James

Our charming mannequin is Pat Paterson, star of Walter Wanger's Wuthering Heights. *Photos are by Bob Coburn*

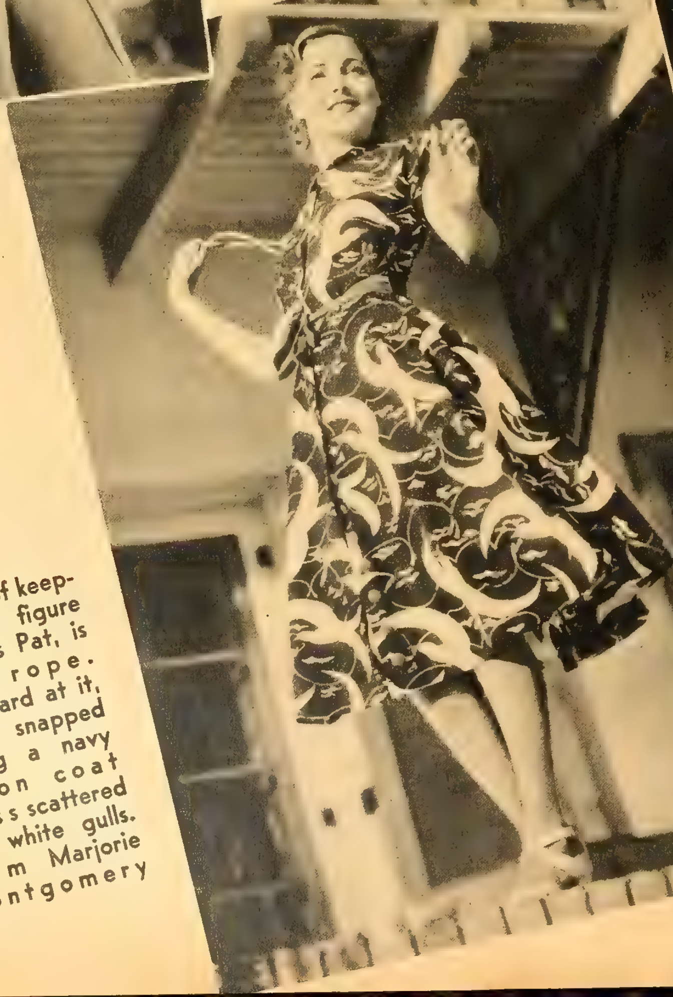
HUNCHES FOR SUMMER



When hostessing in the sun, Pat wears a fitted full length coat of rough cotton. It is turquoise blue, lined in yellow. A huge brimmed hat matches. Both from Mildred Sergeant



For play and sunbathing, Pat removes the coat and is left in a brief suit of the same material. The halter top is criss-crossed

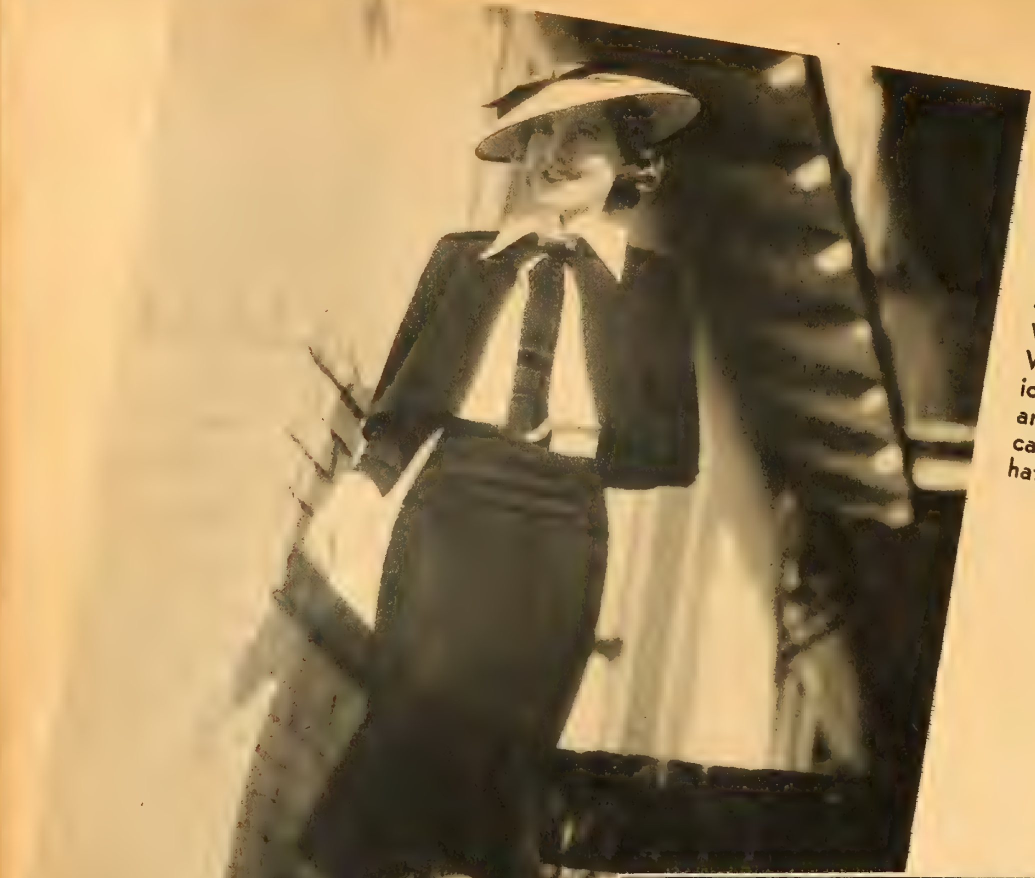


One way of keeping your figure trim, says Pat, is jumping rope. While hard at it, Pat is snapped wearing a navy cotton coat dress scattered with white gulls. From Marjorie Montgomery

Jump right in Pat, don't be a sissy. For swimming, Pat wears a Hollywood Silk Mills fitted white satin lastex suit with a black pepper tree leaf pattern

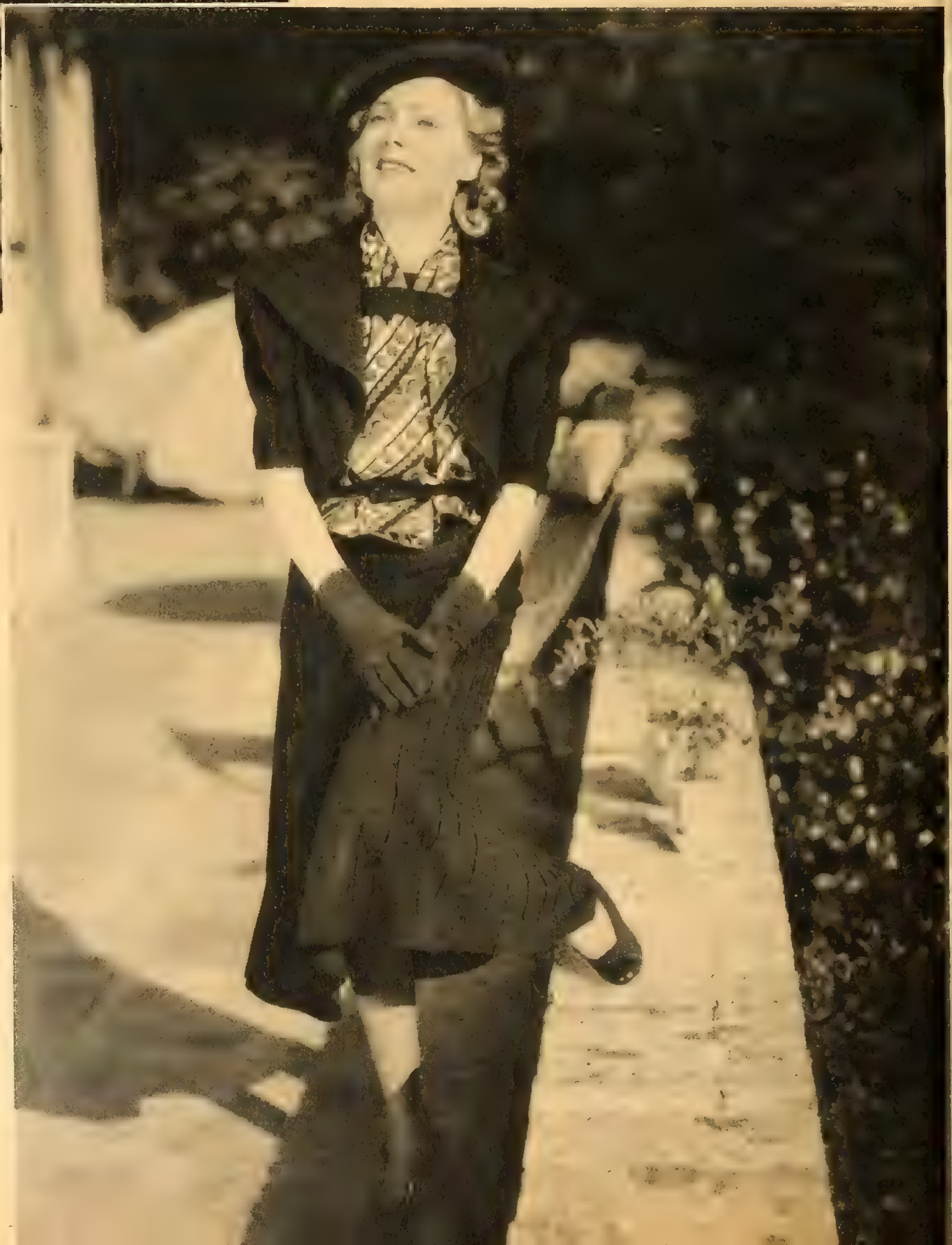
The last word in pajamas is this four piece outfit worn by Pat. Underneath are pleated shorts of the same non-crushable natural crash and a magenta colored tuck-in shirt. From Marjorie Montgomery

Pat looks cool and smart in this Marjorie Montgomery natural linen dress. The yoke of red, white and blue is set-in. Her navy fabric oxfords are from the Fern Shoe Co.



Pat Paterson again shows her preference for navy and white in this ensemble by Viola Dimmitt. White pique fashions the collar and trims the cape. Her coolie hat is a panama

A monthly fashion letter is yours for the asking. Let Sally Martin, fashion editor of MOTION PICTURE help with your clothes problems. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Sally Martin, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.



Viola Dimmitt dresses Pat for town in a sheer navy wool bolero suit. The printed blouse has an interesting scarf treatment — it's tucked into the belt at the waist

Fernand Gravet is Mervyn LeRoy's discovery and appears in *The King and the Chorus Girl*

Brussels Sprouts a New Idol

When Hollywood called, the Belgian city delivered Fernand Gravet. He's destined for stardom

By HERB CRUIKSHANK

A TELEPHONE bell rang in London. Another tinkled in Paris. A third buzzed in Cannes.

"Are you theah?" asked London.

"'Allo, 'allo!" spluttered Paris.

"This is Mervyn LeRoy speaking," said an American voice over the Cannes wire. "Listen, Madame Gravet, I'm shoving off for Hollywood. What about Fernand? Is he coming over to star in my picture? Or isn't he? I've got his agent in London on the other wire right now. Let's try to get going!"

Fernand Gravet, new star of LeRoy's production, *The King and the Chorus Girl,* laughs as he tells the tale.

"Mervyn speaks no French. My wife speaks no English. The telephone bills—they were *magnifique!* What we call in Hollywood—'colossal!' But, anyway, we fixed everything. Mervyn went home. We followed. The picture is made. I am delighted. Mervyn is delighted. I hope you will be delighted!"

Fernand and Missus as they departed for home. They'll be back

The Continental star, whose American debut seems certain to win him a place in American hearts, is a "delightful" fellow. His personality is infectious. His sense of humor is what we call in Hollywood—"terrific." Sleek as a seal, he has the figure of a soldier and an athlete. He still is the latter. He has been the former. Facially, well, you'd be

[*Continued on page* 94]

Casting players for *Gone With the Wind* is everyone's favorite sport. Some like Joan Bennett for *Melanie*

Take a look at the huge star sapphire ring worn by Jean Harlow. It's the gift of pal Bill Powell

The TALK of Hollywood

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

Beating the gun to the bathing season is Virginia Gray, blonde starlet from the M-G-M lot. Virginia enters her legs for Hollywood's best

No More Alky

TALK of Hollywood is the "clean-'em-up" order just issued by the Hays office against too much drinking in movies. Not off-screen drinking—but *on-screen* drinking scenes.

It seems that all over the country, women's clubs and other organizations have noted, recently, a growth in the number and extent of cocktail scenes and drinking orgies in movies, and floods of protests have been pouring in. Faced with the probability that unless they put their pictures on the water wagon themselves, states would pass anti-alcoholic-scene censorship laws, the producers got together, agreed to de-alcoholize their movies, and sent out an official order to that effect. And so from now on, when you see your favorite star guzzling, it'll be tea or milk or even—faugh!—buttermilk . . . ! ! !

Ay Tank He Luf Me

THOSE "GARBO LOVES TAYLOR" billboards don't exactly delight Garbo. Commented she to a friend: "Why didn't they say 'Taylor Loves Garbo'?"

Home Work

QUEER devices in the homes of the movie-great: Claire Dodd's drawing room features two Gothic columns. They're not only decorative, but utilitarian. One houses a stock-ticker for her broker-husband; the other is a penny-bank into which Claire drops her small change each day! Myrna Loy's new home will have two kitchens. One will be the regular kitchen. The other a "guest kitchen," for the use of house-guests who like to stir up their own between-meals snacks! Ann Dvorak, in

How'd you like to have a scarecrow for a dance partner? Virginia Bruce has one in Nick Long, Jr., in the film, *When Love is Young*

First sign of Spring out Beverly Hills way finds Ann Sothern relaxing on her lawn. 'Tween films she visits hubby Roger Pryor in Chicago

her living room, has several sections of earth built into the floors and wall niches, wherein she grows flowers and plants. To counteract the dampness caused thereby, the room has two fireplaces—and Evelyn Venable, in anticipation of a blessed event, talked hubby Hal Mohr into having the nursery room repainted with a specially-mixed non-poisonous paint, so the baby won't kill itself when it gets to the wall-gnawing age.

Nice and Narsty

KENT TAYLOR has two auto horns on his roadster. One toots mildly, for nice people. The other blares raucously, for the people who won't get out of the way when he toots the mild one.

Convalescent Capers

NOTES on how to pass the time while in bed with influenza, as demonstrated by Clark Gable: Bored by reading, he had a mop handle, minus the mop, brought to him. He tied a paint-brush, artists' size, on the end, drew funny cartoons on the ceiling! Tired of that, he got a rubber band and a sheet of newspaper, and began shooting spitballs at the flies in the room. After eight misses, he bagged a horsefly "right between the mirror and the window." And finally, allowed to leave his bed by the doctor, Clark had the driver's compartment of his station-wagon glassed in, installed a heater and a radio, and took a drive!

Bob Taylor pours himself a cuppa coffee—the better to brace himself for "fight scenes" with Jean Harlow

Send 'Em to Betty

BETTY FURNESS' latest hobby is collecting match-covers. Fans all over the world are sending them to her.

Duels Next?

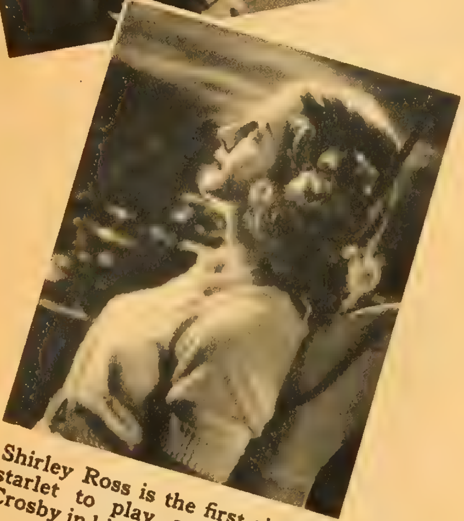
NEWEST rage in Hollywood is fencing. Armand Kaliz, one-time romantic leading man, is now Hollywood's chief instructor at the foils, and his star pupils include Madge Evans, Paul Lukas, Shirley Temple.

Arline (finest figure) Judge is divorcing Wes Ruggles to wed Dan Topping, rich socialite of New York

S. H. . . . U. S. A.

DELIGHTED with America, Norwegian Sonja Henie is taking out citizenship papers. But this

Buck Jones is the most popular star in the U.S.A. according to Fan Club rating. Boy Scouts like him, too



Shirley Ross is the first singing starlet to play opposite Bing Crosby in his *Waikiki Wedding*

summer, she's going to Norway for a vacation.

Honorable Cows

THIS year, Paramount is sitting pretty on the same Japanese custom that had Walt Disney in the pretty-seat in Japan last year. The Japanese, it seems, dedicate each year to some particular animal. In 1936, it was the Year of the Mouse—and during the year, Disney's *Mickey Mouse* cartoon films did unprecedented business in Nippon.

This year is Japan's "Year of the Cows," during which the Japanese honor cattle. And so Paramount, releasing Bing Crosby's *Rhythm on the Range* in Japan, is stressing NOT Bing in the ads and publicity, but laying heavy stress on the cows—and the worshipful Japanese are paying plenty of sen and yen to see the film and honor the honorable cows.

Never High-Hatted

DIRECTOR FRANK CAPRA claims to be Hollywood's champion beret-wearer. He doesn't even own a hat, he says.

Flu Floored 'Em

THE recent flu epidemic knocked Hollywood haywire for a while. Productions were held up for weeks, due to star's illnesses. Some of the industry's biggest box-office names were down in bed with influenza—

Insurance companies, hit for a total of $250,000 by production delays on insured films, announced that no more policies against production delays would be issued until the epidemic ended. Most of the studios had their production casts and crews innoculated against flu. Universal, shooting *The Road Back*, issued double sets of flannel underwear to the extras playing soldiers in the muddy trenches. Several companies, to avoid spoiling "takes" with unexpected cough spells from cast or sidelines, had bowls of coughdrops at various strategic points on the set, with cards urging all on the set to keep sucking away at 'em.

Radio Teachings

TO HELP her in learning English, Simone Simon has a tiny radio always at her side on the set, and between takes, listens to radio speakers. And at Selznick, students in the acting school are told to tune in on President Roosevelt's radio talks, and learn enunciation and clarity from him.

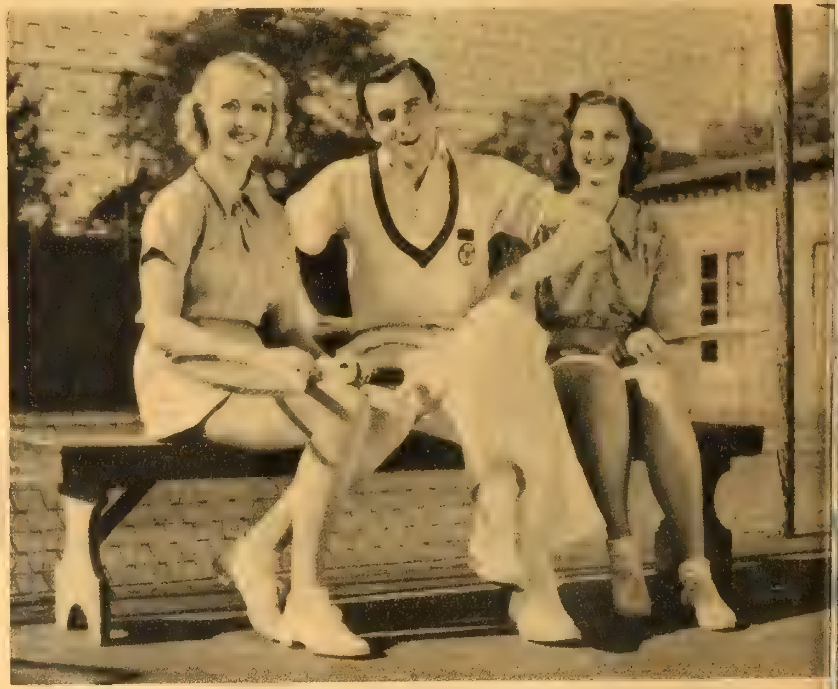
Goody-Goody

TALKING of Simone Simon, it appears as though she's to have a rival in that trick-name field. From Europe to sign a Warner contract has come Swana Wanda . . . !

Sort of Swiss-Cheesey

A YEAR and a half ago, while in Europe, Robert Montgomery had an overcoat stolen. The other day, a package arrived at M-G-M for Bob, from Paris. Opened, it revealed

And look at what Bing and Bob (Bazooka) Burns have in their arms. If they mean it, then Martha Raye is about to take a Waikiki Wetting



Tennis champ Fred Perry, who is making a Pete Smith short, "Tennis," takes time out to be photographed with his charming "atmosphere"—Blonde Clarice Sherry and Brunette June Wilking. A love set as t'were

Bob's missing overcoat. . . . BUT—the coat was so moth-eaten that Bob can't wear it any more!

Taps For Japs

ELEANOR POWELL is now tap-dancing instructor to a physical culture class of young Japanese, in Tokyo. Only she doesn't do her instructing in person, but via the airmail. She got a letter recently from one Prof. Yamanada, of the Meiji University, asking if she could furnish him with instructions as to how to do some of her steps, as the steps would be excellent exercise for his calisthenics class. Eleanor, forthwith, arranged to send regular lessons via the China Clipper planes to Manila, whence they will be re-mailed to Tokyo for the honorable Professor Yamanada!

8 Grand On Ties

RICARDO CORTEZ has just figured out that in fourteen years of being one of the screen's best-dressed men, he has spent $8,000 on neckties alone!

Make Mine Vanilla

JACKIE COOGAN has given Hollywood something to talk about with his on-the-wagon-until-1940 vow. He has taken a pledge to drink not a drop of alcoholic liquor of any kind for the next three years. Currently in New York, hitting the nite-spots, Jackie, now over 21, is astounding observers and waiters by ordering lemonade.

For Arkansaw Travelers

BOB BAZOOKA BURNS, despite finding fame in Hollywood, is not forgetting his native Arkansas. He has bought a 200-acre stretch of terrain in the Ozarks, near the town of Mountainburg. Of the property, he is giving a huge slice to the Arkansas Boy Scouts for a summer camp, and another bit of acreage to the state of Arkansas for a road right of way. The state will build a road, and in return, Bob will build an Arkansas State Museum on his property, and a big public auto camp, and dedicate the entire shebang to good ol' Arkansaw!

Carry A Passport, Jean

JEAN MUIR got into a merry mess in San Francisco. Because she wanted to remain incognito, she made her hotel reservations under her real name of Jean Fullerton. When she left to pay the hotel bill, she had to sign the check Jean Muir, because she has her checking account under her professional name. The hotel suspected she was an imposter, and it took minutes of argument before Jean produced proof of who she really was.

Water Gag

JEAN HARLOW has put Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert and all the other gals in a spot. You see, Jean (as a publicity gag, purely) took a gallon

[*Continued on page* 95]

And what do you think of the "knickerish" outfit that Binnie Barnes wears for desert sun and sand? Is Binnie waving to Jean Negulesco?

The newest foreign importation is Luli Deste of Vienna—who brought her prize Afghan wolfhounds to Hollywood with her. The newcomer, who resembles Shearer, will make her first Hollywood film for Columbia

The candid camera catches up with John Barrymore and his legs—in a sequence with Jeanette MacDonald in *Maytime*. He's still No. 1 leg man

That TAYLOR-HARLOW "Romance"

The Blonde No. 1 and *that* Bachelor No. 1 are teamed together for the first time in *Personal Property*. Boy! What a combination!

By CAROL CRAIG

ROBERT TAYLOR and Jean Harlow meet for the first time in a broadcasting studio, not a movie studio. The radio rajahs do not have the inspiration of co-starring Bachelor No. 1 and Blonde No. 1 before the movie moguls have it; but the broadcasters certainly get around to carrying out the idea first. Thanks to a movie mogul. I mean Cecil B. De Mille—who produces a drama or two yearly for the screen, and a drama weekly for the radio.

He brings them together for a radio version of the play, *Madame Sans-Gene*. He introduces them to each other at the rehearsal by saying, "Miss Harlow, I'd like you to meet your co-star, Mr. Taylor."

Jean and Bob laugh as they shake hands.

"This is so sudden, Bob," Jean says.

"It's a small world, Jean," Bob answers.

And after the rehearsal, De Mille says: "You two should be co-stars more often."

Jean looks inquiringly at Bob; he looks inquiringly at Jean. Simultaneously, they grin.

"It's too bad it *can't* be arranged," says Jean.

"Count me in on that sentiment," says Bob.

No one has ever arranged a meeting between them before, in the three years Bob has been at M-G-M. They have no reason, at the moment, to anticipate that anyone will arrange another meeting within the next three years. They have no reason to anticipate that within the next three weeks they will again face each other as co-stars—this time in front of a camera, as well as a microphone. Or that Bob will say, "Your face seems strangely familiar!" Or that Jean will retort, "So do your manners!"

These being their first lines to each other in the picture, *Personal Property*.

Nor do they suspect that, less than three weeks after this, they will be speeding toward Washington, D. C., aboard the same train, to be guest-partners at the President's Birthday Ball. . . .

The first inkling that anyone, including Bob and Jean, has that they may make a picture together is the studio announcement, a day or two after their broadcast, that *The Man in Possession* is being considered as Bob's next, while Jean's next will be either that or *The Foundry*, with Wallace Beery.

And what do Bob and Jean do to bring about their co-stardom? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. They let events take their course. (Both have the same attitude toward their careers. Neither tries to tell the studio what it ought to do. Each puts the guidance of his career in the hands of the studio, which has invested a fortune in each of them.) Jean has just returned from a vacation at Arrowhead Hot Springs in the desert. She is ready for another picture. Until the studio decides what it will be, she concerns herself with her usual pre-picture pastime: finding a new, attractive coiffure. She isn't entirely happy about the brownette shade of her hair. She meditates a color-change also.

Bob has only lately finished *Camille*. He has not had a vacation in months. The studio tells him that he can take one now—for ten days. Bob promptly vanishes.

Jean knows, before he does, that they have been cast together. For during those ten days he is out of touch with Hollywood completely. He is on a hunting trip on San Miguel Island, one of the most deserted of the channel islands off the California coast near Santa Barbara. He is, in short, making his first extensive use of the hideaway hunting lodge owned jointly by Clark Gable, Directors Sam Wood and Jack Wood, Producer

Bob: "Your face seems oddly familiar."
Jean: "Well, and so do your manners!"

E. J. Mannix and himself. It should not be news to you by this time that Taylor and Gable, whom everyone insists on thinking of as rivals, are actually cronies. They have a great deal in common, including an understandable craving for solitude. But it may be news to you that they are partners in a hideaway hermitage.

BOB comes back from his trip refreshed. Jean is refreshed, after her own vacation. Each is in the mood to continue having a good time. Neither can resent being cast with someone else who feels the same way. In fact, they both mentally cheer.

Also, they have an amusing story to work with, packed with amusing lines. They have one of the best directors in the business—W. S. Van Dyke, who has the philosophy: "Why make a comedy if you can't have fun doing it?" Their cameraman is William Daniels, who has been good enough for Garbo ever since her first American picture. And they are surrounded with amusing people, people like Reginald Owen, E. E. Clive, Henrietta Crosman, Marla Shelton, Cora Witherspoon, Forrester Harvey, Una O'Connor, Lionel Braham and Barnett Parker.

Until the third or fourth day of production, *Personal Property* is called *The Man in Possession*—which you may remember, was the title of a picture of a few years ago, starring Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. The new picture uses the same characters. The situations are so revised, however, that a new title is given the story—to avoid any impression that this is merely a remake of *The Man in Possession*. From start to finish, it is a mad comedy. The setting, London. Time, the present.

When Bob was discovered by an M-G-M talent scout on a Pomona College stage, he was playing an Englishman (*Capt. Stanhope* in *Journey's End*). In *Personal Property*, for the first time on the screen, he plays an Englishman. An Englishman who is a bit of a playboy and who, as the picture opens, has just served a bit of a jail sentence for having sold a car before it was completely his. His stuffy older brother (Reginald Owen) and his father (E. E. Clive) are considerably upset by his reappearance on the home grounds, because Reggie has managed to get himself engaged to a supposedly wealthy American widow—and if she finds out that he has a "jailbird" brother, the result may be dis-

[*Continued on page* 98]

Jean and Bob indulge in a duel of insults here. Watching them dish it out are Forrester Harvey and Una O'Connor

The Blonde No. 1 and the Bachelor No. 1 see eye to eye and chin to chin in the newest and most fervid film romance

CLAIRE DODD

Behind her mask-like beauty Claire Dodd concealed the fact that she had been married for five years. Claire is too proud though of her recent motherhood and young Jon Michael to keep it secret now

– Hurrell

SALLY EILERS

Motherhood seems to have added more beauty and charm to vivacious Sally Eilers. Recently returned from England, Sally is hard at work in Universal's *We Have Our Moments*

A new type of powder for you "in-betweens" comes in a prize-winning blue box

Erin's eyes are her best feature. They're green and slant upward

A triple compact with Coronation motif will make your evenings more formal

The Light that Lies in Irish Eyes

Erin O'Brien-Moore's beauty routine brings out her appealing charm

By DENISE CAINE

LIKE so many women of Irish extraction, Erin O'Brien-Moore has the appealing kind of beauty that comes from gaiety of heart and enthusiasm for life, rather than from perfection of features.

Hers is the kind of face that, unenlivened by flashing humor and an expression of unbounded interest in people and things, would not be notable. But as you watch Erin talking in her whole-hearted fashion or listening sympathetically, you keep thinking: "What a beautiful person!"

Erin never tries to be glamorous, except when an acting role calls for this particular brand of allure, and she much prefers the type of role in which she can be natural rather than exotic. Cast as a factory worker's wife in the Warner Brothers picture, *Black Legion,* she insisted on wearing cotton house dresses in preference to silk ones, even though it was pointed out that clinging silk is more flattering to the figure. . . .

That's the kind of person she is. To her, beauty rites and clothes are not primary factors in making an attractive woman. Important as she knows them to be, she feels they are secondary to development of charm and personality. Her beauty routine is thorough and sound, but not complicated; her clothes are tasteful and becoming, but you never notice her clothes before you notice *her!*

Erin's green eyes are perhaps her finest feature, and her most distinctive, for they have a fascinating upward slant. This she emphasizes by applying mascara most heavily at the outer corners and shaping her brows so that they follow the line of her upper lids—higher at the ends. When there is a good bit of space between the eyes and the brows, the face has more dramatic expression, Erin has discovered. Eye shadow she blends far out on her upper lids, to widen the space between her eyes and also to accent their unusual slant.

Because the space between her nose and her upper lip is definitely longer than average, she "builds up" her upper lip with lipstick, but does not attempt to accentuate the bow. Very little cheek rouge but a deep shade of lipstick is her preference.

Erin has always yearned to wear bangs, but wisely refrains because they would hide her nice [*Continued on page* 104]

BEAUTY ADVICE

Are you sitting home nights with a book instead of gathering rosebuds? If so, it may be your looks rather than your personality . . . Scrutinize yourself in the mirror, jot down your bad points and send them to Miss Caine for analysis. She can give you advice on make-up and coiffures to make you more attractive. This advice is free. Write to Denise Caine, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

You, too, can be as smart as Una Merkel and serve these luscious Daffodil Biscuits at your "little dinners" by joining Mrs. Christine Frederick's cooking class

Learn to Cook —and Like It!

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

JANE LAWRENCE (typical American girl) caught on so quickly with her top-of-the-range lessons last month, that Jack, her beau, "caught on" that Jane would make a swell wife and popped the question. But, as young husbands need variety—you can't feed them chops, nightly—and as you not only win a man's heart through his stomach, but it also helps to keep it, Mrs. Christine Frederick, renowned home economics expert, advises you on casserole dishes and simple baked desserts to enable you to serve a one-piece oven dinner, in her second lesson in the cooking primer. If you failed in your first lesson, or missed it entirely, write to Mrs. Frederick, at this magazine, and she will be most glad to help you with your problems. And at the end of this copy you will find a coupon which will enable you to secure some grand recipes free of charge!—*Editor.*

"WELL, Jane, how is your cooking coming along?" inquired Betty of her friend. "I saw Jack on the street the other day and he looked simply swell. Is that due to your grand home-made food, I wonder?" she demanded with a sly mischievous twinkle.

Jane smiled happily. "It's really been heaps of fun. You may laugh all you like, but really, Betty, I adore fussing with foods and fixing up cozy little dinners for Jack and me. Just think, I won't have to practise on him *after* we're married, or have him say my biscuits are good for bathroom tiles. And guess what Jack says! He insists that I'm a 'born cook'! Of course I know he's spoofing me, but I've been practising hard now for the past month, and I've really made progress. Those first Cooking Lessons showed me how to do top-of-range meals, you know, the simplest kind, and this month I'm tackling how to cook in the oven."

Many other young women, like Jane, who begin their cooking experience by using the top or open burners of the gas range, at first may find a little difficulty in understanding and operating the enclosed box-like oven. Maybe that is because, unlike the exposed burners and open flame on top of the range, they can't see what's going on inside the oven, or lift up the pot lid to peek in as they so easily can with a saucepan or skillet. What *is* happening in the oven? How do you tell how hot it is or should be? How do you know how long to let foods stay in, and when do you take them out?

An oven is a cooking unit based on radiated heat. That is, the flame underneath does not touch the utensils direct, but heats the steel or tin oven walls so that they in turn throw off heat. Thus all oven cooking is done in intensely hot air. How hot, according to degrees Fahrenheit, is easily visible on the heat regulator dial which is now standard equipment with all highgrade gas ranges; or a separate oven thermometer may be used. Learn to recognize the varying degrees of heat by this simple table:

Oven Temperatures for Baking

Slow Oven	250°-350° F
Moderate Oven	350°-400° F
Quick or Hot Oven	400°-450° F
Very Hot Oven	450°-550° F

The placement of the dish in the oven

[*Continued on page* 101]

The Duchess of Leinster
CENTER TOP
The Countess Howe
LEFT CENTER
The Viscountess Milton
LEFT BOTTOM
The Viscountess Dunwich
LEFT TOP
The Lady Barbara Gore
UPPER RIGHT
The Lady Helena Fitzwilliam
BOTTOM

Britain's Coronation

AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES

Duchesses, Countesses Viscountesses and Ladies guard their Loveliness the Pond's way

WHEN BRITAIN's great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

POND'S, Dept. 6-CE, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 10]

happen! The mere fact that they step out together now and then may lead to almost anything—it's like putting two live wires together.

• • •

FRANKEST divorce-announcement of the year, so far, was Arline Judge's. "Soon as I divorce Wesley Ruggles," she says, "I'm going to marry Dan Topping." And that's Hollywood, and 1937, and that! Of course, the break between Arline and Director Ruggles is no news. They tried valiantly to keep from it, but months ago, the inevitable was realized, and they separated. Even since then, they have tried reconciliations, but warmed-over romance is just as palatable as a warmed-over fried egg!

Most recently, Arline and Wes have been just the proverbial "good friends," dancing together, living apart, and doing nothing whatsoever about a divorce. And then Dan Topping, who's a New York socialite-millionaire, stepped into the picture. And caught Arline on the rebound. He had a bit of an argument the other night with agent Pat di Cicco in the Clover Club. Pat, who was quite a bit in the Arline picture, has switched his attention toward Gloria Baker of the Vanderbilt clan.

Frankly, in the best modern tradition, Arline called Wesley up to tell him she'd decided, finally, to get her divorce.

"You must be in love," cracked Wes.

"I am," snapped Arline.

"Who's the lucky man?" asked hubby.

"Dan Topping," she told him.

"You couldn't pick a better husband," said Wesley. And that's how the amicable divorce was arranged.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET: (Make *this* one a quadruplet!)

Tony Martin and Alice Faye—
(Who says they've decided to call it a day?)
Alice Faye and Tony Martin—
Why, *that* romance is only startin' . . . !

• • •

TWO months was all Dance-Director Dave Gould could take of a "kissless honeymoon," so now he's no longer the husband of Frances Paxton. . . . You remember the Gould-Paxton elopement, don't you? Last December. Well, here's the inside story of it, and how it worked out, as told by Gould himself:

"She called me up at 6 o'clock in the morning and said: 'Okeh, let's get married.' Well, of course, I'd asked her several times to marry me, but she wouldn't make up her mind. Well, anyway, when she called me at 6 a.m., I hired a plane and we flew to Yuma and got married. BUT—coming back, she said she would not be a wife to me, and asked me to give her more time to make up her mind. So I did. And nine days later, she went east. And that was the end of it." So a Los Angeles judge, agreeing that that was a heck of a note, annulled Dave's wedding for him.

• • •

OTHER "It's-All-Over" notes: Another "trial divorce" in Hollywood is that of screen actress Betty Douglas and Cameraman Vincent Farrar . . . says Betty: "We're going to get an interlocutory decree and try living as single folk again. Then in a half year, we'll meet and see how it worked. If we like it, we'll get our final after another six months. If we don't, we'll tear up the interlocutory, and move in together again." . . . and (ho, ho, hummmmmmmm!) Adrienne Ames is divorcing Bruce Cabot again . . . this time, she says, it's a final "take"! . . . she adds that she "tried hard to make a go of" their reconciliation, but it just didn't work out . . . charging that her hubby hit her on her anniversary (beg pardon, I mean he hit her on the chin on their wedding anniversary). Evelyn Prentiss asked the court to give her a divorce from Earl Cooke . . . Humphrey Bogart, newest screen menace, is going to be wifeless . . . his wife, known professionally as stage actress Mary Phillips, is going to divorce him in New York, where it doesn't take a full year to become final. . . .

FLASH!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!
Let ARTHUR MURRAY, World's Most Famous Dancing Instructor, teach you the New Dance Steps
FREE!
IT WOULD COST $5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON TO LEARN THESE STEPS IN ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO...
BEGIN NOW-
TOO BAD HOW AL ALWAYS GETS STUCK WITH THAT SISTER OF HIS...
HER FACE SURE IS A SIGHT- WONDER WHY SHE DOESN'T TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR THOSE PIMPLES-
4 WEEKS LATER PEG SENDS HER FILLED-IN CARD FOR THE ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE BOOK
FEW DAYS LATER
LOOK, AL- I CAN DO IT NOW- THIS ARTHUR MURRAY BOOK'S WONDERFUL! MY I'M HAPPY!
YOU LOOK IT KID-AN' SAY THOSE YEAST CAKES SURE FIXED YOUR FACE UP FINE
PEG'S THE BELLE OF THE BALL TONIGHT, ISN'T SHE?
SHE'S A MIGHTY SWELL LITTLE SISTER, IF YOU ASK ME

That everything doesn't seem to be over between Connie Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise (Hank) is proved in this get-together in New York's Waldorf

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Noah Beery Junior and Barbara Read—
That's a new twosome, yes indeed!

• • •

AND Ol' Man Tattler wonders what that makes of the engagement of young Beery and Buck Jones' daughter . . . ? Maybe the Jones family plan worked out for the best. You know, when they learned that their daughter and Noah Junior were determined to marry, they agreed—but on condition that the youngsters wait a year or so, first. And they sent daughter off on a world cruise, if Ol' Man Tattler remembers right. And so now, young Beery is squiring Barbara, who's one of Universal's *Three Smart Girls.*

• • •

REUNITED are Luis Alberni, that grand character actor, who's been unhappy ever since his wife took their domestic troubles into court, months ago. Now the troubles are all over, it seems, and Luis is happy at home again.

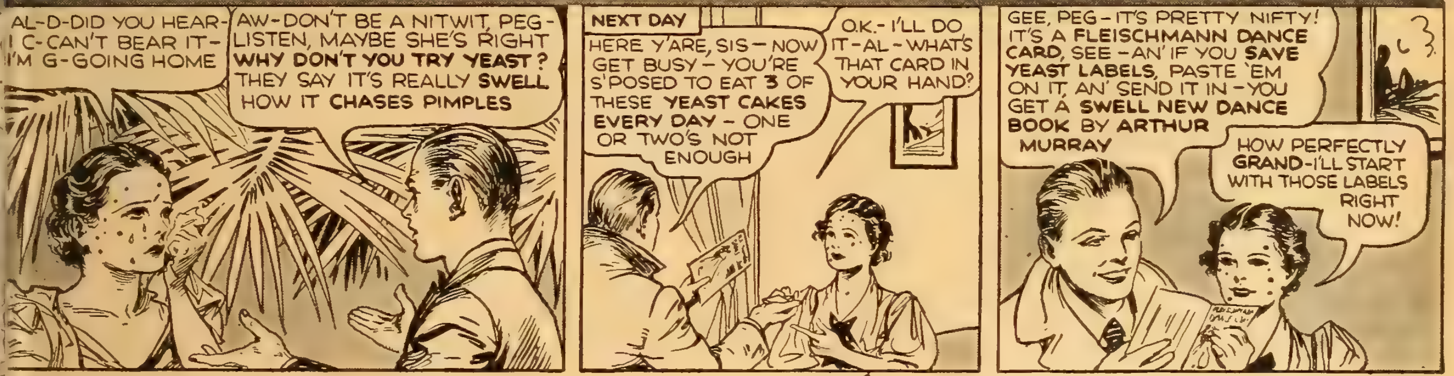
• • •

HOLLYWOOD is watching amusedly the Dietrich-Sieber-Fairbanks-Fritz Lang merry-go-round—you recall, don't you, how Dietrich while in London did the niteries consistently with young Doug Fairbanks. Well, all the time, director Fritz Lang, Hollywood's best monocle-wearer, chewed his finger nails here, the while he read of Marlene's London doings. And so when Marlene finally returned to America, foremost to meet her was Lang, at the very foot of the gangplank in New York.

BUT—all is not easy for Fritz. For Doug Junior, finding a Dietrich-less London not so hot, suddenly up and left for Hollywood, too. "To make a picture," he explained, but insiders hint that Marlene's presence in Hollywood was as good a reason. Meantime, Marlene lifts eyebrows at all the talk of her romancing with Lang and Fairbanks, and expostulates angrily that after all she's still the wife of

[*Continued on page 87*]

to Clear Up Your Skin! Make Yourself a Swell Dancer! GO PLACES!


AL-D-DID YOU HEAR-I C-CAN'T BEAR IT-I'M G-GOING HOME
AW-DON'T BE A NITWIT, PEG-LISTEN, MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT WHY DON'T YOU TRY YEAST? THEY SAY IT'S REALLY SWELL HOW IT CHASES PIMPLES
NEXT DAY
HERE Y'ARE, SIS-NOW GET BUSY-YOU'RE S'POSED TO EAT 3 OF THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY-ONE OR TWO'S NOT ENOUGH
O.K.-I'LL DO IT-AL-WHAT'S THAT CARD IN YOUR HAND?
GEE, PEG-IT'S PRETTY NIFTY! IT'S A FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD, SEE-AN' IF YOU SAVE YEAST LABELS, PASTE 'EM ON IT, AN' SEND IT IN-YOU GET A SWELL NEW DANCE BOOK BY ARTHUR MURRAY
HOW PERFECTLY GRAND-I'LL START WITH THOSE LABELS RIGHT NOW!

BE SURE TO ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD—IT'S FREE

Swing into it, boys and girls! Don't miss this chance to get ARTHUR MURRAY'S exciting book of DANCE LESSONS. Learn the latest steps! Pictures, diagrams make every step easy!

You can't buy this book! The ONLY WAY to secure one is by saving labels from Fleischmann Yeast Cakes! Ask your grocer for a FREE Fleischmann Dance Card—paste the yeast labels on. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, you can get the book if you paste 81 labels on a piece of paper, or mail them, in an envelope, with *your* name and address to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

• • •

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD
20 DANCE LESSONS ALL THE POPULAR NEW STEPS
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

"Keep it up faithfully," says Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, "and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help clear up **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES . . .**"

● After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This disturbs the whole system. The skin gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's Yeast has proved a great help in clearing up a pimply skin. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat *3 cakes every day*—plain, or in a little water, a cake about ½ hour *before* each meal.

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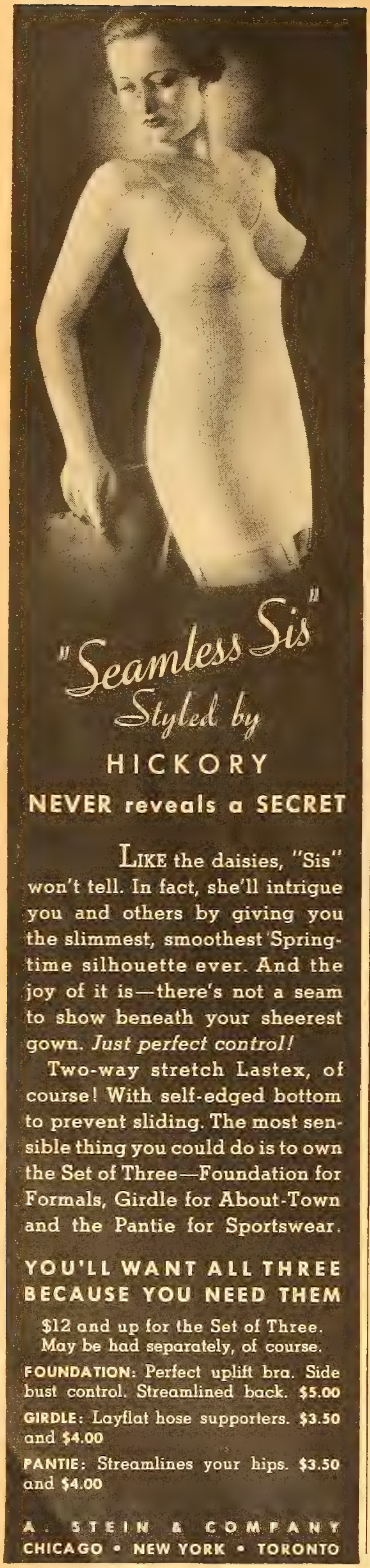
"Seamless Sis" Styled by HICKORY

NEVER reveals a SECRET

LIKE the daisies, "Sis" won't tell. In fact, she'll intrigue you and others by giving you the slimmest, smoothest Springtime silhouette ever. And the joy of it is—there's not a seam to show beneath your sheerest gown. *Just perfect control!*

Two-way stretch Lastex, of course! With self-edged bottom to prevent sliding. The most sensible thing you could do is to own the Set of Three—Foundation for Formals, Girdle for About-Town and the Pantie for Sportswear.

YOU'LL WANT ALL THREE BECAUSE YOU NEED THEM

$12 and up for the Set of Three. May be had separately, of course.

FOUNDATION: Perfect uplift bra. Side bust control. Streamlined back. **$5.00**

GIRDLE: Layflat hose supporters. **$3.50 and $4.00**

PANTIE: Streamlines your hips. **$3.50 and $4.00**

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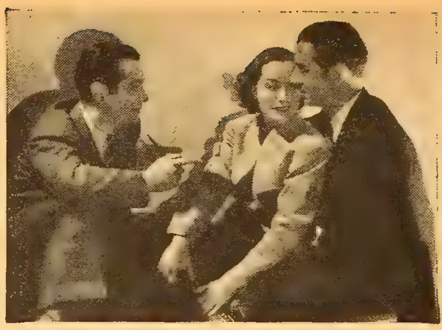
TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE



Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford and Bill Powell form a happy triangle in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney—AAA—The play was the thing ten years ago, but now it's the players —Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Benita Hume, Ralph Forbes, and others. The dialogue isn't so sparkling after you've seen this for the third or fourth time, but first-timers will find it entertaining. It's all about jewel thieves—against an English society background.—*M-G-M.*

When You're in Love—AAA—The outstanding features of this latest Grace Moore opus are the prima donna's rendition of *Minnie the Moocher* and Robert Riskin's clever dialogue. Attractive Cary Grant appears to advantage as the opera singer's husband of convenience and adds considerable moments of enjoyment to the film. Anyway, the evening is always well spent when listening to Miss Moore's vocalizing.—*Columbia.*

Head Over Heels in Love—AAA—Jessie Matthews, England's most delightful singing and dancing star, at her best in an entertaining musical, offering some Gordon and Revel catchy tunes. The intertwined romance is better than average and the lack of extravagant sets is a relief. It's fresh and sparkling, so don't miss this if you can help it.—*Gaumont-British.*

Sea Devils—AAA—Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster in a rough and exciting film glorifying the unsung heroes of the sea—the Coast Guard. Credit is due the director for a swell job, and, ditto, the cameraman for his artistic depiction of thrilling storm scenes. Both he-men deliver splendid performances, as does comely Ida Lupino in the role of McLaglen's daughter and Foster's sweetheart.—*R-K-O.*

On the Avenue—AAA—The most notable thing about this musical production is Irving Berlin's contribution of six songs, two of which are certain to make the Hit Parade. Producer Darryl Zanuck's lavishness with names and sets makes this a swell musical romance and was strictly in keeping with the plot—a Broadway-Park Avenue romance. Madeleine Carroll, Dick Powell, Alice Faye and the Ritz Bros. are just a few of the "names."—*20th Century-Fox.*

The Woman Alone—AAA—An English production based on Joseph Conrad's *The Secret Agent* with Sylvia Sidney in the leading role. This is a stirring melodrama and you'll find yourself gripping your seat for a good ten minutes while a young child walks through the crowded streets of London carrying a time bomb. The climax is chilling. John Loder and Oscar Homolka contribute splendid performances.—*Gaumont-British.*

The Man Who Could Work Miracles—AAA—Alexander Korda, the producer, H. G. Wells, the author, and Roland Young, the star, earn praise for giving us a charming and novel picture. The story is fantastic, but it is handled with intelligent restraint and affords a very pleasant evening's entertainment. The title supplies the plot. —*United Artists.*

I Promise to Pay—AAA—Recent headlines form the subject for this expose of the loan shark racket and reveals the plight of a couple of innocent victims, Chester Morris being one of them. Morris, after his tragic experience with the racketeers, divulges the information to the authorities at the risk of his life. He pulls through and with the aid of the d. a.'s office smashes the gang of which Leo Carrillo is the leader. Helen Mack appeals as Morris' young wife.—*Columbia.*

The Man Who Found Himself—AA½—The medical profession seems to be the most commonly used subject for Hollywood flickers this season. R-K-O, however, uses a different background for their contribution. Instead of the usual hospital background, they supply a fresh and more romantic field—the flying hospital. John Beal, Joan Fontaine and Philip Huston are pleasing in the leading roles.—*R-K-O.*

John Meade's Woman—AA½—The unfortunate thing about this is its similarity to *Come and Get It* and its failure to measure up to it. The most striking thing about it is the screen debut of Francine Larrimore, famous thespian. Edward Arnold again plays a ruthless lumber baron and again hands in a splendid performance. George Bancroft and Gail Patrick handle their parts well. —*Paramount.*

When's Your Birthday?—AA½—If you're a Joe E. Brown fan by all means see this. If you're not, see it anyway, for you are sure to get many laughs. The film gets its title from Brown's dizzy antics with amateur astrology. Besides being an astrologer, the big-mouthed comedian is also a body-builder. And, boxing enthusiasts, put this down on your "must see" list—there are some good boxing interludes.—*R-K-O.*

23½ Hours Leave—AA½—A cantonment during the World War supplies the background for Douglas MacLean's production starring James Ellison. This is a virile picture having an exclusive male cast with one exception—Terry Walker, the general's daughter. There is a touch of romance and music to liven things up a bit.—*Grand National.*

Murder Goes to College—AA½—If you like to be kept in suspense, or if you like to test your skill at detecting, go to see this murder mystery which takes place, as the title implies, in a College. Clever dialogue and amusing situations are well handled by the cast, particularly by Roscoe Karns and Lynne Overman.—*Paramount.*

China Passage—AA½—There aren't any glamorous names to adorn the cast of this film, but it has an interesting plot and locale. The theft of a very valuable diamond weaves the pattern of this story which in turn furnishes murder, mystery

A HOLLYWOOD PREVIEW! . . .

. . . of the newest pictures is yours in MOVIE STORY Magazine, which monthly presents enthralling story versions of your favorite movies. Many fans enthusiastically say that it adds to one's enjoyment of a picture if one has a chance to know what it's all about before attending.

In the May issue of MOVIE STORY you can read the romantic fictionized tale of the new JEAN HARLOW-ROBERT TAYLOR picture, *Personal Property*, and discover for yourself that it suits the magnetic personalities of these stars to the proverbial "T." Then, too, there's an engaging story about the new FRED ASTAIRE-GINGER ROGERS musical, *Shall We Dance?* as well as the thrilling story version of *Marked Woman*, the new BETTE DAVIS starring film.

You'll like MOVIE STORY Magazine—get acquainted with it now!

Grace Moore must be singing L'Amour, L'Amour, L'Amour to Cary Grant in this scene from *When You're In Love*

and romance during a trip from Shanghai. Leslie Fenton, Vinton Haworth and Constance Worth play the important roles capably.—*R-K-O.*

Time Out for Romance—AA½—If you are looking for some wholesome entertainment you can't go wrong in picking this one. Claire Trevor, escaping from marriage, hitches a ride in Michael Whalen's cross-country caravan which supplies some amusing situations and recalls that hilarious hit, *It Happened One Night.—20th Century-Fox.*

Her Husband's Secretary—AA½—A fresh angle to the overworked plot of wife vs. secretary makes this an interesting film, particularly for women. It is human and warm and intelligently directed. Jean Muir, Beverly Roberts and Warren Hull give quality performances and the assisting cast lend able support.—*Warner Bros.*

Don't Tell the Wife—AA½—Guy Kibbee, Una Merkel and Lynne Overman are the main characters in this well directed production based on the popular stage play, *Once Over Lightly*. Kibbee lends himself gracefully to the role of sucker for a gang of crooked stock manipulators, but it all ends happily when he takes things into his own hands and discovers the potential value of the mine.—*R-K-O.*

Borderland—AA—Another in the Hopalong Cassidy series with William Boyd and James Ellison. However, this is better than average Western and it packs a real wallop. And both heroes are good to look at.—*Paramount.*

They Wanted to Marry—AA—Betty Furness and Gordon Jones in a comedy with a slender serious vein. Newspaper, advertising and society circles supply the background for this light romance. Boy-and-girl trouble lend some amusing scenes between Betty and Jones. The cast includes E. E. Clive, Henry Kolker and Charles Wilson, who do their share in provoking laughs.—*R-K-O.*

That I May Live—AA—Glorifies an ex-convict who wants to keep to the straight path but is heckled by his former pals. John Trent, that handsome young man, is the victim who in the end glorifies himself by aiding the law in getting the criminals. The romantic touch is attractively handled by comely Rochelle Hudson, a young waitress. And J. Edward Bromberg is up to par in a sympathetic role.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it:—*The Good Earth* with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. And, one can't be too extravagant with their adjectives in describing this superb production based on Pearl Buck's famous novel . . . *Maid of Salem,* a gripping drama with Claudette Colbert in the title role and with Fred MacMurray giving able support. The plot is based on witchcraft and its accompanying horrors. . . . *The Green Light,* another popular novel, is the subject matter for this beautiful sermon featuring Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Walter Abel, Margaret Lindsay and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . . *The Plough and the Stars,* Sean O'Casey's famous play, with Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster and several Dublin Abbey Theatre players. . . . *You Only Live Once,* a stirring tragedy with a passionate appeal for two young despairing lovers—Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda. . . . *Romeo and Juliet,* Shakespeare's great love story, artistically produced, with Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in the title roles. . . . *Camille,* the incomparable Garbo in the beautiful love story of Dumas' *Lady of the Camellias.* Robert Taylor makes an irresistible *Armand.* You'll be truly sorry if you miss these!

Here's The Thrilling New Shampoo

Everyone Is Raving About

IMPROPER WAY
Hair dull, covered with cloudy film.

CORRECT NEW WAY
No dull film; hair soft, shining like silk!

NOT SOAP—NOT OIL . . *Makes Hair Shine Like Silk!*

It's no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing, new liquid shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant, glistening halo—with a single application.

Look at the girl above. See what a difference it makes when you use it. So try it soon—see how beautiful your hair really can be.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a new scientific secret. It isn't oil, it isn't soap—it isn't anything you've heard of before. Scientists have brought us something brand-new; a shampoo so different that they've patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops and instantly you get a glorious, billowy lather, 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so neutral—being neither acid nor alkaline—that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly—and you're through.

"What?" you say, "no special rinses; no vinegar, lemon or after-rinses to 'cut' the lather?" No—they are not necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That's the marvelous part. Drene cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural lustre as ordinary shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. Even dull, bleached or dyed hair becomes more brilliant, more natural looking after a Drene shampoo.

More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Women who have used it for months rave about the beauty and health their hair possesses—and have found its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair. Your scalp can really nourish the hair properly when cleansed the Drene way, which simply calls for one or two shampoos a week with Drene, and a few minutes of scalp massage and brushing of the hair. Then it glows with new life and lustre.

Procter & Gamble make this marvel. Only half a tablespoonful for a perfect shampoo. The most economical, beautifying shampoo you have ever used. Try Drene. The large size costs less per shampoo. Get Drene at all drug, department and 10c stores. Or send your name and address to Drene, Dept. FW,' Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the makers will send you a bottle of Drene (enough for two shampoos) absolutely free to try!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GANTNER
Floating Bra
SWIM SUITS

Top . . . *gleaming Velvet Lastex knit! Wrinkle-resisting.* $5.95

Right . . . *uncut velvet wool,* $6.95

You can't Sag . . . can't Slump with Gantner Floating Bra! This amazing patented inner bra controls, divides and raises your bust by inches . . . capturing a beautiful, modern Empire line! Gantner Floating Bra makes other suits look and feel obsolete!

If you wear a bra in a formal, you need Floating Bra on the beach! (At smarter shops everywhere! Write for style book.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
San Francisco Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N.Y.
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

Frances Farmer, left, after she became a screen star, and below, as she appeared before Oscar Serlin arranged a film test

Oscar Serlin, producer and talent scout, is looking for you

Are YOU Miss Typical America?

If you are a typical American girl here is your chance to win $500 and fame. It's personality that counts

DO YOU believe there may be a chance of stardom for yourself in motion pictures?

You really don't have to be conceited to believe you have talent for the screen, any more than you would be conceited should you decide your talents entitled you to training for a school teacher's position, or a stenographer's job.

The big problem, provided you have talent for the movies, is to see the motion picture producers, get a chance to show these producers what you can do.

This problem of meeting the producers and getting a talent test is going to be solved for at least one fortunate girl. Fred MacMurray, handsome, dashing star of *Maid of Salem,* with Claudette Colbert, and *Swing High, Swing Low,* with Carole Lombard, is going to help some girl—or girls—to fame.

Of course, Fred isn't going to walk through the streets looking for some girl, tap her on the shoulder and say: "Come on, I think you should be in the movies!"

Indeed, not that! Instead, he is cooperating with Mr. Oscar Serlin, former head of the talent department of Paramount Pictures in finding girls who best deserve the title "Miss Typical America," and a chance at a motion picture career.

By a quirk of fate it was Mr. Serlin who "discovered" Fred MacMurray for the movies. Mr. Serlin, it was, who started the "school for talent" idea now so widely adopted by all the studios. In case you are not familiar with the "school for talent," it is a dramatic school, conducted by the studios, in which individuals considered as "screen prospects" are given dramatic coaching free before being given a screen test.

Of all the many men who have made an occupation of finding talent for the silver screen, Mr. Serlin is the best known. Besides Fred MacMurray, his finds include Frances Farmer, Gladys Swarthout, Olympe Bradna, John Howard, Eleanore Whitney, Gail Patrick, Dorothy LaMour, Marsha Hunt, and many others.

This whole search is based on one thought, that the girl who is perfect material for stardom is the girl most deserving of the title "Miss Typical America."

She won't be a perfect actress, when she is selected, but she may have had some dramatic training. On the other hand, she may not have had any dramatic training.

SHE won't necessarily be beautiful. Here's what Mr. Serlin has to say about that: "Beauty isn't what the screen is after. It wants typical American girls."

But what is to be done with this girl who is to be honored with the title, "Miss Typical America"?

The answer is, she is going to be given five hundred dollars cash, a trip—all expenses paid—to New York or Hollywood for personal talent interview with Mr. Serlin. If she shows aptitude for screen work she will get a chance for film fame.

The whole search is to be conducted in the form of a contest. Mr. Serlin and Fred MacMurray are judges, and will determine just which girls will get a chance at fame.

YOU may be the very girl to win the fame that goes with the title Miss Typical America. Maybe you will be the one to get that $500, get the all-expense trip to New York or Hollywood for a talent interview, or some of the many other cash prizes. Certainly it is worth investigating, or telling your friends about.

Complete details of this fascinating contest and chance for fame are in the May issue of True Confessions magazine, now on sale for only ten cents at all newsstands. Get a copy today, see how easy it is to win one of the many prizes . . . fill out the coupon in True Confessions and enter today. There is no red tape, no entry fee. It has been made as easy as possible for you to enter—and to win.

All Aboard for Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 13]

made, observe methods of constructing sets and backgrounds, and perceive, first hand, the intimate little tricks whereby directors make pictures. The tour will be followed by luncheon with the stars in the Paramount commissary.

After a late Monday afternoon cocktail party at the home of James Gleason, Movieland Tourists will return to Paramount that evening to view a special studio preview.

How stars are made-up to resemble the characters they portray on the screen will be seen Tuesday morning during a tour through the Max Factor Make-Up studio. Every visitor will be given a souvenir.

A get-together party in Wilshire Bowl, night club fringing the Beverly Hills-Hollywood-Wilshire-LaBrea residential area, will that night (Tuesday) climax the brilliant pleasures of the tour. Film celebrities will be on hand at this favorite night playground of the stars to serve on the reception committee of the Movieland Tours night club supper dance.

IDENTICAL plans prevail for the second tour, except that the cocktail parties for that trip will be at the Fay Wray home on Sunday afternoon and Edward Everett Horton home on Monday afternoon.

More complete details are available by writing for the free illustrated booklet containing full information about the 1937 Movieland Tours, being groomed to be bigger and better than the sensational tours of 1935 and 1936.

More to the point, promptly send in $5 per person to reserve a ticket on the excursion. To be sure of obtaining one of the fast-disappearing supply of available reservations, act without delay! Use the coupon on page 13.

DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

Beige Face Powder Made Her Look Like This!

Rachel Made Her Look Like This!

By *Lady Esther*

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.

Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (33) **FREE**

Lady Esther, Ltd., 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

WOMEN! BE SMART

Don't be victims of old-fashioned prudery and stupidity

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

FEMININE HYGIENE EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem...Happy when she lives *without fear*...Prevents that agonizing worry which upsets so many marriages...*Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now bring you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody the famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use...*greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial . . . no clumsy apparatus . . . *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

FREE—Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 554 New Brunswick, N. J.

IN 12 INDIVIDUAL GLASS VIALS

$1 PER BOX OF TWELVE

Zonitors

MADE BY ZONITE

REAL LIFE STORY

TIRED ALL THE TIME

SHE TOLD HIM WHAT TO DO

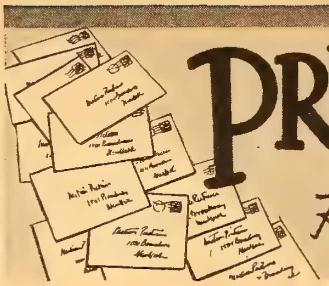
FEELS LIKE NEW!

THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE..

HE wasn't himself. Had too many restless nights, too many tired days. Seemed to lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too smart to let this go on. She insisted that he try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and he found out what a surprising difference it made to use a laxative of entirely vegetable origin. He didn't mind taking NRs at all, they were so gentle, and non-habit forming. They simply made him feel like a new man. Get a 25c box at any drugstore today.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 90E-15 St. Louis, Mo.



PRIZE LETTERS

How Readers Rate Them!

ORCHIDS FOR CAMELLIAS

$15 Prize Letter

THIS is the first fan letter I've ever written in praise of the Great Garbo. For eleven years she has held the position of the cinema's leading motion picture actress and this is the first time in all those years I have finally been compelled to admit Greta Garbo *is* a great actress!

Greta Garbo

Why this belated appreciation? *Camille!* I don't know what that indefinable something is Greta Garbo has which makes her so alluring to the public, but she gives *that* quality to *Marguerite Gautier.* There is no one who can portray love-smitten and world-weary women as exquisitely as does Garbo. She makes *The Lady of the Camellias* a study in the moods of a volatile temperament. The death-bed scene is a heart-tearing thing.

I also want to extend my congratulations to Robert Taylor for his *Armand* which is the finest piece of work he has turned in since *The Magnificent Obsession.—S. K. Parkhurst,* 6220-37*th N.W., Seattle, Wash.*

AMERICANS, FIRST

$10 Prize Letter

"IF I WERE a producer!" I would like to have a dollar for every time that phrase has been uttered. (By golly, I'd have enough to be a producer then.) Nevertheless, if I were a producer, I would start paying a little attention to the good old U. S. A. Why rattle the skeletons of ancient queens, Napoleons and braid-bedecked Russians when our own history holds more drama than all these combined?

I would like to see an authentic picture dealing with the American Revolution. The lives of Washington, Franklin and other Colonial heroes should make excellent material for America's film fare. Finally, and this may come as a bit of a shock, I would like to see Gary Cooper portray the Great Emancipator in a revival of *Abraham Lincoln.*

The Gorgeous Hussy gave us a hint of what can be done with our own background. Let's have more.—*H. Bengta Nielsen,* 4143 *Oakdale Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

YOU VILLAIN, YOU

$5 Prize Letter

HOLLYWOOD is gradually making one of the world's most gifted romantic actors into the screen's most hated bogey-man. It is all right for Basil Rathbone to play villains now and then, if the villains are at all believable, but it is not right for him to be cast in one stereotyped role after another. Of course, the fact that he plays each role to perfection, no matter how unworthy it is of him, is undoubtedly the reason that producers see fit to type him so.

I wish that more of the fans had seen Mr. Rathbone play *Robert Browning* to Katharine Cornell's *Elizabeth* in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* or his *Romeo.* If they had, they wouldn't stand for the way he is now being treated. I know of no screen actor who has more perfect diction than Basil.—*Margaret A. Connell,* 811 *Hickman Road, Des Moines, Iowa.*

Basil Rathbone

STOP CROWDING, PLEASE

$1 Prize Letter

IT SEEMS to me the search for new, exciting faces and talent could be relaxed considerably since Hollywood is over-run now with excellent players, without sufficient fine stories for them. All this effort should be concentrated on finding better stories.

So many fine actors and actresses are pushed into the background, while we have to suffer seeing, half-baked, untrained, youngsters "acting" in equally poor stories. At least this is true of the smaller theatres which are swamped with mediocre pictures.

There is too much repetition and sameness of stories. If one producer successfully puts forth a dancing film, immediately there are five or six more to make us tire of ever seeing another. I take my movie entertainment seriously, and so I feel justified in making these complaints. We, the movie going public, should be catered to, since we pay for the best and should get it. —*Grayce A. Brush, Basking Ridge, N.J.*

"SHE'S ONE IN A MILLION"

$1 Prize Letter

PRETTY, chic, graceful, exotic—that's Sonja Henie, captivating star of *One In a Million.* National and international champions frequently turn to the movies for further conquests, but few of them possess the qualities essential to success in filmdom. Miss Henie does. Her ice-skating supremacy was established at the Olympic games, in competition with the highly skilled skaters of the world.

Sonja Henie

In a way, this sparkling, blonde daughter of the rugged land of the midnight sun was vying with a group of seasoned Hollywood stars in her first picture, yet she came out on top. She proved a glamorous ingenue.

A word of praise is due 20th Century-Fox and Darryl Zanuck for giving the motion picture fans a treat that is really different.—*L. Lewison Anrud,* 891 *South Vine St., Denver, Colo.*

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The Most Copied Girl in the World

[*Continued from page* 31]

"Joan is a very definite and bold person," says Adrian in explaining why you and you (and I) find ourselves copying her. "There is not a negative thing about her. That's why thousands of women are impelled to copy her, not only because they think they look like her, but because they hope they can achieve the positive quality that is her great attraction."

THE result is thousands of carbon-copy Crawfords. It started with that "wind-blown" bob of *Dancing Daughters*. There's something about that careless hair-cut that does things to the *libido*—releases it. I know. I—er, had a "wind-blown" about the time that Crawford did. Chances are that Jim, movie-town's popular barber, cut both of them, plus hundreds of others. After that, there was a tornado of "wind-blowns." Every hamlet had its psuedo-Crawfords tossing proud, shorn heads.

Shortly after that, Joan left off her triple-sheer chiffon stockings, and so did dozens of other Hollywood girls when they discovered it. Thus the bare-legged fad had its inception. It swept the country like a chain-letter epidemic, much to the hosiery makers' consternation. Like most fads, it died a natural death.

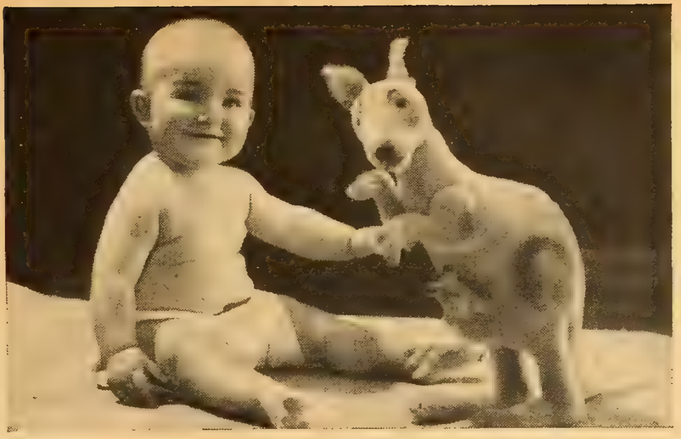
Joan alone is responsible for the puffed sleeve rage of several years ago. She wore them in that memorable *Letty Lynton* frock of white organdy, with sleeves so big they almost impeded dramatic action. The sleeves fitted into a tight bodice and there was a full skirt that cascaded from it. Adrian, when he designed it, had doubts about the reception it would receive. There have been times when screen fashions have been laughed at, in the theatre. Garbo's pill box hat in *The Painted Veil* was one instance. And it survived to become a raging fad.

ADRIAN awaited, with curiosity, the release date of *Letty Lynton*. The next thing that he knew, puffed sleeves were in again, far in advance of the style cycle that would normally return them to favor. What did it? Crawford, of course. What impulse drove women to exclusive couturiers and bargain basements in their quest for puffed sleeves? Was it the desire to look like Crawford, or the subconscious urge for high romance as usually purveyed by this Grade A Glamour Girl? Did the imitators think that, dressed like Joan Crawford, they, too, might enjoy life as she does—on the screen? Your guess is as good as ours.

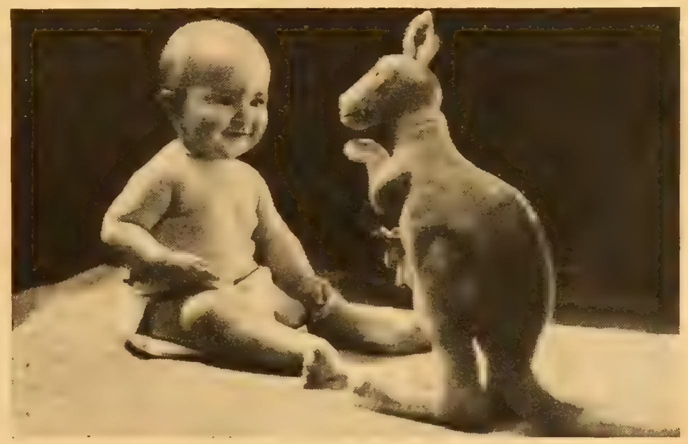
Another Crawford costume that had the girls in a dither was that little white organdy number of *Today We Live*. It was charming, with its vertical ruffles, its wide black velvet belt, and . . . But why repeat? You undoubtedly had a copy of your own. The heroine of that film, as portrayed by Joan, was feminine, alluring, but withal forthright, direct. An unbeatable combination. "See if Mr. Finkelbaum has a model like it!" was the SOS of thousands of girlish voices. It was wish-fulfillment, all right . . . for hundreds of Mr. Finkelbaums. The dresses sold by the dozens.

Neither Adrian nor Miss Crawford has anything to do with this wholesale copying of dress designs. To Joan it means nothing, of course. To Adrian it means that his exclusive designs soon are no longer that. What annoys him, as it would

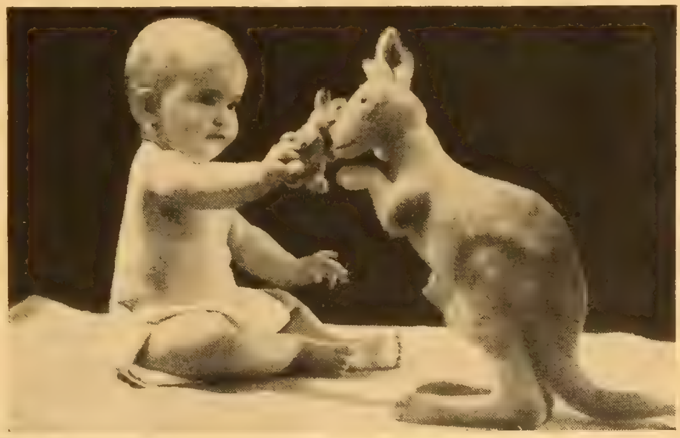
[*Continued on page* 93]



● *"Look! See what she's got in her pocket...her baby! Isn't he lucky —always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"*



● *"Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful."*



● *"There!...Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?...And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"*

Johnson's
Baby
Powder

● *"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!" And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

New 2 PURPOSE LIPSTICK

DUART Creme of milk PERMANENT

MERLE OBERON
BEAUTIFUL STAR OF
SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
Beloved Enemy

Want a lipstick that's permanent?
. . . keeps your lips soft *too?*

Then here is the lipstick for you . . . Duart Creme of Milk Lipstick is *both* permanent and softening. The color stays on but your lips cannot be parched, cracked or dried out. With this new kind of lipstick they will stay smooth and youthfully moist all day long.

COLOR YOUR LIPS
WITH ROMANTIC CALIFORNIA SHADES

WINE is a dark vibrant color taken from the shimmering depths of burgundy wine. For brunettes with dark skin.

SPANISH is a daring red styled for the complexion of a flashing senorita.

DESERT FLAME is a brilliant youthful color for blondes, inspired by the flaming rays of sunset on the desert.

CINEMA is a new shade styled in Hollywood especially for wear at night under artificial light, or for medium complexions.

SEND FOR AND TRY THE GENEROUS 25c SIZE
LARGE REGULAR SIZE $1
At all Drug and Department Stores
Mark your shade—Mail Coupon

Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me the shade of lipstick marked below
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On the SETS with the STARS

Goldwyn's *The Woman's Touch* is giving the studio prop men plenty of grief. Character in the story is a goofy inventor who devises supergoldbergian devices. Prop man's job is to produce (a) exploding writing paper which disintegrates when it falls on the floor, (b) a machine which will sign checks at a distance of 100 miles, (c) a burglar proof desk that shoots it drawers at lock-tamperers, (d) a gadget to locate under-ocean oil deposits.

In 20th-Fox's *Fifty Roads to Town,* Ann Sothern set a world-record for hours in a nightie. Throughout the four weeks shooting, Ann wore a coral lace nightgown. She wore it to and from her home, too!—because Ann habitually makes up at home. But she wore a coat over it, or the traffic cops would have cluttered the scenery! For a gag, on her birthday (during production) the cast chipped in, bought her a flannel nightie.

MGM's *Parnell* is still passing out gags and gasps. The studio commissary put on a wierd look during production, because the character actors had to wear rubber "aprons" to protect their beards while guzzling zoop. Irishers in the cast razzed Gable because of a bright *orange* sweater he wore; finally stole it, dyed it *green,* returned it to Clark. Myrna Loy, hobbled by hoopskirts (paradox, but fact) was almost run down by a big truck on an MGM street. Myrna, by the way, was so entranced with the cameos she wore as *Katie O'Shea* that she up and bought them from the MGM prop department for her own use.

Preparing for Sam Goldwyn's *The Adventures of Marco Polo,* which will star Gary Cooper, studio designer Omar Kiam has imported nearly 1,000 drawings of old Chinese costumes and props, from the Imperial Museum at Peking. Talking of Chinese things, the cast of *Singing Marine* got no end of fun out of the fact that there's a Chinese extra in the picture named Wong Long Sleep. They wanted to know why they didn't hire Stepin Fetchit instead.

It was wash day with a vengeance for 20th-Century during *Seventh Heaven.* Simone Simon as *Diane,* with 11 extras, spent hours scrubbing clothes in old-style French fashion on huge slabs of wood, beating them with paddles. Then, after all that laundering, the clothes had to be sent to a real laundry to be washed and properly dried, before going back to the studio wardrobe.

Universal's *The Road Back* is keeping things humming. Studio make-up man, Jack Pierce, had the craziest make-up job of the month—making 70 well-fed mules (the only kind that could be found in Hollywood) look hungry, starved, woe-begone as army mules. They had to stop shooting night scenes, because the lights and noise bothered coyotes on Universal's "back lot" so their howling spoiled the sound tracks. And when you see the sky in the picture, you'll actually see a synthetic sky, built of canvas rigged on poles on a concrete foundation, to blot out the California hills. It's the biggest false sky ever built for movies—140 feet high, 450 feet long.

At **MGM** the Marx brothers' *Day at the Races* is producing laughs. Maureen O'Sullivan, one of the Marx Brothers' chasees, wore a pedometer one day, learned that Harpo chased her five miles through takes. The Brothers have devised a set of fines—$25 for sleeping on the set, $25 for taking more than two hours for lunch, $15 for playing the piano. But they don't know yet what to do with the kitty when the film's finished.

The Mauch twins, who play the *Prince and the Pauper,* look so much alike that their mother has to identify them to Director Bill Keighley. Errol Flynn enjoys the joke

Hollywood's Trick Parties

SCREWIEST party-of-the-month in Hollywood was Dave Gould's "Annulment Party," which he gave a flock of friends, when the court annulled his "kissless marriage" to Frances Paxton. Most confusing party-of-the-month: Elissa Landi, born in *Italy*, of *Austrian* parentage, traveling under an *English* passport, now getting her *American* citizenship papers, hostess at a *Tyrolean* costume party!

MOST amazing party-cake-of-the-month: the one Parkyakarkus had served as highlight of the party to Director Sid Rogell, who has been on a weight-reducing diet. Waiters brought in a huge cake, covered with what looked like whipped cream. Rogell gasped—but groaned when the cake, cut open, proved to be merely a mound of raw vegetables topped with sour cream, Rogell's actual reducing diet!

MOST novel party-of-the-month: the Hal Roach birthday party, for which a huge circus tent was set up on the Roach lawn. Guests were told to wear their oldest formal clothes. They were served dinner of fried chicken and mashed potatoes on checked-tablecloth covered tables, while overhead, under the circus top, a man on a flying trapeze did hair-raising stunts. Music came from a colored band and a hillbilly orchestra, by turns. And the birthday cake enclosed a hidden phonograph which suddenly burst out with *Happy Birthday to You* when Roach tried to cut it!

ODDEST party-reason-of-the-month: the one for Henry Wilcoxon's champagne party at which he entertained his wife and brother in a quiet little home celebration of his first real haircut since 1934. Henry'd been playing long-haired roles all that time—never got a real close trim until he finished *Souls at Sea*.

CLEVEREST party-trick-of-the-month: coming home from the Santa Anita races, Charles Ruggles got peeved because Al Hall insisted on stopping for a bite to eat at three different restaurants and lunch stands on the way. When they reached Ruggles' San Fernando Valley ranch home, however, Charlie learned why Al had been so stubborn—for it had given time for scores of guests to gather for a surprise party for Charlie's birthday. Mrs. R had conspired with Al to delay hubby that way. It was a Mexican party, with a Mexican marimba band and a supper of tamales, enchiladas, chili, tostada, tacos, tortillas.

BEST pleasure-plus-practicality-party-of-the-month: the one Jimmy Stewart gave as a house-warming for his new bachelor-house back of Beverly Hills. He found that if a hillock back of the house were sheared off, it'd give him a panoramic view of the city. So he invited guests, told each to bring pick or shovel, set them to work cutting off the hilltop!

FUNNIEST party-decoration-of-the-month: the two huge pop-eyes, like his own, which glowed with electric light from the top of Eddie Cantor's birthday cake, when Ida gave him a surprise party. For entertainment, all the comedians (including Eddie and George Burns and Al Jolson and Jack Benny and Benny Rubin) were silent while an operatic soprano entertained with arias in French, German, Italian and English.

MOST elaborate party-decorations-of-the-month: those at the party given by Leila Hyams and hubby Phil Berg. There was a big eucalyptus tree, moved bodily into the high front hall of their big home; then stripped of its leaves, and hung all over, instead, with gardenias. Before it stood a ten-foot-tall statue of a Chinese mandarin's lady, with folded arms holding a profusion of orchids. The rest of the house was festooned with garlands of fern-and-gardenia, with scores of stuffed doves nestling therein. My, my, my . . . . !

MOST long-distancy-party-of-the-month was the one given to celebrate the opening of the London salon of Hollywood's make-up veteran, Max Factor. A transcontinental-transatlantic telephonic hook-up was maintained for a full hour, with guests at the London end of the party and at the Hollywood end of the party conversing via the hook-up and loud-speakers—in London, Merle Oberon, Neil Hamilton and others; in Hollywood, Freddie Bartholomew, Gloria Swanson, Edward Arnold, Ginger Rogers, Rochelle Hudson and others. But David Niven wasn't there to talk with Merle . . . !

FOREIGN-FOOD parties of the month included the one Anna May Wong gave a party of friends. Cocktails in her apartment started the fun, while guests admired the art treasurers Anna brought back from China. Then to Los Angeles' Chinatown, to a cafe where one Gin Chung is head cook.

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND *in Warner's* **"CALL IT A DAY"**

THE Star of all permanent waves

★ Duart is the only wave recommended and endorsed by the Motion Picture Hairstylists Guild . . . Hollywood's "Supreme Court" of beauty.

On every motion picture screen you see beautiful Duart permanent waves . . . worn by Hollywood's loveliest stars. Proving, once and for all, that when beautiful hair is a *necessity*, Duart waves are the one★ and only choice. Remember, to ask for a Duart "TWO-TWELVE" wave . . . same as the stars get . . . your hairdresser will understand. Price depends on the artistic skill of the hairdresser you select.

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SEND FOR DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY
Pages of smart screen-tested hairstyles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

DUART, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

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TUNE IN • JOHN NESBITT'S "PASSING PARADE" NBC RED NETWORK

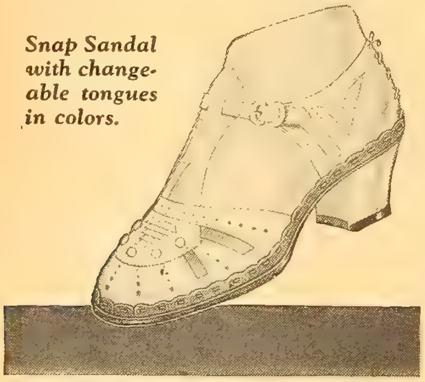
Hollywood★ PLAYS IN DUNDEERS

Irene Colman

Appearing in "Gold Diggers of 1937" a Warner Bros. production.

Sport's SMARTEST SHOE

Featherlight, hand-laced DUNDEERS are playtime favorites everywhere! See the exciting new models for active and spectator sports at leading shoe stores or write for name of nearest dealer. ***Dundeer Department, International Shoe Company, 1509 Washington Ave., Saint Louis.***



Snap Sandal with changeable tongues in colors.

Poor English!

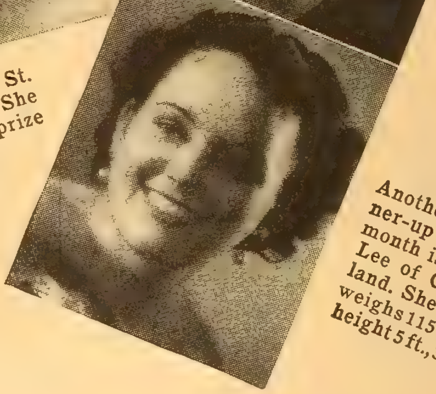
How much is it costing you in wasted opportunity?

Every day your associates are judging you — by what you say and how you say it! Hazy ideas, ill-chosen words, halting sentences, crude, slovenly speech—these mark a man as loose in thinking. Thoughts clear-cut, words that give true shape and color, sentences aflame with power and originality—these are the things that proclaim ability, that win for their users swift advancement. Stop apologizing for poor English — it's inexcusable! In the quiet of your home — with LaSalle's help — you can learn to speak and write with real distinction, learn to make the words you utter and the letters you compose stamp you as educated, cultured, a power to reckon with in the business world. Complete details in an attractive 32-page book, "Effective Business English," sent you free upon request. Ask for it TODAY.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 530-BE, Chicago

Ruth Lucille Brink of St. Louis is final winner. She also wins $50 cash prize

Mary Grace Walsh of Cincinnati is runner-up. She's 19



Another runner-up this month is Ruth Lee of Cleveland. She's 21, weighs 115 lbs., height 5 ft., 3 in.

THE FINAL WINNERS of Search for Talent Contest

Plans now being made for screen tests of all winners—prize to be a Walter Wanger Productions movie contract!

By E. J. SMITHSON

THE final winner of the Search for Talent Contest, sponsored by MOTION PICTURE Magazine and the Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Company is Ruth Lucille Brink of 772 N. Euclid, St. Louis, Mo. In addition to the screen test that may lead to a movie contract with the Walter Wanger Productions, Miss Brink is also the recipient of a $50 cash prize. Both MOTION PICTURE and the Hump Hairpin Company extend to her their sincerest congratulations.

Runners-up this month are Ruth Lee of 9727 Dickens Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Mary Grace Walsh of 1634 California Avenue, Bond Hill, Cincinnati.

With the selection of the winners in this nation-wide contest out of the way, the big task—that of selecting from the screen tests soon to be made in Chicago, the lucky girl who will sign her name to a bona fide movie contract—will confront the judges. Eight screen tests will be made and from these tests will emerge a grand prize winner—a potential movie star. MOTION PICTURE Magazine isn't picking any favorites in this important selection—but it does wish the eight monthly winners the very best of good luck!

This Search for Talent Contest, as you know, was sponsored by MOTION PICTURE Magazine and the Hump Hairpin Company, manufacturers of the Hold Bob bob-pins used by all the feminine stars of Hollywood. Testifying to the popularity of this contest are the thousands and thousands of entries that came in from every State in the Union. Plans are in the formative stage, now, for a third Search for Talent Contest, announcement of which may be made within a month or so.

A WORD now about this month's winners. Ruth Lucille Brink, the screen test winner, is 19 years old, weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet, 2½ inches tall, has blue eyes and is light complexioned.

Miss Ruth Lee, runner-up this month, is 21 years old, weighs 115 pounds, and is 5 feet, 3 inches tall. She has dark brown hair, fair complexion, and gray eyes.

Miss Mary Grace Walsh, another runner-up this month, is 19 years old, weighs 125 pounds, and is 5 feet, 7 inches tall.

Next month MOTION PICTURE Magazine hopes to present the grand prize winner so watch out for the final—and best—announcement of all!

christened, went to the Chateau Mont Choisi school in Lausanne, Switzerland, an Alpine village composed almost entirely of schools for girls. There were a score of Catherines in the school, so the Carlisle Catherine became Kitty. There she learned languages—French, German, Italian—studied literature, music, and the usual cultural subjects taught in Continental schools. But it wasn't until later that she definitely determined upon a career other than purely social. Following Lausanne, she was taught by a tutor in Paris, attended the ultra-swank academy conducted by the Princess Mestchersky, and topped off this "finishing" with a year in Rome.

BUT the sub-deb wearied rather early of the Riviera season and all the rest, and suddenly forsook the Parisian salons for an ardent study of voice culture under the French maestro, Cunnelli, and doubled in drama under a famous coach named Dullin. Her flair for languages was useful now, and the voice that had charmed the good people of Lausanne took on color and vibrance. Leaving the Continent the girl and her mother settled in London, and in the English capital she continued her vocal work under Mme. Kaszowska, who taught Lotte Lehman, and followed her theatrical training in the Royal Academy and with the distinguished English actress, Kate Rork.

Remaining thoroughly American even after these years of ex-patriation, Kitty revolted at the idea of further absence from the Home of the Free. So the luggage with all its foreign labels was put aboard a liner after Kitty had crowned this part of her career by singing before British royalty at Kensington Palace. Back in these United States the young American girl continued learning. This time from Estelle Leibling, recognized as one of the foremost teachers.

With ten years of preparation behind her, Kitty felt it was time to try her wings of song. After all, there must be a beginning. So, saying nothing, she entered herself in a contest being held in New York's Capitol Theatre for the purpose of finding, if possible, a new and youthful prima donna to star in an abbreviated version of *Rio Rita*. It was her first contact with professional competition, vastly different from anything she had encountered in training. And Kitty was surprised when—P.S.—she got the job!

That was less than five years ago. To be precise, Kitty's debut was at the Capitol in the tabloid operetta on June 16, 1932. She was still a year and more under twenty. Her career had begun in earnest—and how. Out with the troupe went this gentle, cultured girl accustomed to courtiers' courtesies, touring hinterland towns, sleeping in jolting trains, living in dull and drafty dressing-rooms or tank-town hotels.

"It was pretty awful," says Kitty, "I wouldn't want to go through it again. But I could if I had to—and I would. I consider it part of my training—all just a day in a life work."

She stuck it out for eight months, played four shows a day, sang her role over a thousand times. The tour ended, Kitty was back on Broadway feeling that, at last, she was a "seasoned" trouper! Her arrival in town was heralded by an item in Winchell's column: "Prettiest legs in town, Kitty Carlisle's near the Grand Central Station!" This appeared in a paragraph headed: "*Faces* About Town"!

Not a word about her voice, her acting, even her face. Just "prettiest legs in town." Shades of Lausanne, Cunnelli, Kaszowska, the Royal Academy, Kensington Palace and Estelle Leibling! But those prettiest legs accomplished their purpose—they got her a job. They walked her right into *Champagne*

[*Continued on page* 83]

"I'd be an eskimo!"

He hasn't many comforts—but I'm plenty envious of one thing that old Eskimo has! He enjoys good teeth!... His teeth are kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

Even Eskimos when they change to soft, civilized foods, find that their teeth and gums suffer from too little wholesome exercise.

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We civilized folk find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and firm, teeth sound and white! **LOADED WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!** —Just taste Dentyne for yourself — that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) — made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

LOVELY EYES

look lovelier with

WINX

"A girl's best friend is her eyes . . . and her eyes' best friend is WINX." For WINX Mascara darkens your lashes—makes them look twice as long and twice as beautiful. It gives your eyes allure in a lovely natural way. Always ask for WINX—solid, creamy, or liquid—because WINX Mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting and tearproof.

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WINX
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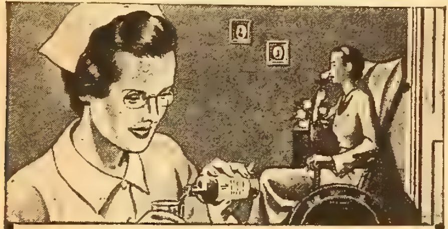

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Please send booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

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City................ State........ Age.....

The Lush TILLY LOSCH

[*Continued from page* 45]

always! Even if I have the greatest admiration for someone, such as for Pavlowa and Garbo, I wouldn't try to imitate them. The world must accept me as I am. I dislike people who are not themselves, who act all the time. I believe in developing one's own personality, whatever it might be, *and,* in being perfectly normal the moment one leaves the studio!"

TILLY speaks excellent English, and the slight trace of foreign accent makes it the more charming. She is studying hard, however, to improve her diction, to shed her accent altogether. In fact, her life is a series of conferences and lessons, interrupted by long walks, her main diversion. Sometimes, when she gets moody, she delves into philosophy, Bacon being her chief comforter at the moment.

"But I am never moody in company," she explained. "In company, it is simply good manners to be cheerful. When I am among others, I like to laugh, tell jokes, be frightfully gay. And then, I get awful moods of depression, but it's my own business, and I don't want anybody to know it."

She cherishes those inner moods into which she can retire now and then to muse in languid solitude, and is determined to guard her privacy. She doesn't feel that because she works in pictures, she should live in a glass bowl. "My private life is my own." She will admit that she has been married and divorced, but that's all. When you press for details, she shuts her mouth tight, and looks at you with big, smiling eyes, meanwhile shaking her pretty head. She refuses to discuss such intriguing topics for publication as her ideal man, and what are her views on love and romance. You believe her when she declares, "I *loathe* talking about myself!" But if you catch her in a reminiscent mood, as we did the other day, she can tell some fascinating stories, such as how she first met King George and Queen Mary.

"WE WERE playing Max Reinhardt's *The Miracle* in London. Diana Cooper was the *Madonna,* and I was the *Nun.* The King and Queen came to see it, and during the first intermission, sent for Diana Cooper, but not for me. I became an anarchist right then and there. I didn't care what happened to me any more! Suddenly, at the end of the performance, the manager came and told me, 'Please run upstairs to the royal box, Their Majesties wish to speak to you.' My heart missed a beat. I put on my coat and rushed upstairs in my nun's habit.

"The orchestra was playing the national anthem as I reached the royal box, and I waited outside. As the music died down, the Queen came out of the box, wearing a silver gown and looking exactly like a picture-book queen with her white hair and stately carriage. You never speak to Their Majesties, nor do they speak to you, unless you have been properly presented. But there was nobody to present me. I was fidgety, I didn't know what to do. So I curtsied, and the Queen came and talked to me in a most beautiful German.

"'What a beautiful performance!' she said. 'But aren't you tired? Don't you feel exhausted?' I was so excited that I replied in English, and she complimented me for my English, bad as it was. Then the King came out, smiling. He said the same thing, how wonderful was the performance, and how strenuous my part must be. They shook hands with me, and making another curtsey, I took leave of them, overwhelmed by their friendly and democratic spirit.

"But I was told you must never turn your back to Their Majesties, and should step backward. We were standing at the head of the stairway, and since I couldn't go forward, nor turn my back to them, I started going down the stairs backward, with the King and Queen following me. I couldn't help laughing, and they both laughed with me. Presently I reached a coat-hanger, and stepped aside to let them pass.

"'Excuse me, my coat,' the King said. He took his coat off the hanger. It struck me very strange at the time that the King should reach for his coat and carry it like any man in the street. Again he shook hands with me, and I made another curtsey, which required no little acrobatic ability, as the three of us were crowded in that small place. The next day the papers announced, 'Tilly Losch Says the Queen Speaks Very Good German.' I didn't want to seem patronizing. I met them again, later, two or three times. They always sent for me."

Tilly has danced many times for the present King and Queen of England, when they were the Duke and Duchess of York, for the former King Edward, when he was the debonair Prince of Wales, for the Spanish King and Queen, for the King of Belgium, and other high and mighty personages. She was a close friend of Arnold Bennett's, and her present circle of literati includes H. G. Wells and Noel Coward.

HER full name is Ottilla Ethel Leopoldine Losch, and she was born in Vienna. "Neither of my parents had anything to do with the theatre. My father was an army officer and a banker. He died in 1914, in a motor accident. I was just a little tot then. My mother was a lover of music, and used to take me to the opera all the time. I owe my entire career to her. As I always danced at home, she took me to a ballet master, wanted me to study to be a ballerina. All the ballerinas looked like fairy princesses to me in their white dresses, and I was terribly excited. They gave me a medical examination to make sure that my bones, heart and lungs were all right, and at the age of six I was admitted to the Ballet School of the Vienna Opera.

"I shall never forget my debut as a ballet dancer! There were hundreds of people on the stage—the largest stage in the world—and I was doing my little bit in a gay park scene. As I looked over the footlights to see my mother, I fell through the prompter's trap door! The house roared. I was a sad, thoughtful child, tremendously ambitious, and I was mortified by this experience. They took me to an official box next to the Emperor's and a lady there patted me on the head and gave me some candy, but I wouldn't take it."

After spending twelve years in that ballet school, Tilly was offered a contract as a prima ballerina, but one of the recurring post-war revolutions in Austria prevented her from signing the contract, which she considers a lucky break. "Otherwise I might not be in Hollywood today." She went to Salzburg, where Max Reinhardt featured her as a premiere danseuse in *Midsummer Night's Dream.* "One day I heard Charles

Cochran, the London impresario, was in town with his wife. I contrived to lunch with them. He told me to my great surprise that he had seen me in *Midsummer Night's Dream* the night before and liked my dancing.

" 'I am giving a recital in two days,' I said, 'please come to see what I can really do.' But he couldn't wait. He was leaving the next morning, and wondered if I could give a special recital for him that afternoon. Of course I could! I ran to the theatre, commandeered the manager and the technical crew, telephoned to my pianist to come over immediately, had my costume pressed. On my way I met Ferenc Molnar, the Hungarian playwright, who was a dear friend of mine. 'I am giving a special recital for Cochran,' I told him, out of breath, 'please come to the theatre and bring whomever you can with you. I don't want Cochran to be alone there.' So Molnar rounded up all of his friends to attend my recital. I rushed back to the restaurant, told Cochran I was ready. He came over and was impressed because he gave me a part in his review in London."

TILLY first came to America in 1928, under contract to Reinhardt, who featured her in his productions. She has crossed the Atlantic thirteen times since then. In London she has appeared in Noel Coward's *This Year of Grace*, Cole Porter's *Wake Up and Dream.* In New York she has danced with Fred Astaire in *The Bandwagon.* She has enormous respect for Fred and his sister, Adele, who are close friends of hers.

"But the European style of dancing differs from America's. Americans have more rhythm in their dance, Europeans more poetry and music." And she adds, by way of advice to American girls: "Put more poetry in everything you do. There is a poetic way of acting and dancing, as well as of walking and using the hands. It's hard to explain what I mean, but what makes Garbo so great is that she has this kind of poetry in her."

A tip to Metro: Why not a musical picture especially for Tilly Losch, a sort of annual Viennese Melody?

A few words more to complete her portrait. Tilly is very superstitious. There is a big horseshoe, which she picked up in Ireland, decorating her living-room. "I always carry it at the bottom of my trunk wherever I go." She hates black cats, wouldn't walk under ladders. Her list of mumbo-jumbo taboos is a long one. She dresses very simply, but expensively! She wears a topaz ring, and sundry bracelets. Apple strudel is her favorite food.

"Isn't it wonderful to be able to earn money and at the same time live in such a beautiful place as Hollywood?" We agreed that it is, if you can get your share of the big movie coin. "But I was terribly lonesome when I first came out here. Only a few people at the studio knew me. One day, the elevator man where I used to visit my dentist told me, 'I know you, you are Tilly Losch.' I could have put my arms around his neck and kissed him."

HOWEVER, today Tilly is one of the best-known and most popular girls in movietown. During a recent visit to Palm Springs, she was seen with no less than eight escorts.

There is a certain elusive, Garboesque quality about this girl that is difficult to describe—a sad, mysterious something that takes hold upon your sympathies and imagination. She isn't beautiful in a conventional way, but has a potent charm which the world's greatest beauties might well envy.

WAKE UP
Mary!
It's a grand old world and you're missing it

YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—*and that was that.*

WAKE UP, MARY!

• • •

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm — and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

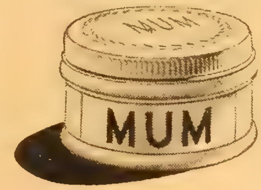
Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum — you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration — the unpleasant odor — and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.



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All druggists sell Resinol Soap and Ointment. Start this simple skin care today and enjoy the pleasing results. Sample free. Write Resinol, Dept. 3-A, Baltimore, Md.

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Name..
Street..
City.......................State.......................
Color of your hair?..

Everybody Loves a Fat Man

[*Continued from page* 43]

embarrassed. But Joan flung her arms around him. "Have you seen the papers?"

"Well—Joan—I hardly know what to say—"

"Don't say anything. I wouldn't have had it different. You deserve it all. Not only because you're a swell actor, but because you're a swell egg."

Joan's voice, in this case, is the voice of Hollywood speaking. I could list you a dry catalogue of the reasons, and leave you little wiser than when I started. A few hours spent with him at his daily routine will be more illuminating.

HE'S generally the first one up in the morning. "I think he's hungry more than anything else," says Mrs. Arnold, blonde and blue-eyed, with a twinkle that matches her husband's and a large serenity. "He's raring to go for that bacon and eggs, especially if he smells it. He kids me because I hate to nose out these cold California mornings. Before he leaves, he comes up to kiss me goodbye—if I'm awake. Otherwise he's too nice to bother me. Sometimes I let him get as far as the door, just for the fun of watching him tiptoe on his way."

His walk from the studio gate to his dressing-room is a progress interrupted by shouts of "Hi, Eddie!" "They turn to him," said one man, "like sunflowers to the sun." Anyone who has a story to tell buttonholes him first, "just to hear him guffaw." If, on the set, he should see a script girl or a bit player or a "grip" whose face is strange to him, you may be sure that by the end of the day they will be strangers no longer. He will find an opportunity to stroll over, unobtrusively, and make the new one's acquaintance. He has much the same sense of responsibility for them as a host for his guests. It hurts his feelings to see people lingering at the edge of the fold. His instinct—and he acts on it—is to draw them in. "I like people," he explains it. "I like to be around 'em, talk to 'em, josh with 'em. You can't do that if they're just faces to you. You've got to get behind the faces."

He saunters over to Bill Hoover, his stand-in, and eyes him critically. "Listen, Bill. You'll have to go on a diet. You're getting so fat that when I step into the picture, I'm all out of focus."

"Match you on the scales," he retorts. Each of them pretends to be the original thin man where the other is concerned.

Arnold acquired Hoover when he was playing the father in *Wednesday's Child*. Up to then, he had had no stand-in. "And it was kind of tough, standing under the lights with a part like that. But I didn't want them to think I was getting high-hat. So I asked for someone who could help me out temporarily. They sent Bill over and we've been together ever since."

I'd been told that Bill was his special care, that he fights to get him more money, sees that he's cast in bits on the rare occasions when he himself isn't working. When I asked him about it, he seemed a little annoyed. "Oh, I just see that he gets set right at the different studios, so they don't chisel him down."

AS *Jim Fisk*, in top-hat, morning-coat and cane, Arnold is now doing a scene with a group of elderly players, his colleagues in the market. The picture is *The Toast of New York*. It's their first day on the set and they're nervous. One man blows his lines. They start again. Another stumbles. They're getting more and more jittery. The tension spreads. Arnold, who is letter-perfect and has no need, like the bit-players, to be nervous, starts a line, balls it up, whacks his cane over his leg and breaks into his infectious chuckle. "All dumb-bells together," he roars, and the crowd roars with him. No one can prove that he blew deliberately. It doesn't matter. What matters is that a near-crisis has been turned to comedy, and the next take is perfect.

Someone shows him a clipping, commenting on the quiet sincerity of a love scene in a picture he made recently. He is pleased. "I had a tough time with it, though," he recalls. "Every time I said 'I love you,' I'd stumble. They wanted me to play it like an 18-year-old. I'm 47 and I weigh 212 pounds. I couldn't give them any heartbeats and uh-uh-uh—" he opens his mouth like a fish and heaves his chest. "When father plays a love scene," he concludes emphatically, "he plays it like 47, not *Romeo*."

Cary Grant is called for a close-up. Arnold feeds him his lines. Arnold's face wont be seen in this shot nor his voice heard. But he acts the part as if the cameras were on him, with as much gusto and feeling as he gave to his own close-up a few minutes earlier. He knows that if he lets down, Grant will find it more difficult to keep himself at the proper pitch. So as a matter of course, he gives of his best.

Time out for lunch. "Come on over to the Casa Schmalza, Bill," he calls. "I've got a Virginia ham there I cooked myself."

THE Casa Schmalza is the commodious bungalow built for him on his home lot by his friend and boss, B. P. Schulberg—complete with living-room, kitchen and bath. "Put a little more *schmalz* in it," say the Hollywood directors, when they want a scene pepped up—*schmalz* being the German for fat or grease. So Arnold dubbed his bungalow the Casa Schmalza.

The director detains him for a moment, and Bill goes on ahead. When Arnold reaches the gate, a group of small autograph-hounds eye him wonderingly. "Gosh, mister," one of them gasps, "you look a lot like Edward Arnold."

"That's why I work here," he confides to them, solemn-faced.

He knows what's happened, because it's happened before. They've taken Hoover for the genuine article, and exacted autographs from him. It distresses Bill, "because I feel I'm cheating the kids." So he salves his conscience by preceding the name with a small *for*. "What else can I do?" he argues. "When I tell 'em I'm not you, they think I'm holding out on 'em."

"Never mind, Bill," Arnold comforts him. "The more autographs, the better."

Betty brings him some photographs to sign. He wants his children to have all the fun he missed, as a child who went to work at the age of ten. But he also wants them to be self-dependent. So when Betty decided that she didn't care about college, he sent her to business school, then gave her a job.

ARNOLD is released early that afternoon, and gets home before the rest of the family. Home is an early American house of white-painted brick, newly-purchased and the joy of his heart. "I always wanted a home of my own," he said, "but knew very well I couldn't have one during the twenty-six years I was traveling about as an actor. My earnings of the past three years paid for this." There's a rose-garden for Mrs. Arnold and a badminton court for the children. No tennis court or pool. "They belong to beach clubs," says their father sensibly. "Besides, little Jane is the only real fish in the family, and she's got the tank at school to splash around in."

Over the garage a room is being built for 16-year-old Bill, and Roger, Mrs. Arnold's orphaned nephew who lives with them. It's near enough to the house for security and far enough for a certain independence, and the boys are champing at the bit to see it done.

Arnold walks out to the kennel and contemplates Teddy, his wife's bull terrier. Teddy returns the look sadly. Somewhat sheepishly he picks the dog up and takes him into the house. The sheepishness is due to the fact that when they moved in, he put his foot down. "The doghouse for Teddy," he said.

"If you say so," blithely agreed Mrs. Arnold, who knows her man.

Coming home a little later, she enters their bedroom to find Teddy smiling up at her from a nest of new pink blankets, just arrived that day.

The master of the house is busy at the mirror with his necktie. "The doghouse for Teddy," she remarks to his reflection.

"Well, it's chilly out. Looks like rain. I couldn't leave the poor animal there to freeze."

"He might have managed to keep from freezing on an *old* blanket."

"Sure," grins her husband. "But he likes pink."

The family meets *en masse* for the first time at the dinner table. The children are eager to tell about their day. Jane, the 12-year-old athlete of the family, is in raptures over the "ducky horse" she rode that morning. Bill, who wants to be an actor like his father, is full of the part he's been given in the school play—lead in *Captain Applejack*. Betty consults Auntie Olive—Mrs. Arnold is the children's stepmother—about what dress to wear at tomorrow's party. Absent-mindedly, Bill tries to make a spoon jump into a glass.

"Training for vaudeville?" inquires his father.

Jane giggles. "We were doing that the other day when you weren't home, daddy. Auntie Olive kind of loosens up on us when you're not around."

"Oh—so I'm just the big bad wolf."

She considers him judicially. "Not so bad," she smiles.

"Are we going to have a brass guard round our fireplace?" Bill wants to know.

"What fireplace? Oh—you mean the room over the garage. Well—I don't know—I've kind of been thinking I'd use that room for my study."

Bill stares at him, not altogether sure he's kidding. He turns to Auntie Olive for help. Auntie Olive eyes father severely, and father breaks down.

She reminds him that they've promised to go to a concert that night. "But if you're too tired, I can call it off."

"No, let's go," he says. He likes music, he likes to keep his promises and he knows that Mrs. Arnold—a singer and musician—has been looking forward to the evening.

And if you don't know now why everybody loves this—all right, *big* man, then I'm a rotten story-teller.

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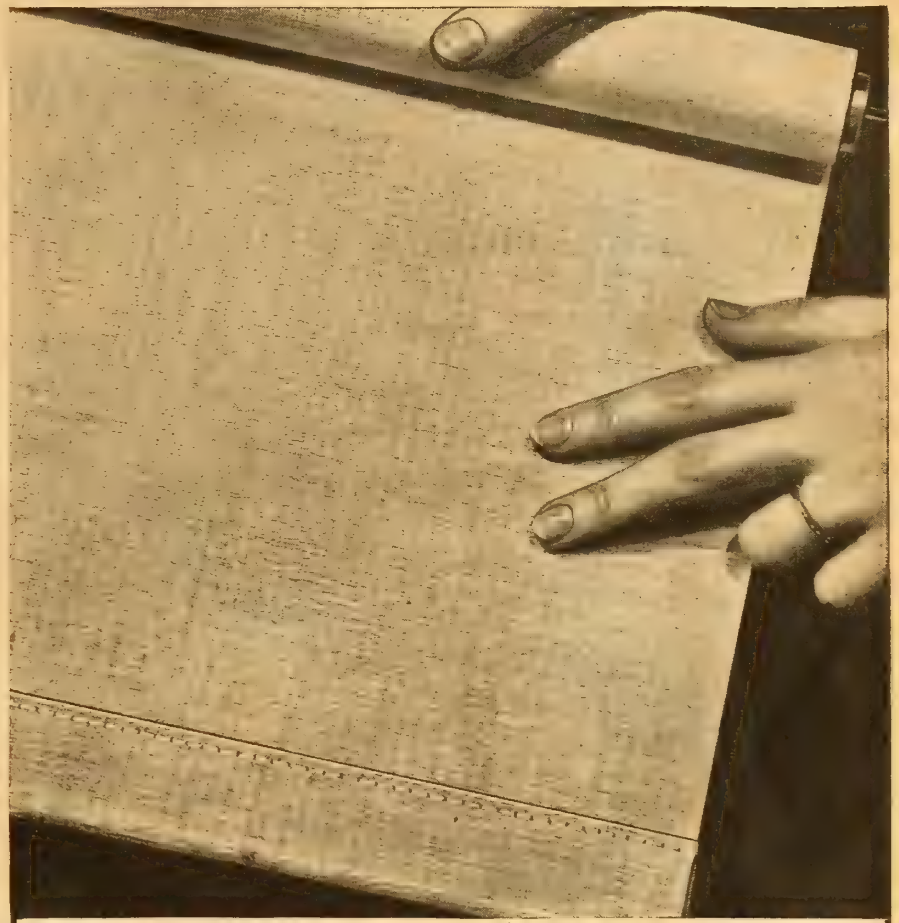

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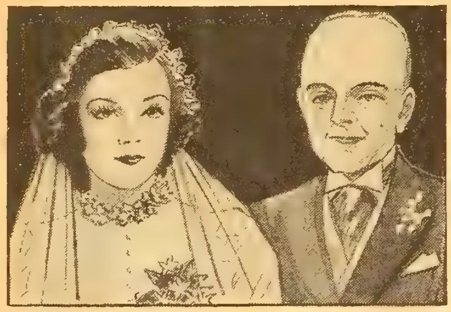
THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK



The Bridegroom?

We Thought He Was HER FATHER!

A natural mistake, but easily made when the head lacks its natural adornment. Many a young man today looks years older because his hair is thin. And in nine cases out of ten the cause is neglect. If you want to keep the hair you have, begin at once to do a few sensible, practical things.

Wake Up Your Lazy Scalp

Don't expect an inactive scalp to grow active hair. Wake up your lazy scalp with frequent vigorous scalp rubs. Give your hair roots a chance. Don't tolerate dandruff.

TRY THIS TREATMENT

Get a bottle of Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic. Use it two or three times weekly. Follow each application with a vigorous "wake up" scalp rub. Clinging dandruff will disappear. Your hair and scalp will be clean and free, and your scalp muscles will be more flexible and stimulated.

LUCKY TIGER
DANDRUFF

Ask Your Barber or Get a Bottle at Your Drug Store

Lucky Tiger FOR HAIR AND SCALP

She Doesn't Know the Answers

[*Continued from page* 41]

IT was after she had finished *The Good Earth* and she was "between pictures." Many another star would have been content to rest on her laurels for a while, to play at Palm Springs, or to enter the whirl of Hollywood night-life—to get back into circulation after a grind of so many months. But this sort of thing has no appeal at all for Luise. "All the world, it thinks that Hollywood life, it is glamourous. But what do parties and things like that mean? They are only make-believe, sham, a lot of people pretending to be interested in one another, when they are not at all. You do not get to know what people are like at parties. You do not get to know what is going on in the world. You have to go out in the world to see that. So, a girl friend and I, we put a suitcase in the car, and went to San Francisco for the bridge.

"I always go to see bridges. No, I am no more interested in bridges than in other things of that kind. I go to see new big airplanes, too. Anything that is beautiful like that. The opening of the bridge . . . it was a very interesting experience."

Interesting to Luise, but how many persons in her position would have taken time off from their own glamour parade to get pushed and shoved and elbowed around in a parade doing honor to a bridge! A small thing, like this, more than anything, shows why that one adjective "different" has, more than any other, been applied to her since her arrival in this country less than two years ago. She did not go in any limousine either, at the express invitation of the Mayor.

When Luise caught her first view of the great new bridge, a warm flush of pleasure spread over her face. Her eyes sparkled, she clutched her friend's hand and for long minutes she just stood still staring and marveling. In the three days they were there they went back again and again; to ride over it, to walk over it, but most often, just to look at it.

"The most wonderful thing I have yet seen in America," Luise said about it afterward. "You see how wonderful it is here . . . you can get in a car and go anywhere and always no matter where you go, you see so much beauty."

BUT this dashing off, unexpectedly, to unexpected places is not a new habit of hers. Many times in Europe she used to go off by herself, to little towns in the south of France or in the Balkans and mingle with peasant families. And in this connection there is another revealing incident which happened when one of those express trains of which she was speaking *did* stop once, at a little place . . .

"I was on my way to visit a friend of mine in Jugoslavia, or maybe I was going for a play—I do not remember, but anyway, it was night and I could not sleep and I was sitting there trying to read, when suddenly the train stopped. I went to the platform and looked out; there was no town—only a little station and soldiers. I realized we must be at the border. There were a few old peasants who made it very picturesque, and it all seemed so strange and different from what I had seen before that I suddenly decided I would like to get off the train and stay there a day, maybe two. So I got my suitcase and left! Then the train pulled away, and I saw I was alone. The soldiers had boarded the train, the station was locked, and it was so dark I did not dare wander around. But there was a bench in front of the little station, so I decided to curl up on it, but it was cold so first I opened my valise and put on everything there was in it! Sweaters, an extra dress, even my lingerie, and the more I put on, of course the bigger and fatter and rounder I got, until I looked more like a roly-poly bear than a girl, but at least I was warmer and I lay down and went to sleep.

"But, then, when I woke up, the peasants had come back, and it was dawn, and they were all standing around staring at me, because they did not know whether I was a person or what I was! So I went behind the trunk of a tree, took off my things, put them back in the suitcase, and when I came out they all laughed to see me so thin and little! Then all morning I sat around with them waiting for the train. I looked at their wares . . . they had baskets and embroidery and things which they were taking into the next town to sell. The train came and we all got on it together and we got to be such good friends that I hated to part with them. I found out, too, that ever since they had seen me come from behind the tree, they had been calling me Wood Sprite. It was a peculiar word in their language which I do not remember now, but that was what it meant!"

THIS, then, is the spirit of Luise Rainer . . . a fearless, dauntless eagerness. You not only see it in her travels, but in her everyday living. Of her house, even, she makes an adventure. When she was talking of her side roads, of her byways, I was thinking how she had gone off the beaten Hollywood track to furnish that lovely house of hers—so that even in just her housekeeping there are surprises.

She had no Adrian, or Bill Haines, to decorate her home; she did it all herself, not even in the smart decorating departments of big department stores, but in little second-hand places, and in bargain basements. And she had wonderful excitement out of each piece she picked up. Nor does she buy pictures already framed. "I like to pick out my prints, or pictures, first, and then select the frame myself," she told me once.

THESE are the things that make her house so different from the usual movie home. There are personal touches everywhere. Nothing is routine or ordered; there is no decorating "scheme." As a result there is a parade of colors as riotous as her own personality. Her books and phonograph records also contribute to the informality. There are shelves everywhere for the books and the records, too . . . but none of them are tucked away carefully on those shelves. They are all over the place, on little low tables, on chairs. You have the feeling that they are in constant use. That each has been read, or played, and put down just the moment before. That the person who lives there is vitally interested in everything she owns.

Luise will give this same vitality, this same furious interest, to her marriage. She gives it to everything she does. It may mean that she will have to give up her screen career to make room for that marriage interest, but I'm sure she would not even consider that a sacrifice. It would be a change in the path that seemed mapped out for her . . . but a turn in the road has never bothered her before . . . it won't now . . . it's all just part of the adventure!

The Guess Men Guessed Wrong About Kitty

[*Continued from page 77*]

Sec, an adaptation of the Strauss operetta, *Die Fledermaus,* in which a girl with prettiest legs always plays the role of the effeminate *Prince Orlawsky.* Kitty played it, in black tights. And despite them the critics noticed something more than her legs. She could sing, they said, and she could act!

SO NOW you know something of the girl plucked by the guess-men from the theatre and put into pictures. Her show closed on a Saturday. On Monday she was Westward-Ho. The rest is history. Four films—four hits. But they didn't count in Hollywood, so Kitty, nothing daunted, simply returned to Gotham and became the sensation of the most costly and spectacular musical extravaganza seen in the theatre in many and many a season. You see a girl with the Carlisle background can't be deceived by bad guessers. Those ten years of training, that trouping through the tanks, that Broadway success—these things give confidence.

Yes, she'll go to Hollywood again. Like *White Horse Inn,* the studios are another stopping off place along the road to her goal—the scintillant Metropolitan. Moreover *White Horse Inn* will be a motion picture—a Warner Brothers picture. Sooooooo . . . . . ! But meantime operatic critics are visible in Center Theatre audiences, and Metropolitan ears are carefully attuned as Kitty fills the big playhouse with her exquisite voice. Savants are saying that the Opera must turn to such youth and beauty as is Kitty Carlisle's if it is to endure as an institution. And Kitty, like every singer, regards the Opera as the ultimate achievement. The two—Kitty and the Met—ought to get together. And, don't worry, they will.

Keen, clean, fresh, smiling, Kitty radiates clear-eyed, confident youth. At eight she went abroad. Those years plus the ten she studied plus the four of her career total twenty-two. She scarcely looks 'em. Her life is still devoted to her art, and the taverns in the town where she is the toast see her seldom. She says:

"I just don't like staying up late. And I don't care for stuffy, crowded places. I work rather hard, you see, for I devote my days to voice practice, and my evenings to the theatre. Both exercises are fairly strenuous, and if I were to go night-clubbing after the show I'd be pretty weary next morning. I'd rather do a good job on my singing and in the theatre than to be listed among those present in the clubs.

"Perhaps somewhat the same reasons account for the lack of romance in my more or less young life. I'm afraid boy-friends take up quite as much time as social gaities, and I just haven't had the leisure for love. Some day, of course, things will be different, I trust. Surely I want to get married—but not just yet. Moreover, I'll tell you a secret, I want to have about six kids! Maybe seven. They say there's luck in odd numbers!"

Well, if that's what you want, Kitty, we wish you all the luck in the world!

DID YOU KNOW THAT Marlene Dietrich likes America so well (all rumors to the contrary) that she has taken out citizenship papers—and will be a full-fledged U.S. citizen in two years?

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The Power and the Glory

[*Continued from page* 34]

together every day, *come what may*, high tide or early call at the studio. If Tyrone isn't working, Bonzo is established on the shelf behind the seat in Tyrone's little blue coupe that rattles like a dollar watch a week after the guarantee expires. Bonzo goes wherever Tyrone goes.

I'm telling you all this about his dog because his affection for Bonzo—completely insignificant though it is in the total scheme of things in Tyrone's life—is nonetheless indicative of the manner in which the lad does things. Tyrone is *intense*—when he does a thing, he does it consumingly, utterly, entirely. There is nothing half-way about him.

At casual glance, there's nothing striking about him. He looks like a college boy home on vacation—albeit a rather serious college boy, but not without a sparkle in his eye. Usually he's in grey or brown tweeds, and a hat with a narrow brim turned down to hide his right eye. And a heavy knit necktie, always—with just a dash of color. That's the first picture of Tyrone, and it's not startling.

But he becomes positively arresting on second glance, and when you meet him. His handclasp is firm and warm. And he looks right at you—he always looks directly into the eye of the person with whom he's talking. That's a lot, that trait. He's an even six feet tall, wiry and slender. He looks like he'd make a good tennis player, but he says he isn't. He thinks he's a better swimmer. Handsome?—well, yes, I'd say he is, in a conservative way, despite a slightly turned-up nose that's very reminiscent of Sonja Henie's. (But there is more than noses between Tyrone and the be-dimpled ice-queen with whom he's been going places. I'll tell you more about Tyrone and Sonja later on.) Like Bob Taylor, Tyrone has heavy eyebrows. I wonder if that's an adjunct of sex-appeal stardom?—Taylor, Gable, Brent and Tyrone? He's got deep brown eyes that seem deeper and browner because of something that burns way down inside them—or him.

YOU know, soon as you've talked with him, that he's got intelligence and a rare sense of humor—a bit rare in Hollywood and its stars, as you'd know if you knew 'em as I do. I don't mean he has the kind of humor which guffaws at slapstick stories and smoke-room tales. It's rather the kind of humor-sense which *chuckles*—over human foibles. For instance, he's tickled and amused when anyone is on time for an appointment with him, "because no one else in Hollywood ever shows up on time."

His voice is one of those deep, chesty rumbles which seems quite unfitted for the screen. But you find, when you know him, that he can play that voice as Paderewski plays the piano, as Kreisler plays the violin. It's as flexible and as thoroughly in his control as a painter's brush in the hands of an artist. He can pick it up at will and imbue it with the pitch and the resonance and the quality for any mood. And yet, he doesn't seem to be doing tricks—he doesn't seem to be deliberately, artificially manipulating that voice. It's rather that it has the warmth of a deep sincerity.

Not until you know him better than first meeting do you realize the deceptiveness of his slender physique. Like the football coach in his home town, Cincinnati, who wouldn't let him play football because, he said, skinny guys couldn't fight. Fight?—

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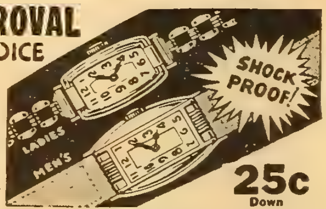

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what do you think carried this 22-year-old kid to success in Hollywood? Strength, that's what. And I mean physical *and* mental and moral strength. He had to fight—to overcome a handicap that has, somehow, been an unbeatable obstacle to others of his generation—I mean his heritage, his name.

Look away from Tyrone for a moment. Look at a few other lads in Hollywood, who are battering away at its walls, but who can't somehow make the grade. Look at Wally Reid's son. Look at Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Look at Lon Chaney, Jr. Look at a few others who bear the names of their screen-illustrious fathers. They are in Hollywood, but not of the great ones. Why, just the other day a Hollywood inner-circle group wondered what could be done to help young Chaney, who needs the help desperately. Hollywood's consensus of opinion is that these lads are irretrievably handicapped by the fame of the names they bear.

BUT—get this!—Tyrone Power bears his father's name, and his father was as great on the stage and screen as were any of those others. Tyrone, like the others, found his father's name and fame a handicap, too.

"The name was a handicap," Tyrone told me, "because people thought I was trying to trade on my father's ability and record. I suppose I could have changed my name—dropped my father's, eh? No sir!! I loved and admired and respected my father too much for that. The relationship gave me the desire to act. It gave me, I believe, whatever ability I have as an actor. Without the gifts that he gave me, without the inheritance of some measure of his talent, I would amount to nothing. And so, handicap or no, I am keeping his name!"

A fine courage, that. And just before I stop telling you about the young Tyrone, remind me to tell you once again about an uncanny incident that involves his father—

BUT first to how Tyrone feels, now that he is a star. It was to me that he made that crack—about having "just to make the best" of stardom. It sounded sour on the surface, but it's not. Nothing further! It's a smart, intelligent, deep-thinking realization that prompts those words. Tyrone knows his Hollywood. He has seen what it and sudden stardom has done to certain others. He knows the pitfalls of fame.

"Stardom is what I have always wanted, and what I've been working for, to be sure," he analyzes the situation and himself. "But I certainly hadn't expected it to come so soon. Now that it's here, like a rabbit out of a magician's hat, I don't know quite how to take it. But I do know that I have no choice—that I'll just have to make the best of it . . ."

And "to make the best of it," you find from him, is to keep Hollywood from upsetting his sense of values, his balance in all things—ego, money, love.

"I've heard and seen so much of what happens to people out here when they're suddenly catapulted into success," he says, soberly. This is serious business to Tyrone. "I don't want that to happen to me. I don't want to 'go Hollywood.' I'll do anything in the world—anything!—to keep from it.

"I think, to begin with, that one thing that makes men and women lose their sense of values is having too much money suddenly. Me—I'm not used to a lot of money. I lived for a four-month stretch in New York on five bucks a week! And there've been other times, too, when I've lived on less than that. I know that too much money in a bunch, on top of that, might knock me haywire. It'd throw me out of perspective. So I'm not risking it. I'm not even trusting myself with my own money, now

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that I'm making it. I'm slapping it automatically into insurance endowment policies. I don't even handle it on the way into those policies. I just get a little bit out of my weekly check, for running expenses. As far as I'm concerned, I don't have the rest at all. Maybe, when I'm a few years older and wiser, I'll get the benefits of the money I'm earning now."

(Tyrone's dad made thousands, you know. But when he died, in Hollywood five years ago he was so broke that 17-year-old Tyrone had to go to work. Tyrone has learned from his father's errors.)

BUT he's not niggardly. For his mother and himself, he maintains a comfortable home—comfortable, but not flashy—not "Hollywood." They've got two cars. But the big, nice one is for his mother. Tyrone's still satisfied with his own little coupe. It isn't new and it makes quite a noise. Nor is he a hermit. He goes to the Trocadero, now and then. He spends week-ends at Palm Springs. He is not miserly; on the other hand he is not extravagant. He knows too well what it is to tighten his belt when mealtime comes around; he's learned the value of a dollar two ways—from what his father *didn't* do *with* money, and what he himself had to do *without* money.

BUT financial perspective is not the only angle Tyrone wants to maintain against the assaults of fame and fortune. He wants, too, to protect himself against that inflation of ego which comes from an overdose of praise and adulation. He fears, terrifically, that he may, some day, believe what the press-agents write about him. He knows that others have undergone this change, and he knows that today he is up against the same influences that drove them that way. He is trying to vaccinate himself against the disease—that's why he is often to be seen playing golf with a studio electrician instead of some other star. That's why he listens attentively and avidly to all who know Hollywood better than he thinks he does. That's why he likes to listen to people who criticize him, instead of people who praise him. He is as courteous to strangers as he is to friends who've known him for years.

And there is the third factor wherein lies danger to good-looking young, brand-new film stars—*women* . . . ! For women, Tyrone has an undoubted fascination. And for Tyrone, women have an undoubted fascination as well. I don't know how Tyrone feels about it—or yes, I do; that is, I know how he thinks he feels about it, and I'll tell you in a second. But first I want to go on to say that no matter what Tyrone thinks about women, I think that in this field of his trials-of-stardom lies his greatest battle. Tyrone is one of those chaps for whom women do things—

Why, John Barrymore's ex-wife was so anxious about him that, when he was in that $5-a-week period in New York, it was her spare bedroom that gave him shelter. Five a week can't buy much of a hotel room or even a corner-hallroom. So when Michael Strange, *Caliban's* divorced wife, offered Tyrone the use of the unused bedroom in her house, Tyrone didn't hesitate to use.

Helen Mencken, famous and able to choose her men friends, chose Tyrone, too. She gave him his first big break, when, in Chicago, she personally telephoned to a big stage producer in New York and argued him into giving Tyrone a spot in a play.

And already (or *of course,* I should say) in Hollywood the girls are going for him. He's been stepping out with them—once with Simone Simon, twice with Alice Faye—and many, many times with Sonja Henie. She is Tyrone's current flame, as you who read the news-from-Hollywood know. How serious Sonja is about him, I wouldn't care to guess. But here's Tyrone's side of the romance:

"MARRIAGE? Certainly not! No, no! Not for a long time. I have no serious romance. Some fellows, you know, almost constantly have a crush on some girl or another—first one girl, then another. I'm like that, too. It's stimulating, and very pleasant. But I have no intentions of getting married, now. Why, I don't even know what kind of a girl I'd want to marry. I like blondes. But I know some very nice brunettes, too. When I see the girl I want to marry, I'll know her—but I'm certain that's a long way off. Sure, some day I'll build a house, and have children, and read them the funny papers on Sundays—but that's in the far, far future."

And that, Sonja Henie, is the way Tyrone feels about it. So watch your step, Sonja—and you man-hunting gals of Hollywood. Tyrone has flung down the gauntlet. If you want to play, all right—but don't expect wedding bells.

There's an interesting parallel between Tyrone and several others of Hollywood's most successful stars, by the way, when we're on the field of women. Only this is another kind of love—this is mother love. Tyrone and his mother are inseparable. He admires and reveres her, deeply. And in that, Tyrone takes his place alongside Gene Raymond, Nelson Eddy, Fred MacMurray. Brilliant successes in movies, those men place their mothers on pedestals of love and worship. Tyrone feels the same about his. What pleases him most about his sudden success, in fact, is the prideful pleasure it gives his mother. Tyrone lives with her. Her smile is like his—or rather, his smile is like hers. She gave it to him, after all. He is more than ordinarily fond of her, and he insists that, without her, his long struggle toward the heights he has now attained would have been impossible. She—either in presence or in letters—gave him encouragement when he was dejected, advice when he was elated, and criticism when he needed it, he tells you. In fact, he tells you more about his mother, when you let him, than about himself or anything else in life. It's the completeness of his life with his mother that lends more than ordinary force to his assertions that he won't be marrying for a long time.

And—oh, yes, you were going to remind me to tell you about that uncanny incident, about his father—

When you look at young Tyrone, there isn't evident much of a resemblance to his famous dad. But the other night, they were shooting some rushes of *Lloyds of London* in a studio projection room. Of a sudden, Tyrone walked across the screen. It was a crucial scene—a great test of Tyrone's ability—and into that scene, Tyrone was putting everything he had, to make good. Now, when they had shot the scene, nobody had noticed anything unusual in his appearance. Yet suddenly, there in that dark projection room, the Tyrone on the screen looked for an instant audience-ward. In that instant, two men stood up, startled, in the little group that was seeing the rushes. One of the two was young Tyrone. The other was a veteran who had known Tyrone Power, Sr.

"My God!" gasped young Tyrone; *"My father!"*

The other man merely said: "Yes—that was your dad there on the screen, Tyrone. Your dad—not you."

There was an eerie chill in the room for minutes. . . .

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 63*]

that German fellow, Rudolph Sieber, isn't she? And darned if she isn't . . . !

* * *

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Dudley Murphy and Nancy Carroll—
Too busy holding hands to quarrel!

* * *

ON and on and on go the steady old twosomes of Hollywood — the Jean Harlow-Bill Powell tie-up; the Barbara Stanwyck-Bob Taylor devotion; the Clark Gable-Carole Lombard incandescence; the George Raft-Virginia Peine romance.

* * *

WEDDING BELLS: for Parkyakarkus (whose real name is Harry Einstein) and Thelma Leeds, who are honeymooning at Ensenada as this is written . . . and for Director Mal St. Clair and socialite Margaret Murray Holt, who had to cut short their Laguna Beach honeymoon so Mal could go back to 20th-Fox to direct a picture. . . .

* * *

QUICKEST matrimonial collapse of record in Hollywood was that which ended Helen Burgess' marriage ten hours after it began! Helen (you know the hit she scored in RKO's *A Doctor's Diary*) eloped to Yuma with young Herb Rutherford, Hollywood pianist. Ten hours after they were married, they separated, said Helen when she went into court a few days later to get an annulment of the marriage!

Having corraled each other's love, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will be hitched by the parson just as soon as they return from Europe. They may get married in Paris

* * *

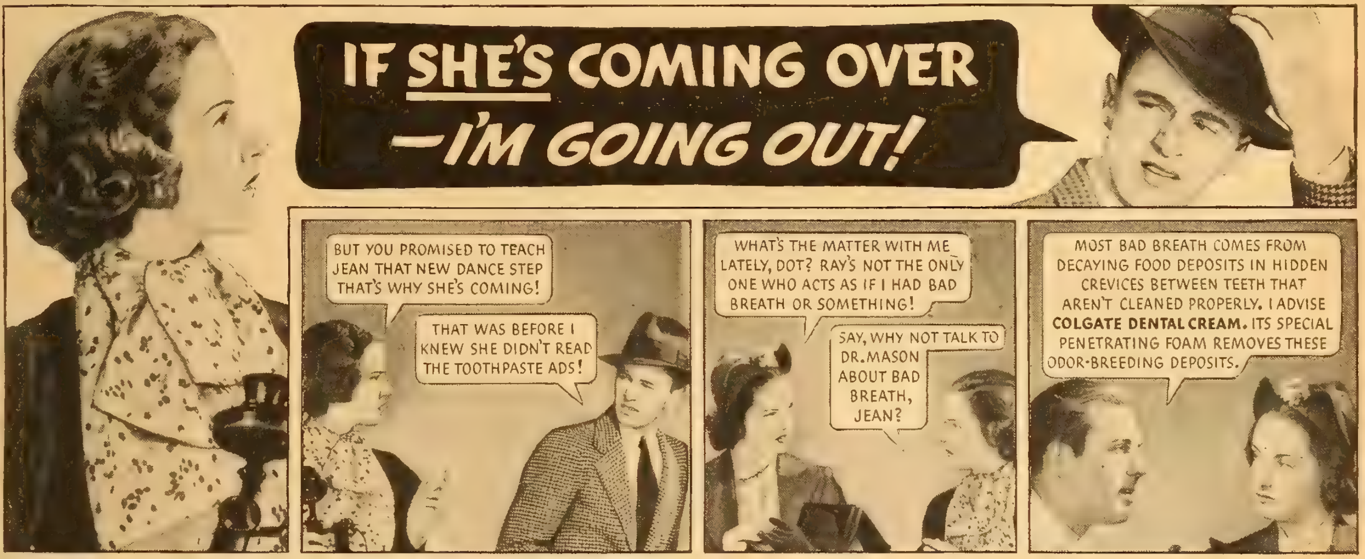
CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eleanor Powell and Jack LaRue—
There's a romance that's quite brand new!

* * *

UNLESS the planets are all haywire, then by the time you read this, Miriam Hopkins will be a bride . . . ! Anyway, that's what Hollywood's astrologers forecast—and agreeing with them are Hollywood's insiders, who've been watching the Miriam Hopkins-Anatole Litvak romance expectantly for weeks. Neither Miriam not Anatole will say yes or no to the wedding reports, as this is written. But it's more or less significant (isn't it?) that Miriam has just bought John Gilbert's house and is furnishing it anew from top to bottom. . . .

* * *

THREE years ago, Gilda Gray, who made the shimmy famous, married a rich young Spaniard. In those three years, she learned a lot of Spanish. Anyway, she told a court, she learned enough to understand the words hubby called her when he got mad at her, and because she didn't like to be called such things, she wanted a divorce.


IF SHE'S COMING OVER —I'M GOING OUT!
BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!
THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTHPASTE ADS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, DOT? RAY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
SAY, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!
YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

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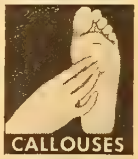

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Herbert Marshall's Best Girl

[*Continued from page 46*]

though he has found happy, significant things which, perhaps, he never expected to find. As he has.

It has been rumored that there will be a reconciliation between Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, his wife. That they met in friendly fashion when Bart was recently in London is beyond doubt. As to a possible reconciliation Bart did not say other than to remark, "Any such plan or idea could not come from me." He added, "One of my greatest difficulties in being a 'public character' is that I cannot and never have been able to discuss my private life, my personal affairs with anyone—not even my closest friends. I can only say that wherever there is a personal equation involved between a man and a woman prophesies as to what may or may not happen are no good. One cannot say because one does not, really, know." As matters stand, they are good friends, Edna and Bart, Bart and Gloria. Highly civilized people as they are, it could not be otherwise.

And—the most dramatic thing in the world has happened to Herbert Marshall—the old and tender aphorism "and a little child shall lead them" is come true once again.

I HAD tea with Bart the other day, in his charming English cottage in Beverly Hills, which he leases from the Charlie Farrells while Charlie is in England. It is such a setting as you might imagine for this man who always seems to me to have stepped straight from the pages of a Galsworthy novel. A fire burned on the wide hearth. The tea things were laid between us, scones and muffins and English fruit cake. The chintzes were drawn against the high chill fog of California. Bart drew on his pipe (permission asked—and granted). His black dog crouched comfortably at his feet. It was like a scene in a play written by a playwright who knew his character, gave him the atmosphere which suited him. For to Bart belong, somehow, a pipe, a book, a fire, a dog, at twilight.

"I like this room, too," he said, when I first came into it and remarked its coziness, its friendliness, "it *is* right for me, somehow. It fits my moods—and I have them, I'm afraid. All kinds. Red, black, blue. It's a room to talk in. We have great talks in here, David Niven and I, Ronnie and I, groups of us. Whenever I have problems to work out they seem to work out in here, alone by the fire, comfortably. It's quiet, never lonely. Yet I shall be leaving it soon—when my little daughter comes to stay with me." (And by the deliberately casual way in which Bart said "when my little daughter comes to stay with me" I knew that he was making an announcement of anything but casual significance to him.)

"I fell in love with my little girl," Bart told me then, and as though he had been waiting, ever since I came in, to tell it, "I knew that I would feel as I do, of course, but I didn't know in quite what a deep way. I knew that she would be sweet. I knew it from pictures, from the letters her mother sent me during the time they have been in England and I have been working in Hollywood. I had been kept in touch with her sayings and doings and even with her eatings. But somehow I know now that I didn't really know. A mother is born with a complete awareness of a child, I think. A father has to discover his own fatherhood. Perhaps the discovery strikes so deep with me because I am not such a very *young* father," laughed Bart, "not in my twenties, let's put it that way. And as we grow older lovely things are not taken lightly, are they?

"I didn't know, for one thing, the way in which she would laugh or what it would do to me when I heard it. It is the sunniest, jolliest, most bubbling little laughter ever heard. It is like being constantly by a singing brook. She is so happy," Bart said gravely, "that she felt like sun in my heart."

THERE was brief silence in the firelit room. I felt my throat tighten. For there is something especially poignant about a man of the world when he talks about a child, the child his own. One expects women to talk sentimentally about their babies. It is habitual. But when a man speaks this way you are listening to something of special strong significance. And perhaps you, who have heard Bart talk on the screen, may be able to imagine just what very special and strong significance he gave it.

Here was the drama of a man who, having played all roles, in life as well as on the screen, had just discovered a role that smote his heart alive with tenderness. A father who hadn't seen his only child since she was a tiny baby and went home to England to live, with her mother, while he, making one picture after another remained here in Hollywood until a few months ago when he went home.

"I didn't at all realize," Bart said then, smiling, "what a jolly thing it would be to have a little pair of arms clamped around my neck. I didn't really know how the name 'Daddy' would sound on the lips of my own little daughter. I thought I would know. I didn't. Nor did I have any idea, nor much hope that she would take to me as she did. I went to her very humbly hoping that we might be friends. And it seems," said Bart, with a short laugh, "that she likes me. It was love at first sight (so far as she remembered) with both of us.

"Naturally, I was enormously flattered. I was more flattered than I have ever been in my life before. She made it so delightfully clear that I was pretty much all right with her, knew how to play with her, understood what she wanted to do. I found that I knew how to play with her (and this enchanted me) how to amuse her, what to read to her.

"I was an only child, you know, and when not with my parents lived with three maiden aunts who were sweet and kind and jolly—but I never really had a child to play with before. I might so easily have been so damned awkward," laughed Bart.

"But you couldn't help being friends with Sarah Lynn," Sarah Lynn's Daddy said, "she wouldn't know how to be any other way. I can only hope to God that she never will know any other way.

"I HAD great fun, the kind of fun I have never had in my life. I heard her say her small prayers. I have seen a great many stirring and beautiful things in my life but at the risk of sounding sickeningly sentimental I must say that nothing has stirred my heart and choked me around the throat as that did . . . I suppose I sound very stupid," Bart said, refilling my tea-cup, passing the scones to hide something in his eyes which he wanted to hide, "but it was all so new to me . . . so blessed, you know . . . and, after all, a far greater man than I can ever hope to be was not ashamed to say that in the end, why does it always come to a little child?

"I took her once to her little dancing school, a bunch of ruffles. Her hair is very fair, her eyes very blue and she doesn't at all resemble me (but she does. I saw a photograph conspicuously displayed on a cabinet in the living room and I think that she does). At any rate I watched the small boys and tiny girls sweetly and solemnly bowing and curtseying, treading out the measures and I cried like a fool. I always feel like crying, though," Bart said, "when I see groups of children together, groups of young schoolgirls. There is something so inexpressibly tender and thrilling about it.

"When I had to come away, back to Hollywood, Sarah Lynn made it clear that she didn't want me to leave her. Which made my leave-taking at once more difficult and more dear. I have said a good many goodbyes in my lifetime—as have all of us who knew the War—but none more difficult than that one.

"And so I promised her that she should come to stay with me in the Spring. And she is coming, very soon. With her nurse.

"THE one thing I shall not do," Bart said, "is to take her *anywhere near a motion picture studio.* I don't want her to be on stage or screen when she grows up. Perhaps it is because I hated it so when I was a little shaver. I used to tour the provinces in England with my mother and father, you know, when I was a small lad. And I was so often tired and cold, there seemed to me to be so much heartache and poverty and disappointment that the glamour and applause and tinsel of the theatre escaped me, quite.

"One learns quite a lot about one's self from one's own child, I find," smiled Bart, "I find that I am more conservative than I ever thought I was. I find that I have developed (already!) very staid, conservative Victorian ideas about how I want my daughter brought up.

"I want her to remain sunny, natural and unspoiled. I don't want her to be precocious. I wouldn't allow her to be on exhibition. I want her to believe in *Santa Claus* and *Peter Pan* and to play doll babies and hide-and-seek and nursery rhyme games. I want her to be just a little girl, as little girls should be . . . so much that I have seen," Bart said, "I can hope that she will never see. . . .

"MY trip to New York, to England did a great many things to me—and *for* me, I hope. I have come back changed, rather. I found that I had been in a rut out here, a deep one, rather narrow. I rather loathe to say what I am about to say because all picture actors say it and have said it again and again. But I must say it because it is the deepest reality of my professional life right now—I found that *I must get back to the stage.* I saw all the plays I could possibly manage to see, in New York, in London. I have been reading plays constantly since my return. It is to the New York stage that I want to return. Not to be unpatriotic, but the New York theatre does most appeal to me.

"I am going to exert every effort, every bit of persuasion and pressure possible on both RKO and Columbia to so arrange my picture schedule that if and when a play comes up for me I can do it. I shall try to make them realize how imperative a need this is to me.

"I WAS in such a rut," laughed Bart, "that I really felt awkward when I arrived in New York. It is so casual out here, bless the place, that one forgets how the rest of the world lives. Slacks and sweaters and sport coats, that sort of thing. I went to the Colony Club for luncheon in New York and found myself wondering whether I knew how to use the right knife and fork, whether I was properly dressed, whether I was calling too loudly to friends at adjoining tables. One sheds the small formalities so much here in Hollywood. . . .

"I realized, when I was in London, how profoundly I had missed my clubs. For there is no companionship in the world quite like that a man finds in an English club. I found myself hungry to meet and talk with old friends, actors, yes, but lawyers and doctors, diplomats and business men, too, men in different walks of life, with different outlooks and perspectives. I love Hollywood. I wouldn't live anywhere else for any length of time. I couldn't. I'm grateful for the things that have happened to me here. But I did need and I know now that I shall continue to need to break away now and again. I feel reborn.

"I have come back with a different idea of what I want to do, or rather, the way in which I want to do it. I have never really striven for anything in my life. Things have just happened to me, come to me or not come to me as the case may have been, Now I *intend* to strive. I intend to work as I have never worked before. I intend to subordinate everything to my work. Except," Bart said, rising, knocking his pipe against the fireplace, smiling, "except my small daughter while she is with me, in the Spring. . . ."

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Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax *is* gentle, *is* thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking it. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. Available at all drug stores in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

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FRECKLE CREAM

The Lord of Belleigh Acres

[*Continued from page 44*]

he still was Edward Everett Horton, *Jr.* During his stock engagement in Portland, Maine, he even bought a hat-box (a fact that amazes him to this day), which bore the initials, "E. E. H., Jr."

Edward, Sr., was a printer, who worked nights and slept daytimes. That is, when he wasn't writing short stories, which he sent off to magazines with perennial optimism. Days would pass after a story was sent off, and there would be no letter. "Well, they must be keeping *this* one," he would say. His buoyancy increased day by day. Then one morning, there would be a letter —with the manuscript returned.

MAYBE Eddie comes naturally by his bewilderment . . . His father often said, "There was only one Edwin Booth—there'll never be another actor like him." Eddie didn't dispute the matter. Then or ever. He made no faces as a little boy. He had no stage ambitions in his teens. He had no violent urges whatsoever, except to get out of school as soon as possible.

And he lost that ambition shortly after the Board of Education reluctantly decided to give him a diploma. With a brief hallucination that he might some day become president of the telephone company, he went to work for it as an office boy. For $12, he did 12,000 separate and distinct chores each week. It was appalling. A few weeks later, almost simultaneously, he and the telephone company arrived at the conclusion that he and work weren't suited to each other. His resignation was accepted. "In fact, requested."

Now he developed an ambition to stay in school as *long* as possible. He enrolled in Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, for an arts course. Poly almost foiled him a year later by discontinuing the course. Dismayed by the thought of acquiring an education if it had to be technical, he fled to Oberlin College in Ohio.

Three years later, he still didn't know what he wanted to become. He confessed to his baffled parents. They confessed, in turn, that they didn't know what he *would* become, if he didn't decide pretty soon. Or if they didn't decide for him. That was how he happened to enroll the next year at Teachers' College, Columbia University. His parents had decided that if he intended to stay in college the rest of his life, he might as well become a teacher—and have an income. He cringed at the prospect.

AND that was how, to his own surprise, he became an actor. Over a pretzel bowl in a campus ale-house, he told a couple of jokes. His audience laughed—his audience being Kenneth and Roy Webb, brother-authors of that year's (1909's) Varsity Show. They asked him why he didn't try out for the Show. He said he had never been on a stage in his life. He said he was scared. What he meant was that he needed coaxing.

They coaxed. He tried out. And practically perished from the suspense of waiting for the result. The result was a role. Every role in the Show was comic—so it wasn't exactly his fault if he made his stage bow as a comedian.

"But apparently I wasn't funny enough," he says. "They gave me a song to sing. A song called 'History' . . . They thought I had no singing voice. I agreed. I still agree. But a few weeks ago, I sang the same song on Bing Crosby's radio program. And now people are clamoring, positively clamoring, to know when I'm going to sing *again!*" (It's bewildering.)

He had more fun, in that Show, than he had ever had before. He had so much fun that when exams came around, he took one look at the questions, got up and left the room.

"I went up to see the man who had directed the Show, to find out how to go on the stage. He remembered me—vaguely. That was his mistake. He couldn't get rid of me till he had led me to a stage job. It turned out to be a twelve-dollar-a-week job as a chorus man in a musical stock company on Staten Island, of all places. (I was the second from the end.) To get me out of his own hair, and into somebody else's, the Show director had stated that I could sing . . .

"The night I joined the company, they were presenting *The Mikado.* I completely forgot to get any make-up. I had to rush out at seven-thirty, with the show going on at eight, and try to find some. I found a funny, musty, old drug store that actually had a little Japanese Yellow and Ruby Red, bought it all, rushed back to the theatre, and started smearing it on. The fellow next to me looked aghast at my technique and my results. I resembled nothing so much as a Western omelet. 'Did you ever put make-up on before?' he asked. He showed me how.

"Four weeks later, when the engagement ended, I thought I was an actor. I don't know what anyone else thought. I used to get some awfully dirty looks around home. My mother cried. Maybe she still cries—sometimes." (You have a picture of Mrs. Horton, who lives with Eddie, crying every time she dons her ermine wrap—because her son is an actor!)

"I STARTED wandering up and down Broadway, looking for work. Finally, I ran into the fellow who had shown me how to unscramble my make-up. He asked me what I was doing now. 'Why, I'm between shows,' I said, airily He tipped me off about a chorus part, at *twenty* dollars a week, in a road company.

"Eight weeks on the road, and the company folded. I went back to New York and got a job in a repertory company going to Newfoundland. We stranded up there. My next job was in a stock company that stranded in Easton, Pa. (Were *you* ever stranded in Easton, Pa.?) Then I heard that Louis Mann was looking for a stage manager. With all the nerve that a stage manager *should* have, I applied for the job. I was taken on at twenty dollars a week. Three years later, I had risen to sixty-five. 'I've got to get to work and show that I've learned from this great master of comedy,' I decided.

"The Orpheum Players, at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, needed a new juvenile. Their director was scouting for one in New York. I interviewed him. He seemed to like me and asked me what my salary wants were. I said, 'Fifty dollars.' He asked me how much I *needed* to live on. I signed up at twenty dollars a week. . . .

"I lived at the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity house in Philadelphia, and took a ribbing from my beloved brethren. They said, 'We suppose you'll be leading man in a year.' I retorted, 'One year from today, I'll be playing the leading part.' And, to my own amazement, I was. That week, the company put on a play that the leading man didn't like. They put me in it, in his place.

"I stayed in stock—in Philadelphia, Portland (Maine), Pittsburgh, Elmira, Portland (Oregon), even Brooklyn—playing anything that was offered me. I'd play an old man, or a young fellow; drama or comedy; I'd even tackle dancing and singing. That was youth, you see."

But how did he manage to stay single, even then?

"I really can't answer that," he muses. "There were girls I was interested in—but then the company would close, or one of us would go away, and everything would be over. But I didn't have much opportunity for stepping out, getting to know anybody. 'How quickly you learn lines!' people would say. It wasn't true. I spent my nights learning them."

TIME marched on. Came an offer from the Majestic Theatre Stock Company of Los Angeles to come West and be *their* leading man at a salary of $200 a week. He accepted, without a thought of the movies. He had a hazy impression that the things were made somewhere in California. But it didn't mean anything to him. He still had his eyes on Broadway. Leading-man fame on Broadway. That was in 1919. Then it happened, bewilderingly. In 1920, Vitagraph asked him to play the leading role in a picture called *Too Much Business.* It was a serious role. But the first thing he knew, he was a movie comedian.

"The camera picked up things that stage audiences didn't. On the stage, I played such heavy things as *A Fool There Was.* The audience—even those in the first two or three rows—didn't think of me as an unfortunate-faced comedian. But you can't fool the camera. On the screen, your face is magnified ninety-six times, I think."

If he was once a leading man, how did he change to become the comic that he is today? He does a good imitation of a man confused. His voice, for a moment, has that mock-tremolo you hear on the screen.

"The answer is, of course, that I've *never* changed . . . I'm *still* a dramatic actor . . . If people laugh, they're laughing at a thespian cripple."

He claims he doesn't know how, when or where he acquired those facial contortions. He claims he even laughs, himself, when he sees that fellow on the screen. You and he are about to see "that fellow" in three big pictures. *Lost Horizon*—in which he is a fussbudgetty fossil-collector. *The King and the Chorus Girl*—in which he is the Court Chamberlain, or official date-arranger. And *Stepping Toes*—in which he is the horrified manager of Fred Astaire, a ballet dancer who is secretly addicted to tap-dancing.

Eddie and his manager-brother, W. D., share an office: Room 8 in the Hollywood Playhouse, on Vine Street. ("I still keep up my connection with the theatre," he says, facetiously.) The office has two rooms. One opens onto a patio, through which he can cross into the old auditorium of the theatre, into the balcony. And sitting in the absolutely empty theatre, he sees old sets coming to life, hears forgotten voices, lives his old theatre days over again.

BUT he isn't minded to return to the stage. California has him firmly in its clutches. Principally because of "Belleigh Acres," of which he is lord and master. This estate is his fetish, his pride, his one big serious hobby. Like practically everything else that has ever happened to him, his entry into the landowner class was unexpected. Eleven years ago, his brother George ("he's a professor of bugs") wanted to buy two acres of a knoll at Encino in the San Fernando Valley. The owner wouldn't sell less than four acres. To oblige George, Eddie took the other two.

He started out to have a small "week-end place," with a garage built into the ground underneath. He discovered that the garage was the coolest place for miles around. So he made it over into a living room. That called for remodeling other rooms. And the more remodeling he did, the more he thought of doing.

For, along about the same time, he became interested in antiques. And every time he laid hands on some old Duncan Phyfe or Chippendale, it practically wept for a place of its own, in which to be seen to its best advantage. So that now the small "week-end place" is a huge, white, two-story, pillared Colonial mansion, growing huger all the time. And, surprisingly enough, more beautiful all the time. The walls, ceilings and floors are about the only things in the house that aren't magnificently old.

His latest acquisitions are six gigantic paneled doors from the famous old Corbett mansion in Portland, Oregon. They have inspired him to build a banquet hall with the wood of the doors forming the paneled walls.

"My manager, W. D., asks very severely, '*Why* do you want *another* room? Sometimes I think you must believe those reports of your salary that you read in the papers'!"

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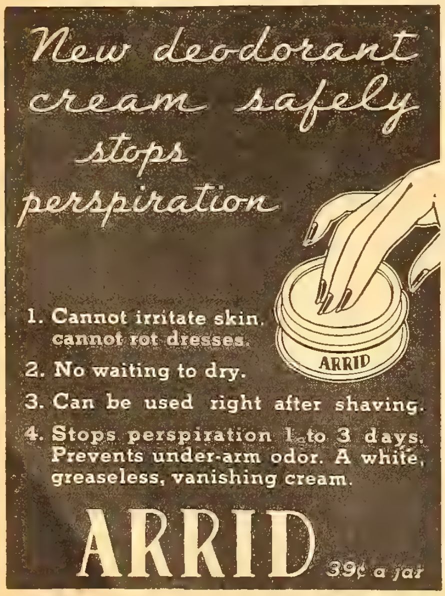
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Singing Cinderella

[*Continued from page* 38]

name, here's the story. It's not a numerological contraction of Diana, Roman goddess of the chase. Grace Causey, associate of Jack Sherrill, is responsible. Riding around one pre-fame night with the Durbins, she said to the child: "You'll never get anywhere with a name like Edna Mae." "What should it be?" asked the youngster. "Something euphonious, starting with a 'D'," announced Miss Causey who is French and fond of concocting new names for professionals. "Dolores is too sad. You want something like—like Deanna. It ripples on the tongue. The name Durbin is strong. Deanna Durbin is a name of beauty and strength." And thus a new marquee moniker was born.

"I knew I had something when I found Deanna," Sherrill said, smiling fondly at the little girl across a lunch for three in the studio's new cafe. "In the first place, I knew that singers and child actresses were the two theatrical hits of the moment. I figured that if I could get a young girl that could sing, as well as act, I'd have two aces in one hand. When a friend 'phoned me, one day, that he knew a girl who could both sing and act, I immediately got in touch with the Durbins."

THE star, herself, is pretty much unimpressed by all the foo-foo-rah of fame. Deanna, as previously stated, is more anxious to have an operatic career than she is to have film success. This film triumph is all very lovely, don't get her wrong! and she doesn't know which is more interesting, film or radio work. But when you think of the Met's Diamond Horseshoe and the crowds and the music, the glorious music, of the operas . . . operas by Verdi, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Wagner, the great masters . . . *that's* something.

There was talk about her meeting with Leopold Stokowski, gifted conductor of Philadelphia's Symphony Orchestra—at his request. Wouldn't it be marvelous, we put to Deanna, if he asked her to sing with the orchestra? Deanna unleashed the small dimple at the right of her lips, gave the matter additional thought, and said: "I know just what I would sing for him, *Musette's Waltz* from *La Boheme* and *The Blue Danube* . . . "

LIFE for the wonder-child simply sizzles with opportunities. To be around her is to see magic performed. At that precise moment Josef Pasternak, producer of *Three Smart Girls,* threaded his way through the cafe's tables. He paused at Deanna's side: "It will be lunch tomorrow or next day with Stokowski," he said to her. "I think he is going to ask you to sing . . . it will be at Philadelphia."

Deanna's reaction was a small intake of breath, hardly discernible; her eyes grew a brighter blue, she smiled at Mr. Pasternak, tucked in her lips to a small line, and applied herself to slicing the steak. It was a Big Moment. She took it like a duchess. As a matter of fact, Deanna has a serene calm about most Big Moments. The only times that she gets ruffled are when Eddie Cantor, for instance, dances her away from the microphone in an "Off to Buffalo" glide after a broadcast. Deanna doesn't like anyone to watch her dance; she is utterly unself-conscious when it comes to singing. Ballroom dancing is not one of her favorite sports. Neither are "dates."

"I shall probably never marry," said this fourteen-year-old pensively. "No, there's not one of the glamorous leading men that I have met in Hollywood that I could think of marrying. As for dancing, don't misunderstand. I love to watch people dancing . . . ballet or ballroom. If I hadn't taken singing lessons, I think that the study of dancing would have been my second choice."

NEVERTHELESS, if Deanna is not yet interested in "dates," she is feminine enough to be acutely interested in clothes. She was completely satisfied only after she had extracted a promise from Jack Sherrill that she could accompany him on a shopping tour for a much-desired black velvet evening cape for his daughter Dorothy, recently graduated from high school. Dorothy Sherrill acts as Deanna's studio stand-in, and is one of the little Canadian girl's closest friends. Deanna admits to missing the companionship of public school-chums. Philosophically, she adds it to the cost of fame.

WHEN Deanna came from Winnipeg, Canada, she had little or no thought about a film career in Hollywood. Her broker father, his wife, and two daughters, Edith and Edna Mae (Deanna), came to escape the Northern winters. The youngest Durbin, being one year old, born December 4, 1922, was principally concerned with learning to walk and talk. As soon as she could talk, she could sing. She sang children's songs with amazing fidelity and trueness of tone.

Her sister, a nationally known fencer, suggested vocal training. Ralph Thomas was her first voice teacher. For the past nine months Count Andres de Segurola, Spanish, former "Met" star, has been her instructor. People who know about music are amazed at her virtuosity. She has an instinctive feeling for tonal purity, an unerring sense of harmony.

A NORMAL fourteen-year-old, healthy, Deanna has favorites only in musical numbers. "I have no likes or dislikes in foods, colors, books, pastimes," she says hastily and emphatically. Already, in the short span of being famous, young Durbin has learned to ward off the stupid questions that make up interviews. *Il Bacchio* is her favorite song, and it has become a talisman with her. In two auditions, Universal's and Cantor's, she has sung it to much success.

She has long since finished with the Alcott series and considers them a part of her remote childhood. Once in a while, to prove that she is pretty adult, she re-reads Christopher Morley's *Winnie-the-Pooh,* and finds it worth her time. Her great delight, at the moment, is a private casting of *Gone With the Wind.* Let Producer David Selznick fill it with Bankheads and Colmans, Deanna is casting her mental version with Irene Dunne as *Scarlett,* Clark Gable as *Rhett.* "Irene Dunne has the dimples, you know, and she can wear old-fashioned clothes . . . Did you see her in *Showboat?* . . . and her humor in *Theodora Goes Wild?*" asks the youngster.

Two years ago she was a theatrical "failure," and now Deanna Durbin wears a smart nutria and cloth coat (a Christmas gift from Eddie Cantor), thrills to think of meeting and singing with Leopold Stokowski and his musical aggregation, is hailed as a sensational singing-acting "find." There's a great deal of the Cinderella legend in this typical Hollywood success story.

The Most Copied Girl in the World

[*Continued from page* 69]

any creator, is that copies of Crawford costumes are in shop windows almost before the film that introduces them is in first-run theatres. Design thieves are busy, you see, sketching them from advance production stills, employing set spies. They know that a Crawford costume is an assured success.

With her flair for fashion-setting explained by Adrian, it is easy to understand why Crawford creates beauty cycles. In the eyes of thousands of her imitators, whatever Joan Crawford does with her brows, her lips, her hair, is right. She sun-tans her lithe body until it could pass for a native African's, and a cult of sun-bathers from Miami to Medicine Hat is formed. The studio calls a halt to her browning—she looks like a lineal descendant of Sheba, and contrasts strangely with the pale Nordics in her films—and the fad wanes. Or does Cannes and Juan des les Pines help slay it?

EXAMPLES of how Crawford beauty tricks are born are these: One night Joan is sitting in the Crawford blue boudoir designed for her, and the overhead light shines full upon her forehead. "I suddenly realized that I was bald-looking—naked looking—with plucked brows, and I decided to let them grow in the way they should," she says. Result: Natural brows, as Nature intended them, on thousands of women. Why? Because Joan Crawford, movie star, allowed hers to grow.

Another time Joan is fussing with her hair, long-bobbed and reddish-gold. She picks up manicure scissors and snips here and there in front. Bangs appear—jagged, irregular, but bangs. "I get so *tired* of my face!" she exclaims to her reflection in the mirror, just as you have said tens of times. Snip! Off comes more hair. More bangs frame Joan's face. The back hair is left long. Presto! Another fad for Joan's imitators to follow.

They feverishly daubed nail polish, rich-hued, to the nail ends when she did, and had less reason than she had for doing it. "I did it," Crawford confesses, with a giggle, "because I could not get the grease-paint and powder out of my finger nails when I was constantly applying it on the set." For a time, Joan's nails were guiltless of any color or polish. As soon as the news got around, so were thousands of others. A powderless, shining nose tore the camp of Crawford imitators asunder. For almost all of one summer, Joan never patted her classic nose with powder. Fewer of her followers accompanied her down this by-way of fashion.

Gardenias become a symbol of lovely womanhood because the waxy blossom was adored by a Crawford. "They had me doing *Carmen* for a while, with gardenias even in my teeth," she says ruefully.

AS FOR that vogue of scarlet, over-emphasized lips, that she engendered, Crawford regrets that, because she has been severely criticized for starting the fad. "That was character make-up for *Sadie Thompson* and, later, *Letty Lynton*—both weak, wanton women," she explains. "It should never have been put to use in private life." But thousands of women, because they saw Joan's lush lips, thought it was a new beauty ruse, and adopted it for their own.

Progenitor of so many fashion trends, how does Joan feel when she meets a duplicate of herself on the street? Joan considers for a moment and says, "Like smiling and saying 'Hi there!'"

But more important than the outward fashions that Joan sets, when you think about it, are the inner patterns for self-development that the one-time chorus girl has made for herself. In directing her own life toward higher cultural levels, Joan has become a pedestaled ideal for thousands of ambitious young women who long to do the same thing.

When they don't write and tell her what an inspiration her life has been to them, Joan sometimes meets them, and in strange ways. Recently in New York, at Macy's, a girl rushed through the crowd that surrounded Miss Crawford and told her, in hasty words, that the actress had been a "terrific inspiration" to her; that their lives paralleled, and that the girl had taken much of value from Joan's real-life example. These are the occurrences that undoubtedly give Joan Crawford a deeper emotional reaction than the news that a million women are using her exact shade of nail polish.

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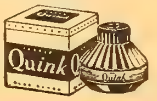

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Brussels Sprouts a New Idol

[*Continued from page 51*]

surprised just how much he resembles that throne-well-lost-for-love monarch, the Duke of Windsor. Fernand is taller, more stalwart, younger, and with a bit more of a swagger. But if the cares of Empire might be eradicated from the Duke's worried face, he'd be a double for Fernand Gravet. That same tilted nose. That same little boy look. The same eyes—when they laugh. The same somewhat pensive expression when they don't. You'd be surprised. They're what O. O. McIntyre calls "Look-alikes."

Fernand came in Santa's sack. He was a Christmas baby. The crisp quiet of a morning filled with *Noel! Noel!* brought him to the Belgian family well-known in the theatrical world of Brussels. That was in 1905. His name isn't really Gravet at all. But it isn't difficult to sleuth out its source. His father was Leopold Mertens, a producer and manager. But his French mamma was actress Fernande Gravet Martens. She is not yet too old—a mere seventy-four—to glory in the theatric attainments of her baby—youngest of three.

Less than ten years later there came another Christmas. But the bells of peace had been melted and molded into cannon. In Berlin scraps of paper filled the air. A grey horde of Germans, the mightiest army the world has seen, swept over Belgium. How father Gravet did it, God only knows. But frantic with a young daughter and two sons behind the enemy lines, he somehow wangled a paper that carried the little group into the sanctuary of neutral Holland. From there they sailed to England.

That's how-come the Belgian lad, now idol of Paris, speaks flawless English.

WELL, the war ended, and for a breathing space, the weary world rested. The father had died. The fortune was lost. Fernand, capitalizing on his mother's well-known theatrical name, turned to the theatre. He was a property boy, an assistant manager, and finally a full-fledged actor. As such he toured Central Europe, the Orient, South America. Excepting Scandinavia and Russia, he has trouped in every European country.

When he made his Parisian debut it was at the Athene Theatre in 1922 in *Romance*, a revival of the hit in which his father had played with Doris Keane. He was well-launched when once more a militaristic scheme of things intruded upon his career. He answered the call of his class to Belgium for two years of the army. As a cavalryman he became an expert rider, and now, ten years later, he remains a superb horseman.

With this experience behind him, Fernand hurried on to a new one. It came when he fell in love with the star of the play in which he appeared. Her name was—and is—Jeanne Renourdt. He married her. They are very happy. For the three following years they were co-starred. Before he made his first movies he had acted in a score of theatrical shows. His first venture in the new medium was made for Ufa. They wanted to star him. Wisely, he declined, preferring an inconspicuous role until he learned what lights and cameras were all about. He ended up by cutting his salary in exchange for the privilege of acting as assistant cameraman for a month, and film cutter for another.

"I had many offers to come to Hollywood," says the star, "but I would never have attempted to make a picture there except for Mervyn LeRoy. Frankly I was afraid. You know, there have been foreign stars with considerable reputation who have been lost in Hollywood. Then, when they return home having done little, or having done poorly because of circumstances and conditions, no one can understand. Explanations are futile.

"But producer LeRoy and I have much in common. I have admired his direction and he has paid me the compliment of liking my work in the French films I've made. It wasn't difficult for us to get together.

"OUR making of *The King and the Chorus Girl* was a fine and a fascinating experience. Hollywood has its production organized far better than any studios abroad. I had been told that commercialism was rampant in California. But I found a group of artists enthusiastically concentrating upon their work of creative art. The mere making of money meant very little by comparison. I hope to return to Hollywood in the Fall, but I shall always commute between the Coast and the Continent. I have received my chance in American movies because, presumably, I bring something to the screen which is a little bit different and unique. Why should I, then, become a part of Hollywood and dissipate this asset by becoming just like the others?

"I must say that Madame Gravet and I were treated well in Hollywood. We were entertained with the utmost hospitality, and everyone was kind to us, the strangers. What did we do most? Well, we averaged about five movies each week. That I think is part of my business. We went to the big premieres and first runs, of course. But we went, too, to the little theatres and those playing dual bills. I studied the pictures, and I also tried to get the feel of the audience. I want to become familiar with American audience reaction.

"You see, in the theatre, behind the footlights, an actor may face an audience in an alien land and see immediately the reaction. In the motion pictures there is no such opportunity. There it is on the screen—right or wrong. I think through studying American audiences as well as American pictures that I have learned a little of what you like. Knowing that, I have tried to give it to you in *The King and the Chorus Girl*. I believe it will amuse you."

OF *The King and the Chorus Girl* and of Fernand Gravet, producer Mervyn LeRoy has to say:

"This is the first Mervyn LeRoy Production, and Fernand Gravet is its star. Not only has Fernand got an unusual picture personality, but he is as versatile a player as I have seen before the cameras. Everybody's happy with the way the film has turned out. Fernand is popular with everyone from Joan Blondell to the chorus girls in the troupe. On the last day of the pictures all the kids presented him with a plaque commemorating his first American movie. It won't be his last, take my word for that. We'll have him back for another picture this year, and many more in the future. I'm proud to sponsor him and give American movies a new personality which our motion picture patrons will surely take to their hearts."

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 55]

jug of California water with her, on her recent trip east. She told reporters it was to wash her hair in, because California water was so much better for it. Ever since then, from all over the country, women have been writing their favorite stars, asking them to send a pint or a gallon or a barrel full of "that wonderful California hair-washing water Jean Harlow uses."

Conchologist

ODDEST hobby of the month in Hollywood was that revealed by John Boles. He collects seashells and writes monographs about them! So erudite are his effusions that he's been elected honorary president of the Society of Boston Conchologists. (That is Bostonese for seashell-collectors.)

Can It Say, Cary?

MARY BRIAN'S trick parrot is at it again. He's stopped his old trick of crowing like a rooster (which kept the Toluca Lake district chickens ragged with waking up at wrong hours), and taken up the stunt of whistling for the Mary Brian dogs, just like Mary does it. Now it's the dogs who are being run ragged while the chickens get a rest. Between crows and whistles, the parrot occasionally bursts into an aria from *Carmen.*

Man In Dark Glasses

TWO women tourists from the midwest will have a grand tale to tell when they return home. It happened in the Brown Derby. The women entered the cafe, avid for glimpses of movie stars, at the height of the noon luncheon rush. They could find no table. A lad in dark glasses offered to share his "reserved" table with them. They accepted, found him affable, were delighted when he pointed out various movie stars. Then he excused himself, and left. They waited, lunch done, for their check, finally asked the waiter to bring it. "Oh," he told them, "Tom Brown paid your check. That was Tom you had lunch with."

Send 500 Parts To Your Fans

IN his fan-mail, Clark Gable has had more than 500 requests for the auto Carole Lombard gave him.

Romantic Reminder Of Long Ago?

AND another odd fan-letter was the one Sally Eilers got from Chattanooga the other day. "I am a Confederate Civil War veteran," wrote the fan, "and for nearly 70 years, I have kept a pitcure of General Robert E. Lee in the place of honor in my room. Now I am writing to ask for a photograph of yourself to place beside it. I am sure General Lee would not mind if he could see you today." Anyway, that officially seals it—the war MUST be over.

Tempus Fugit

JACK HOLT, who has been a star with star-rating longer than any other person in movies, has just signed a contract to begin his 24th year as a star. And the same week, Patricia Walthall, daughter of the one-time great Henry B. Walthall, signed a contract to begin her screen career.

No Choking Allowed

SCREWIEST warming-up method reported from Hollywood's singing-star ranks: Bobby Breen, child marvel, walks on his hands for five minutes before shooting a singing scene. It warms up his vocal cords, he insists, by stimulating the blood circulation in his throat.

Deanna Not Young Enough

MAYBE it's the recent flood of child-marriages that has been hitting the newspapers, or maybe it's just foresightedness—but despite the fact that she's only 14 years old, Universal's brilliant new starlet, Deanna Durbin, has received hundreds of proposals in the mail, since her hit in *Three Smart Girls.*

"THIS NEW MAKE-UP

Does Wonders for Me"

"WHAT a pleasant surprise!...to actually see new beauty in my own mirror. Such lovely colorings in powder, rouge and lipstick...and just perfect for my type, too. Now I know that Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up is really different."

Every day thousands of girls find new beauty with this make-up secret of Hollywood stars. You, too, will be surprised how much added beauty you can gain. Try color harmony make-up...and share this secret.

MARGOT GRAHAME
in RKO's "MICHAEL STROGOFF"

"Powder Clings for Hours"...amazingly soft and fine in texture, too, it creates that satin-smooth effect. Original color harmony shades give your skin a warm, youthful, flattering color tone. Max Factor's Powder, $1.

GINGER ROGERS
in RKO's "STEPPING HIGH"

"Lipstick is Super-Indelible"...and moisture-proof, too, for in Hollywood lipstick must withstand every test. You apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, imparting a lovely color that really lasts. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1.

ANNE SHIRLEY
in RKO's "TOO MANY WIVES"

"Rouge Looks Lifelike"...that's because the color harmony shades are created to accent the individual beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Creamy-smooth in texture, easy to blend. Max Factor's Rouge, 50¢

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Color Harmony Make-Up—Powder, Rouge and Lipstick

MAIL FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...... FREE
5-5-29

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ... ☐	Blue ..... ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair .... ☐	Gray ..... ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ..... ☐	Green .... ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ..... ☐	Hazel ... ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ...... ☐	Brown ... ☐	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here* ☐
Sallow ..... ☐	Black ... ☐	
Freckled .... ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	
Olive ...... ☐	Light .... ☐	
	Dark ... ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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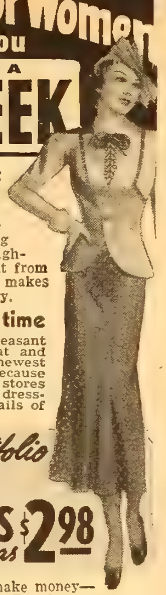

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If you need money we will show you how to make it in a new kind of easy work. Just wear last-minute style Fashion Frocks newest Spring dresses and show to friends and neighbors. You can work spare time—right from your home if you wish. New plan makes house-to-house canvassing unnecessary.

No investment now or any time

Everything is supplied you. It is pleasant work because women love to look at and buy new dresses. You show them newest Paris styles at surprising savings, because Fashion Frocks are never sold in stores but direct from the world's largest dressmaking plant. Write at once for details of this amazing offer.

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126 LOVELIEST SPRING DRESSES *many as low as* **$2.98**

Here is a pleasant, dignified way to make money—up to $23 in a week and maybe more. Besides you can get all your own dresses free of a penny of cost. The work is easy and interesting. You just take the orders. We ship direct to your customers and collect. You invest no money. No special experience is needed. Fashion Frocks are guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping Magazine.

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Rush your name and address for this amazing free opportunity. Get the elaborate Spring portfolio of 126 smart new dress styles in actual colors with samples of beautiful fabrics. Just showing it can earn you a nice income and your own free dresses. Send no money—just write fully.

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Dept. TT-225 Cincinnati, Ohio

RAISE GIANT FROGS

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START AT HOME! Use small pond to begin. Expand with the increase. **WE BUY!** Easy to ship. Other markets waiting. **Men & Women** are starting in every state. See what others already doing. **Free frog book** explains offer in detail.

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HOLLYWOOD RAPID DRY CURLER

JOAN PERRY • COLUMBIA PLAYER

Everywhere.. the smartest girls with the loveliest curls... use Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. You can enhance your beauty, too, in this easy way. Whatever style of curl you like... whether a few large ones or many little close ones... make them simply, quickly, right at home, with "the Curlers used by the Stars"... Insist on *Hollywood* Curlers.

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"That Martha Raye, She Kills Me!"

[*Continued from page* 35]

It was a circus from the word go, and all three rings of it were concentrated "up in Martha's room." Sick as she was, she insisted on having a radio by her bed, and she refused to observe the nine o'clock lights-out rule. She also wanted a lot of people around her, and she didn't have to send out special invitations either. All the employees in the hospital just naturally flocked there of their own accord, like flies to a bald spot, or bees to honey. They sat around holding their sides, trying to stifle their laughter ... she kept them in stitches continually.

SHE gave further proof of her remarkable character when, the night of her weekly broadcast with the Al Jolson show rolled around, and she insisted on appearing. She was still so ill that she had to be taken there in a wheel-chair, with a doctor and a nurse in attendance, and when she sang her numbers she could scarcely stand, and had to lean on Sid Silvers. But she was there, all right ... she hadn't let them down ... and even though she had a relapse when she got back to the hospital, she made no complaints whatsoever, and just accepted it all as part of the business. That's spunk, believe you us, in case anyone should step up and ask you!

It's little wonder, then, that it was a sad day around the hospital when Martha got well and was ready to go. "Well, I guess I'm ready to start carryin' on like mad again," she would tell her hospital friends, and all of them answered the same thing, "What a shame! Of course we're glad you're all right, but we'll miss you so much, Martha." Then one of the nurses suggested how nice it would be if Martha would call them up occasionally, just to give them a laugh and cheer them up now and then. She probably never expected that Martha really would, but, to date, Martha has called the hospital once each week.

AS a further example, there's her friendship with the great Stokowski, whom she calls just plain "Stokey," believe it or not. Unless you know Martha, this combination seems fantastic, but, musically, she is more than the swing girl she appears to be. No doubt swing music is her forte, commercially, (did you hear the number she wrote called *Gabriel's Swinging;* she did it on one of her radio programs not long ago?) but, personally and artistically, she is a great follower of good music.

Recently the maestro gave her one of his own modern classic scores, and signed it affectionately, "To Butch from her great admirer, Stokey." As you have probably heard, Martha is always saying, "Oh, just call me Butch!" It's one of her many amusing trade-marks.

Then there is that story of the invitation she accepted to dine with an Italian family—fans of hers. And we didn't hear it from a publicity department either ... Martha isn't the kind who makes it a point to go about bragging of her doings to the press. We only heard it because she mentioned it to a friend, and the friend highly disapproved—she said it was just foolish deviltry in making such a trip into the downtown unknown of Los Angeles alone. And she happened to say it to us. But far from sharing the friend's disapproval, we can only feel the keenest admiration.

In her batch of fan mail one day, Martha

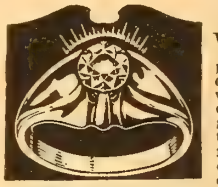
CORNS COME BACK BIGGER_UGLIER UNLESS REMOVED ROOT*& ALL

WATCH OUT—Play safe with this new, easy method

● **Home paring merely affects the surface of a corn, and it means the risk of serious infection. That's why millions of people everywhere are using the new Blue-Jay medicated plaster. By removing the pressure, all pain is relieved quickly. Then in 3 days the entire corn lifts out, Root and All (exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application). 25¢ for a package of 6—at all druggists.**

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.



ON APPROVAL

WE defy you to tell this ring from one costing $300! To prove it to you, we'll send it at **our risk.** You will be delighted with its manly setting in the color and charm of natural gold. You will be thrilled with the rich beauty of the fiery, flashing, full carat facsimile diamond—looks like a million dollars of prosperity! Simply send 10 cents to cover packing, postage, etc. If delighted, continue 2 monthly $2.50 payments (total $5). Unconditional money back guarantee. You cannot lose! Send 10 cents TODAY. Your ring, in rich GIFT case, shipped by RETURN MAIL!

BRADLEY, Dept. 395-B NEWTON, MASS.

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams: "**You are getting old!**" To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

FREE Buy a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top flap of carton to United Remedies, Dept. 35, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—and receive FREE AND POSTPAID a 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

discovered a letter from an Italian woman and it was so touching in its simplicity, that she was intrigued, and decided to accept the dinner invitation which it extended. "Of course I don't expect that you ever would come," the woman wrote, "but my children are all so crazy about you, that if you would ever just come to dinner we would be so proud!" Martha noted that the address was downtown Los Angeles and sent a wire saying that she could make it on Saturday.

So on Saturday evening she drove into one of Los Angeles' poorer foreign sections; drove into it in her smart new car, and was recognized by the entire neighborhood of course. She signed autographs, called out gay greetings, and then went in to see her as yet unknown, un-met friends. She could speak a little Italian, so made a great hit even from the beginning.

And then when she fell to on the food—Italian food has always been a favorite—the others were so delighted at her obvious enjoyment that they just sat around and watched her, scarcely eating a thing themselves. Afterwards, when the Italian mother happened to mention how beautiful her car was Martha said, "Okay, kids, let's all go for a ride." And in they piled, and away they went, and it's an evening that that family will never forget.

The most significant comment that Martha made about it was this: "It's a funny thing . . . they seemed to think I was doing them a favor, but they were really doing me one! Oh boy, that spaghetti, those raviolis, were they something!"

THAT evening's drive in Martha's car calls to mind another ride—one which Martha took recently with her maid, her priceless black jewel, Lulu. "I got her a Ford for her birthday," Martha said. "You know, one of those cream-colored ones, because you know how colored people like things that catch the eye. Well, I thought she'd die, she was so happy, but then I found out she couldn't drive. After a week or so, though, she said she had learned and would I go out with her and see how good she was.

"Well, she was driving it like I don't know what! She went backwards instead of forwards; she drove on the wrong side of the street, and, like the car had an epileptic fit, we stopped and started and jerked and shook all over Beverly. And we ran into everybody I know and I'd make them get in and ride a block with us just for the laugh. Gee, we were carryin' on like mad, more fun 'n' I've had for a month."

Just picture, if you can, another star of her calibre, traveling around the streets of elegant Beverly Hills in such an undignified fashion! But then, as has already been hinted, you just can't visualize another picture star like her.

And another thing you may not realize. All these people not only think she's an amazing personality . . . they think she's pretty, too. On the screen she is so constantly screwing up her face that she gives the impression of homeliness, but off the screen you see her as she really is. Beautiful eyes, lovely hair, a slim trim waist and hips, and million dollar legs. But when you tell her these things she only scoffs and says, "Oh, you're just saying that because you feel sorry for me, because I'm homely."

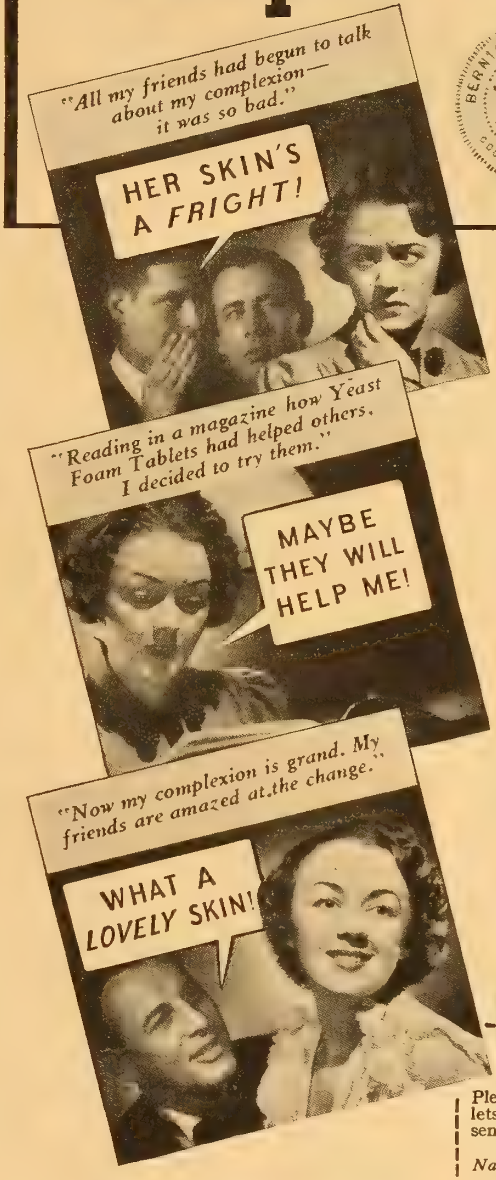
And the amazing thing is, she really thinks that, too. That's another one of her astounding qualities. She so modest she just can't believe anything good about herself. But, Martha, we tell you now, honest and true, cross-our-heart-hope-to-die, we all think you're swell and cute, too—cute as Christmas. Or for those who don't think Christmas is cute, even cuter!

Skin So Bad That People Talked!

BERNICE G. RUTTINGH NOTARY PUBLIC COOK COUNTY, ILL.

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G. Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC


"All my friends had begun to talk about my complexion—it was so bad."
HER SKIN'S A FRIGHT!
"Reading in a magazine how Yeast Foam Tablets had helped others, I decided to try them."
MAYBE THEY WILL HELP ME!
"Now my complexion is grand. My friends are amazed at the change."
WHAT A LOVELY SKIN!

YOU'VE read at the left how Yeast Foam Tablets helped *one* person, and you want to know how they may help *you!*

Well, this ad is based on a true experience. And while it is only *one* case, it's so typical of many others that it warrants you in giving a most thorough trial, in similar disorders of skin and complexion, to Yeast Foam Tablets.

Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins.

This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll *look* better—and *feel* better too—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

FREE! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) FG 5-37

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________

NOTE: *The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*

REDUCE by this quick, safe external method . . . or no cost!

Lose many pounds *safely*, without drugs, limited diets or tiring exercises! Take off extra superficial fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Hundreds of celebrities in the last 25 years have kept slim, youthful-appearing figures this easy, inexpensive harmless way. Originally prescribed by a doctor for his wife . . . now available to the public.

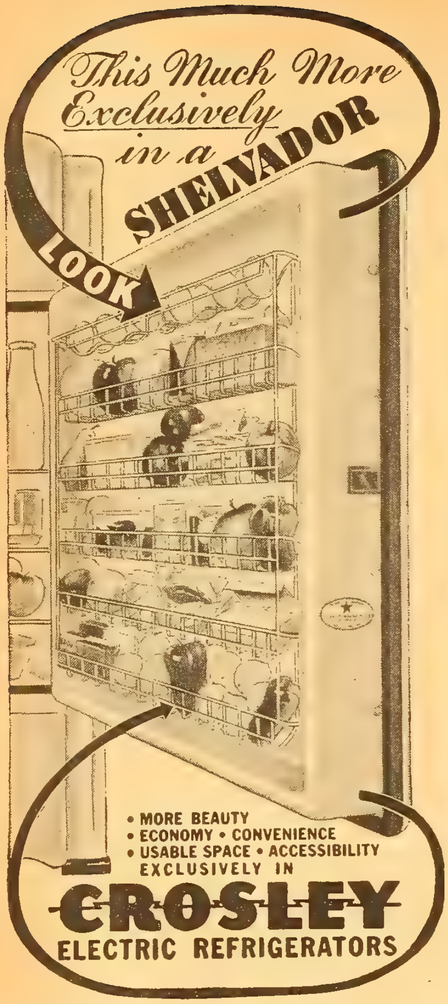
PROFIT BY THESE AMAZING EXPERIENCES!

"I have lost 47 pounds and think your cream wonderful." L. P., No. Carolina. "Have had wonderful results . . . lost 30 pounds." Mrs. O. R. S., Penna. "Searched for years for some safe, quick means of reduction. Have lost 26 pounds and feel and look like a new person." S. C. F., New York.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE! ACT TODAY!

If you do not lose at least 10 pounds with the first jar of Cream, following directions, your money will be refunded at once! Write today for full half-pound jar of Dr. Hatch's Formula Massage Cream..............$1.00
Send Cash or Money Order or sent C.O.D., plus postage.

YOUTHFUL FACE AND FIGURE INSTITUTE, Dept. FW-1
853 Seventh Avenue, New York City



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Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women to secure relief from the effects of this ugly skin disease often mistaken for eczema. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and their skin became clear again. **Dermoil** is backed by an agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermoil Free, or send 25c for generous trial bottle and amazing proof of results. Give druggist's name and address. Your name not mentioned. **Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.** Don't delay. Write Today. **LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. F-18, Detroit, Mich.**

We hope this message may bring for you the decision *now* to turn, to change to this modern powdered starching and ironing compound. Irons never stick, they don't brown things and you get no spots or rings as with solid starches. We, The Hubinger Co., number 363, Keokuk, Iowa will send our little proof packet. Simply write for *"That Wonderful Way To Hot Starch"*.

QUICK ELASTIC
HOT STARCH IN 30 SECONDS
Makes Ironing Easy
AFTER

That Taylor-Harlow "Romance"

[*Continued from page* 57]

tinctly unhappy. So Bob blithely departs. Dining by himself in a restaurant, he is attracted by an aloof, alluring American, who promptly rebuffs his efforts at acquaintance. He trails her to the opera, further annoying her, then follows her to her home, where he finds a weary bailiff (Forrester Harvey) camped on the doorstep at the insistence of creditors, to see that she does not move any of the furnishings out. He persuades the bailiff to appoint him as his deputy. In other words, the girl cannot get rid of him.

The young widow (for such she is) cannot admit how attracted she is to him, either, until an American girl-friend of hers (Marla Shelton) tries to appropriate him—an eventuality that takes place during a dinner she gives for her fiance and his father. Bob attends the dinner as her butler (her butler having left because of nonpayment of wages). And in temporarily changing from bailiff to butler, Bob causes his dear brother no end of anguish, both physical and mental. You can, perhaps, guess the ending. But you won't anticipate the incidents leading to that ending.

VAN DYKE has worked with Bob once before, in making *His Brother's Wife* with Barbara Stanwyck. He knows that Bob has a sense of humor. And from all that he can hear, Jean—whom he has never directed before—also has one. He tests their ability to laugh together, with the first scene.

As the scene ends, the sound-stage door is thrown open. Outside stands a huge studio fire engine, which cuts loose with its wailing siren. From the far side of the stage comes a score of prop boys, each armed with a red pail, each pail filled with water.

Both Jean and Bob look startled. Van Dyke laughs.

"I read about what happened when Bob and Garbo did their first scene for *Camille*," he explains. "The set caught on fire. So I wasn't taking any chances—with Harlow in the same scene with Taylor . . ."

As Van Dyke says later, after the completion of the picture, "I did *my* best to play Cupid, to make them feel like Two Alone."

Both Jean and Bob know that they are in for a barrage of rumors, if they don't watch out. They don't say so to each other; that isn't necessary. But they have a tacit agreement to keep the rumor-manufacturers baffled.

THE first morning, for example, Jean receives a huge box of flowers—besides the daily bouquet from William Powell—and there is no card attached to reveal who has sent it. She asks Bob if he is guilty. He isn't. (It later develops that a studio worker, admiring Jean from afar, is the flower-sender.) But Bob makes a point of looking up a publicity man immediately and warning him that if any columnists ask if Robert Taylor is deluging Jean Harlow with flowers, the answer is "No." Not that he is averse to sending Jean roses or Jean unwilling to receive any from him. But why expose themselves to romance rumors, if they can avoid them?

They do not bar visitors from the set. That would excite rumors, not prevent them. Reporters are free to see Bob and Jean at work, or relaxing between scenes;

SENSATIONAL

LOLA A. SHARP, INDIANA NURSE NOW SAYS:

Drinking 1 Glass of **ORANGE JUICE** Mixed with 1 Tablespoon of **BONKORA** 2 times a day and eating her fill of the delicious foods as shown in the Bonkora package made her **LOSE 108 LBS. UGLY FAT**

She lost 6 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips and 6 in. off bust. She lost avoidable reducible overweight and regularized elimination.

SEND FOR Free Sample and copy of Lola Sharp's letter. Address BONKORA, 544 S. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Dept. 135

What Price Beauty?

Only 10c. How? By reading MOTION PICTURE Magazine. Every month in the pages of MOTION PICTURE, you will find an interesting article by Denise Caine, beauty expert, on how to make yourself more attractive. And, if you have any particular problem, Miss Caine will be happy to give you personal advice free. All you have to do is send her a stamped, addressed envelope.

BOW Legs

MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN have improved their appearance by use of the Morris Limb Straightener for **BOW-LEGS** or **KNOCK-KNEES.** Worn comfortably day or night. Construction to individual measurements **GUARANTEED.** Low Cost. Send 10c for actual photographs sent in plain wrapper.

MORRIS ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE

Dept. 13. 612 Loew's State Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

BE A CARTOONIST

AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME under **personal** supervision of the famous cartoonist NORMAN MARSH creator of "DAN DUNN" appearing every day in big papers. **Success — Fame — Real Money** may be **Yours** when you learn Marsh's easy **simple methods** and **secrets.** Send name and address for free details of MARSH'S **Personal** course. ACT TODAY!

MARSH CARTOON SCHOOL

Chicago Daily News Bldg., Dept. E2, Chicago, Ill.

EVENT IN GIRL'S LIFE

Many girls who are looking forward to the wedding ring find their strength failing. They suffer from nervousness, backache and pains associated with functional disturbances.

The wise girl takes a dependable tonic such as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which stimulates the appetite and this increases the intake of food, thereby building up the body.

This herbal tonic is equally as beneficial to the prospective mother who suffers from loss of appetite, also many middle-aged women find it is just the tonic they require.

New size, tabs. 50 cents. Liquid $1.00 and $1.35. Buy now of your neighborhood druggist.

reporters are free to make what they can out of their being together. And the impressions are varying.

Some columnists "jump the gun"—and release some romance rumors, anyway. After all, Bob and Jean both are eligible for romance. But they all agree about one thing: Jean and Bob enjoy being "insulted" by each other in the script.

When she discovers that annoying young *Mr. Raymond Dabney* has managed to become a bailiff, with the intention of staying at her house indefinitely, *Mrs. Crystal Wetherby* flies into a tantrum. Jean gives this scene her all.

"I thought she was going to haul off and let me have it," says Bob to Van Dyke, in mock perturbation, when the scene ends.

Van Dyke, famous for making scenes in one "take," asks for a retake. He tells Jean, "Don't get so mad yet, honey. If you get so worked up now, you'll have nothing left when he *really* insults you."

Before Bob finds out that she is engaged to his brother, Jean tries to outwit his persistence by pretending that she is not a widow, but the left-at-home wife of a big, burly African explorer, who is expected back almost momentarily. Bob, in disbelief, has appropriated a bedroom and gone to bed. Jean klomps up the stairs heavily, frightening Bob into hiding out in a closet-like room under the stairs until he discovers her ruse.

THAT'S the kind of story it is. Boy outwits girl; girl outwits boy—with the battle devastatingly equal.

The fun reaches its climax in the dinner party sequence. Jean, in instructing Bob how to buttle, tells him what each guest will be like. She imitates the talk and mannerisms of four of them—Marla Shelton, Cora Witherspoon (playing Marla's rattle-brained mother), Lionel Braham (playing an absent-minded lord) and Barnett Parker(playing an unintelligible musician).

Jean has a reputation for imitations at home. But this is the first time she has done any imitations on the screen. They are amusing to everyone else; an ordeal to Jean. "Exhausting" is her word for them. She manages without much difficulty the shrill, excited prattle of Cora Witherspoon; the smooth, seductive Southern talk and languorous walk of Marla Shelton; and the bored, unintelligible Parker. But her voice cracks on burlesquing Braham's deep bass.

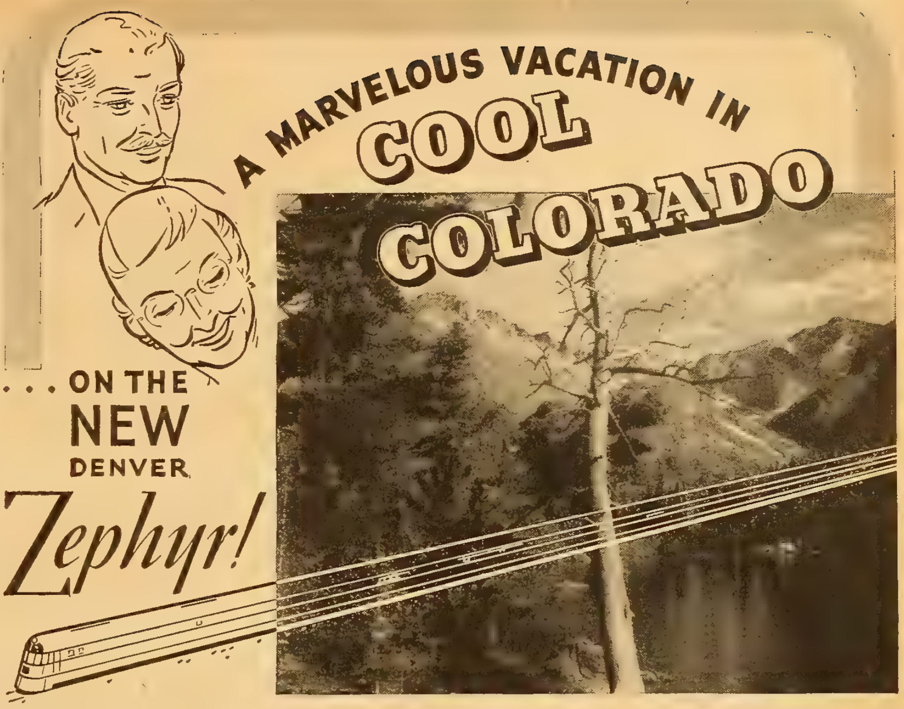
"What a hit I'd make on somebody's amateur show!" is her self-derisive comment—typical of Jean.

But Bob applauds her strenuously. Just as she laughs hysterically a few scenes later when he manages to insert a large blob of mayonnaise into the unsuspecting Reginald Owen's napkin, with disastrous results later to the Owen countenance.

Owen, in mock indignation, storms at Jean: "That's right—laugh at me. No one ever sympathizes with my plight. Does any girl ever love me? No! Here I am, engaged to you, and the only chance I get to kiss you, I can only peck at your forehead." He glares at Bob, enviously. "Some people have all the luck."

Bob has some unscheduled luck one day, on the set, as does Jean. They are standing in a doorway, about to play a scene, when Van Dyke jumps out of his chair, a folded newspaper in his hand, and slams at the air above their heads, hitting a dangling spider against the door sill. It is a Black Widow spider . . .

THE Taylor-Harlow duel of insults comes to a climax in a scene just before Jean is supposed to marry Owen. Bob taunts her about the match. Jean flares up. "Can't you find something besides my



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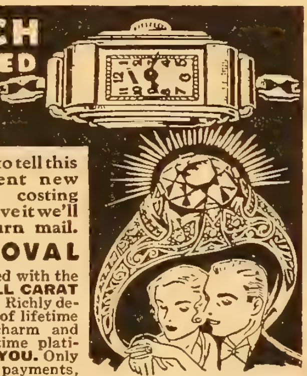

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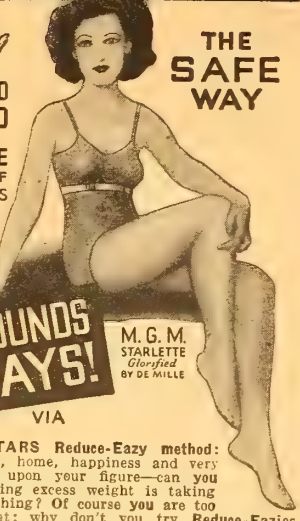

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* Tried all other methods, was desperate. Tried Reduce-Eazies, lost 26 pounds in a short time, feel like a new person. I want to help others so you may use this letter in any way you wish.—Miss Penny Cartier, Cherokee Road, Louisville.

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wedding to be funny about?" she demands.

"Doesn't it seem funny to you?" he asks innocently.

"No, it doesn't."

"That's because he's rich, no doubt."

"Are you suggesting that I'm marrying for money?" (Her eyes narrow.)

"Good gracious, what makes you think that, my dear duchess?" (He is bland.)

"Answer my question!"

"Well, having seen the bridegroom, I *hope* you're marrying for money."

"I see. I'm just any sort of cheap little squirt, eh? Is that it?" (Her temperature is rising at the rate of a degree a second.)

"Oh, certainly *not*. Why, you'd marry *Mr. Dabney* even if he hadn't a penny, wouldn't you? ... Answer *my* question."

"What right have you to ask any questions? Why I get married is *my* business. You seem to think you're the center of the universe. Well, you're not the center of mine... And, by the way, since we're asking so many questions, just why did they send you to jail?"

"Murder."

"Well, I wish it had been suicide."

That's how Bob and Jean feel about each other—in the script. And, away from the script—well, they *don't* lunch together. (Jean eats in her dressing-room; Bob in the commissary, usually with Clark Gable.) But they do have mid-morning coffee together, in Jean's portable dressing-room. They listen together to some new swing records, which Bob has brought to the studio, to run off on Jean's phonograph. They talk together in undertones.

But, between scenes, Bob also goes up on the electricians' cat-walk forty feet above the sound-stage floor, to play a risky game of tag with Prop Man Harry Albiez. (Bob gets a tremendous kick out of this.) And I see Bob (and hear him) trading banter with Marla Shelton, who at the moment is smoothing away a Taylor headache.

But we are talking about Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, aren't we? They take such delight in "insulting" each other that they do not fall into each other's arms until the very end of the picture. Someone wonders then what it is like to play a love scene with Robert Taylor. Jean's answer is: "Your emotions in love scenes aren't any more intense than in other scenes. You can work up to just as high a pitch in other scenes."

Van Dyke discovers that Bob and Jean work together so well that he finishes the picture in the phenomenal time of fourteen working days—only a day short of the record set when *His Brother's Wife* was finished in thirteen days.

The picture finishes at 4 p.m. At 4:01, a party is under way. Jean is setting the table previously used for the dinner scene, and Bob is on his way to the commissary for hot dogs, coffee and doughnuts. The snack is followed by two hours of dancing by the entire company, to the music of Taylor records on the Harlow phonograph.

Then off go Bob and Jean to Washington a few days later, on a trip on which they take strenuous pains to dodge romance rumors. Bob rides near the front of the train; Jean, near the rear. In Washington, they stay at separate hotels. They use separate automobiles in going from place to place. Jean's mother is with her; a publicity man is with Bob...

All along the way, too, Jean is constantly lighting matches to show people the star in the new 152-carat sapphire she is wearing. A gift from William Powell. And Bob keeps his appointments by referring to a handsome wrist watch. A gift from Barbara Stanwyck. With whom, by the way, he is making his next picture...

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Learn to Cook—and Like It!

[*Continued from page* 60]

also has considerable to do with success in oven cookery. In most models, the top shelf or rack is hotter than the lower racks, because heat rises. Generally, the deeper the baking dish contents, the nearer the oven bottom the dish may be set. Also the nearer the food is placed to the top, the greater the heat which descends straight down on it.

Roasting of meats should be done on the middle racks, likewise cakes, muffins and delicate baked goods in general. Scalloped dishes may go near the top, to brown more quickly. Custards and similar light desserts bake on the lower racks, but must be set in pans containing water, to break the full force of the flame.

ONE of the chief benefits of using the oven fully, is that practically all the dishes of the meal may be cooked in it simultaneously. Instead of cooking potatoes in a sauce-pot, frying meat in a skillet, and using the oven only for something like biscuits or baked desserts, plan a one-piece meal, all cooked in the oven with great saving of fuel, time, and attention.

Oven Dinner No. 1

Prune and Orange Juice Cocktail
Casserole of Veal Chops (1 hour)
Scalloped Cheese Potatoes (40 minutes)
Baked Asparagus, Crumb Sauce (30 minutes)
Graham Muffins (20-25 minutes)
Gingersnap Custard (40-50 minutes)

Use glass casseroles or baking dishes for the chops, potatoes, asparagus and dessert. Pre-heat oven to moderate, and plan to cook meat, potatoes and vegetable together. The gingersnap custard (see recipe herewith) is deliciously simple, and may be cooked along with the other foods if it is set in an outer pan of water to slow it up and permit delicate velvety texture. One-half hour before dinner is to be served, remove meat, potatoes and vegetable to warming shelf, increase heat to hot oven, and rush in the muffins. By the time you give yourself a last prinking and powdering and serve the cocktail course, your muffins will be done.

GINGERSNAP CUSTARD

24 gingersnaps
2 cups rich milk
1 cup medium brown sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs, well beaten
Whipped cream
Candied ginger

Use quart size glass baking dish and grease generously with butter. Use rolling pin on crumbs, but do not roll too fine. Lay crumbs in bottom of dish. Combine milk, sugar, vanilla and beaten eggs. Pour over crumbs. Place baking dish in outer pan of hot water. Bake moderate oven (350° F) for 40-45 minutes, or until knife run through custard comes out dry. Serve warm with chilled whipped cream. (Serves 6)

ANOTHER benefit of the oven dinner, of course, is that it enables one to use less expensive meat cuts than are demanded by quick, top-of-range cooking. The slow, even heat and air of the oven breaks down the meat fibres and tenderizes them fully. Many delicious casseroles are made up of

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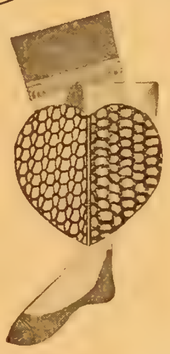

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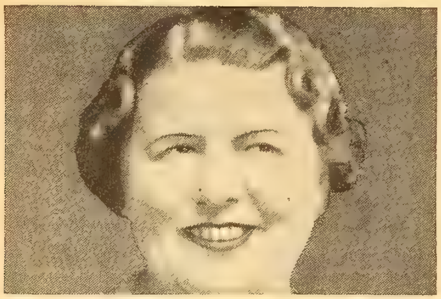

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meats like shoulder lamb chops, round of beef, sliced smoked ham, liver, and such fibrous cuts as potroast.

Still another advantage is that the oven dinner saves much unpleasant pot-washing since it permits both cooking and serving in the same dish. Jolly little casseroles of attractive pottery and glass aid in making the table homelike, and, being glass or smooth finish, are far easier and quicker to wash than metal utensils. Food easily slips out of a well oiled casserole!

The many scalloped dishes, baked soufflés and au gratin recipes which lend themselves so admirably to oven treatment thus gain in rich, browned or baked flavor in addition to the natural tastes of their own ingredients. There is something in the "browned-in-the-oven" idea, which makes even the plainest and least expensive foods appetizing and pleasing in texture. Macaroni au gratin, strewed with grated cheese and crumbs; scalloped creamed fish, or other dishes garnished with bacon, crumbs or cheese, are among the most hearty but least taxing dishes, easy both to cook and to digest.

Oven Dinner No. 2

Fresh Rhubarb and Pineapple Juice Cocktail
Scalloped Flounder, Cheese Sauce (40 minutes)
Baked Rice and Tomato Ring (40 minutes)
Spring Salad of New Vegetables (Radishes, Peas, Cucumbers)
Daffodil Baking Powder Biscuits, or Fruit Shortcake (15 minutes)

OVEN cookery is the only type which allows us to make the many delicious hot breads which do so much to add interest and variety to meals. Muffins, biscuits, baking powder rolls, cornbread and quick loaf breads are included in this second Cooking Lesson. Of all these, probably baking powder biscuits are the most popular, and deservedly so, since they may be varied endlessly as hot breads and also served as shortcake and patty shells. Daffodil Biscuits are in tune with the spring season, and as with Oven Dinner No. 1, the other dishes should be timed and removed from the oven as the biscuits are laid in it.

TWO-TONE DAFFODIL BISCUITS

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup milk
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
2 egg yolks, well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
16 marshmallows

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Divide mixture into 2 parts, one larger than the other. To large part add milk to make a soft dough. To small part add grated orange rind and beaten yolks with milk enough to make soft dough. Toss white dough on board and roll to ⅜-inch thickness. Repeat with yellow dough, and place over white dough. Roll to desired thickness. Cut small and arrange on oiled baking sheet. Brush tops with melted butter. Bake hot oven (450°F) 20 minutes. Place whole marshmallows and bit of orange peel on tops before removing from oven, letting mallow glaze slightly. (Makes 16 biscuits)

(A clever economy trick is to have ready a baking dish of dried fruit such as apricots, prunes, etc. and as soon as biscuits are removed, lay fruit in oven and allow it to cook (gas turned off) in the leftover heat, as the oven slowly cools.)

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores. © 1935, C. M. Co.

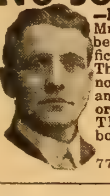
NEURITIS Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

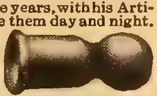
CORNS REMOVED WITH **CASTOR OIL** PREPARATION

Say goodbye to risky razors, and corn-pads. A new liquid NOXACORN relieves pain and forms a thin protecting film over the corn. Then the corn (or callus) loosens and comes out with ease. Absolutely safe. Contains six ingredients including camphor, iodine, castor oil. 35¢ bottle saves untold misery. Druggists refund money if it fails. **NOXACORN**

No JOKE To BE DEAF



—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY
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LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 530-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,350 C. P. A.'s

ANOTHER quick bread easily baked while an oven dinner is in progress is Peanut Butter Bread. This is baked in a single loaf, and when cold may be sliced thinly as sandwich or snack bread. Jane discovered this to be one of Jack's favorites:

PEANUT BUTTER BREAD

¾ cup soft fresh peanut butter
6 tablespoons brown sugar
3 eggs
1 cup flour
¾ wholewheat flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk

Cream peanut butter until smooth. Add brown sugar, and blend. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Mix and sift all dry ingredients, and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Pour into well oiled brick or loaf pan and allow to stand covered in warm place for 20 minutes. Bake moderate oven (350°F) 1 hour. (Makes 1 medium loaf)

IN Oven Dinner No. 1, asparagus was the vegetable and it was cooked in the oven and not on the top of the range. This opens up a new and little tried method of cooking many other vegetables. If the vegetable be prepared as usual, and then placed in a baking dish with water or other liquid, and kept covered during the baking, it will not only become tender as usual, but have a far richer, finer flavor, since under the oven method no valuable salts are allowed to escape. Try cooking new peas, carrots, string beans etc. the oven way!

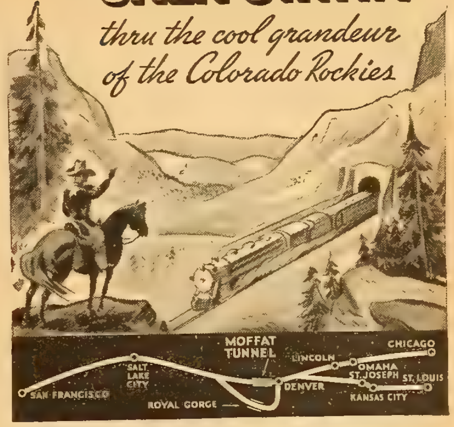
Oven methods for fish have long been in favor with experienced housewives because they find that cooking it in the oven greatly lessens fish odors in the kitchen, and also makes the attendant dishwashing less unpleasant. Fish may be baked on or in paraffin or cooking parchment, or laid on a sheet of aluminum baking paper specially made for the purpose. What is known as the oven or "Spencer Method" of cooking fish is the following: into a bowl pour some milk (canned evaporated milk is excellent), and salt heavily, allowing 1 tablespoon of salt to each cup of liquid. Have at hand a pan of finely sifted breadcrumbs. Have fish cut in slices or filets. Dip fish into milk, then into crumbs, and arrange on baking pan. Sprinkle fish with a little cooking oil. Heat oven to 500°F. Then put in pan of fish, and bake for only 10 minutes. (*Never add water to any baking fish.*)

Some of the other dinners and desserts which Jane tried out in her oven have been arranged especially for you, too, including Maple Syrup Custard, Cherry Upside-Down Cake and Pineapple Turnovers.

FREE

Watch for the Next Lesson
and
Send for your 2nd list of Dinner-of-the-Week Menus, with Starred Desserts. Just address Christine Frederick care of MOTION PICTURE magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And, all this is free to you.

TO **CALIFORNIA**



thru the **MOFFAT TUNNEL**
or via the **ROYAL GORGE**

● Travel through the scenic splendor of the Colorado Rockies on your way to California this summer. Choose either of two glorious *daylight* routes—one through the famous 6-mile Moffat Tunnel far below the snowy summit of the Continental Divide; the other, through the spectacular Royal Gorge and over towering mountains via Tennessee Pass.

Ride in luxurious, air-conditioned comfort. Enjoy this year's many economy features. Unusually low vacation fares—economy meals as low as 90¢ a day served in coaches, chair and tourist cars—free pillows for coach passengers.

ROUND TRIP FARES TO CALIFORNIA

(Exclusive of sleeper fare)	*From St. Louis—*	*Chicago*
For Standard Pullman travel . . .	$81.50	$86.00
For Tourist Pullman travel	-----	68.80
For Coach or Chair Car travel . .	54.35	57.35

Correspondingly low fares from all other places

Go to California over either of these magic *daylight* routes. From Chicago, the new 12-CAR DENVER ZEPHYR takes you to Denver, just overnight, allowing a full sightseeing day in Denver with no loss of time en route. Thence, through the Rockies—not around them, to the Pacific Coast. Or, convenient "through" Pullman service from Chicago is provided by the ARISTOCRAT or the OVERLAND EXPRESS. From St. Louis, the COLORADO LIMITED.

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ONLY ONCE!
One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks.

$1 at all good Drug and Department Stores.

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2115 S. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.
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SAFELY QUICKLY

No Dangerous Drugs—No Starvation or Enforced Exercising

73,073 Packettes of

GERMANIA ORANGE PEKOE and HERB TEA FREE

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One of the Most Talked About Offers of the Year!

Here is a special advertising offer made solely for the purpose of acquainting you with the remarkable action of these delicious teas. Many people who were troubled with excess fat and faulty elimination have found, to their great delight, that these two teas helped them to safely and quickly lose their excess fat and they ate everything they wanted excepting much starchy food or fatty meat. Don't delay. Be sure to take advantage of this Sensational free special offer at once. Test packettes of both Germania Orange Pekoe Tea and Germania Herb Tea will be sent you on receipt of a post card or note bearing your name and address. Send only your name and address.

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You can now get Germania Orange Pekoe Tea and Germania Herb Tea at all Food, Drug and Dept. Stores Under packer's guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

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If you will describe your case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

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Jamestown, New York

The Light That Lies in Irish Eyes

[*Continued from page 59*]

forehead, which is one of her best points; instead, she wears her hair, usually, parted in the center and softly waved in the simplest of styles. Always has a permanent wave in the ends, and dislikes a set, rigid looking finger-wave. Her hair gets a thorough brushing after each setting, to give it a soft, natural look.

ALTHOUGH Erin's tiny hands are not perfectly shaped, they are well-groomed and most expressive. She uses them with the grace and effectiveness of a trained actress but thinks that the average woman should gesture as little as possible in conversation. Unless hand gestures are graceful and natural, she says, they are sure to be a liability instead of an asset.

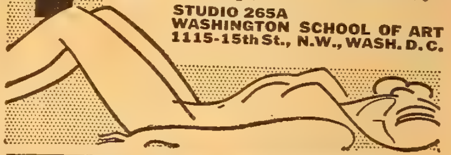
Erin loves bright nail polish, perhaps because it helped her to overcome a childhood habit of biting her nails. When she was in her early teens, someone manicured her nails carefully and applied a vivid shade of lacquer. She was so entranced with their sleek perfection that she had no difficulty in refraining from spoiling it. . . . A good idea for youngsters who have this hard-to-break habit!

Erin believes that dancing is the best method of acquiring bodily grace as well as keeping the weight normal. She studies dancing faithfully in Hollywood, and relies on this hobby rather than sports to keep her slimness and suppleness. . . . Another one of her convictions is that the value of personal daintiness and freshness cannot be overestimated. It is the lack of immaculate cleanliness that prevents many otherwise attractive girls, she believes, from capturing and holding beauty laurels. . . .

AS A matter of fact, I have three aids to daintiness to tell you about this month, in anticipation of warm weather and the increased need for weapons against perspiration and superfluous hair. The first is an electric shaver that makes the removal of hair from arms, legs and underarm areas a simple and pleasant task. . . . The second is a deodorant that affords prolonged protection against perspiration odor. . . . And the third corner of this triangle is a new and inspired bra with dress shields attached.

If you have ever had the bitter experience of whacking off a piece of skin on your leg, while using a razor, you'll appreciate the many unusual features of this electric shaver. First of all, it can't possibly knick the skin because it has no blades! The shearing away of hair is accomplished by a smooth, round cutting end that combs the hairs into its slots and nips them off neatly. And so close to the skin, incidentally, that there is not the faintest suggestion of a stubble. The shaver, which comes in several attractive colored finishes, fits cozily into the palm of your hand.

Another feature recommending it is that you use no lather or shaving cream—a big help on occasions when you are already half-dressed for a party and suddenly remember that you have neglected to remove unsightly hair! Because the hairs are cut straight across by the mechanism, the regrowth is not coarsened, nor is there any scraping of the surface skin. . . . There's not the slightest fuss or bother connected with keeping the shaver in working order. Used sensibly, it lives up to its lifetime guarantee cheerfully. Because of this guar-



ART

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CORNS AGE YOUR FACE!

A painful corn puts more wrinkles in your face in a week than a beauty specialist can take out in a year. Don't suffer! Just rub on Mosco—stainless, pleasant and easy to use. Mosco removes corns, relieves bunions and ingrowing toenails. No knife, plasters, cloths or soaking necessary. At druggists. Jar 30c.

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PINS 30¢

Write For Big FREE Catalog Of Pins, Rings, Emblems, Trophies, Medals, Etc.

CLASS PINS, any letters, numerals or colors. Silver Plate, 25 or more, 30¢ ea; 7 to 24, 35¢ ea; 1 to 6, 40¢ ea. Gold Plate, add 10¢ ea. to above prices, Sterling Silver, add 20¢ ea. Sterling Silver Rings as shown, 26 or more, $1.50 ea; 12 to 25, $1.60 ea; 1 to 11, $1.75 ea.

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GRAY HAIR
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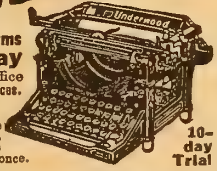

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Co-Star with Conrad Nagel in "Yellow Cargo."

Our Booklet "Crashing Hollywood"
tells Movie ambitious persons just what their chances would be in the Cinema City. Leads you over the path you'd have to travel. Money back if not satisfied.
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Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. F7, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation.
Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 716, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Indiana

antee, the price of $15 is not at all high; and another economy angle, which will appeal to a wife, is that she can buy one for her husband and then use it as often as she likes, without landing in the divorce court. Do let me know if you'd like the name of the manufacturer.

OBVIOUSLY, the frequent removal of under-arm hair promotes the efficiency of deodorants, so *please* don't neglect hair removal if you want to get full value from the deodorant you use. . . . You may not realize that the total amount of perspiration secreted by an adult is two pounds in twenty-four hours. Much of this evaporates so that it is never apparent, but the odor-forming solids, such as fatty acids, neutral fats, alkaline sulphates, lactic acid and urea remain on the skin. . . . It doesn't require much knowledge of chemistry to realize that these deposits cause an unpleasant odor; nor does it require much more to understand that this odor can be harmlessly counteracted by the proper chemicals.

A good deodorant must not only destroy existing odors, but should prevent odors from forming, over a reasonable period of time. There is a preparation that does *exactly* this, preventing the growth of the bacteria that cause the odor to develop. . . . It is a soft, pleasantly-scented cream that you rub on the skin in less than a jiffy, and it has the added merits of being non-staining, non-greasy and, of course, non-irritating to the tenderest skin. The price of a large jar is only about 60 cents.

For a busy woman who values a spic and span appearance at all times, the new uplift brassieres with dress shields attached solve a harassing problem. These bras are so cleverly designed that they glorify any type bust—from the immature to the over-developed one—and at the same time prevent any revolting signs of moisture on your frocks. As easily laundered as an ordinary bra, they enable you to have fresh shields daily without tedious sewing. . . . One of the many nice features of the brassieres is that they have adjustable shoulder straps, which adds to the snug fit of the shields and bra. They come in several smart fabrics—net, lace, satin and batiste, and range in price from $1 to $2.50. . . . I'll be delighted to send you the trade name.

FEW of us will be able to witness the coronation in London, but any of us can capture some of its regal charm by putting plumes in our hair, of an evening, and flaunting a compact that was inspired by the coronation. . . . It is a triple compact, long a product of a famous English cosmetic firm, that has been re-styled with a white ermine motif on the gold base. Although the case is only two-and-one-half by one-and-three-fourths-inches, it contains, amazingly, a loose powder compartment, rouge and a lipstick. . . . The compact, together with a half-ounce bottle of perfume that would not be out of place at court, costs only $8.25.

A face powder, packaged in a blue box that won first prize in a recent packaging contest, is being brought out in a new shade for Spring—a pinky-peach tone with a name that fairly breathes of England, My England. . . The shade was created by a famous fashion designer, as style and color consultant for this powder manufacturer, and it represents a successful effort to develop a shade that blends perfectly with the type of skin that is neither deep brunette nor true blonde. . . . So many of us are in that "in between" class, that this new tint should be much in demand. The face powder, itself, is exquisite in texture, unusually long-lasting and non-clogging. Comes in 50 cent and dollar sizes, as well as smaller ones.

What do you do
When You Suffer with Headaches, Colds or Acid Indigestion?

You SHOULD *Take*
Alka-Seltzer
An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling, pleasant tasting solution. Drink it and it does TWO very important things for you. First, it relieves the pain and discomfort in just a few minutes. Second, it helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition. Be wise—alkalize with Alka-Seltzer.
At All Drug Stores . . . 30c and 60c Pkgs.
Slightly Higher in Canada
. . . Listen to the Alka-Seltzer National Barn Dance every Saturday Night, NBC Network

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Good positions for trained men and women in hotel, restaurant and institutional field. Qualify in 4 months—learn on real hotel equipment. Placement Service FREE of extra charge. New day classes start Sept., Oct., Jan., Feb. Catalog FREE!
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World's Smallest Real Performing Radio
Amazing midget radio weighs only 3 oz. complete. Receives all stations with clear beautiful tone. No static or interference. Nothing to adjust or wear out. Should last for years. ENTIRELY NEW DESIGN! Not to be confused with cheap so-called "Pocket Radios." Music and programs come DIRECTLY FROM FRONT OF RADIO—not from an earphone glued to the back. Has patented new "Speakophone" which gives more volume and stations—NOT A TOY. Tunes broadcast band, police and airplane calls! The newest radio sensation of the year. Absolutely complete with instructions for use in hotels, autos, boats, in bed, etc. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—no messy hook-ups to any current and no extra wires. THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS report worderful service in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD! THESE ARE FACTS. Beautiful two color cabinets in almost any colors. **SEND NO MONEY.** Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival. **GUARANTEED.** Can be used by anyone without experience. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW! (c) 1937 **Dealers**
TINYTONE RADIO CORP. **Dept. F-5** **Kearney, Nebr.**

Between OURSELVES

by Larry Reid

TRIUMPH: The sun coming up over *Lost Horizon* brings it into clear, sharp focus as one of the greatest achievements of the screen—a triumph for everyone who had a hand in its creation, particularly director Capra and scenarist Riskin. It carries such compelling interest in its story, its characterizations, its exceptionally beautiful photography, its magnificent settings, its spiritual tone that it easily stands apart as a significant milestone in the progress of motion pictures.

The patron who isn't thrilled over the possible fate of the plane passengers before they reach Shangri-La—who isn't moved by the scope of the settings—who doesn't feel its spiritual tug, well, this patron would be incapable of any feeling toward a work of art. Such a dullard might better go through life blindfolded.

Sir Guy Standing

Some will criticize it for establishing Colman as returning at the end to Shangri-La, not so much as to carry on the spiritual mission entrusted to him by the high lama but to win the love of a girl. The "boy wins girl" idea could motivate the lesser things of the screen. One doesn't look for flaws in the run-of-the-mill movies, but in some monumental effort one becomes skeptical and dares the creator to live up to the superlatives of the publicity campaign.

To do justice to the picture would have necessitated showing each character's spiritual evolution. And that would have taken time. And theatre entertainment (it's an unwritten rule) must be confined to not more than two-and-a-half hours. Let it be said that here is a full-blown evening's entertainment (afternoons, too) that I recommend as exceptionally worth your time—and surely your money—no matter what the price. *Lost Horizons* don't come along every day; not with so many B, C, D, X, Y and Z pictures to fill the bill, and which gang up (much too much) as double features.

LAMENT: *Those who have followed the fortunes of Sir Guy Standing on the screen sincerely mourn his death. He was held in the highest esteem by Paramount, particularly by Adolph Zukor. Sir Guy never signed a contract. His agreement with Mr. Zukor was founded on a friendship that endured for 25 years. He worked for Paramount at a figure satisfactory to both, and on one of these "contracts" cemented with a handshake and silent understanding. Since he first set foot in Hollywood he was a man of his word. But he is not mourned more deeply by his co-workers at Paramount than he is by the picturegoers who recognized a sincere, honest gentleman the minute they saw him on the screen.*

I visualized in Sir Guy a sort of Empire-builder—the type of man that Britain sends to its outposts as a symbol of trust and fair play. He had the physical attributes to encompass such a character. I like to think that had he entered the diplomatic service he might have made a great colonial leader—even a viceroy of India. And speaking of India I like to remember him as I saw him in Lives of a Bengal Lancer—a gentle disciplinarian who commanded his troop with the common touch. This common touch showed not only in his character, but also in his acting—making his performances ring unusually true and natural. Paramount will miss Sir Guy—so will you.

CHATTER: Peter Arno caricaturist, will turn movie actor soon. . . hope he'll never have to report a stolen car. Remember his most famous cartoon? . . . Hollywood may not be able to sign up the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Simpson as movie stars, nor produce a picture based on their romance, but *The Woman I Love* (the Miriam Hopkins-Paul Muni opus, now in the making) is supposed to have been taken from the Duke's farewell radio address . . . they'll probably change the title before you see it, since changing titles is an old Hollywood custom . . . And speaking of other words uttered by Edward in his abdication message his "at long last," which opened the address, can be used here to indicate that the casting for *Gone With the Wind* will soon be announced if the report is true that author Margaret Mitchell will sit in on story conferences . . . THINGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE: Darryl Zanuck (who has a flair for dramatizing yesterday's and today's headlines) plotting a story around child brides and casting Shirley Temple and the Dionne quins in the central roles with funny-man Summerville cast as hill-billy groom . . . You'll never see flamboyant femme stars leaving off their dark glasses where crowds gather so they WON'T attract attention . . . You'll never see a Simone Simon (still pronounced Sea-moan Sea-moan) picture laid in Pago Pago with the star singing Boola Boola as a theme song with tom-tom accompaniment. You'll never read about it opening simultaneously at Sing Sing and Walla Walla, nor scan press notices that pass it off as either goody-goody, naughty-naughty, so-so, or another Goona Goona.

Robert Taylor

FAME: Such is fame that if Robert Taylor, born Arlington Brugh, was still a Pomona College student and unknown, stories concerning his late grandfather literally starving to death in a small Nebraska town would have been confined to local papers. But, Taylor having achieved fame and wealth, it must be brought out that he was neglecting the old man. The papers didn't print that the old fellow had relatives living close by who hadn't informed Bob of his grandfather's plight, nor did they mention that Bob, when he visited his old home town, paid his grandpappy's bills, bought his provisions—and left him money to boot. Newspapers have a way of building up a prosperous star's so-called hard-heartedness. If they cared to investigate a lot of these cases they would soon discover it's a customary practise out Hollywood way. Santa Claus is very much alive in the town—likewise the Good Samaritan and Lady Bountiful.

As for Bob, he's not the type to let anyone down—least of all a financially-embarrassed relative. The papers never ascertain that studios must be TOUGH with "touches" (through the mail or otherwise) requesting money from their stars. Some "relatives" are not on the up and up. If these requests weren't ignored the snowball would grow into a gigantic racket. Naturally, the stars seldom see these requests. Yet the Taylors have to take it on the chin once the news breaks that some kin is in a terrible plight. The papers should print that Bob, for one, has established his mother and her mother in a home of their own—within back-fence calling distance from his own more modest menage.

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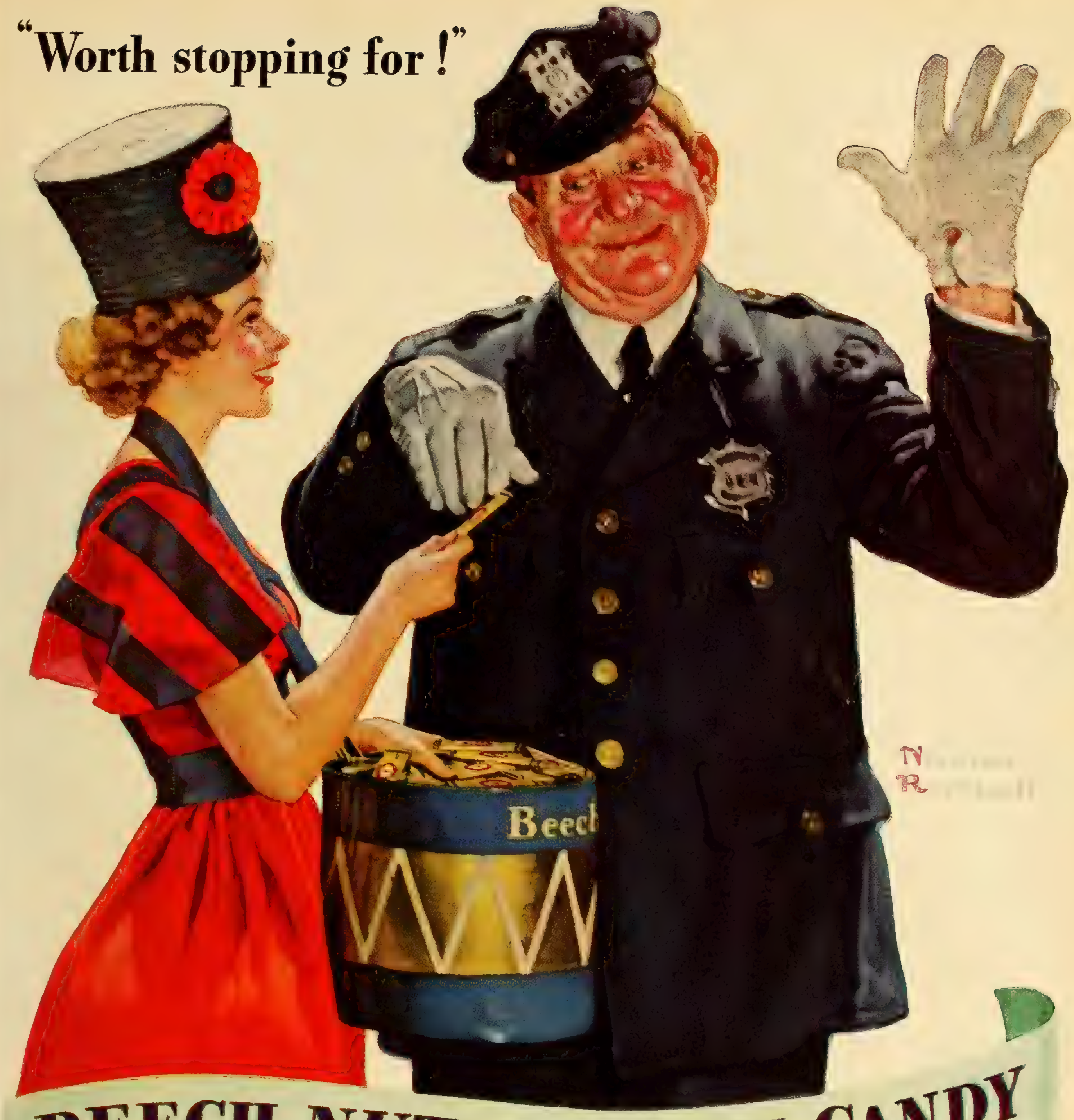
"Worth stopping for!"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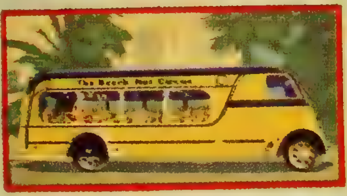
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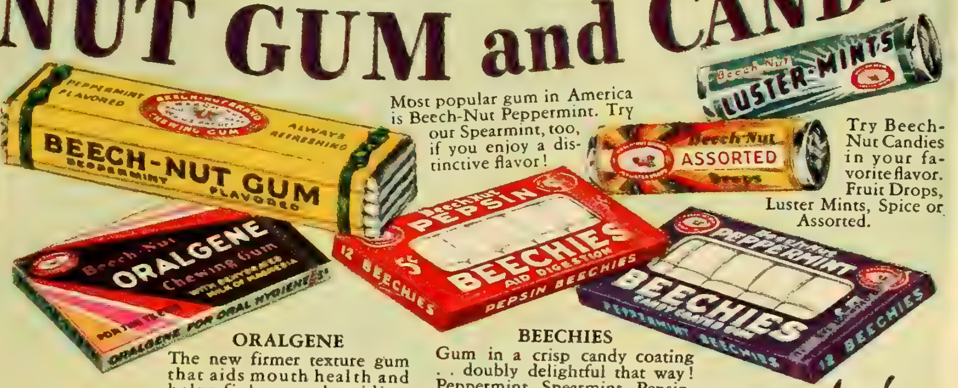
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YOUNG MRS. ROCKEFELLER PILOTS A LOW-WING MONOPLANE

MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, windbreaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and *fly* a thousand!"

THE CORINTHIAN ROOM at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."

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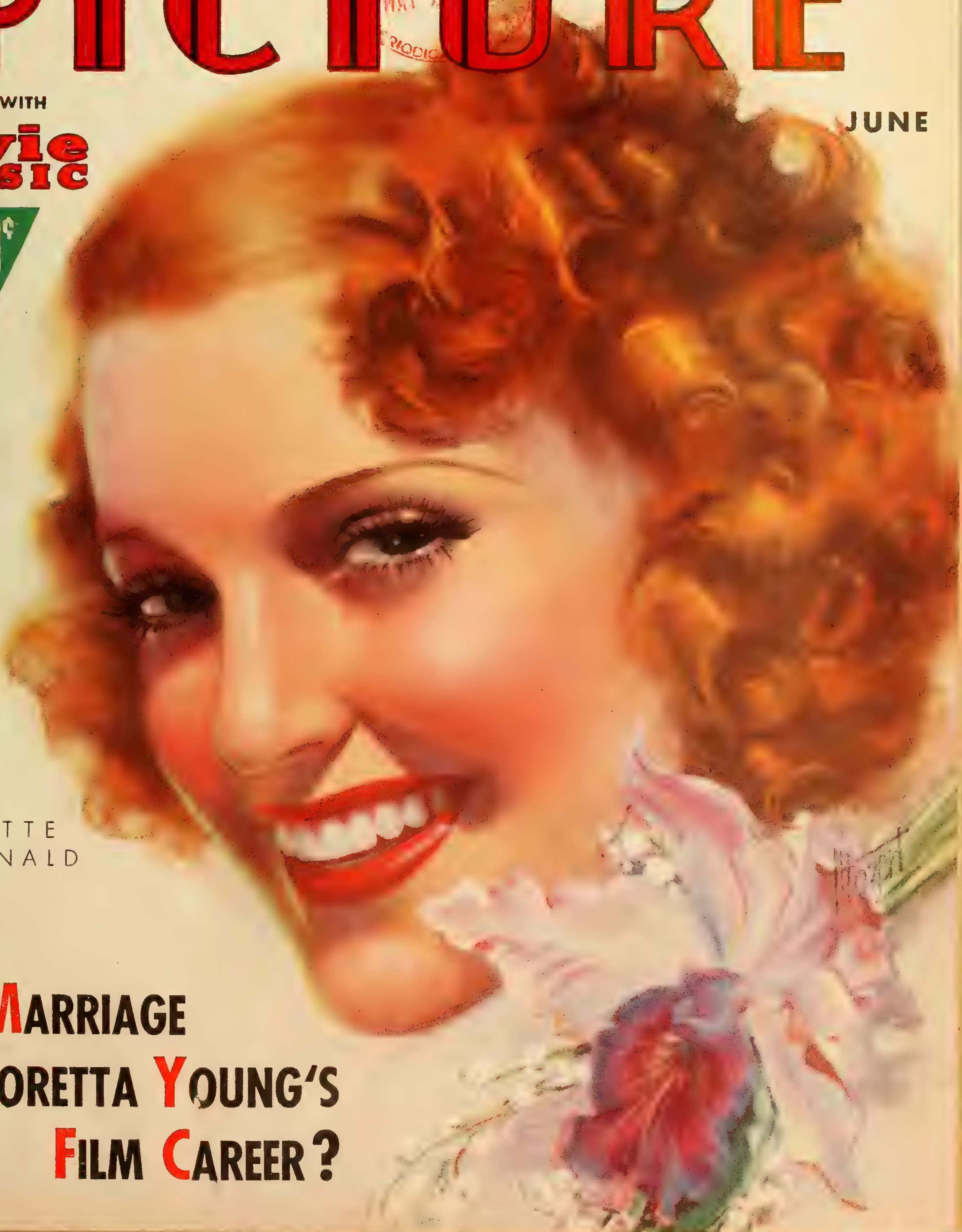

JEANETTE
ACDONALD

ILL MARRIAGE UIN LORETTA YOUNG'S FILM CAREER?

Only 22 BUT "ON THE SHELF"

BECAUSE OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE PLENTY OF DATES, IF YOU'D JUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE THAT BEAUTY EXPERT EVERYONE IS RAVING ABOUT?

SHE CONSULTS FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT, PAUL OF FIFTH AVENUE

YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S DRY AND LIFELESS, AND COARSE TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR SOAP ··· USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE···

PAUL EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE CORRECTS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . That's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Paul of Fifth Ave

NOW NO MORE LONELY EVENINGS ...THANKS TO PALMOLIVE

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

IT creeps up on you without warning . . . this heart-breaking "Middle-Age" Skin!

You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.

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Use Palmolive Soap regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, *young!*

Does the soap you are now using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty ingredients . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils.

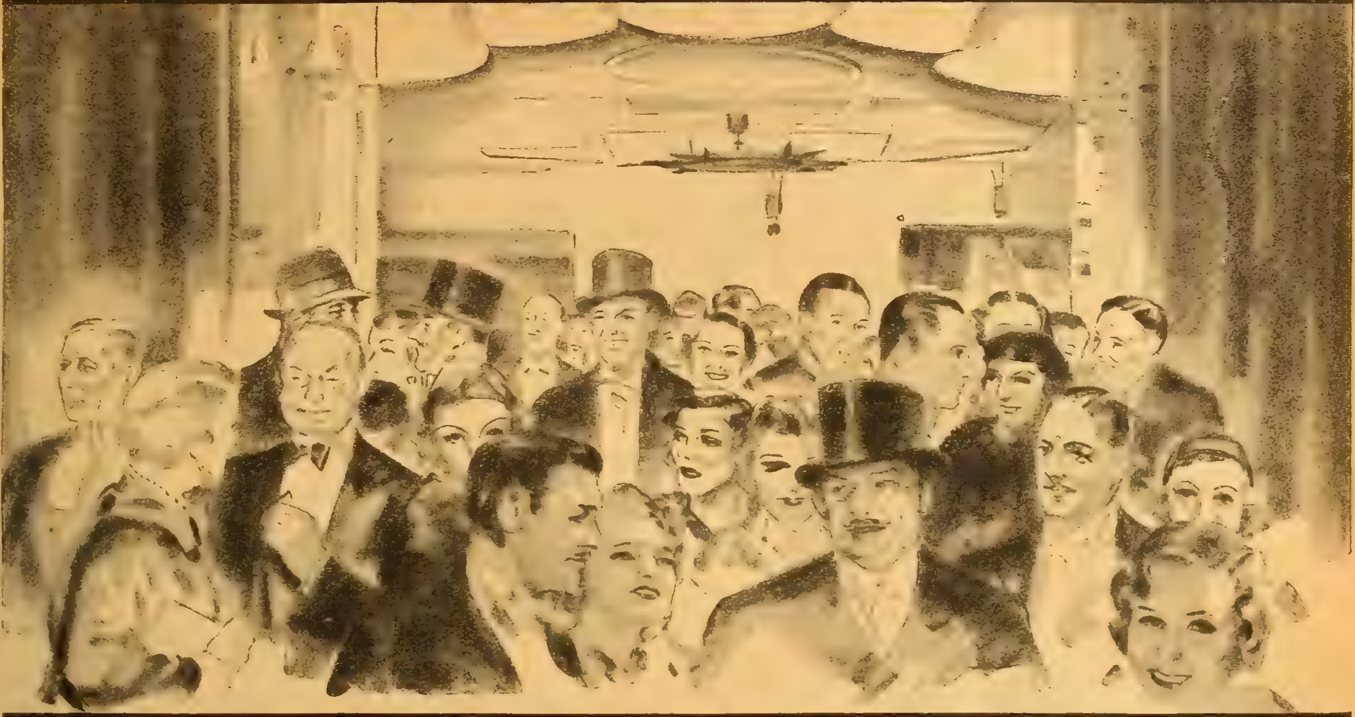
That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL
TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS
YOUNG AND LOVELY

LONGINES *Times The Stars!*



Hollywood's Drama of Time

SCENE

The "First Night" film Capitol of the World—Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Hollywood!

EVENT

Premiere of a feature film!

CHARACTERS

The Elite of Motion Pictures, Stars, Directors, Producers!

COSTUMES

The most luxurious gowns, wraps, furs, jewels and men's evening dress that Paris, London, New York and Hollywood can offer!

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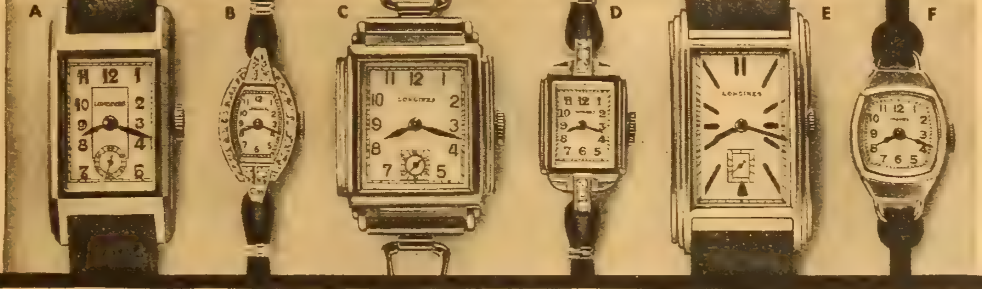

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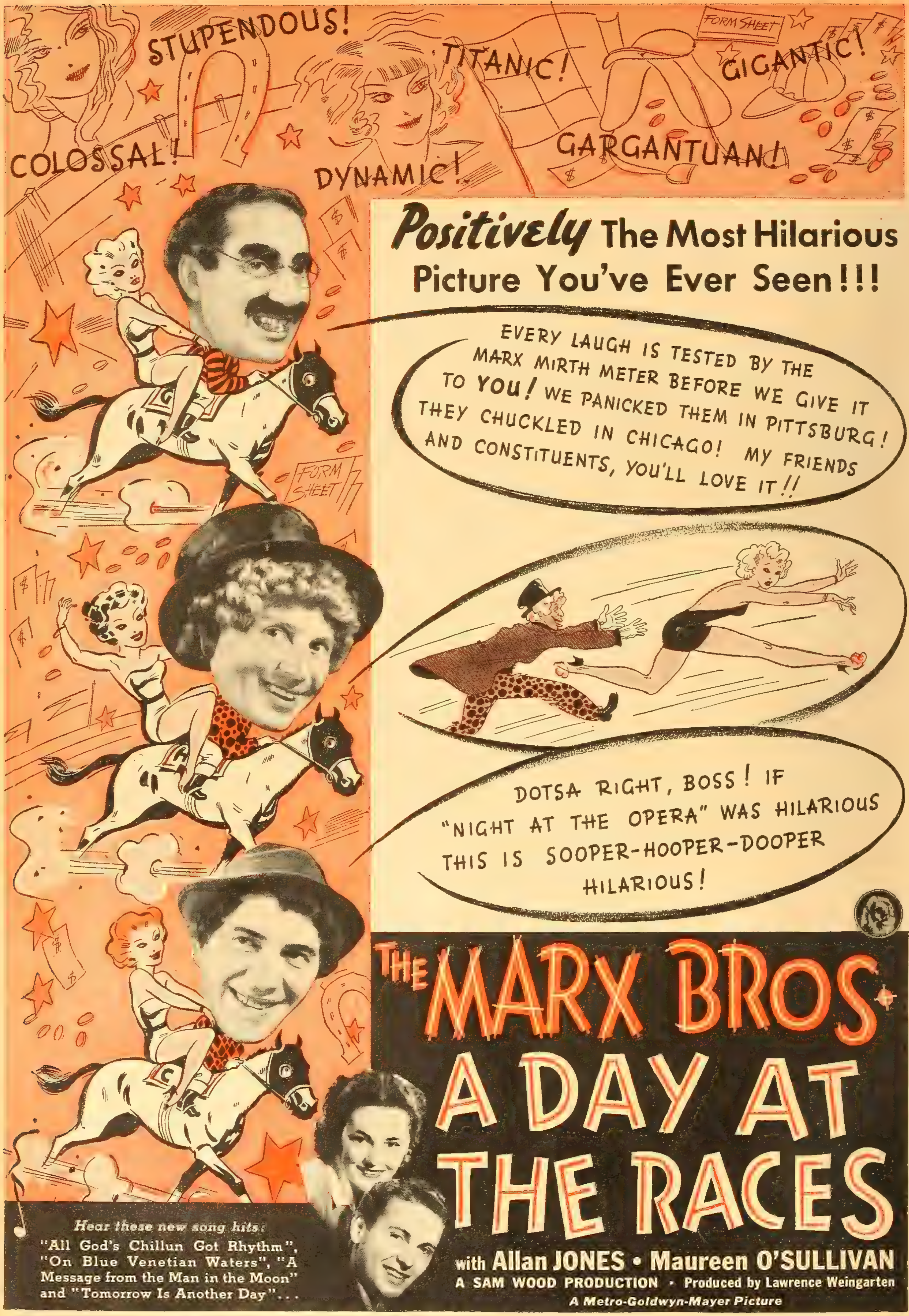
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Positively The Most Hilarious Picture You've Ever Seen!!!

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A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten

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Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

JUNE, 1937

Volume LIII, No. 5 Twenty-sixth Year

THE LOWDOWN ON MARY ASTOR

No star in Hollywood has received more publicity than Mary Astor... and some of it hasn't been very pleasant. She's a star with strong convictions. Being spirited, she is the type that makes news. She makes her own life...and lives it. Just recently she married again. And her newfound happiness is augmented over being cast opposite Ronald Colman in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. In the July number of MOTION PICTURE you have a chance to get acquainted with the new Mary Astor...who gives the lowdown on herself. The issue is on sale at all newsstands. Have your dealer save your copy for you!

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AL ALLARD—Art Director

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The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

One by one the athletic champs take to the movies—the latest being Helen Wills Moody who will make films for 20th-Fox

IF YOU ever feel like getting all riled up at Ol' Man Tattler because he's just dished you up a tasty morsel of Li'l Danny Cupid's Hollywood finegling—and then, before you've barely finished reading it, it all blows up and goes pfft! (like *that!*)—why be a little bit kind-hearted.

Because here's the answer to how *easy* it is to keep up with Hollywood's Love-Life: A recent survey, just completed in Hollywood by a group of newspaper syndicate analysts, proves that the average "affair of the heart" in Hollywood lasts just *four months and 15 days!* Then it goes blooey!! To arrive at the figure, the researchers took 100 typical Hollywood romances, and checked the outcome. Of the 100, only 12 eventuated at the altar! The other 88 blew up. And in more than 90 per cent of the blowups, the reason was that some other He or She stepped into the picture.

However—ah, this is sweet!—in exactly 92 per cent of the busted romances, both Boy and Girl caroled that "we're still gooooood friends . . . !"

And now, having told you the horrid inside, Ol' Man Tattler'll get busy again with another load of Who's-Whose and Who Ain't, before the president of the blue-nose society of where-zis points to the figures to prove what a nasty old place Hollywood is. (But if half of what you read here isn't true by the time you read it, don't blame Ol' Man Tattler!)

• • •

FUNNIEST love mixup in Hollywood, for the moment, is the merry-go-round that involves Tyrone Power, as head man (and WHAT a man!), and a lot of other fellers and gals . . . Up to not so long ago, Sonja Henie considered Tyrone all hers. Sonja even let undenied go the reports that it'd soon be wedding bells. And then Loretta Young stepped into the picture. Now, Loretta is famous in Hollywood for getting what she wants, and when she wants a man, she wants him. Loretta, meeting Tyrone during production of the several pictures they've made together, suddenly decided she liked him, oh, so much—and told all her friends so. She told Tyrone, too.

Since then, it's been open warfare, on and about the 20th Century-Fox lot, between Sonja and Loretta, with Tyrone the prize. That is, the gals hope he'll be the prize. Tyrone, confidentially, hopes nothing of the kind. Because Tyrone doesn't want to get married for years and years yet. That, however, doesn't stop Loretta and Sonja.

[*Continued on page* 8]

Dan Topping, rich New York socialite, is telling it to the Judge (Arline) whom she marries after divorcing Wesley Ruggles

In One Thrill-Packed Night

YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Mark Twain's immortal tale of RED-BLOODED ADVENTURE is yours with its thousand thrills now! . . . It's as exciting, as breathless, as amazing as the strange adventures of the two lads whose story has long stood first in the hearts of the world's readers!

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BARTON MacLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS
☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆

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Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Seven months to film in the world's greatest motion picture studios!

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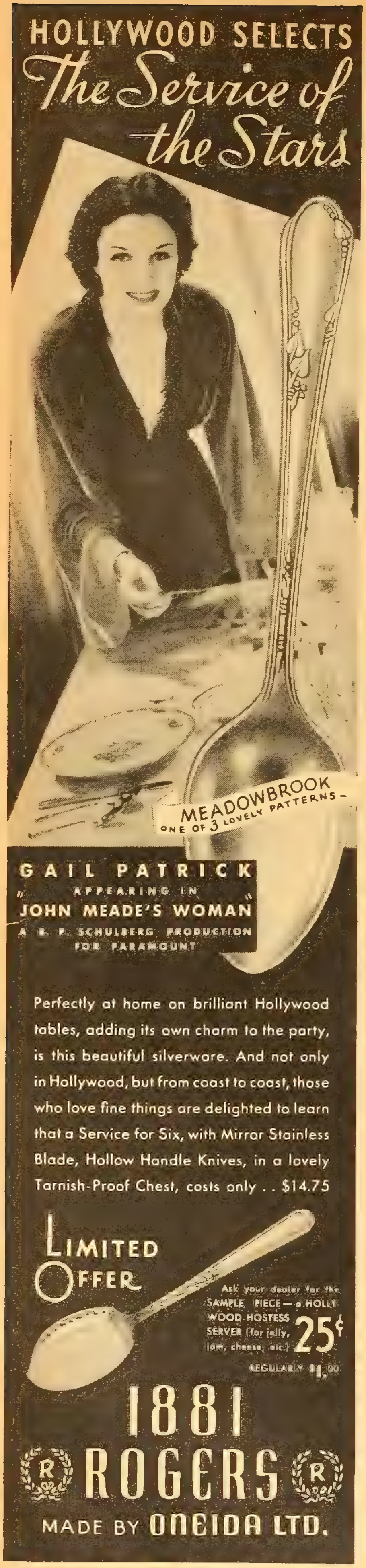
BOBBY—THE PRINCE

BILLY—THE PAUPER



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FOR PARAMOUNT

Perfectly at home on brilliant Hollywood tables, adding its own charm to the party, is this beautiful silverware. And not only in Hollywood, but from coast to coast, those who love fine things are delighted to learn that a Service for Six, with Mirror Stainless Blade, Hollow Handle Knives, in a lovely Tarnish-Proof Chest, costs only . . $14.75

LIMITED OFFER

Ask your dealer for the SAMPLE PIECE—a HOLLYWOOD HOSTESS SERVER (for jelly, jam, cheese, etc.) 25¢
REGULARLY $1.00

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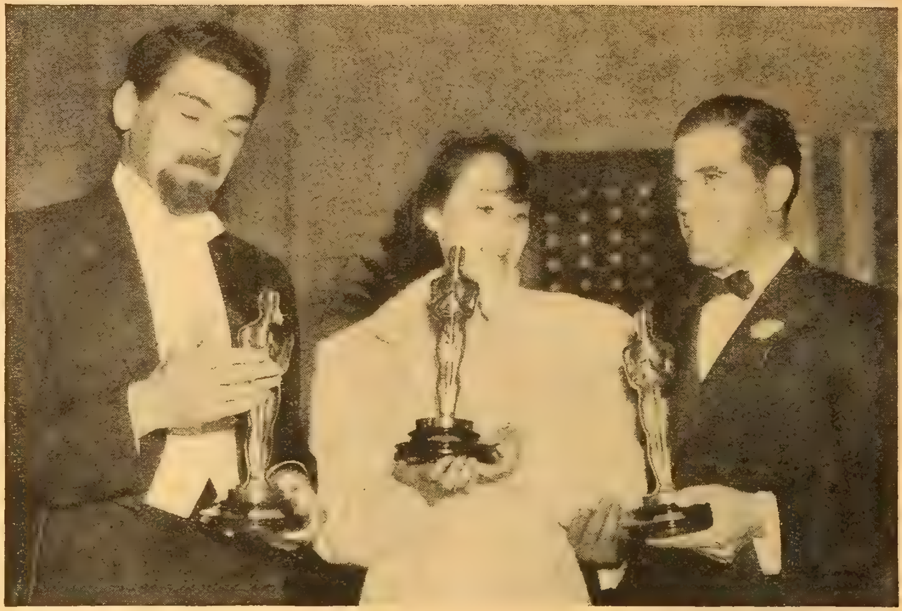
The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*



—Wide World

Paul Muni, Luise Rainer and Frank Capra are pictured at the Motion Picture Academy award dinner held recently in Los Angeles—with the gold statuettes they each received for being the most outstanding actor, actress and director for 1936

[*Continued from page 6*]

THE battle leaves poor Eddie Sutherland out in the shivery cold, and he's carrying a high and flaming torch for Loretta. Eddie all but had her at the altar, before she encountered Tyrone. However, Eddie's friends and Loretta's, too, are all betting that when (and if) the battle over Tyrone doesn't go Loretta's way, she'll be back with Eddie again—and the wedding bells will ring for them, after all.

The chassis season for Hollywood bathers is just around the corner. Phyllis Dobson displays one of Hollywood's best figures

• • •

NOT simplifying the picture at all is the fact that pretty Alice Faye is also in Tyrone's life. Alice had the inside track to Tyrone before either Sonja or Loretta got all steamed up about him—and today, Tyrone still turns to Alice for relief, when he "vants to get avay from it all." Alice always provides him a lot of good old Irish laughter. And also, bear in mind that Alice calls Tyrone's mother "Mom."

Gigglesome fringes of the love-maneuvering that whirls around the Tyrone-Loretta-Sonja mixup include things like this: Eddie Sutherland, maybe hoping to make Loretta jealous, squires Florence Rice to a nite club, discovers himself and her sitting at a table right next to the one where Loretta and Tyrone are tete-a-teteing!—and at the table on the other side, Florence's ex-boy-friend, Phillips Holmes, with some other gal. . . . Ah, me, this Hollywood!!!

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLETS:
Olivia de Havilland and Phil Huston:
That's where Danny Cupid's roostin' . . .

• • •

IF IT keeps up, they'll have to rename Brentwood's main street "Lovers' Lane of Movieland." It's where Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, still

[*Continued on page 10*]

FUTURE FAVORITES
LULI DESTE

FUTURE FAVORITES

LULI DESTE

By HAL WHITEHEAD

LATEST of Hollywood's glamorous importations from abroad is the svelte and sophisticated Luli Deste, brunette baroness under long-term contract to Columbia . . . She will first be seen by American audiences in *Thunder in the City*, with Edward G. Robinson . . . after which she will be starred in what she hopes will be a dramatic production . . . for while she is equally adept at comedy she believes audiences are more likely to remember emotional characterizations . . . With grey-blue eyes, curling brown hair, a refreshing sense of humor, and a gracious manner, Miss Deste is a welcome addition to the Hollywood scene . . . most delightful is her eagerness to "make good" for Marion Gering, the director who discovered her in London and guided her entrance into Hollywood . . . Unlike many other foreign newcomers Miss Deste disclaims all temperament . . . "I have discovered," she says, "that always people are nice to you when you are nice to them, and I am much too selfish to want people to be unkind to me!" . . . Born near Vienna, Luli is the youngest of the three children of the late Baron Bodenhausen and she spent her childhood on the family estate . . . Although her family opposed her theatrical ambitions Luli began her histrionic training when she was only seventeen . . . for at that early age she fell in love and eloped with the Baron Godfried Hohenberg . . . who approved of her aims and accompained her to European capitals where she studied dancing, singing and acting . . . the Baron, from whom Luli was later divorced, was recently killed in an airplane crash . . . To establish herself as an actress, Luli Hohenberg understudied Elisabeth Bergner . . . she has acted in most European capitals as well as in London, but thus far she has made only three pictures—only one of which was in English . . . but her distinctive charm and individuality bid fair to place her among Hollywood's elite . . . Many are Miss Deste's accomplishments . . . the name, incidentally, she chose for herself for her English screen debut . . . she designs her own evening gowns and is an expert cook . . . she rides expertly and likes to drive rapidly . . . she breeds Afghan wolfhounds and has three of them with her . . . She loves the soil and is looking forward to owning a profitable ranch in Southern California, having decided she wants to live here forever . . . she plays the guitar and likes to accompany herself when she sings . . . she enjoys shopping, but only for food and gifts . . . Luli has a remarkable sense of humor . . . she delights in "discovering" interesting personalities, making new and keeping old friends . . . she adapts herself quickly to her surroundings.

MAKE-UP REVOLUTIONIZED!

Daye Shade Gives You Glowing, Dramatic Color During the Day
Nihte Shade Gives You Soft, Romantic Loveliness at Night

LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By Lady Esther

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color. They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flatter. They definitely "glamor-ize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of *color!*

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihte I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a *dramatic* shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring morn, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihte is primarily for night-time wear. It is a *romantic* shade, suggestive of moonlit waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihte shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihte at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihte shades of face powder.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (34) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me trial packets of your two new face powder shades, Daye and Nihte.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

GANTNER

Floating Bra

Above . . *Peasant rosettes on a wool matelasse, $6.95*

Left . . *Persian wool with a separate skirt, $8.95*

Others . . $3.95 to $9.75

If you wear a bra in a formal, . . . you need Floating Bra on the beach!

WHATEVER YOUR FIGURE . . this semi-detached inner uplift makes you *modern and glamorous!* Floating Bra cups under the breast, lifting your bustline smartly. Slims your waist! Narrows your hips! Eliminates embarrassing sagging, wobbling or slumping! Floating Bra is exclusive with Gantner swim suits.

At smarter stores everywhere . . . or write bust measure, weight, choice of color. (Style book upon request. Canadians, write us.)

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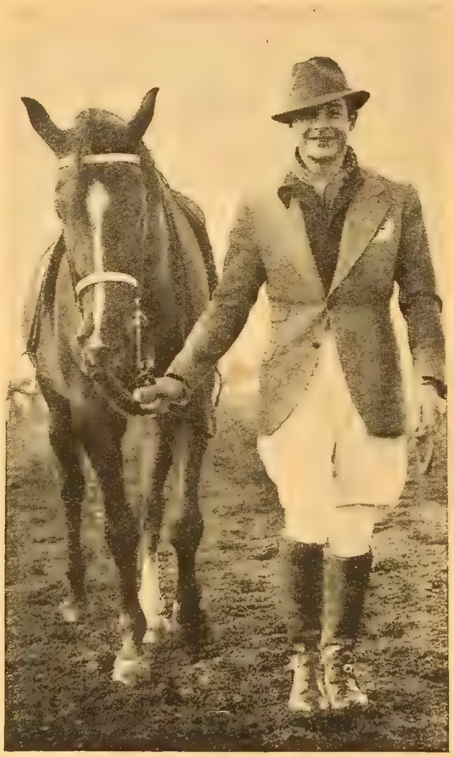
San Francisco   Mdse. Mart, Chicago   1410 Bdwy., N. Y.

GANTNER

The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*



Fernand Gravet, who resembles the Duke of Windsor—but rides his horse better, poses as the well-dressed equestrian

[*Continued from page* 8]

Hollywood's doviest couple, live in perpetual honeymoon. Recent mover-inners include the Gary Coopers. Most recent are Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. Why, the air over Brentwood simply just quivers with lo-o-o-o-ove! Incidentally, to make it all kosher, Allan Jones, having married Irene Hervey, has also legally adopted Irene's baby. That makes him doubly papa to her.

• • •

WAYNE MORRIS (Warner Brothers consider him their own private *robert-taylor*) is a smart young lad—so far. He's playing the field. Today, the gossipers have whispered that the *real truth* is that he's "that way" about (a) Shirley Lloyd, (b) Ann Borg, (c) Jane Bryan. Ol' Man Gossiper reports that the *Real Truth* is that Wayne is "that way" mostly about his career. And he realizes that romance-gossip is grand publicity. Smart lad, Wayne.

• • •

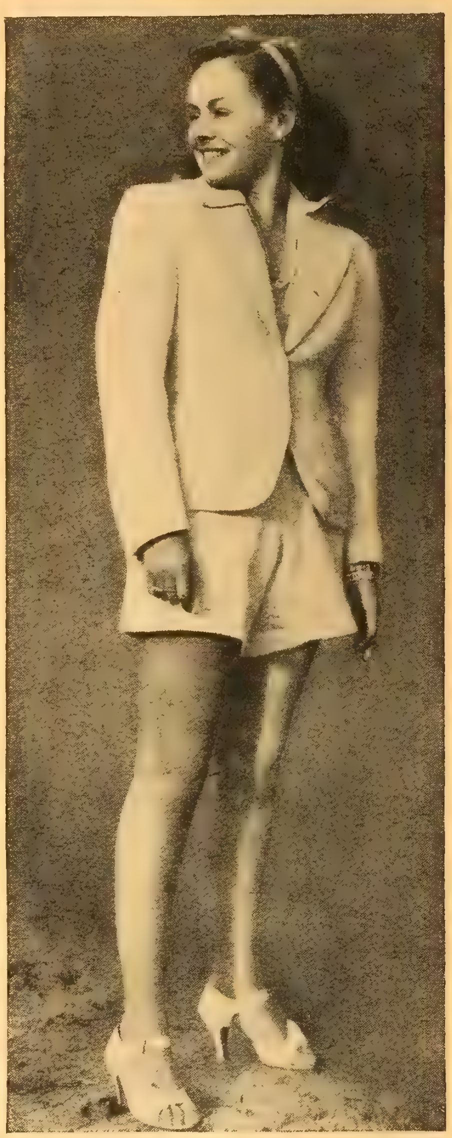
CUPID'S COUPLET:
Melvin Purvis and Janice Jarratt:
They're so thrilled they can hardly bear it . . .!

• • •

MOST Peripatetic Heart in Hollywood must be Cary Grant's. Right now, it's mostly in Ginger Rogers' keeping. Ginger is the latest beeg crush of the handsome lad who's been described by his inmates as a fall guy for romance. Cary, working on the RKO lot in *The Toast of New York,* finds himself shooting on the stage next to the one where Ginger is working. So much of the time, Cary's man and Ginger's maid carry notes back and forth. And between shots, and during lunch hour, Cary doesn't bother sending notes back and forth—he just sends himself forth to visit Ginger. He even squired Ginger to Hollywood's latest premiere—the glamorous *Lost Horizon* opening night, and police had to clear a way through the crowds so Ginger and Cary could get into the theatre. Meantime, Mary Brian lunches and dines and dances with other swains while she waits for Cary to come back. He always does.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Delmar Daves and Kay Francis:
They'll soon be wed, y'can bet your pances!



—*Acme*

Paulette Goddard, whose marriage to Chaplin has never been denied, affects short shorts—to show her "dietrichs"

NOW that the June Lang-Victor Orsatti romance, which got so close to the altar that the organist was virtually playing the opening bars of Mr. Mendelssohn's music, is all washed up and colder than a bride's dinner, the principals are forgetting it all with adequate help—

June's help is at last two-fold. Jimmy Dunn helps her a lot. When Jimmy isn't helping her forget, why, it's Tommy Lee who's the chief forgetter-helper. But having gotten too, too far with Victor, June's not letting herself get too, too, involved (so far) with either Mr. Lee or Mr. Dunn. June now agrees with mama that altars and careers don't mix. Anyway, not so young.

Meantime, the torch-carrying Mr. Orsatti uses the torch practically to light the nite ways for himself and Simone Simon, who can do his pouting for him. And thus runs the tale of another of those 88 romances that didn't jell into matrimony.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET: Monroe Owsley and Claire Windsor:

His charm, it seems, completely wins 'er.

• • •

ANOTHER of the 88 per cent-that-didn't was the quick-freeze betrothal of Dixie Dunbar and Bob Levy, New York department store owner. Dixie and Bob got to the engagement-ring-on-her finger stage. But "it was hardly an engagement at all," naively adds Dixie, "because I wore his ring only for a very few days and then returned it before Mr. Levy went back east . . . !"

So now Bob's back east, with an engagement ring he can use on anybody else he pleases, while back in Hollywood, Dixie's again in circulation, with Ol' Faithful Bill Davis still holding head-man position. Bill, while Dixie was Levying, consoled himself with nite life with Patricia Wilder—but he didn't neglect to send flowers and a gift radio to Dixie, Levy or no Levy! Dixie, by the way, says the chief trouble between her and Bob was that he'd want her to live in New York after they'd wed! And how could she do that, with Bill out in Hollywood . . . !

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET: Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable:

Gonna get married as soon as she's able.

And that'll be on and after December 18, which is the birthday on which Betty becomes 21. "And by December 20th," she tells me, "I'll be Mrs. Jackie Coogan." And that'll wind up an engagement endurance flight that's set a record in Hollywood, where a few days is a long betrothal, usually. Betty and Jackie have been engaged for centuries—but the reason they haven't made it official has been that in Betty's RKO contract, there's a non-marriage clause that doesn't expire until Betty's 21.

• • •

TWOSOMES:

—Marguerite Cramer, of San Francisco's "400," finds Lyle Talbot too divine—Bill Boyd and Hazel Forbes still warming up the surroundings, but denying wedding-bells intent, oh, yeah?—Mary Garden and

[*Continued on page 62*]

GET WISE, *Miss Scrub-Hard,*

Good brushing isn't enough! You need the *right dentifrice* too!

Change to

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE

containing IRIUM

Quickly loosens and removes dull, dingy film . . . Wins flashing new luster on teeth

● Now a thrilling dental discovery *ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment—makes your daily brushing *amazingly effective!*

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—*steps up* the cleaning power of tooth paste. Because it provides a smooth, gentle cleansing action that speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like *magic.* You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing gets *results*—in teeth that sparkle with lovely natural brilliance.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth feel clean and stay bright much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it! You'll no longer be a Disappointed Scrub-Hard.

All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent requires NO SOAP . . contains NO GRIT . . NO PUMICE

—Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent gently floats film away—instead of scraping it off.

—Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .

Pepsodent Tooth Paste leaves your mouth feeling clean and wholesome.

—Refreshing!

THE NEW HIGH POLISH
Pepsodent
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE

Change to

PEPSODENT

IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives-do *you*?

IN PROTECTING your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will *your* laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on *every* point. It meets the doctor's demands fairly and fully. So much so, in fact, that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes. Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

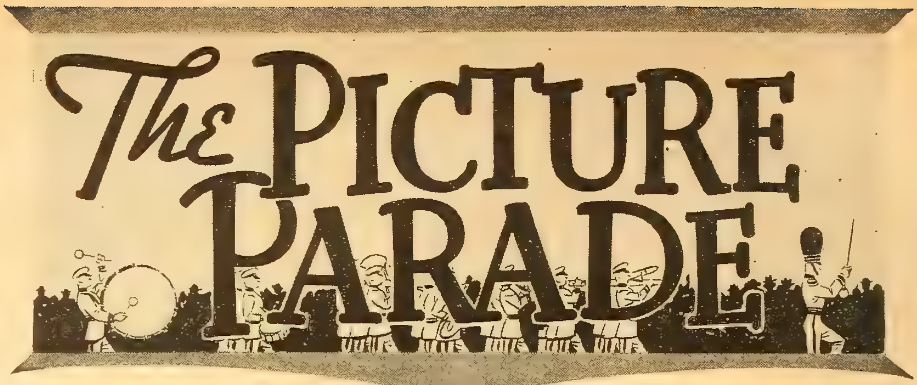
Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You will find that it is mild and gentle. You will find that Ex-Lax is *not* upsetting. Yet it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

Your children, too, can share in these advantages. For the requirements set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Once you try Ex-Lax, you'll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics, for it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG67, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember
EX-LAX
THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



The PICTURE PARADE

CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

—AAA½—

Every expectation of movie entertainment is fulfilled in Walter Wanger's latest and finest production, *History Is Made At Night*. A grand cast, expert direction by Frank Borzage, lavish production and last, but, not least, a fine screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker, makes this one of the most attractive offerings at the box office. It is real melodrama—the kind that makes you laugh and cry, and at moments simultaneously. Jean Arthur is the wife of Colin Clive, a wealthy American ship-builder, who is a psychopathic case of jealousy. Charles Boyer, the greatest head-waiter in France, comes to the rescue of the charming lady when she is at the mercy of her husband's insane intrigue. The irony of it all is that the fanatically jealous husband had no reason to doubt his wife's love until she meets Boyer, which is brought about by his own mad scheming. Leo Carrillo, Boyer's friend, supplies the comedy touches in grand manner. Your interest is sustained right up to the dramatic finale when an iceberg collides with the steamer carrying Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer back to France.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

QUALITY STREET

—AAA½—

All the charm and whimsy of Barrie's period play is retained in the screen version of *Quality Street*, produced by Pandro Berman for RKO. Miss Katharine Hepburn in the leading role has never been seen to better advantage, not even excepting her triumphant role in *Little Women*. The fact that this play is set in the early nineteenth century doesn't detract the slightest from its comedy value for us moderns. Neither does the fact that you have seen the play before. And, for you who haven't, here is a glossary of the story. The time, A. D. 1805; the place, Quality Street, London; the scene, Phoebe Throssel's home. Love comes to Phoebe in the person of Dr. Brown (Franchot Tone), but, before he declares his love for her he leaves for the war. Returning years later he finds a somewhat changed Phoebe who has turned schoolmarm together with her spinster sisters. But, Phoebe's spirit is stirred and she masquerades as her young niece, flirts madly with the Doctor and leads him a merry chase. But when things get too hot she reveals her identity, and then . . . One cannot praise too highly the cast supporting Miss Hepburn and Mr. Tone, which includes Fay Bainter, Estelle Winwood, Eric Blore, Florence Lake and Cora Witherspoon.—*RKO-Radio.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

FUTURE FAVORITES

PHIL HUSTON

By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

A DASHING young guy this Philip Huston! Just one look at his past record is enough to convince one that he knows his way about and can do 'most anything . . . When he was fifteen, he ran away from school and joined the crew of an old time windjammer . . . the experience was more than just a lark to young Phil . . . he loved the sea and stayed aboard the schooner 'till he had seen everything there was to see on her various cruises . . . before he quit he had more than nine months before the mast to his credit . . . The next job that took Phil's fancy was a place on the road gang . . . From there Phil went to life-guarding at an east coast resort, then to professional baseball . . . But Phil was restless, and none of these jobs would fill the ambitions that were his . . . but when he was offered a job clerking on Wall Street, he grabbed the opportunity, for it meant excitement and living in New York . . . And glamorous it was for Phil, for it was there that he met Ginger Rogers just when he was coming up in the theatrical world . . . Ginger was appearing in *Girl Crazy* at the time . . . Phil admired Ginger very much and his friendship with her brought him into close contact with the theatre and decided him on a stage career . . . Phil's first job on the stage was with a little "one night stand" company . . . It all came about when Phil walked into an agent's office and was told by the agent that he was just the man he was looking for . . . in the next few months he saw every town of any size from Maine to Florida . . . Phil says that the experience he thus gained has been invaluable to him because, every night meant facing a new audience in a new town . . . Of course, this was not what Phil wanted, so, when he thought he had gained enough experience, he beat his way back to New York with a wealth of experience to his credit. Phil's first engagement on Broadway was in *The Unknown Soldier* and it was in this play that he received his first film offer . . . "Just walk across the stage once on Broadway," says Phil, "and they'll spot you and offer you a film contract." Of course, it isn't as easy as all that, but it probably was for Phil, for such is his appearance and manner . . . In rapid succession followed plays in which Phil was leading man to Jane Cowl, Ina Claire and Ethel Barrymore . . . Phil was signed later to play the lead in RKO's, *The Big Game*, without even so much as a screen test . . . After the picture was previewed he was signed to a long term contract . . . As to Phil's personal likes and dislikes, he enjoys baseball and plenty of it . . . As to his looks, he's just about what the doctor ordered . . . six feet tall, weight 170 pounds, has brown eyes and dark hair.

Have an Alluring soft, smooth skin!

TRY THE LINIT BEAUTY BATH

America's loveliest women daily enjoy a refreshing and delightful Beauty Bath with Linit. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in the tub; bathe as usual; step out; pat yourself with a towel and—FEEL YOUR SKIN! It will be velvety soft and smooth. Why not try this marvelous beauty aid today? Your grocer sells LINIT—in the attractive blue and white package.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW

Bennie Bartlett—Paramount Junior Star

Home Made

Ice Cream

Is the Grandest Treat of All

● The most wholesome kind of frozen food is old-fashioned Home Made Ice Cream. The freezing, the serving, and the eating is a peck of fun at a children's party. The second and even the third dish won't hurt them a bit.

Plan a party for sister's or brother's birthday and make it a howling success with Home Made Ice Cream.

Your local dealer has all the new freezer models on display now.

"Have a Party"
IT'S FUN

BUY A FREEZER
at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

The PICTURE PARADE

[*Continued from page* 12]

CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS

AAA½—The adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's salty tale of the sea makes an exciting and stirring film. It has comedy touches, but the pathos is so realistic and overwhelming that this picture will long be remembered. So will Master Freddie Bartholomew's emoting. It takes young Bartholomew out of the "child star" category and raises him into the best trouping class. And Spencer Tracy earns plaudits for his superb characterization of the fisherman who pulls Freddie out of the sea and transforms the spoiled brat into an honest and fine little gentleman. Most of the action takes place aboard Lionel Barrymore's schooner and it is there that Tracy teaches Freddie the spiritual value of things until the other members of the crew learn to respect and trust the youngster as one of their own. There are some deep emotional sequences, particularly the death of Tracy at sea. Lionel Barrymore, Mickey Rooney, Melvin Douglas and Charles Grapewin are also commended for their excellent performances.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

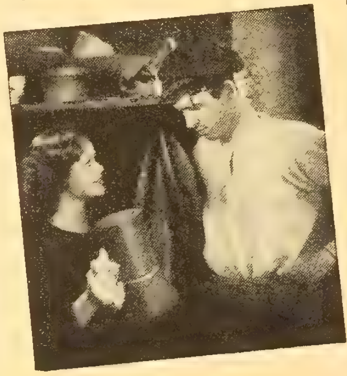
CALL IT A DAY

AAA½—While this play was enjoying a very successful season on the legitimate stage last year, there didn't seem to be any room for improvement, but it seems as though Warner Bros. have taken a good play and turned out a better movie. *Call It A Day* is tops in every sense—casting, production, direction, photoplay and photography. It is one of the finest comedies to come to the screen this year, as it was in the theatre last year. Frieda Inescort is *Mama Hilton*, Ian Hunter, *Papa Hilton*, and Olivia de Havilland, Bonita Granville and Peter Willes are the younger *Hiltons*. Anita Louise is the girl-next-door who young *Hilton* falls in love with just when he had planned to escape to the Continent. Walter Woolf King, an artist married to Peggy Woods, is the victim of Olivia's romantic urgings, and Alice Brady and Roland Young, friends of the family. It was a strange day for the Hiltons and their experiences form a very delightful picture for your consumption. The players perform flawlessly, especially little Bonita Granville. This picture about a family, will appeal to the entire family.—*Warner Bros.*

TOP OF THE TOWN

AAA—In their determination to make this the biggest musical film of the year, the new Universal went to such extremes in lavishness that they over-did it. It has too much of everything—why they even brought the Rockefellers and Hamlet in. Not that you actually see the Rockefellers, but the Moonbeam Room certainly springs from the Rainbow Room at Rockefeller Center. Doris Nolan, Universal's glamourita, is the wealthiest-girl-in-the-world (there seems to be an epidemic of them) just returned from Russia where she was injected with a load of artistic ideas. Her four bachelor uncles are about to build a night-club atop their highest skyscraper and Doris is determined to use this venture as an outlet for her artiness. Therein evolves the Moonbeam Room and its extravagant musical production. George Murphy is attractive as the club's maestro and can be *astaire*. But, it's too bad he isn't given enough opportunity to display his real talent—dancing. Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Mischa Auer and Henry Armetta are as funny as usual and Gertrude Niesen and Ella Logan swing it in style.—*Universal.*

SEVENTH HEAVEN



AAA—It must have required a good deal of courage on the parts of the producers to remake *Seventh Heaven* as people will invariably compare it with the Gaynor-Farrell silent version. The earlier production was tops in filmfare and they were taking a long chance in getting this to measure up to its standards. But, the temptation must have been great. They had Simone Simon, a French star, under contract, who had the Latin appeal and personality of the memorable *Diane*. She seemed particularly suited for the role and if it was a go, here was a chance to repeat the glory and success reaped by the earlier *Diane*. They have succeeded insofar as the players are concerned, but the film itself is a little slow moving. It is still a beautiful and appealing story and Simone Simon and James Stewart as *Diane* and *Chico* are superb in their parts. And Gregory Ratoff, Jean Hersholt, Gale Sondergaard, J. Edward Bromberg and John Qualen are expert and sure in their roles. It was a chance worth taking and is certainly worth seeing.—*20th Century-Fox.*

[*Continued on page 16*]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darling:

THIS monthly fashion-letter to you gives me a grand excuse for having myself a good time. You wanted to know about resort clothes, didn't you? That meant I *had* to go to Palm Springs for the week-end. And what a week-end! (But that has nothing to do with clothes, so skip it.) But in between all that I did stay *clothes*-conscious and find out a lot of things for you! About shoes, and trick belts, and summer colors—so here goes: . . . It was at the Racquet Club that I found most of the gals—playing tennis, drinking long cool drinks, or just lazing. Gloria Swanson was the first person I spotted—probably because she was the smartest looking one there. Gloria was wearing a sports dress of dove-grey crepe, brightened by a sash and turban of Roman stripe silk in brilliant orange, gold, green and white. She was in the middle of a group of women and as usual they were discussing clothes.

I ARRIVED just in time to hear Gloria tell of a new belt she has—made of brown kid; it fastens with heavy metal chains. The chains are exactly the kind you use on the front door to keep the salesmen out, only Gloria's are gold-plated and slip into matching gold brackets . . . That started it—Rochelle Hudson slipped off her belt, which she was wearing around a natural-color linen dress, to show us how it was made. Rochelle's belt is of cork—cut in flat oval-shaped pieces and held together with bright red leather thongs. And listen—Rochelle can keep that for her dress, but I'm going to try it on my bathing suit. What do you think?

SIMONE SIMON joined the clothes-session and showed us one of the most practical gadgets I've seen for a long time. Simone's grey sports dress (looks like grey is a good bet for spring and summer) was brightened by a green suede belt, fastened with a silver dagger. *But*—the top of the silver dagger gadget came off and revealed the little French gal's favorite lipstick. Kind of smart.

I HAD to leave the belt-conference, because I spotted Madge Evans over by the tennis court—and Madge has more clothes ideas than 'most any two people I know. Right then she was wearing a hip length coat and vest of copper suede over a tailored skirt of bright blue! A sports hat of the same blue tweed as the skirt, and a blue scarf, completed her costume . . . Madge told me that after she had planned her complete summer wardrobe, she found that all her costumes were blue. She already has five different blues, and thinks it is fun to see just how many shades of this color she can collect.

FRANCES DRAKE had just finished playing tennis and came over to talk to us while she repaired her make-up with the help of the niftiest handbag I've seen this month. The bag is of bright red pigskin, and is in two sections. One half is just an ordinary pocketbook—nothing to get excited about. But the other side has compartments for cigarettes, all possible beauty needs, and a mirror that you can really see yourself in.

FROM the tennis court I wandered back into the shade of the club-house. And there I found Alice Faye looking as cool as that over-publicized cucumber. You know Alice's very favorite color is black—and she told me that she thinks it is just as good as any color for Spring—*if* you brighten it up. And after one look at her, I agree. Alice was wearing a black linen dress—cut in simple princess lines and buttoned straight down the front from neck to hem. The buttons supplied the color—bright blue pottery buttons in the shape of flower pots—blossoms and all.

SPEAKING of flowers—have you ever worn them on your feet? Sounds silly, but that was what Una Merkel was doing that afternoon. Una was wearing a bright print dress, and her sandals were covered with the same print. I sort of gasped when I saw them, but Una told me that was nothing—she has several print dresses made for spring and they all have shoes to match . . . Lynne Carver was wearing eye-opening shoes, too. Lynne also had on a bright colored print—mostly blue, and her shoes were fashioned of strips of suede, in all the

[*Continued on page* 17]

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOUR FACE ??

THE TRUE STORY OF COSMETICS

TOLD BY DONA RAY

Truth will out! At last, you can find out what goes into your creams, lotions and powders. You have a right to know — and now, comes Dona Ray — bringing her charm secrets out into the open — *printing the ingredients of every product on the label.*

Your beautician knows the chemistry of cosmetics. She understands your skin and she can explain the reason for ingredients used by Dona Ray. That is why Dona Ray Cosmetics *are sold only in beauty parlors.*

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Send me FREE a copy of "The Moon is Made of Green Cheese" which reveals valuable cosmetic secrets.

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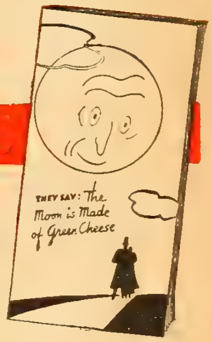
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The PICTURE PARADE

[*Continued from page* 14]

SWING HIGH, SWING LOW

AAA—Here is *Burlesque* in a new dress with a few added trimmings and with Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in the leading roles. Both stars handle their roles as experienced troopers, but we think that Fred MacMurray has a little edge on Carole. Not that Carole let us down—she performed in her usual excellent style, but that man MacMurray is coming up. *Burlesque* is still a good play, and there are some swell comedy lines added which are delivered by Charles Butterworth in his inimitable humorous style. Carole meets Fred, a shiftless, wise-cracking ladies' man, in Panama, the day he leaves the Army. She misses her boat and moves in with the boys. It leads to love and matrimony and inspired trumpeting for Fred, who gets his big chance to play in New York. His success and Dorothy Lamour go to his head and he forgets to send for Carole. When she does come on she finds Fred with the "other woman," leaves him and so does success. However, Carole comes back at the crucial moment and reinspires the errant Fred.—*Paramount.*

WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG

AAA—At last, Virginia Bruce has been given the opportunity to prove that she is not only a beautiful actress, but a talented one as well. *When Love Is Young* is adapted from the story *Class Prophecy* and is mounted as a musical comedy. It is grand entertainment from beginning to end and scores another comedy hit for the producers who gave us *Three Smart Girls.* Miss Bruce is the small town girl who makes good, contrary to the prophecy of her graduating class. Virginia was an unpopular wall-flower at home and her romantic interest in William Tannen did not excite much response. So she leaves home with her uncle, Walter Brennan, in hope of a successful operatic career. She meets discouragement in New York. But she gets into a publicity stunt directed by Kent Taylor and eventually finds herself in a musical comedy on Broadway. Successful, she returns home and discovers that her heart tricked her—that she is in love with Taylor. Kent Taylor is fine in his role of publicity agent, ditto Christian Rub and Greta Meyer as Virginia's Swedish parents.—*Universal.*

PERSONAL PROPERTY

AAA—Well, Hollywood must be running out of fresh material, for here is another remake among the box-office offerings. This one was known as *The Man In Possession*—who was played by Robert Montgomery. The new edition presents the current It man, Robert Taylor, and It girl, Jean Harlow. Reginald Owen, Bob's brother, has designs for marriage with Jean, an American widow, believing she has a fortune and could help him in his financial embarrassment. Jean suffers from the same illusion and is reconciled to marrying Owen when younger-brother Bob returns from a spell in jail. Innocent of the romance in the family, Bob meets Jean, is attracted to her and maneouvers his way into her house as a sheriff's guard when her debts pile up. And, according to English law the guard remains in the house until the debts are paid off. Bob falls in love with Jean but she rebukes his attentions until she slowly succumbs to his irresistible manner. Bob outsmarts his brother when he learns who he is and marries the widow himself.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

WAIKIKI WEDDING

AAA—The picturesque and romantic Hawaiian Islands form a beautiful background for crooner Bing Crosby's latest musical romance. The story is rather weak, but the production and photography is handled in the best manner, giving you a gay and entertaining picture play. Bing is up to par in voice and cemedy and the other attractions are Shirley Ross, Martha Raye and Bob Burns. The latter form one of the finest comedy teams on the screen and keep you in stitches with their comic antics. Shirley Ross is attractive as the romantic lead and she exercises her vocal cords to your delight. Each performer is given opportunity to entertain in their chosen field and they all make the most of it. Shirley Ross arrives in Honolulu the winner of a contest conducted by a pineapple company for which Bing Crosby acts as publicity agent. Bing is frantic when he learns that Miss Ross is writing newspaper articles knocking the islands and colludes with comedians Raye and Burns to kidnap her. They fall in love on the isolated island and Crosby plans a dramatic escape.—*Paramount.*

Hollywood Fashion Tips

[*Continued from page* 15]

known shades of blue. (Wait till Madge Evans sees those!) I don't know whether it was flowered shoes or those last few "long ones" but I decided maybe I'd better go back to Hollywood.

And I arrived just in time to get decked out in my party clothes and go to the premiere of *Lost Horizon*—because I knew that was where I would find the evening clothes that you would want to hear about.

AND what glamour I saw! Loretta Young—does that gal know how to glam!—floated into the theatre in a gown of cream colored Chantilly lace, carrying a fan! (Only she wasn't *carrying* it—it was part of her.) On the fan—also of lace—was pinned a small bouquet of pink camellias and forget-me-nots! And believe me—she got more neck-craning in her direction than any of the you-know-revealing gowns that entered . . . Joan Crawford was gorgeous in white crepe. (Time out to tell you what Adrian told me—that if you want to get your man, wear *white*. A woman looks more helpless in it—and that's what the men like.) To get back to Joan—her gown was Empire in style, with an extremely high waist-line marked simply with a twisted white cord. Over the gown she wore a flaming red bolero jacket of sequins.

I JUST caught a glimpse of Lynne Carver as she went to her seat—but it was enough to show me that she was wearing a period gown, and to complement it, she had tiny sequin-studded bows pinned in her hair . . . Virginia Bruce also wore "helpless" white—but she added a touch of color to it in her quilted velvet evening wrap of a gorgeous turquoise shade. And the way that looks with Virginia's blonde hair! Her bag and open-toed sandals matched the wrap . . . Just as the lights went out Betty Furness slipped into the seat beside me—but she didn't have on a hat! She was wearing a figured evening gown—and she whispered to me that it was batiked by her own hands.

Mlle. Chic.

P. S.—I sort of had to put this at the end so it wouldn't be too much of a shock. Betty Furness is tired of being ribbed—she goes everywhere, day or night, *without* a HAT!!

At Basil Rathbone's anniversary party Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald came dressed up as *Romeo* and *Juliet*

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Pearls FIT FOR A CORONATION

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For beauty as regal as it is timeless, what can equal the enduring loveliness of *Heller Certified Cultured Pearls* . . . . *oyster-grown* gems with the lustrous sheen of moonlight! Long a luxury for the few, Heller now offers these "heirlooms of the future" at a price you can afford. Expertly matched and graduated . . . . hand-knotted . . . . finished with diamond-set solid-gold clasps . . . . *Heller Certified Cultured Pearls* add glowing elegance to every costume and occasion!

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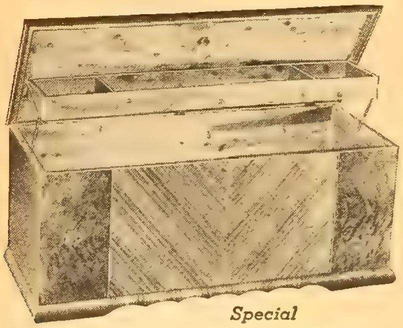

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A modern design with center panel of V-matched American walnut, flanked by American walnut stump panels and ebony inlay. Lane automatic rising tray. $29.75 *Slightly higher in West and in Canada*

Lane Silver Jubilee Chest

Curved deep trunk top and front panel Bubinga and Oriental woods. Front end panels matched black walnut stump. Lane automatic rising tray, same as shown above. $39.50 *Slightly higher in West and in Canada*

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CEDAR CHESTS
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

On the SETS *with the* STARS

One of the many vivid war scenes in *The Road Back* shows German soldiers returning to the Fatherland. A sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front,* made by Universal

NO CREAM-PUFF when it comes to love-making is Spencer Tracy. Ask Gladys George! His first love scene in six months for Tracy came when, for M-G-M's *They Gave Him a Gun,* he meets Gladys in a garden, grabs her, kisses her. So earnestly did Spencer do the kissing that Gladys came out of the scene with a lip so swollen that she couldn't continue until they applied ice. But she got square. Next scene called for Gladys to smack Tracy's pan for the kiss. Did she smack. MMMM ---MMMM!!! In the same picture, you'll see an old army truck carrying Tracy, Franchot Tone, along a French street. That truck'll bring a twinge to your heart if you recognize it—it's the same one that carried Jack Gilbert away from Renee Adoree in the memorable *Big Parade.*

MIRIAM HOPKINS works, but she doesn't ask her feet to do the same. So, starting *The Woman's Touch* for Sam Goldwyn, Miriam showed up, as usual, with her rabbit-fur-lined slippers. Except in long shots where her feet show, Miriam wears the slippers throughout shooting. Today, after several weeks of shooting, Miriam is off noodles for life. Scene called for her to eat noodles out of a thermos container, the idea being she hasn't eaten for 48 hours, and has just found the noodles. After four takes, she cried "I've eaten too much!" Cried the directors: "I noodle you would!"

THE prop men who work at M-G-M are planning to go on a sit-down strike against any more Marx Brothers pictures. After five days of Marx Brothers throwing paste around in a wallpaper sequence, during which five days the set cleaners had to mop up spic and span overnight, they're all exhausted. So are the Marxes. In their picture, *A Day at the Races,* you'll see why. You'll also see Elissa Landi's horse, Tristan. It's a trick horse, and Elissa, who doesn't appear in the film, had to act as technical advisor to make the horse do his stuff. So jealous of Tristan's acting were the Marxes that they've offered Elissa a salary to train them, too.

"KISSING," says Donrue Leighton, asked to kiss Edward Everett Horton, "is like spinach. Either you like it, or you don't." She didn't. So for Universal's *Oh, Doctor!* she refused Director McCarey's orders to kiss Horton. Finally they told her she could kiss William Hall, too. Then she relented to this extent—for rehearsals, a stand-in did the kissing. For the actual take, Miss Leighton condescended—provided there'd be no retakes. Not knowing whether to be insulted or not, Horton and Hall kissed a good take. Still insisted Donrue: "I don't like kissing!"

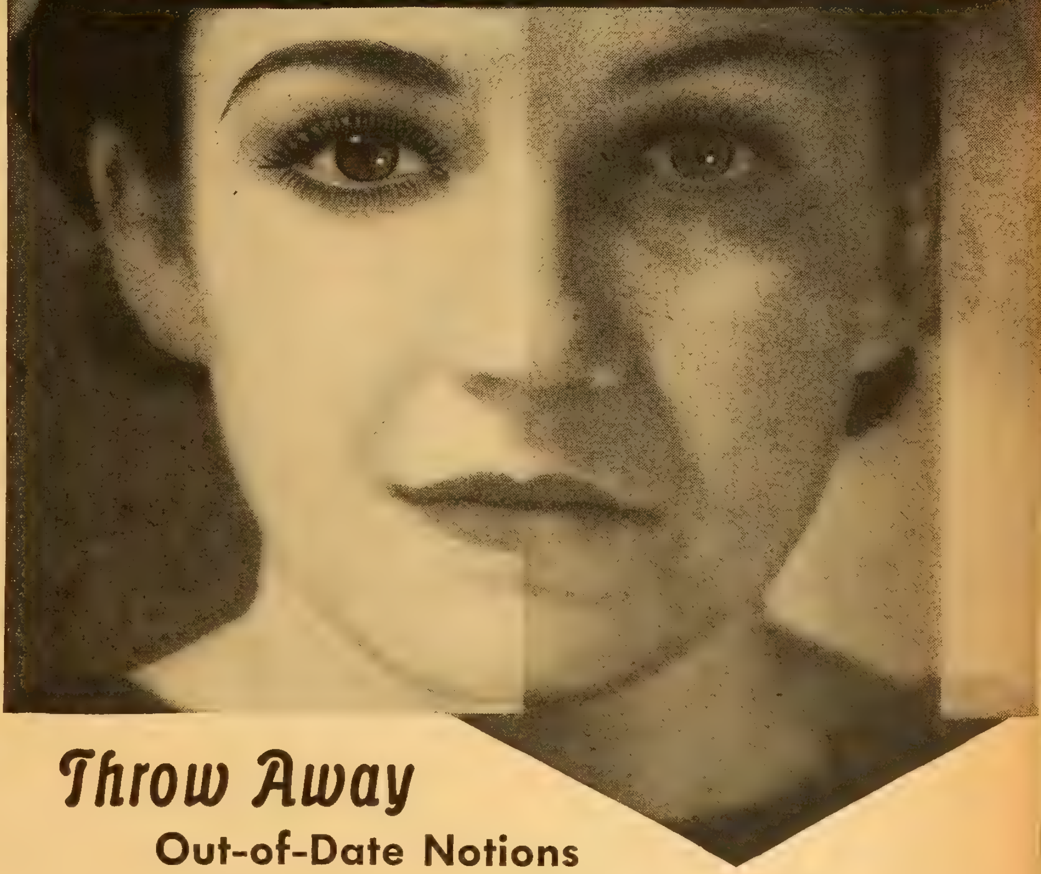
FOR Columbia's *Honeymoon Pilot,* California's fog played a mean trick. Two private planes, rented for the film, were painted tan to stimulate border-patrol planes. Not to damage the rented planes, Columbia technicians used water color. Up went the planes, to do their stuff for the camera in the camera-plane beside them. All went well until they plunged into a fog bank. On the other side they emerged—but the fog had wiped the tan paint clean off!

HAYS office guarding-our-morals note: For Universal's *Oh, Doctor!* Edward Everett Horton and William Hall were made to don bathing-suit uppers for a sequence, instead of going, as do all male bathers on California beaches, in swimming shorts alone. The Hays office insisted on draping the manly Horton and Hall torsoes fearing for their effect on the mind of youth otherwise . . .!!! Ol' Sex-Menace Horton, they call him now.

FOR her Warners' film *One Hour of Romance*, Kay Francis had to take weeks of dancing lessons. Not that she doesn't know her rhumba, *et al.* But for the film, she has to dance the mazurka, of *all* things. And because there are eight different kinds of mazurkas, Kay had plenty of stepping to do. For the same film, Warners were in a quandary. Cast as Kay's daughter was Anita Louise. But she looked too old, or Kay looked too young, so they had to switch Jane Bryan into the role instead. Kay's complimented, but Anita doesn't know whether to feel insulted or not.

PRODUCTION Notes . . . for 20th-Fox's *Seventh Heaven,* eight newsboys were hired for a week to tear up newspapers for the scene showing the armistice celebration . . . for the first time in her screen career, Bette Davis sings, in Warners' *Kid Galahad* . . . costing over $1,600, a dress made entirely of beads will be worn by Marlene Dietrich in Paramount's *The Angel* . . . because they were afraid the yell would start a panic in the audience, Laurence Olivier's cry of "Fire! Fire!" was deleted by censors from *Fire Over England* . . . Clark Gable's death scene in *Parnell* at M-G-M was the most perfect take of all, with mouse-like silence on the set, until, just as Clark "died," the sound man himself burst out with a cough, necessitated Clark re-dying . . . and also at M-G-M, for Garbo's *Countess Walewska,* they had to lay concrete over a two-inch-thick base of rubber for palace floor and stairs, so that fifty Cossacks could gallop over it without making so much noise it'd wreck the sound machines . . . and to protect Bob Montgomery, Rosalind Russell against poison ivy, M-G-M sent an expert botanist out to location ahead of the company, to weed out all poisonous plants from the shrubbery where, in *Night Must Fall,* Bob and Rosalind do their stuff . . . and because California frost had done away with real blossoms, a corps of Paramount technicians had to work overnight peeling rosebuds down to the size of apple-blossoms, sticking them on bare apple trees with maple syrup, to simulate a blossoming orchard for *High, Wide and Handsome* . . . and if you don't think Walt Disney's first full-length feature, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs,* will be SOMETHING, I'm telling you that he's *casting* the picture carefully, because for the voices of the cartoon Chief Dwarf and Witch, respectively, he's hired no less important players than Roy Atwill and Lucille La Verne to do the talking!

"SLAVE to a SHADE THAT MAKES YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER!"



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TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Walter Connolly, June Lang and Vic McLaglen in a dramatic scene from Fox's *Nancy Steele Is Missing*

Nancy Steele Is Missing—AAA—An intensely human drama based on Charles Francis Coe's story with Victor McLaglen, Walter Connolly, June Lang and Peter Lorre. It has a fresh plot that maintains your interest right up to the thrilling climax. McLaglen, as usual, dominates the film with his dynamic personality. The others are remembered, too, for their effective portrayals.—*20th Century-Fox.*

The Outcasts of Poker Flat—AAA—Action, comedy and thrills are found aplenty in this adaptation of Bret Harte's story about the gold-mining west and its colorful gambling houses. Preston Foster, Jean Muir and Virginia Weidler give superb performances. Don't miss this—it appeals to all the emotions.—*RKO-Radio.*

Her Husband Lies—AAA—Here is something you can sink your teeth into and take home with you. It's good drama, handled expertly by the players. Ricardo Cortez, a gambler, plays a character similar to the famous Arnold Rothstein and does a memorable job. Other members of the cast are Gail Patrick, his wife, Tom Brown, his brother, and Akim Tamiroff, Louis Calhern, Jack LaRue, June Martel, *et al.*—*Schulberg-Paramount.*

The Great O'Malley—AAA—Pat O'Brien performs in his usual ingratiating manner in the title role. And the supporting cast consisting of Humphrey Bogart, Sybil Jason, Frieda Inescort, Donald Crisp and Hobart Cavanaugh are to be commended for their excellent assistance in making this a warm and interesting photoplay.—*Warner Bros.*

A Family Affair—AAA—The lack of big names does not detract from its box-office appeal. It is human and understandable, portraying the civic and family troubles of plain people. Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Julie Haydon and Cecilia Parker form the family, and Eric Linden the romantic link.—*M-G-M.*

Clarence—AAA—This Booth Tarkington story adapted to the films retains all the Tarkington charm and humor. It is well cast and expertly acted by Roscoe Karns, in the title role, Eleanore Whitney, Eugene Pallette, Johnny Downs, Inez Courtney and Charlotte Wynters. It's a swell farce, affording loads of laughs.—*Paramount.*

Penrod and Sam—AAA—Another Booth Tarkington story that makes an interesting movie for adults as well as children. It was expertly guided by William McGann, who apparently has a deep understanding of children. Billy Mauch, Frank Craven, Spring Byington and Craig Reynolds are applauded for their interesting and sincere interpretations.—*Warner Bros.*

Midnight Taxi—AA½—Cops and counterfeiters add up murder and an exciting film with Brian Donlevy, Frances Drake, Alan Dinehart, Sig Rumann, Gilbert Roland and others. Although Donlevy is a G-man and Frances Drake a member of the gang, they find a way out and supply a happy ending.—*20th Century-Fox.*

That Man's Here Again—AA½—Hugh Herbert and Teddy Hart add considerable enjoyment to this boy meets girl melodrama. Tom Brown and Mary McGuire, a newcomer, are the young romantics, while Joseph King supplies the touch of villainy.—*Warner Bros.*

Song of the City—AA½—The Italian fisherfolk along San Francisco Bay supply the romance and sentiment of this film offering Margaret Lindsay, Jeffrey Dean, J. Carrol Naish and Nat Pendleton in the leading roles. There are some pleasing musical interludes, and the locale is very picturesque.—*M-G-M.*

Girl Loves Boy—AA½—The bicycle-built-for-two era forms the background of the story, and the title suggests the gist of the plot. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are the young lovers and they are supported by Roger Imhof, Dorothy Peterson and Pedro de Cordoba. It's sweet and sentimental.—*Grand National.*

Let's Get Married—AA—The attractive feature of this film, the story of which deals with the U. S. Weather Bureau, is the players. Ralph Bellamy, Ida Lupino, Walter Connolly and Reginald Denny perform capably and help to lift this in your estimation.—*Columbia.*

The Crime Nobody Saw—AA—Murder is a convenience here as it supplies the idea for a mystery for which playwrights, Lew Ayres, Eugene Pallette and Benny Baker were stumped. There are some strange goings-on before the crime is solved, furnishing suspense and comedy. There's also a dash of romance. Other players are Ruth Coleman, Vivienne Osborne and Howard Hickman.—*Paramount.*

Men in Exile—AA—Richard Purcell and June Travis in the leading roles of a melodrama concerning the escape of a murder suspect. The background is a mythical republic in Central America which apparently is the excuse for a revolutionary plot, which in turn is excuse for the gun-running racket. Anyway, love overcomes all barriers.—*Warner Bros.*

Trouble In Texas—AA—Even if you are prejudiced against Westerns you will admit that this is entertaining movie fare. It is full of action, featuring rodeos in the true Western spirit. Tex Ritter is a likable chap and is in good voice. Rita Cansino is the romantic interest.—*Grand National.*

ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE . . .

Are yours in the June issue of MOVIE STORY Magazine, with its sparkling story versions of the newest and most important Hollywood pictures.

The Prince and the Pauper, which Warner Bros. will soon release with dashing Errol Flynn as star, is the famous Mark Twain tale retold in vivid and distinctive fashion in MOVIE STORY.

As Good as Married, with John Boles and Doris Nolan, and *Kid Galahad*, starring Edward G. Robinson and Bette Davis, are two other big pictures that you may *read* before *seeing* in the June issue of MOVIE STORY, on sale at all newsstands May 1 for only TEN CENTS.

Preston Foster and Jean Muir are two colorful characters in the movie version of Bret Harte's *Outcasts of Poker Flat*

Parole Racket—AA—The theme of this is familiar as you can gather from the title, but it supplies some moments of suspense and thrills. Paul Kelly, a copper, and Rosalind Keith, a sob sister, uncover the racket and having worked together they decide to live together in holy wedlock so that the film can have a happy ending.—*Columbia.*

White Bondage—AA—Depicts the tale of woe of the poor share-cropper in the cotton regions and his rebellion against the landowners. There is something here, but it isn't played up to all it's worth. Jean Muir is effective in her role of a share-cropper's (Harry Davenport) granddaughter. Gordon Oliver, Howard Phillips, Joseph King and Addison Richards are admirable in their parts.—*Warner Bros.*

Trouble in Morocco—AA—This will appeal because of the virility of its star, Jack Holt, the picturesque scenes of the desert and the mysterious lure of the Foreign Legion. Jack Holt and Mae Clarke are rival reporters covering an assignment in Morocco. They get their story and each other. It's full of action and the cast handle their assignments capably.—*Columbia.*

Paradise Express—AA—A railroad failure due to the invasion of trucking forms the nucleus of this story. Romance rears its head when Grant Withers is appointed receiver for the company and falls in love with the president's daughter (Dorothy Appleby). There are some thrilling sequences supplied by trainwrecks and a race concocted between the iron-horse and its arch enemy—the truck.—*Republic.*

Navy Spy—AA—G-boy meets G-girl and together they solve the mystery of a missing naval officer who was abducted from his ship. Conrad Nagel, Eleanor Hunt and Judith Allen are interesting, but the plot is too involved.—*Grand National.*

Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: A saga of plain living and the soil, ***The Good Earth*** spins the life of dramatic China in a faithful reproduction of Pearl Buck's best-selling novel. In its intensified human drama and the grandeur and scope of its spectacular sweep it ranks as probably the greatest motion picture ever produced. . . . *Maid of Salem,* an unusual theme in an unusual setting forms the background for a gripping drama presenting Miss Claudette Colbert in the title role. . . . All the superlatives that you've been hearing about *Lost Horizon* have been realized. It is a real triumph for actor Ronald Colman, director Frank Capra and Robert Riskin who adapted the James Hilton novel . . . *Maytime,* splendid in every sense of the meaning is M-G-M's musical offering with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the leading roles in Sigmund Romberg's successful operetta. . . . *The King and the Chorus Girl,* a delightful comedy with music, introducing to American film audiences Fernand Gravet, long the darling of Continental cinema audiences. Joan Blondell is the chorus girl. . . . *Silent Barriers,* a historical chronicle about our close neighbors, the Canadians. England put itself out in producing this film of their dominion across the sea and you have a lavish and spectacular epic film.

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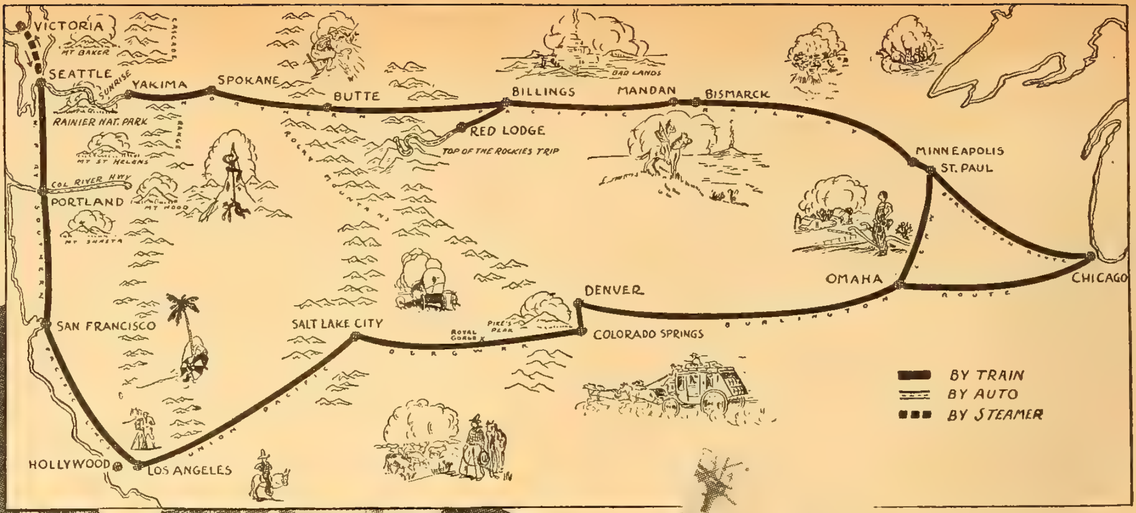
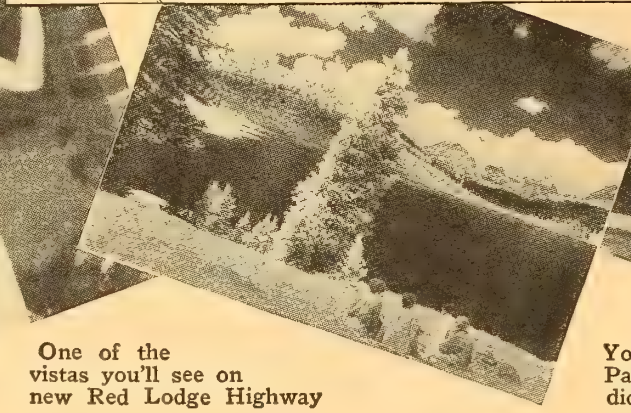
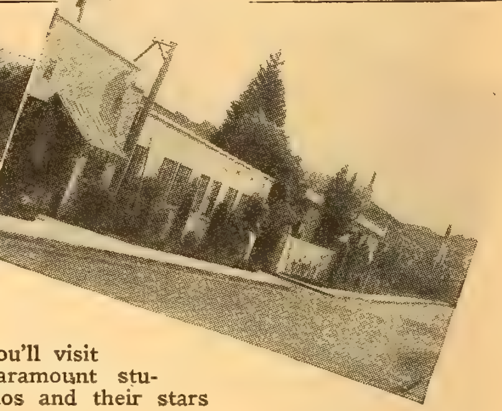
At right, is the map of your Movieland Tour. Both vacation trips, July 11, and August 8, have the same itinerary


VICTORIA
MT BAKER
SEATTLE
SUNRISE
YAKIMA
SPOKANE
BUTTE
BILLINGS
MANDAN
BISMARCK
BAD LANDS
RED LODGE
TOP OF THE ROCKIES TRIP
RAINIER NAT. PARK
MT ST HELENS
COL RIVER HWY
PORTLAND
MT HOOD
MT SHASTA
MINNEAPOLIS
ST. PAUL
OMAHA
CHICAGO
DENVER
SAN FRANCISCO
SALT LAKE CITY
ROYAL GORGE
PIKE'S PEAK
COLORADO SPRINGS
BURLINGTON ROUTE
UNION PACIFIC
HOLLYWOOD
LOS ANGELES
BY TRAIN
BY AUTO
BY STEAMER

Fay Wray gives cocktail party for Tourists on second trip



One of the vistas you'll see on new Red Lodge Highway



You'll visit Paramount studios and their stars

All Roads Lead to Hollywood!

Here's Your CHANCE to MEET the STARS on OUR MOVIELAND TOUR!

HOLLYWOOD beckons you with its great studios, its famous night spots, its glamorous stars, as reservations for the Third Annual Movieland Tour pour in! The first section will leave Chicago July 11th for a two weeks' trip to the Coast and back. On the way to Hollywood you will be taken through the Minnesota Lake Country, through the Dakota Bad Lands and on into the Sioux country where the Indians will entertain you for a day of thrilling adventure.

Each day of travel brings you nearer and nearer to Hollywood. You leave the train for a motor trip at Red Lodge, Montana—and climb right to the top of the Rockies. The panoramic sweep along this Red Lodge Highway is breath-taking in its magnificence. You travel on to see the vistas of Mt. Rainier National Park in Washington where busses give you a close-up of America's grandest peak. And on to Seattle and a boat ride up Puget Sound. You pass through Oregon and another bus ride takes you over the Columbia River Highway before you catch the train for the trip into California—where, after visiting San Francisco with its new 8-mile bridge and its Golden Gate bridge, Chinatown, the Presidio, Golden Gate Park and other points of interest, you are speeding South to Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The above is the condensed picture of what you will see on this glorious vacation. The free booklet, which will be sent to you upon application to W. F. Hagemann, Movieland Tour Manager, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, tells you much more. Be sure to send for it.

SO ONCE more, MOTION PICTURE Magazine makes it possible for you to visit Hollywood on an all-expense tour, at an astonishingly low cost, to hob-nob with the stars and enjoy the thrill of "doing" Hollywood as no other visitors are privileged to do.

MOTION PICTURE Magazine has made arrangements for a program of exciting events, and everything is ready for the two 1937 Tours—one to leave Chicago July 11th, the second to leave for the round trip to movieland on August 8th.

As we said, the reservations are pouring in. But you still have time to make your reservations on one of these trips which will carry you to the magic city of Hollywood. The tours can accommodate around two hundred vacationists—so the sooner you make your reservations the better you'll be rewarded with accommodations.

[*Continued on page* 25]

USE THIS COUPON

Mr. W. F. Hagemann, Movieland Tour Manager,
Motion Picture Magazine,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $........................ Please enter my reservation for....................

persons, to insure a place for us on tour No........................

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 11, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 8.)

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State....................................

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

BIGGEST Party of the Month in movieland was that "All Skates Night" shindig thrown, jointly, by Ginger Rogers and millionaire-racing hoss-fancier Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who during his Hollywood stay was the gals' delight. Ginger and Alf (as well-liked and as unsnooty a son of wealth as Hollywood has ever seen) took over the Rollerdrome, near M-G-M studios in Culver City, for the affair. To the party came 400 guests. After the party, at least 350 of them had black and blue spots when they skated on other things besides skates. . . . It was Ginger-and-Alf's idea that an hour of skating would be enough. So they hired a dance band and decided that after that hour, everybody'd de-skate, and dance the night out. BUT skating was too much fun, and at 2 a. m. everybody was still skating. The 16-piece band played, but nobody bothered with dancing. Even when long tables were set up on the skating floor for buffet supper, the 400 kept skating, snatched their food as they whizzed by. That was no mean trick, when you realize that one of the features was sauerkraut . . . ! Skating costumes ran, for the most part, to slacks. . . . Among those who bumped themselves on the youknow were Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford, Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Cagney, Hank Fonda, Jack Oakie, Eddie Lowe, Freddie March, Connie Bennett, Kay Francis, Mary Brian, Anita Louise, Simone Simon, Loretta Young, Cary Grant.

CUTEST Party of the Month was the picnic—uh, huh, picnic-time is here!—of Clark Gable and (of course!!) Carole Lombard, and Gail Patrick and Gail's boy-friend, Robert Cobb. They took along a huge picnic basket packed with everything it takes to make a picnic hot. Also (and this IS a Hollywood wrinkle in picnicking!) they took along, in a trailer, two horses—"Pride" and "Sonny," owned by Clark and Bob. At a ranch near the picnic spot in a canyon, some fifty miles from Hollywood, two more horses were hired for Carole and Gail. . . . Hot spot of the afternoon was the goat-lassoing contest between Gail and Clark. Gail won, because she got Clark's goat as well as the goat they were roping.

SCREWIEST Wedding-Party of the Month was that given for Hobart Cavanaugh. Oh, yes, Hobart was married 20 years ago. That's the screwy part of it. It was comedian Walter Catlett's idea to give the party—an all-stag affair—for the pre-house-warming of the Cavanaughs' moving-into an Encino ranch house . . . Feature of the party was the wedding bouquet—lilies of the valley, gardenias, all done up in white satin and lace—given to Cavanaugh. He looked so delightfully silly with it that they made him carry it throughout the affair. But they gave him real gifts, too, for the Cavanaugh house—silver service, towels, electric clock, lace table-cloth, dishes, garden furniture, even a pick and shovel. And from Guy Kibbee, a mop and broom done up like a Christmas tree. Cavanaugh insists he felt like a bride. Food?—sure, good male staggy food: chili con carne, spaghetti, wine.

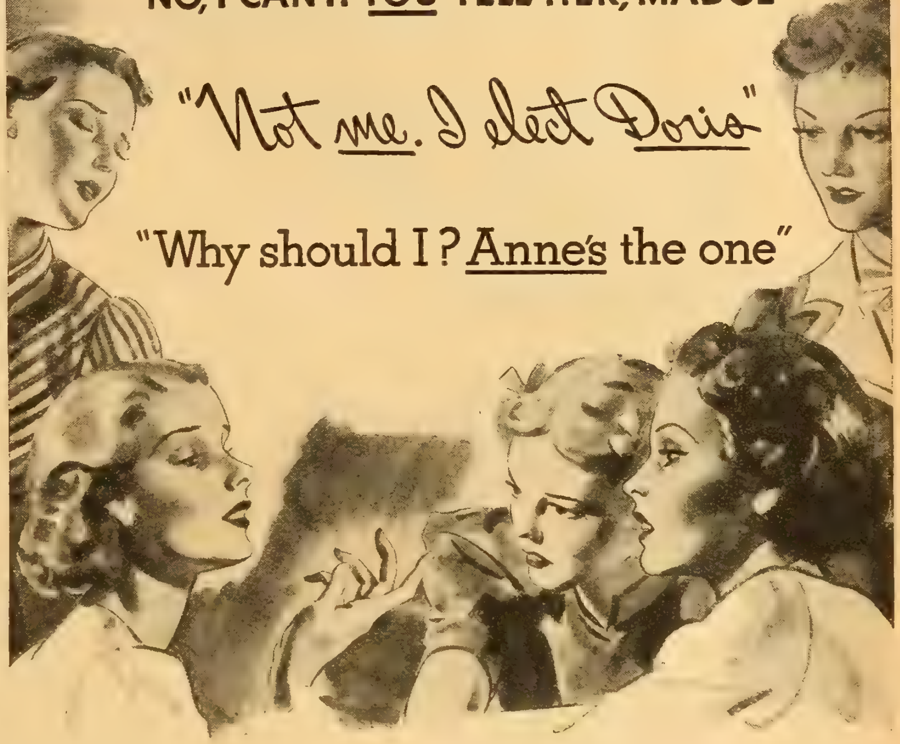
PEPPIEST Party of the Month brought together no film stars, but did bring together a lot of their children. One of Hollywood's big executives threw the party for his daughter, and present were Eddie Cantor's Janet, Groucho Marx's Miriam, Walter Winchell's Walda, Cora Sue Collins, and lots of others. . . . Mickey Mouse costumes ran first, Crazy Cat's second, clowns third. The hostess, little Judith, was prettied out in a spring dress of apple green sprinkled with rosebuds. Top spots of the party were the birthday cake, which vanished amazingly, and the wishing well, where the kids made a wish, grabbed, and got all manner of gifties.

PRODUCTION Parties included Director Anatole Litvak's party—a dinner party at Travglini's, instead of the customary party-on-the-set—in honor of the cast of his picture, *The Woman I Love*. Present, of course, was Miriam Hopkins, regarded by all Hollywood as the "woman Litvak loves" . . . Paul Muni played the piano and proved that he's a wizard at it. Miriam went into a Charleston, of all things. Mady Christians, Sterling Holloway and Doodles Weaver did a trio of comedy songs. Vince Barnett razzed everybody. And then they gave Litvak a present—a handsome desk set including a leather-bound volume of the stills from the picture and also a cartoon from the fog-makers in the prop department—because they were the busiest of all, producing all the fog Litvak demanded for the fog scenes in the film . . . Another Production Party was thrown at Universal for Director Hal Mohr, by the cast of his picture. Knowing that Hal's wife, Evelyn Venable, was expecting a little Mohr, the cast—Virginia Bruce, Kent Taylor, Walter Brennan, *et al*—got together and gave Mohr a baby-shower—booties, dresses, woolies, bottles and things too numerous and too Hollywood to mention.

"You tell her, Edith"

"Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it"

"NO, I CAN'T. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"


"Not me. I elect Doris"
"Why should I? Anne's the one"

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one!

It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexcusable that she should have to be told, in these modern days!

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—*after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

ANN Sheridan
SWIMS FOR HEALTH

See her in her latest film, Warner Bros. "Footloose Heiress." Her latest Swim Suit named for her is a *Catalina* of course!

ORRY KELLY
Famous
Warner Bros.
Designer

Styled for the Stars of Hollywood

Catalina
SWIM SUITS

Style 4695—At better stores everywhere.
Or write, giving weight and choice of color.
Retail price $6.00
PACIFIC KNITTING MILLS
443 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

YOUR WITNESS on the STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. What is the highest price ever paid for a picture story?

A. Columbia just paid $200,000 for the screen right to the Broadway play, *You Can't Take It With You.* This is $40,000 more than the previous top. M-G-M paid $100,000 for Fannie Hurst's *Dark Laughter.*

Q. How large is Bob Taylor's fan mail?

A. Since *Camille* has been released, his fan mail has jumped to about 10,000 letters weekly.

Q. In *College Holiday,* in the minstrel number, the chorus girls went from white to blackface right before your eyes and apparently without a break in the film. How was this accomplished?

A. The girls wore red wigs, had a red make-up on their faces, and there was a red filter over the lens of the camera. Because red photographs black.

Q. When a scene in a church is shown on the screen, does that mean that a motion picture company, with its camera and crew and paraphernalia, invaded the sanctity of some church to get the shot?

A. No. While studios insist upon authentic background whenever possible, they never invade a religious edifice and transform it into a movie set. And this gesture of respect costs the studios thousands of dollars annually in building big church sets. When you see *Racketeers in Exile*, notice the tabernacle. This set covered nearly an acre at Columbia; its auditorium seated 1,200 people and included a rostrum, choir loft, pipe organ and public address system. And within a half mile radius of Columbia Studios are several real churches that would have served the purpose. But when Hollywood needs a church for the screen, it is built.

Q. How much does Hollywood spend a year making pictures?

A. The 1937 schedule is in the neighborhood of $175,000,000.

Q. When did Hal Roach begin making pictures?

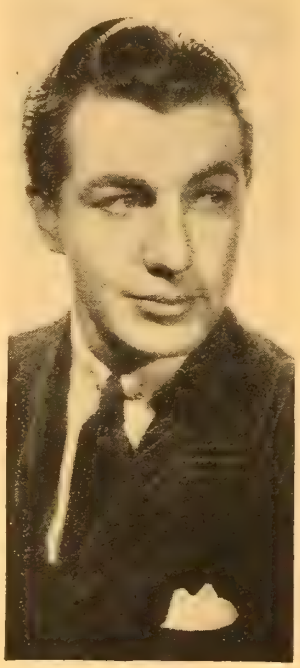
A. On January 8, 1914, with a bankroll of $850, Hal Roach started his career as producer. He is now only 45 years of age. His first contract with this industry came in 1912, when he worked for Universal for $25 a week. Today, his studio represents an investment of more than three million dollars.

Q. About how many players, hitherto unknown, really rose to stardom heights during 1936? And who are they?

A. I should say about six. They are Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen, Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, Olivia De Haviland and Simone Simon. Luise Rainer became a star, but she was not obscure when she came to Hollywood, having achieved considerable fame abroad.

Q. Are the custard pies, eggs, soapsuds, and the other things used for slapstick catastrophes in comedies genuine?

A. The custard pies are genuine, and sometimes an egg is an egg. If it is necessary for the egg to splatter exceedingly, the shell is filled with regular household "butterwhip" which is used in frosting cakes. Bob Saunders, an expert in such things, has spent fourteen years figuring out how mortar, soapsuds, cakes of soap, flypaper, etc., may be made of something which will stick to the greasepaint, be absolutely non-injurious and taste good.



Did you know that since the release of *Camille* Bob Taylor's fan mail has jumped to over 10,000 letters a week?

All Roads Lead To Hollywood!

[*Continued from page 22*]

Send for the free booklet now. It describes the trip, the cost and the complete program. A coupon appears on page 22 for your convenience in ordering this booklet.

Note the map in this article—and the expanse of scenic America it takes in. Once you reach Hollywood you will be there for four exciting days—Sunday to Wednesday. Right to the door of the Hotel Clark in the heart of downtown Los Angeles you will be motored from your train. Your cinema capital home is right in the midst of Los Angeles' theatrical and shopping district, close by Pershing Square.

You arrive Sunday morning—and until the middle of the afternoon you are free to do as you wish. You can dash off on a motor ride of your own—to the beaches or Pasadena—or go cruising around Los Angeles, taking in its famed Mexican section. In the afternoon you will be toured around Hollywood—to wind up at Basil Rathbone's cocktail party. And the famous English star is a splendid host. He will have other celebrities there to help entertain you. That night, you will be guest at Grauman's Chinese Theater, one of the country's great show places, where you will see one of the new pictures just released.

THE next day, Monday, you will visit Paramount studios. There you will see the stars, the amazing sets, the whole panorama of the making of pictures, spread before you. Very few tourists ever see the inside of a studio—but rest assured that the Movieland Tour takes you right behind the scenes to discover how movies are made! Before you visit behind the scenes you will be tendered a lunch at Paramount—with stars for company.

And then comes another "get-together" with celebrities. For right after the studio tour you will be guests of the Jimmy Gleasons at another cocktail party. You'll have a grand time because the Gleasons are exceptional hosts—and they'll see you are royally entertained.

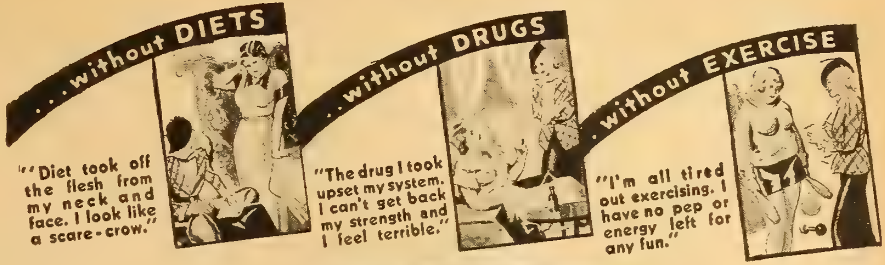
The next day you will be guests at Max Factor's Make-Up Studio (one of the high spots you won't want to miss). And that night comes the gala occasion of dining and dancing with the stars at the famous Wilshire Bowl. The dinner dance here is in the form of a happy farewell party.

Those who have booked for the second trip, leaving Chicago August 8th, or plan to take it, will be entertained in a similar manner, except that cocktail parties will be given by Edward Everett Horton and Fay Wray. Otherwise the entertainment is the same.

Then the Movieland Tour leaves Los Angeles on Wednesday, and returns to Chicago via Salt Lake City, where a stop at the famous Mormon Tabernacle will be enjoyed. You ride on through the Royal Gorge and stop at Colorado Springs—with a dinner dance at the big resort hotel, the Broadmoor. Meanwhile, you will have made a sight-seeing trip up Pike's Peak. You arrive in Chicago on Sunday morning (July 25th and August 22nd).

Isn't it all exciting? The entire trip takes only two weeks, yet every moment will be crowded with action and thrills. It will be a vacation you will treasure in your memories!

Reduce SAFELY . . .


. . . without DIETS
"Diet took off the flesh from my neck and face. I look like a scare-crow."
. . . without DRUGS
"The drug I took upset my system. I can't get back my strength and I feel terrible."
. . . without EXERCISE
"I'm all tired out exercising. I have no pep or energy left for any fun."

GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn Separately
TEST the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE AND BRASSIERE . . . at our expense!

SAFETY is the most important factor in any method of reduction. Diets and drugs may undermine your health . . . they surely reduce face and neck, leaving your skin old and scrawny. Vigorous exercises take all your energy. But there *is* one absolutely SAFE way to reduce without losing health or beauty, and that is the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE.

Appear Slimmer At Once!

■ You will be amazed at the apparently instant reduction the minute you put on your Perfolastic! Then, you will be so delightfully comfortable you will hardly realize that every minute you wear your Girdle and Brassiere the wonderful massage-like action and gentle pressure are actually taking off the unwanted inches at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm — the spots where fat first accumulates. See how, with the loss of excess fat, energy returns.

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES . . . IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!

Reduces the Diaphragm, Hips and Thighs

■ You may have excess fat at hips and thighs as well as an unsightly "diaphragm roll." Perfolastic will remove this fat quickly.

Takes Away Abdominal Fat and "Bulge Derriere"

■ Perfolastic reduces line-destroying fore and aft bulges so that frocks once again have sleek, smart, flowing lines.

■ "My hips are 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds," writes Mrs. Derr. "I used to wear a size 42, now I take size 18," says Mrs. Faust. "I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted," writes Miss Browne.

IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!

■ Because so many wearers have reduced more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

Send Today for Booklet and Free Sample!

Examine the FREE sample of material . . . see the wonderful quality. Read about the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches. Mail coupon today for illustrated booklet and particulars of 10-day FREE trial offer!

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ....

Address ....

City.......................... State..............

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

SUMMER . . . IS THE IDEAL TIME TO REDUCE

THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

'Wake Up and Live'

THE HOTCHA-TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY
GRACE BRADLEY • WALTER CATLETT • LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS • DOUGLAS FOWLEY • MILES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.
Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM ALL—EVEN BERNIE—FOR A SWELEGANT SHOW! I HOPE I DIDN'T SPOIL IT ANY MORE THAN BERNIE DID! IT'S CINEMAGNIFICENT! I SHOULD HAVE PAID TO BE IN IT!'

'YOWSAH! IT WILL THRILL YOU IN SPITE OF WINCHELL! WITHOUT WINCHELL, IT'S GRAND—WITH WINCHELL, I'LL NEVER SEE IT!—BUT GEE WHIZ, KIDS, IT'S THE MOSTA OF THE BESTA EVER PACKED INTO ONE FILM! YOWSAH!'

Galamorous! Galorious! Howlarious! Winchell's wincing . . . Bernie's burning . . . as they flipcrack face to face!

20th CENTURY FOX

The studio that gave you "Sing, Baby, Sing", "One In A Million", "On The Avenue" now brings you the greatest of all musicals!

Nine Gordon and Revel hits to make you come alive all over!

including

'It's Swell Of You'
'I'm Bubbling Over'
'Never In A Million Years'
'There's A Lull In My Life'
'Wake Up And Live'

—JOAN

By GLADYS HALL

WHEN Director Frank Capra read James Hilton's prize-winning, world-read novel, *Lost Horizon* he wanted, then and there, to screen it. He said: "It held up a mirror to the thoughts of every human being on earth."

The other day, in his dressing-room bungalow on the Selznick International lot I talked with Ronald Colman who, in the magnificent picture, so magnificently portrays *Robert Conway* who goes to *Shangri-La*—and stays there.

And Ronnie said to me: "It does more than mirror the thoughts of every human being on earth. It mirrors the desire of every human being on earth. For all of us, famed or unsung, wealthy or impoverished, the successes as well as the failures, the frustrated or the reverse have a nostalgia, at the very roots of their beings, for going "back to the land," for a Castle in Spain, for some remote fastness, some Port of Peace. Whatever name we give it, it means the same thing. It means—a *Shangri-La*.

RONALD COLMAN Gives the Lowdown on Himself

Ronald Colman would like to find a real *Shangri-La.* In this new slant on himself he also sizes up the part of *Rhett Butler* in *Gone With The Wind*

"In connection with which I can tell you an amusing incident, rather a revealing incident, too—and a sad commentary on life as most of us live it. Over a year ago I was dining with a group of men, very sophisticated men, very successful men. Men who could have had no valid reason for wishing to shut the doors of the world in their own faces. Such men as Marc Connelly, Charlie MacArthur, Bob Sherwood, a few others. Mind you, I had not, then, the slightest idea that I was ever to make *Lost Horizon* nor, indeed, that it was to be made at all. My interest was simply that of a reader of the book, one who had felt the nostalgia it gave to all who read it.

"I had no personal interest in it at the time. But my attention was caught and held as I heard the name *Shangri-La* said over and over again. And I was interested and fascinated by the rapt intensity with which these men of the world were discussing it, by the earnestness and eagerness, the almost feverish light in their eyes when they said how they wished that they, too, might find a *Shangri-La*.

"*So do I*," said Ronnie.

Which statement left me unsurprised. For Ronald Colman, if any man, would wish to find a *Shangri-La*. Failing to find the physical location he has, I think, found his own *Shangri-La* in himself. Such a place of apartness from the turmoil and confusion of the world he lives in must be in his own heart. I knew that, as I watched him in *Lost Horizon.* I was not watching Ronald Colman play *Robert Conway* (initials the same) but Ronald Colman playing himself.

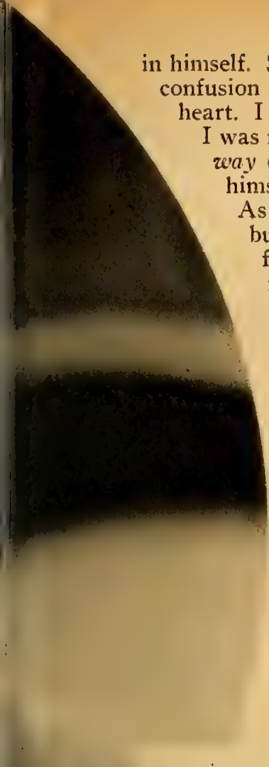
As he explained: "After all, what is *Shangri-La* but a place where a few men and one woman found what they most wanted, what all men most want, I should suppose—love, work to do, health and peace of mind. Wherever these elements are to be found is *Shangri-La.* The only thing that was lacking is the only thing that doesn't really matter — an audience, spotlight, limelight." Yes, Ronald Colman would wish to find *Shangri-La.*

He has been termed, variously and somewhat luridly, a "man of mystery," a hermit, an anchorite, a recluse, conservative, shy, withdrawn from the midway where other men, other actors, ballyhoo their wares—and themselves. He has been called a "woman-hater," an iconoclast. All of the terms with which men speak of a man they really envy but do not understand.

I spoke of these somewhat ridiculous titles the other day. Ronnie laughed. He has, by the way, the heartiest, most genial laugh of anyone I know. Nothing shy about it. As he laughed I thought of how Isabel Jewell once said to me: "Every man should have been born looking just like Ronald Colman." Ronnie has a delightful sense of humor, a superb sense of farce, a keen appreciation of how farcical are some of the rumors grapevined about him. He has a large hunk of the small-boy delight in "getting away with things." He chuckles over the fact that "sticks and stones may break my bones, but names can never hurt me." Names are all *they* can attach to Ronnie. The columnists collapse when they try to pin him down to romances. The things that he really does are his own business and he has managed, almost alone of the denizens of Hollywood, to keep his own business his own.

He always laughs loudly at the "man of mystery" idea, at the "woman hater" label. He said the other day: "Maybe I'm just clever, eh? Perhaps, when I do dine out with a lady, I dine out with the *wrong lady?* Or I may be deliberate about it. I may go deliberately, and with malice aforethought, to some public spot where it is so obvious that we will be seen that any columnist, gossiper, teller of tales is deceived.

"Hollywood can be fooled," laughed Ronnie, with manifest relish, "it's all in knowing how. People, generally, seem to have the idea that places like the Trocadero, the Derbys, the Vendome are the only places for people to go and that if we don't go to such places we don't go anywhere. But there are private parties, you know. Anyone who attends these parties would almost certainly see me there, too. Nothing is thought about it, said about it or printed about it because they are private parties given by private persons who are living their private lives. It's very simple, really. Besides," laughed Ronnie again, "I shall soon be dubbed the most brash, brazen and easily available actor in Hollywood, I'm sure. This is really amusing and one on me. A few days ago I was at David Selznick's house discussing with him some details on *The Prisoner of Zenda* which will be in production, under Mr. Selznick's banner, by the time your story is printed—some time before as a matter of fact. Anyway, David suggested that we go on to the studio together in his car. I told him that I would go down to my house first, get a coat and he could pick me up in his car in [*Continued on page 70*]



Ronald Colman believed in *Lost Horizon*—that's why he gave such a magnificent performance. Below, as the star appeared in the *Shangri-La* scenes of the film

COLMAN SAYS

"I wish I might find a Shangri-La . . . Wherever love, work, health and peace of mind are found there is your Shangri-La. I wish I could be taken there, forcibly, as in Lost Horizon. I'm sure I would remain . . . The desire for a Shangri-La is what we think we would like to find . . . About Rhett Butler in Gone With the Wind I want to feel I'm temperamentally suited to play the part if, or when, I am actually asked. I think there might be less protest about Gable than about any one else . . . that there will be many dissenting voices no matter who is cast, is inevitable."

Loretta Young isn't sure yet whether she will mix career and marriage again

Loretta's marriage to Grant Withers (left) didn't take. Eddie Sutherland is the new love

Career Comes First with LORETTA

By DAN CAMP

THERE'S a lovely white Colonial house atop one of those rolling hills of Bel-Air, on Hollywood's borders. It's a grand house, a warm house, a friendly house, a house fine to live in.

BUT—it's a pretty certain bet that before long, now, that house is going to be deserted, cold and empty. And then, when superstitious ones pass it by (and who, in this luck-and-fate-ruled Hollywood isn't superstitious, I ask!), they'll be able to point to it as a monument to filmland's pet superstition—"the Law of Threes."

You know that Law of Three's, don't you? It's simply this—that when any one outstanding event happens in Hollywood, two other similar events must happen within a short time, before the fate-cycle is complete. If one star elopes, they believe two others will elope soon. If there's one blessed event of top-rank prominence, the wise ones expect two more stork announcements pretty quick. And, strange as it seems, the rule works out pretty consistently . . . !

And that house—Three lovely sisters used to live in that house. Three famous sisters, named Polly and Sally and Loretta. You know 'em as Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, and Loretta Young . . .

They were happy there, and they loved the house. But then the Cupid kid, who hasn't any respect at all for home-ties and things like that, started shooting his hellish arrows about, and before you knew it, what happened?—why, Sally got married. And Polly got married. And Sally had a baby. And Polly had a baby. And there are Polly and Sally, with their hubbies, their babies, and their own homes. And there, still in the big white house on the hilltop, is Loretta—with no husband, no baby.

(But wait! Here's where the Law of Three's comes in.) There is, in the picture, a gentleman named Eddie Sutherland. Eddie's a big-shot director, as you

[*Continued on page 72*]

BING AND HIS WAIKIKITTENS

Honolulu and its Waikiki beach furnish the romantic setting for Bing Crosby's new picture, *Waikiki Wedding*. Bing croons a number of new songs, and Bob Burns and Martha Raye supply the comedy. There's a large galaxy of grass-skirted gals who, when Bing croons, become Waikikittens. From top to bottom are Shirley Ross, one of the principals, Marie DeForest, Helen Curtis on drum, Paula DeCardo, Harriette Haddon and Martha Raye, reclining on the tree

Mrs. Winchell's Little Boy WALTER

As Walter Winchell might say: "Hello, Mr. and Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea. Let's go to press!"

By HERB CRUIKSHANK

Walter has coined many expressions in his syndicated newspaper column. Here he's dashing off an "orchids to Alice Faye for swelegant work in *Wake Up and Live*"

WHEN they speak of "The King" on Broadway they don't mean King George, King Carol, King Haakon or Haile Selassie. They mean Walter Winchell. For Walter is the Midnight Monarch of Manhattan, and, as Rodgers and Hart would put it, "All Points West." He dominates the town from dusk till dawn. And these are the only hours in which he is abroad on Broadway. During the days he wants to be alone, like Garbo, and is equally inaccessible. He simply disappears. But there's no mystery about it. When the sun shines, then he is a husband to his wife. A father to his children.

You, and many million more, have heard his voice through the modern magic of radio. You, and many million more, are soon to see him on the screen where he and Ben Bernie will wage the battle of Twentieth Century-Fox. Meantime meet him through printers' ink, a medium that has given him fame and fortune.

Walter is good-looking. Not so handsome that you'd stop and stare. But possessed of a certain distinction which removes him from the crowd. He looks the part which he plays in the American scene. Between five-feet-eight and nine in height, he weighs slightly over 150 lbs. His figure is straight and lithe, and his person radiates a quality not so much of magnetism as of dynamic energy. His hair is prematurely grey. His eyes are the light blue one finds in adventuresome men. They can glint like the deadly steel of an automatic. They can shower electric sparks. Or they can laugh more expressively than lips.

He is so well-dressed as to be unnoticed for the cut of his clothes. It is doubtful if ever in his life he wore a "hard" hat. In the left pocket of his top coat there is a revolver. The left pocket because Winchell is a south-paw. He carries the gun just in case of a tie in any possible fracas between him and agents of any evil forces which he has so capably and courageously opposed. Knowledge of the "gat" nestling menacingly, and the almost conspicuously unostentatious presence of a constantly attendant shadow in the background imparts a slightly sinister touch.

The shadow is Pete. Pete, the unsmiling. Pete, the ever-present. Pete, the body-guard. A poker-faced husky with drooping lids through which he sees all. A lethargic loiterer who can leap to life swiftly as a leopard. No man knows what goes on behind that mask he wears. But be assured he's taking it all in—and you, too. He just sits silently. Waiting for something to happen. A rattler coiled in the sun.

Meet Walter—and Pete—on the street, in a theatre lobby, a barber shop, anywhere, drop into a chair beside him at a seven p. m. Stork Club breakfast—if you know you're welcome—and the conversation will always begin with Winchell's crisp:

"What's new? What do you know that I don't?"

He's a good listener. A good talker, too. But he has no time to waste on bores. In interesting

[*Continued on page* 74]

DIETRICH Is Still Selling Glamour

By WILLIAM BOEHNEL

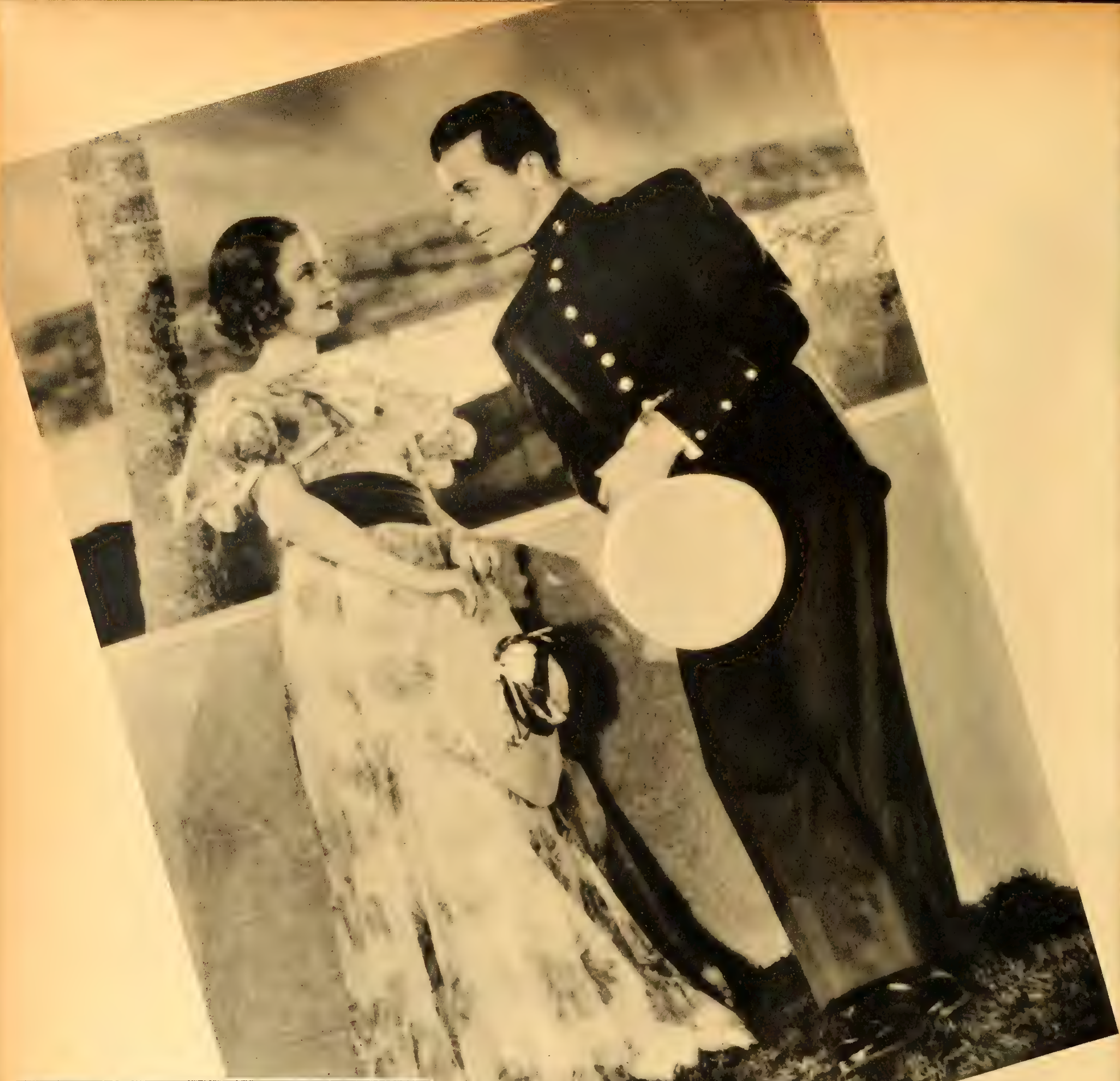
ALTHOUGH Hollywood's Number 1 Glamour Girl, Marlene Dietrich, likes America enough to become a citizen—she has already taken out her first papers—she is peeved at American newspapermen in general, and, in particular, at ship news reporters. The boys and girls who cover the waterfront—a hardboiled and enterprising crew who usually get the news they are after—displayed altogether too much ingenuity to suit Miss Dietrich's plans on her arrival from England, recently, and the questions they asked and the information they obtained on their own got on her nerves.

The reason for Magnetic Marlene's irritation was that the shipnews reporters upset her story about her twelve-year-old daughter, Maria Sieber. Miss Dietrich didn't want anyone to know that the child was with her and kept insisting that she was in school in Europe. When the reporters dug up proof that the girl was on board, there was nothing left for Miss Dietrich to do but brazen her story through to the end.

The shipnews reporters, incidentally, weren't the only ones to feel Miss Dietrich's displeasure over the questions they asked. Less inquisitive interviewers found it difficult to get the star to talk about things which in their opinion needed clarifying and were news about which the large movie public wanted to be informed. At interviews she granted, the best they could get was a polite silence when [*Continued on page* 67]

In selling glamour Marlene's in a class by herself. She's becoming an American citizen but prefers to live in England

Marlene's legs had considerable to do in building up her glamour. Here she gives them the sun. Left, as she appears in British film, *Knight Without Armour*



HAVING THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND

Well, Dickie, being a Marine now, you have to live up to their reputation. You know what they say about Marines—always having the situation well in hand. We didn't think it necessary to remind you—but, Dickie, don't you think you should hold Doris Weston's hand? And, as it's only for your new picture, *Singing Marine*, we don't think Joan would mind. Why don't you ask her?

The Love Code of VIRGINIA BRUCE

One of Hollywood's Loveliest gives timely advice on an old theme

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

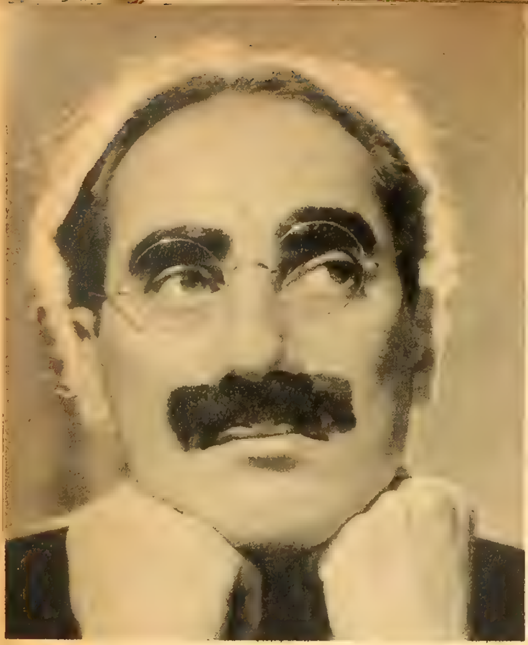
STATUESQUE Virginia Bruce with the flawless skin, honey-colored hair, long slim "show girl" legs, has something like ten—maybe eleven—rules for playing the Game of Love. To those following the rosy stories of Hollywood romance, as revealed by the gossip columns, the number may seem too small to be adequate. But Bruce has done all right with only ten Love Commandments.

Roughly assembled, the Bruce requirements deal with masculine ego, faithfulness, trustfulness (there's a difference!), humor, jealousy, aggressiveness, physical fitness, personal cleanliness (yes, even that), plus a few other essentials. "It's going to be hard to talk about 'love codes' and all that without sounding silly," said La Bruce, doubt in her dulcet tones, doubt clouding her iris-blue eyes. "And, look here! . . . all of my friends will shun me when they read a lot of tommy-rot in print."

You gather, as you must, that tall, slim Bruce is not given to "love code" conversations. She may analyze and classify ways and means of managing the wayward male, but you never hear her expounding on them at the Troc's Oyster Bar, over the napery of a Vendome lunch, in a corner of the Whitney's cellophane-and-acacia trimmed party, or at the Turf Ball on the following night, where she and Constant Companion, David Niven, were guests of Turf Clubber Hal Roach, the big comedy man from Culver.

It simply isn't done in the silken set in which Virginia circulates. Imagine Dolores Del Rio Gibbons buttonholing Sandra Shaw (Mrs. Gary) Cooper [*Continued on page 78*]

Virginia, who is appearing in *When Love Is Young*, analyzes and classifies ways and means of managing the wayward male. She's not too strict



GROUCHO

CHICO

HARPO

A Day with the MAD MARXES

Read on and live a typical day in the completely daffy doings of the Marxes—Groucho, Chico and Harpo

By HARRY LANG

DEAR *Mister* Reid:

What a snake in the grass *you* turned out to be!! H'mm!!! I remember when I used to call you "Larry," and you called me "Harry." From now on, *Mister* Reid, it's "*Mister* Lang" to you, see?—H'mmm!!!!—*giving me that assignment to interview the Marx Brothers, heh?!!!!!* And I thought you were my pal!

Well, all right, Mister Reid; all right. However, never let it be said that I fell down on any assignment. Why, when I was a newspaper reporter, I went out and got the story I was assigned to, no matter what the city editor's ancestry was. I'd do the same for you. In fact, I did. I got you your interview with the Marx Brothers. So-o-o-o-o here's your story:

I'LL admit, to begin with, that I didn't suspect any fineglin' when I got your note, telling me to interview the Marxes. I thought it was just another editorial whimsy, and called up M-G-M studios, where the Marx persons are making *A Day at the Races*. However, I can only blame the gathering senility of my old age for not getting wise when I got the reaction I did from the M-G-M press agents.

"You want to WHAT?" they gasped, when I told them I wanted to interview the Marxes. So I repeated. "Well, wait a minute," they said. So I hung on the line. It's funny, but I've got a loud-speaking phone, or something; anyway, I could hear a conference going on at the other end, while I waited. I caught snatches like: "—well, but he can't hold us

When the daffy Marxes take up paper-hanging in *A Day at the Races* they proceed to smear up everything in sight including Esther Muir responsible, no matter what happens," and "—anyway, we'll get square for that story he wrote on Bill Powell and got us in Dutch," and things like that. So at last, they came back on the line and told me I could see the Marxes; and would I please phone Groucho at such-and-such a number, and set the date for myself?

So I called the number, and a colored maid came on the phone at the other end. "I want to speak to Mr. Marx," I told her. "Ah ain' got no blister marks," she protested. "No, no, no," I explained; "I said MISTER Marx—Groucho Marx; I want to speak to him." "Oh," she said, "Ah's sorry I misundahstood yo'-all. Ah's sorrier yet to have to tell yo'-all that Mistah Mahx done passed away ob violent hydropprobrium dis mawnin'. He's kinda daid. Call us ag'in sometime, an' goo-bye, suh."

So I called M-G-M again and told them that since Groucho had just died, maybe one of the other brothers might do. So they gave me what they said was Harpo's number. I called that, and a Japanese house-boy answered.

"Vairy sorree, sair," he said, "Mist' Harpo, I sink he not here. Scuse, pliss, but Mist' Harpo, I sink he just dropping dead from serious case infantile paralyzing, pliss. Yess, pliss; vair' sorry, pliss. Good-bye, pliss. . . "

Indefatigable, I called M-G-M right back. "How about the surviving one—Chico?" I asked. "And please hurry it, before he dies, too." So they gave me another number to call. This time, a Swedish maid was on the other end. "Cheeko? He no bane here," she told me. "Where," I demanded (a bit nettled by this time, Mister Reid), "is he?" "Yah, he bane deadt," she said, calmly. "He yoost diedt from eadting a fan magazine writer too raw. Ay 'tank ay go home now. Goodt bye."

SO WHEN I called M-G-M back once more, they told me not to cry. "Those were just the Marxes themselves you've been talking to," they explained. "It's just one of their quaint pastimes. You come down here tomorrow, and we'll have them on the set, and then you can interview them." So bright and early the next day, there I was on the set of *A Day at the Races*, getting your blankety-blank interview for you.

They were just preparing to shoot a scene where they had the villain of the play, Douglas Dumbrille, where they wanted him. That was between the upper and lower parts of one of those double doors they have on stables. They were working out the sequence when I was introduced to them by Johnny W., the press-agent on the picture. He showed me to Harpo first.

"How do you do, Mister Benson," said Harpo.

"Benson," I remonstrated, "is NOT the name. It's . . ."

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Benson," he assured me. "I don't mind. Really. Don't bother to apologize, Mr. Benson."

Groucho was next. "You're just in time," he said. "Dumbrille isn't here yet. Do you mind helping us out?" I said no, not at all, so he told me to stand right there, by the stable door. Then he turned to Harpo and said: "Now we'll imagine he's Dumbrille." That was all I distinctly recall for the next few moments. I only know that I suddenly found myself on a nearby bench, with some one putting a cool, wet cloth on my forehead.

"Feel better now?" asked Johnny W. "What happened?" I asked. "Oh," he said, laughing merrily, "they—ha ha ha—they just—ha, ha, ha, ha—closed the stable door on you—Harpo from one side and Groucho with the other. My, you looked so funny. . . "

SEEING I was coming to, Groucho and Harpo hurried back. "That" gibbered Harpo, "was fun, wasn't it, Mr. Benson?"

"The name," I said with dignity, "is NOT Bens—"

"Oh, that's *per*-fectly okeh, Mr. Benson," interrupted Harpo. [*Continued on page* 90]

Harpo chased blondes for years in the movies, but up and wed brunette Susan Fleming last fall

Tidy and Tide-y

With No Life B(u)oys To Guard 'Em

Five members of Hollywood's floating population are tidied up in their BVD swimsuits waiting for high tide

The tide-y Lorraine Bridges is very tidy in her coral-knit BVD suit. Note the X on the back—which gives her a suit with "sunny" disposition

Jean Chatburn has neat shore lines which are tucked in her new BVD swimsuit. Take note of the novel halter top—lets in plenty of sun

— Rhodes

Jane Wyman in her Catalina satin lastex and Veda Ann Borg in a one-piece Catalina knit are a tidy, tide-y couple

These Hollywood beauties will take to the tide in trim and tidy Allen A knit suits of poppy glow and royal blue

It's tide-y time for Jane Wyman — who doesn't park beyond the ropes in her Catalina one-piece suit

— Rhodes

FAWCETT PHOTOS
BY RHODES, ESPECIALLY
POSED AT CATALINA ISLAND

— Rhodes

Mary Carlisle's Catalina suit is a novelty mixture featuring black and white

SIMONE SIMON'S OWN STORY

Mlle. Simon breaks a seven months' silence—and explains

By JAMES REID

THIS little item appeared not long ago, in boldface type, in the afternoon newspaper that most of Hollywood reads:

"There is a little town called Shasta City in Northern California, close to the Oregon border . . . The Shasta City villagers, particularly the young people, are in a state of inordinate speculation and curiosity over Simone Simon. She is so like a girl who grew up with them that they seem to think a mistake in identity is impossible. The girl they knew at Shasta City disappeared a few years ago. None of them found out what became of her. But she didn't have a French accent."

A typical example of Hollywood's own "inordinate speculation and curiosity" (and lurid guesses) about Simone Simon, French of accent, streamlined of figure, and Irish of face. One new feminine star who cannot be confused with any other feminine star. Countless people, attracted to her, would give countless reasons if you asked them to analyze why. The answers would run the gamut of explanations. You would hear:

"Her unusual name—one name doing the work of two."

"The ad campaign that launched her in *Girls' Dormitory* . . . 'pronounced See-mone See-mone.' That put her across."

"Her 'different' foreign-ness. She's not the siren type."

"Her pout. It's provocative alongside

[*Continued on page* 80]

Simone baffled Hollywood from the start, but now the town is beginning to understand her. And so will you after seeing her in *Seventh Heaven*

Hayward has come along fast in Hollywood. Here he is opposite Miriam Hopkins in *The Woman I Love*

LOUIS HAYWARD —Your Next Big Rave

Louis Hayward might easily give Bob Taylor a run for his money. He gets rave notices because he can act

By GRACE MACK

YOUR first feeling on meeting Louis Hayward is that here is a young man who might easily give Robert Taylor a run for his money. Of course I'm something of a sucker for uniforms and the day I talked with Hayward he was turned out in one of those gorgeous blue uniforms of the French air squadron and looked too, too grand.

Our interview got off to a farcical start. When I arrived on the RKO lot I found Hayward up in the air. And when I say "up in the air," I mean literally that. He and Miriam Hopkins had climbed aboard a Ferris wheel for a carnival scene in *The Woman I Love*, and while they were whirling around for the cameras, a motor pulley broke. The accident happened just at noon so the director sent the company to lunch and Hayward and Miriam were left in mid-air, and my luncheon interview ditto.

By the time a new pulley had been secured and Hayward brought down to terra firma, the director was ready to shoot a cafe scene in which Hayward became involved in a nice little brawl. So there was nothing for him to do but park ye interviewer in the pseudo-cracker box which he was using for a dressing-room, and there, between "takes" I got a capsule version of young Hayward's life to pass on to you.

Though he has been in Hollywood a year, chances are you haven't heard a great deal about Hayward. Of course, if you're up on your theatre you will remember that he scored a very definite hit in Noel Coward's play [*Continued on page* 93]

SHALL WE DANCE? YES, GINGER— YOU, TOO, FRED!

And how! Do you want to start a Revolution? You would, you know, if you didn't dance. Why, it's one of the things we live for—your dancing—your's and Fred's. It's been months and months since *Swing Time* and now you ask us, *Shall We Dance?* All we can say is if you value our friendship at all, Ginger, and you too, Fred, you better, or else. And, Ginger, those pajamas are just the last word . . . they've left us speechless

SHE Got What She WANTED

By IDA ZEITLIN

Jane Wyatt may have been born to the purple but left it all to make good on her own. And pluck—not luck—has figured in Jane's screen career

THE room was a living-room like many another in the furnished houses in which Hollywood abounds. But it opened on a patio that looked down over a green sea of tree tops to the town below. The voices of children at play rose through the clear air. Inside, the shelves were stacked with books that didn't belong to any furnished house. Neither did the Bellows lithograph on the wall. Neither did the Rachmaninoff Concerto in the console.

Into the room walked Jane Wyatt, straight and slim, burnished brown hair brushed from forehead and ears to cluster in ringlets round the back of her head. At her heels moved a mass of black curls on four long legs.

I was curious about her. To a little number called *The Luckiest Girl in the World,* she had brought a unique appeal—a spring-like quality both fresh and ardent—something virginal and immaculate, combined with a glad acceptance of life which made you feel that, if you were life, you could never bear to hurt her. Then, only a few days before our meeting, I had seen *Lost Horizon*—seen the bubbling child become a serene young goddess, still capable of enchanting gayety, but capable, too, of the added emotional depth and understanding which the part called for.

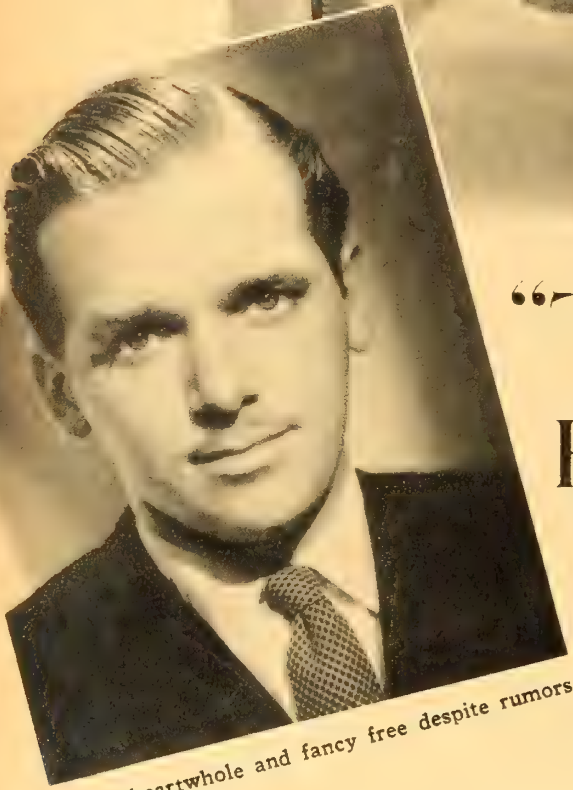
Greetings over, she dropped into a chair and the black curls dropped to the floor beside her, resolving themselves into a patrician French poodle who eyed me as if she doubted I had any business there. But I sought and found comfort in the eyes of her mistress—hazel eyes, meeting mine with the candor and friendliness I had liked on the screen.

"This kind of thing must be pretty hard on you," were the words that fell on my startled ears. It was a most unorthodox beginning. A player projecting herself into an interviewer's skin, asking questions, commiserating, unconscious of self, establishing a basis of ease between strangers who had no common meeting ground. It may have been a social grace acquired through training. But I'm more inclined to believe it was a natural grace in Jane Wyatt herself.

Her breeding is apparent in voice and face and manner. She was happily born into a family of means and enlightened ideas. Her father was a banker, her mother a writer of plays and dramatic criticism. She grew up in a post-war world, too young to be trapped by its bitterness, but

[*Continued on page* 86]

Doug is the lord of his English manor, but some day a new Mrs. Doug will keep him company on that big lounge



Doug, heartwhole and fancy free despite rumors

"THOSE RUMORS FLATTER ME" —DOUG, JR.

They've linked Doug's name to various stars, but he's not in a marital mood. He hasn't changed despite a love for London

By CAROL CRAIG

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., deserves some kind of award. He has accomplished, unintentionally, a feat that no other star has ever dared to attempt. He hasn't been in Hollywood in a twelve-month. And a year ago, when he did trek back from England, his visit was only of a few days' duration. He hasn't made an American picture in three years.

Yet, when he returned the other day—to play in *The Prisoner of Zenda*—people actually met him at the station. Reporters elbowed up to him. Photographers flashlighted him. And, moreover, the interviews and photos appeared on the front pages. He still is news. Jot that fact down in your believe-it-or-not scrapbook about Hollywood.

Young Doug seems to have violated the most venerable of all of Hollywood's unwritten laws. To wit: "You can't stay away many months without being forgotten—or, at least, getting the cold shoulder when you do come back."

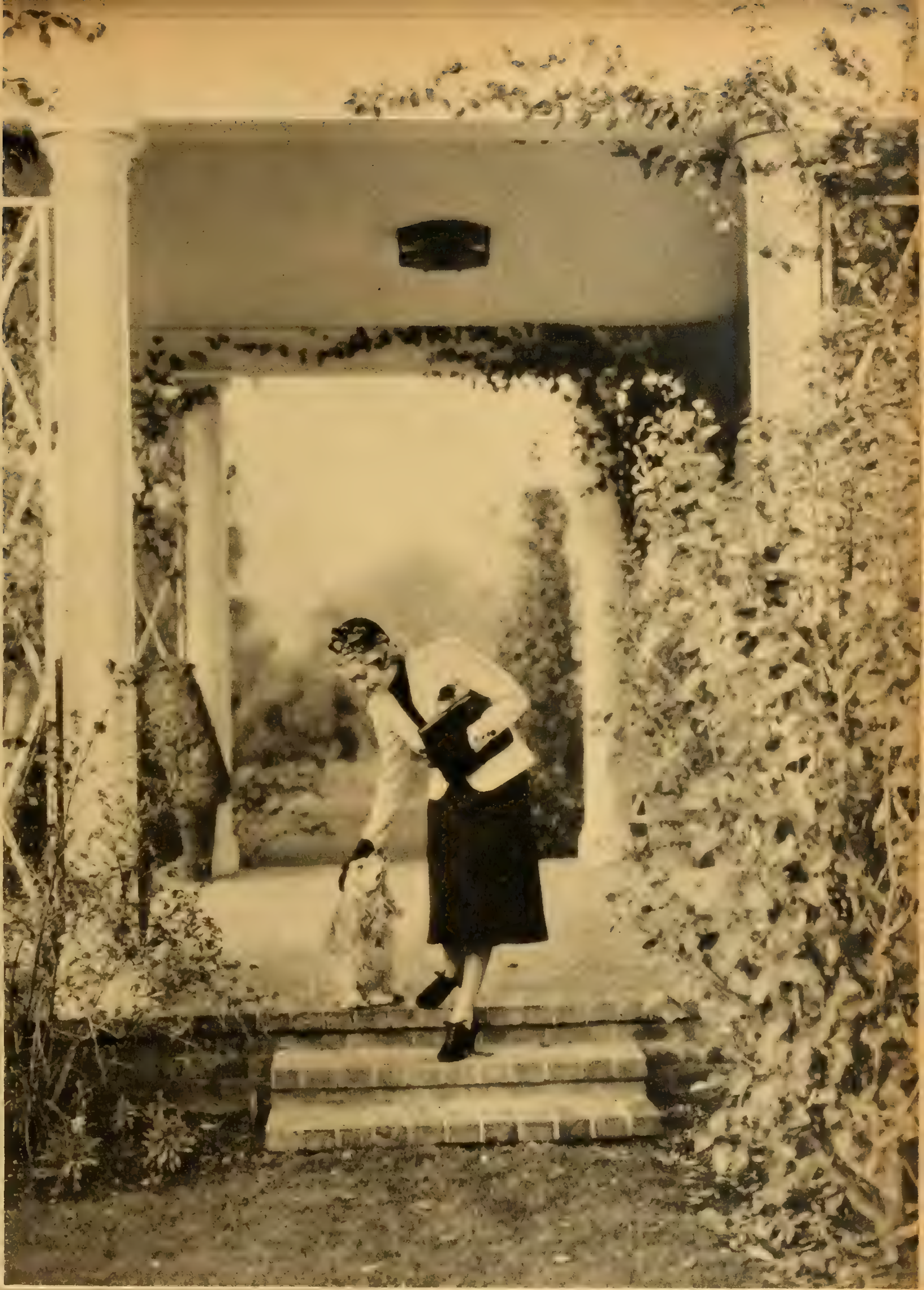
But you might have known that something like this would happen. He started to be an exception to Hollywood rules on the day that he first packed up and departed. When you are young, healthy and popular, and doing all right for yourself in Hollywood, you don't usually go abroad "for an indefinite stay"—and then stay indefinitely. You don't usually try to make a career for yourself somewhere else unless you are pretty well washed up in the Mecca of all actors.

It took Hollywood a long time to comprehend what young Doug was trying to accomplish in doing both of those things.

"I can remember," he says, with a grin, "when they called me an expatriate, when they said I had gone 'fearfully Mayfair and high-hat.' I can remember, too, how very upset I used to be about the rumors. But now people seem to be getting around to the notion that I'm *not* the American playboy of the British world—that I'm actually working at something."

IN OTHER words, the impression has got around that he is now a producer, as well as an actor—and that his offices, for certain reasons, happen to be in

[*Continued on page* 88]

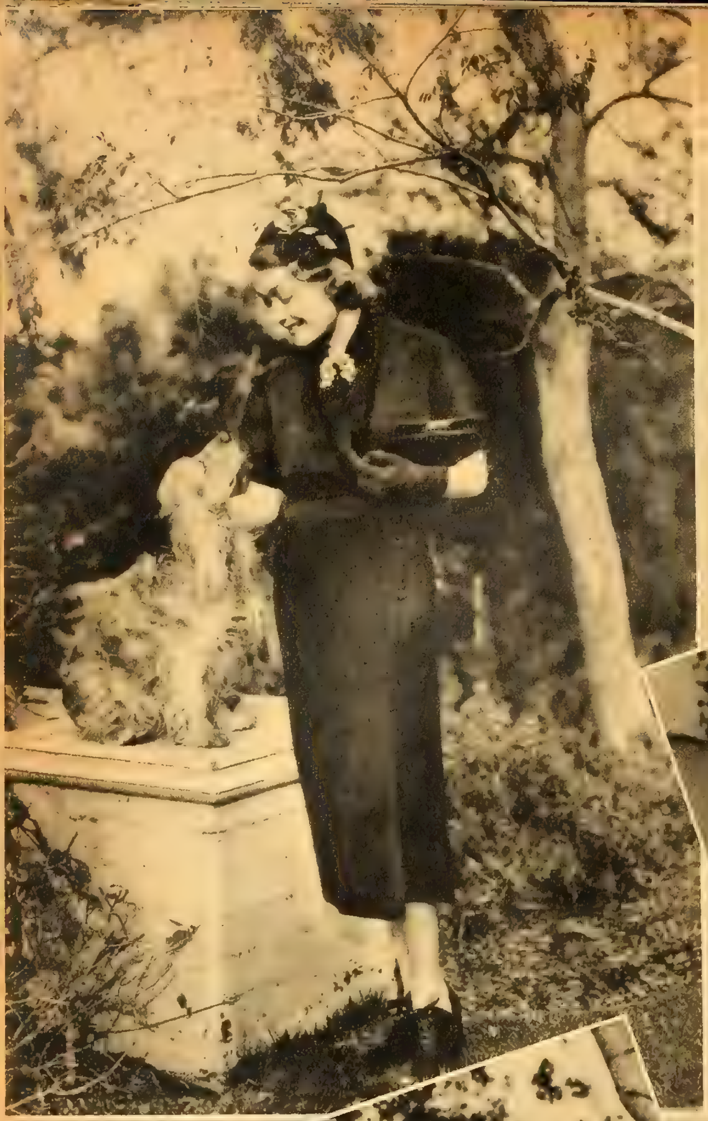


Both Paris and Hollywood fashion experts dictate strong color contrasts for your Spring and Summer wardrobe. Constance Bennett follows the new trend by choosing black and yellow for her color scheme. The dress is of light weight summer wool with a deep back decollete. Over it she wears a tailored yellow wool coat of the same fabric. A tiny black skull cap, trimmed with a cluster of felt flowers in shades of yellow, hugs her blonde curls. She completes her costume with black fabric oxfords, bag and gloves

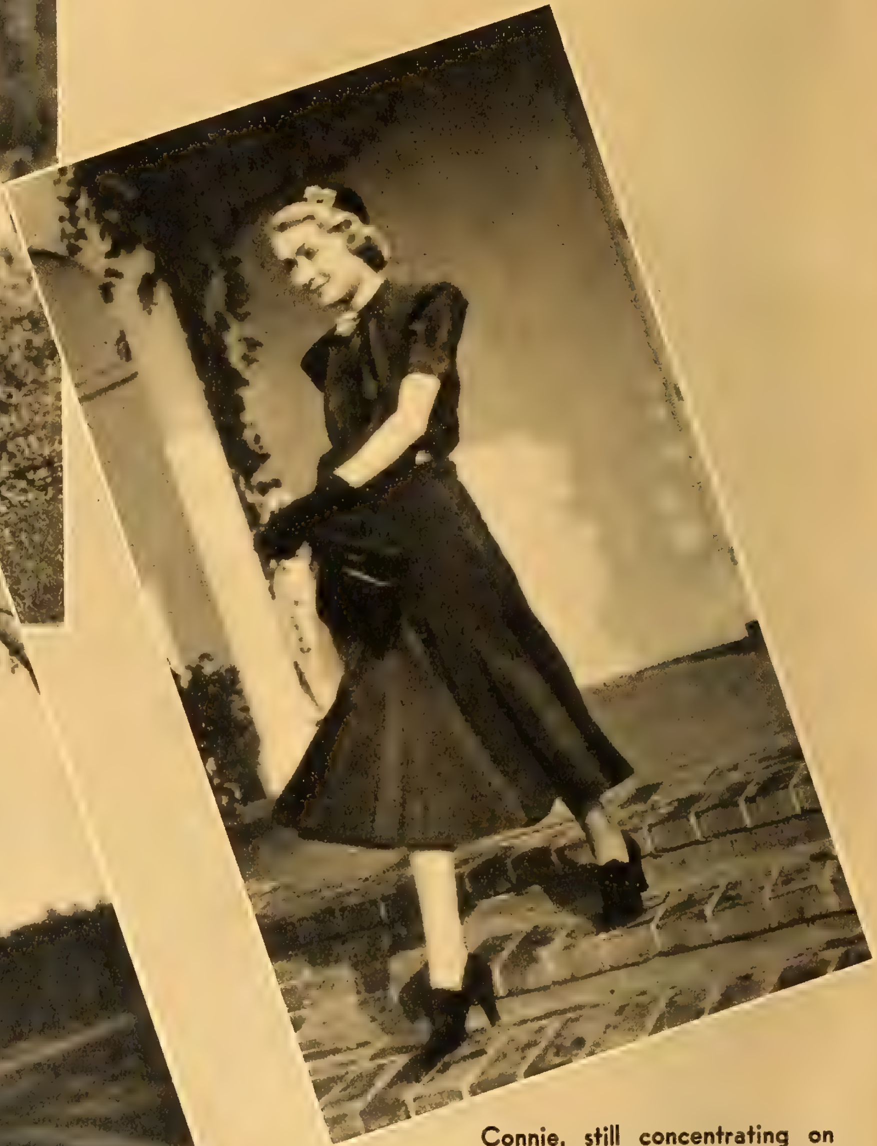
SPRING FINALE

BY SALLY MARTIN

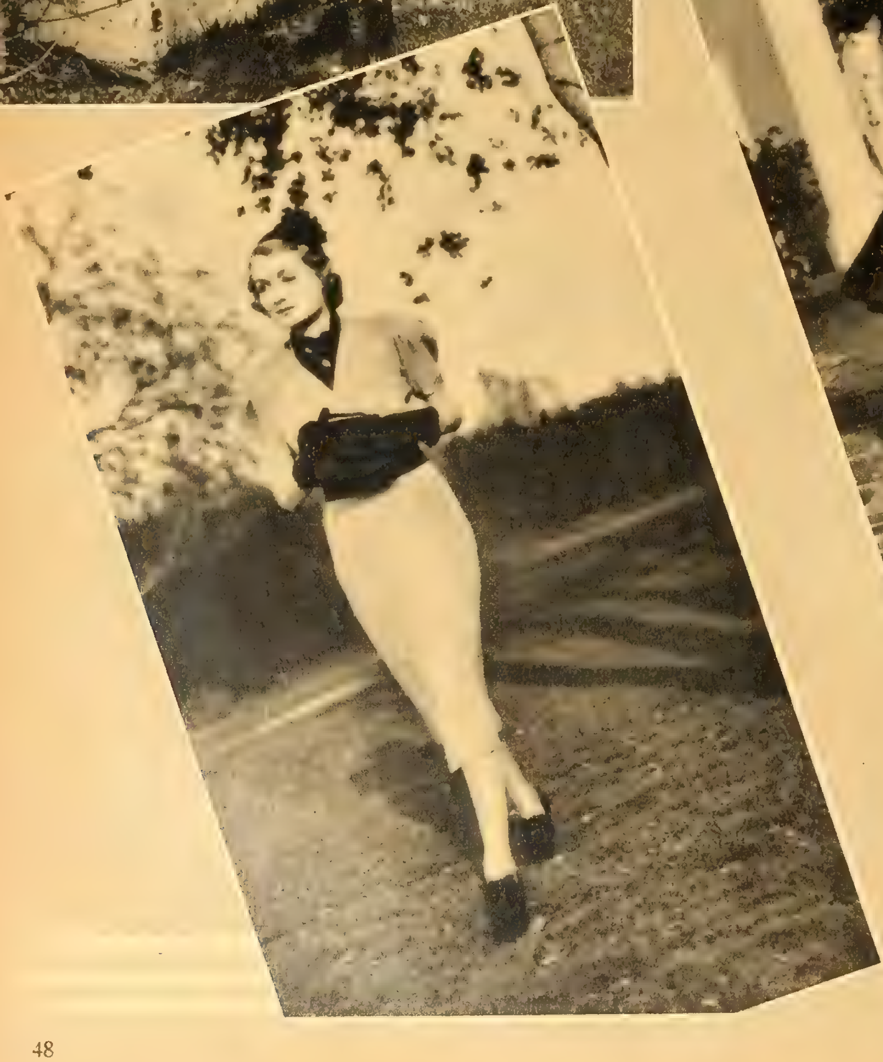
FASHION EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE



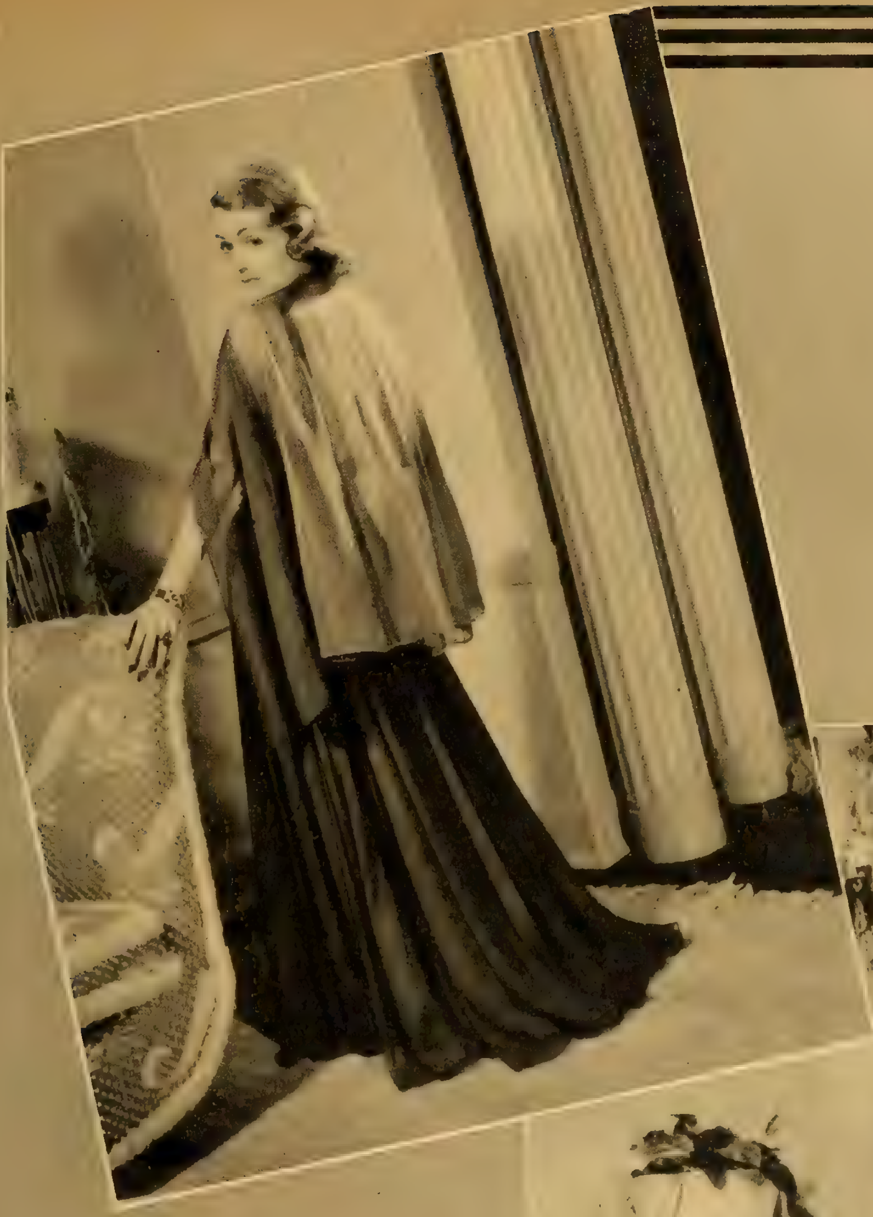
The effect of the Coronation on fashion is felt here as Connie selects deep pink and red roses to adorn her black bonnet. Her afternoon dress is black crepe and features a wrap-around skirt



Connie, still concentrating on color, originates a striking contrast here in deep wisteria and brown. Her light weight wool frock is in the wisteria shade, while her accessories are brown

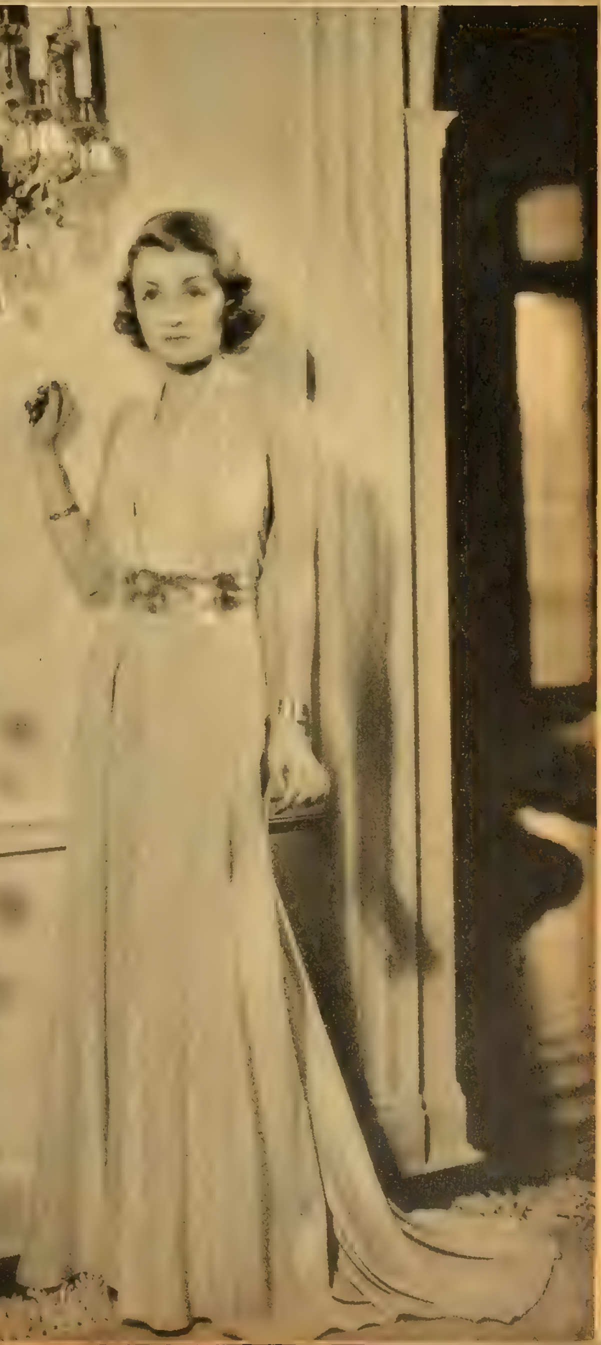


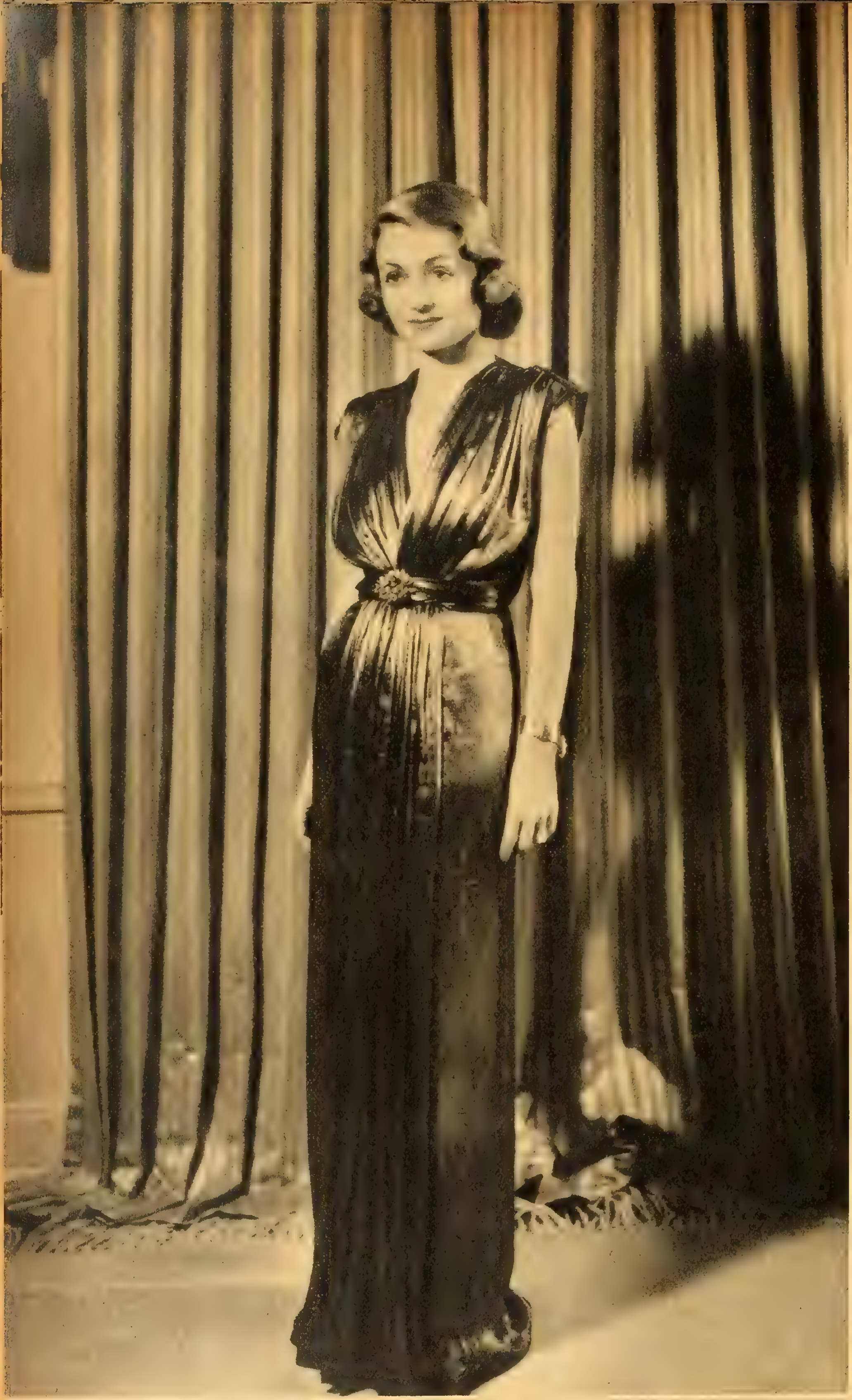
For dressy afternoon occasions, Connie wears an "ashes of roses" crepe frock with shirred shoulders. Into the neckline she tucks a black chiffon scarf



Connie is certain to have a royal time when wearing this deep amethyst chiffon dance frock. The gown builds up from the skirt into a crushed bodice, leaving the back bare. An ombré chiffon cape adds a striking effect.

A novel note in this sun-tan crepe evening gown with the halter neck is the redingote front line which falls into a train at the back. For adornment Miss Bennett wears a wide gold belt—and gold bracelets





Constance Bennett will be seen shortly in *Topper*, a Hal Roach, M-G-M feature comedy

And to climax a perfect day, Constance dons this perfectly stunning formal gown of gold metal cloth. The accordion pleated fulness down the front and the deep cut neckline are extremely new

A monthly fashion letter is yours for the asking. Let Sally Martin, fashion editor of MOTION PICTURE help with your clothes problems. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Sally Martin, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

"Well, I'll Tell You" —BOB BURNS

And Bob, the Arkansas Traveler, whose bazooka and stories of his relatives have made him famous in radio and films, is telling you ALL

By LEON SURMELIAN

NO OTHER personality of the screen has a more fantastic story to tell than Bob Burns of the famous bazooka. He blew himself to Hollywood with a strange musical contraption made of two iron pipes and a whiskey funnel, which no one but Robin Burns of Van Buren, Arkansas, can play. He was christened Robin, but prefers to be called Bob. The mournful bass notes of his bazooka, which remind him of the lowing of cattle down home, have been open sesame to the portals of fame and royalty, Hollywood and big-time radio.

This rangy ex-hobo with a red, bulbous nose, philosopher and poet of the Ozark mountains, is a spiritual descendant of the minstrels and clowns of old. Born with an ear for music and an incomparable gift of gab, he has brought to the screen a superb brand of individual humor, and is on his way to becoming an American institution in the sense that our late beloved Will Rogers was, but with qualities distinctly his own. We believe Bob Burns will rise higher as a story teller. Have you heard him on the air?

Stage No. II at Paramount Studio was made to [*Continued on page* 84]

Top and above, Bob ("Here Peeg-Peeg!") cuts loose his hog-calling in true Arkansaw style. And the peeg came home to Bob. At the right he's seen with his famous bazooka and being vamped by Martha Raye in a gag from *Big Broadcast of 1937*

The TALK

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

No telling here if Carole Lombard will *Swing High, Swing Low*—with her *dietrichs* on the floor

Boys Meet Girls

TALK of Hollywood right now is the Escort Service organized in movieland by Ted Peckham, the blonde college lad who has established a string of Escorts-for-Hire service stations across the country. Notorious for years has been Hollywood's scarcity of good-looking and unattached males, in contrast with the oversupply of beauteous females. Now Ted's service remedies the trouble—for a set schedule of fees, any woman (provided she furnishes good references) can hire a good-looking man to take her to shows, nite clubs, and so on. Romance does NOT go with the fee, however. And besides paying her escort—the average fee is $10 for a night's escorting—the gal pays ALL the bills. Ted's service slogan is "Six Nights for Sixty."

But in Hollywood, he's adding a super-super-escort service. To six Hollywood actors, Ted has offered contracts calling for $100 a night as escorting fees. He chose them for "their charm and their way with women"—BUT he's not revealing their names. Personally established by Peckham, the service will be managed in Hollywood by actress Hedda Hopper while Peckham is back East.

After a serious siege of illness Gertrude Michael returns to Hollywood and films

How About Nude Sunbaths?

THINGS Garbo has never done! eaten an ice-cream cone—seen the daily rushes of her films—driven an auto—ridden in a streetcar, bus, or airplane in America—eaten in the M-G-M cafe where all the other

TWO things Clark Gable brought back with him from that Arizona hunting trip—and Carole Lombard liked neither! One was a goatee!!! During his absence from civilization, in the mountain forests, Clark raised it. When Carole saw it, she nearly fainted. "Off with it, or else!" she ukased. Not liking the "else," Clark shaved the trick beard. Other item he brought back was a mountain lion. It's still a cub, but even so, it's tough. And it doesn't like Carole. It snaps at her. However, Clark still has it.

Don't Scratch It

TALKING of Carole, the poor girl suffers from rashes that burst out all over her whenever she gets even near certain shrubs, vines, plants; all members of the poison-ivy family in yonder woodland dell. It's an aftermath of the poison oak she contracted a year or so ago. Poor Carole—isn't life tough—what with gables and goatees and mountain lions and itch . . . ! ! !

Mary Astor, who crashed headlines again in marrying Mexican Manuel del Campo, will help glamourize *The Prisoner of Zenda*

Six-foot he-man Preston Foster is being secretly tested for *Rhett Butler* in *Gone With the Wind.* He might get coveted role. Meanwhile he appears in *Outcasts of Poker Flat* by Bret Harte

# of Hollywood

M-G-M actors and actresses eat—answered a fan letter—traveled with maid or bodyguard—accepted any fan gift. All gifts sent to Garbo are returned without her even seeing them, by her own orders!

Doggy Week-ends

REGULAR week-end guests at Jeanette MacDonald's home are two dogs. They're her dogs, but they're only two of her dogs. Jeanette has so many, her home isn't big enough to house them all. So she boards them out at kennels. And each week-end, she selects two to spend the week-end with her. When Gene Raymond marries her, he'll have to love her week-end dogs, too.

Out of the Doghouse

TALKING about dogs (never mind that crack about Garbo!), there's a new Joan Crawford incident that's illustrative of the gal— Sunning in her Brentwood garden the other day, Joan, suddenly, was set upon by three huge, mangy-looking, wild-eyed dogs. Unfrightened, Joan didn't flee, patted the dogs instead, found one of them limping badly, the other two evidently ill-fed, uncared for. She took them in, called a veterinarian, who found all three dogs half-starved, and one with a broken leg. He treated them, returned them to Joan, who has adopted them, built a huge kennel for them, and found that they are really three fairly valuable, well-bred Great Danes. Mystery angle of the entire business is that try as she has, Joan has been unable to find where they came from, or who owned them.

Shush

NO POSE is Fred Astaire's shuddery distaste for personal publicity that intrudes on what he quaintly imagines is his private life. So earnest is Fred about the idea that he's hardly even speaking, these days, to Ann Sothern, who used to be a friend of his. Good-hearted, Ann gave out a story about Fred. Because Ann knows that publicity is a star's life blood, she told a lot about Fred, thinking she was doing him a favor. She told some details about his private life, his home, his home life, as she knew it. When the story was published, Astaire squirmed, hasn't yet forgiven Ann.

Extra! Hog passes up market and stays home, knowing that Irene Dunne is sure to treat his pork-ship just *High, Wide and Handsome*

Riding high and handsome is new heart rave, Tyrone Power—who has taken the hurdles to screen triumphs. He is usually sitting in the saddle when not on the set

George—Same As Pullman Porter

BET you don't know Slim Summerville's name! Of course you don't. And that's why Slim, himself, is $11.50 richer today than he was a week or so ago. It was on location, during shooting of *The Road Back*. Several of the players got to wondering what his name was, finally made up a pool, totaling the $11.50, to be taken by the first one who found out and gave Slim's real name. Slim heard of it, threw a half-dollar of his own into the pot, told the gang what not one among them knew: that his real name was George. He collected the pot.

Ruth Coleman is not John Trent's co-pilot, but she can spin the propeller and start him winging through the air. She is the aviator-actor's "heart" in *A Doctor's Diary*

Even a menacing man can be trusted away from his dirty work. Humphrey Bogart, who made *San Quentin*, is trusted by his Sealyham

Doing sentry duty here is Shirley Temple —who goes Scottie in *Wee Willie Winkie*, her next film

Leading ballet schools were combed to find recruits for Here is the cream of the crop who get down off their

Officer Temple

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has decided on a career! She's going to be a policewoman. . . . ! ! ! At least, that's what she told her father the other day.

"When I grow up, dad, I want to be a policewoman. Will you help me?" she said to him.

Gravely, papa Temple assured her he would. Then Shirley added: "But maybe we'd better not tell mama. You see, she's a woman, and mightn't understand. Because it's rough work, dad."

And Spinach for Bad Boys

CAREFUL of the position of being one of the stars' favorite eating-places, the Brown Derby specializes in learning and listing the stars' pet dishes. On the list: For Errol Flynn, venison steak with Idaho potatoes; for Jack Benny, fish which he thinks is brain food; Jack Oakie, green salads because of that overenthusiastic waistline.

And Rubber Lamps for Lupe?

TEN-TO-ONE that nowhere in the world will you find a city with more trick gadgets in its houses than Hollywood. Delight of film stars is to build into their homes, or include in their furnishings, something novel, something odd, something screwy—or just something unusually individual. Examples: —in Ginger Rogers' new house, a built-in soda fountain in the playroom, with working squirt-levers, fizz-squirters, syrup-dashers *et al.*—in Marian Marsh's home, instead of a phone bell like you and I have, a set of cathedral chimes which give her a lot of trouble, because they hit the same tones as the "call chimes" of a Los Angeles radio station, and when Marian has the radio on, she's always answering the phone by mistake!—in Myrna Loy's house, a set of dinner dishes that isn't a set, because she picked them herself, one by one, so they *wouldn't* match!—in Helen Vinson's living room, a built-in popcorn-popper in the huge fireplace, which folds out of sight when not popping, and comes out at touch of an electric button when she gets popcorn-hungry—in Una Merkel's playroom, exactly 100 different games—in Alice Faye's boudoir, a trick lamp with a receptacle wherein she drops perfume; the lamp-heat vaporizes it; sends Alice to sleep in a scented heaven—about Myrna Loy's estate, 150 birdhouses—in Ann Sothern's home, a soundproof room, with rubber-fitted windows, tickless clocks, cork-mounted furniture. Now she's trying to figure out how to stop the sound of squirrels jumping onto the roof from the oak trees which overhang it.

Artist John Goodman uses Olympe Bradna as a model in designing a ship's figurehead for the film, *Souls at Sea*

—in Joan Bennett's ultra-modern home, a very old-fashioned rocking-chair, an awful old morris chair, and an antique music-box, because modern or not, she and hubby, Gene Markey, like 'em—and in the home of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller (although this IS merely a rumor!), rubber lamps, so they'll bounce when thrown. . . !

the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers picture, *Shall We Dance?* toes long enough to enjoy comedian Horton's wisecracks

Ballerina Harriet Hoctor (she's delovely) gives you her talented toes in Ginger and Fred's *Shall We Dance?*

Jean Chatburn one of the M-G-M glorifiers who is showing promising talent, asks you to like her Russian Borzoi, too. They're decorative

'Tenshun! In dis corner is Wayne Morris, a likely champ, who'll come out to knock his opponent and you over in *Kid Galahad*

Mebbe It Wuz Winchell

BEN BERNIE has a sense of humidor. (That's almost as bad as one of his own gags). The idea is that he gets so many cigars from admirers who know he likes cigars that although he smokes an average of 15 cigars a day, he says he hasn't bought himself a cigar for the past ten years. He has had built a special oversized humidor to keep the gift cigars until he's ready to smoke them. Also in it, he keeps Hollywood's strangest collection—cigars from all over the world, from the gumleaf-rolled smoke of Australia to queer fern cigars from Lapland. He'd like, also, to catch the anonymous admirer who sent him the cigars that exploded.

Their Public

FAN-MAIL absurdities of the month:—to Jimmy Stewart, a fan letter from Japan, enclosing an advertisement for Japanese underwear—to Doris Nolan, a letter from a midwestern girl, asking her to give a recipe for developing dimples like her own, and offering two dollars a week pay if Doris would tell. Replied Doris: There's no recipe, they're works of nature—to Eleanor Powell, a letter from a man in Chicago: "Please pay me $67 for redecorating my daughter's bedroom. She plastered pictures of you all over the walls, and since I do not approve of actresses, I scraped them off, and I think you ought to pay for scratching you and your dance poses out of my house." From Eleanor, no $67 for wall-scratching—and to Gracie Allen, the following letter: "Dear Miss Allen: I think you're crazy and I'd like to prove it. Please send me $5,000 at once." Gracie, not *that* crazy, sent no $5,000.

Garboloney

GARBO-CONSISTENCY: She thinks the letter B in her name brings her good luck. She won't have the letter B in the title of a picture she makes, if she can help it, because there she thinks it brings her bad luck. Quaint, eh?

I'm Napoleon

TALKING of collections, Fred Keating's making one of Hollywood's screwiest. Whenever he finds a friend telephoning, Fred thrusts a pad and pencil (which he keeps handy) into the telephoner's hand. Then he keeps the curlicues and things they scribble while phoning (you know—you do it, too, don't you?). He says he's going to have them psycho-analyzed some day.

And Out Came Fluff

BRIAN DONLEVY earned his first dollar cranking a cotton candy machine at a state fair.

[*Continued on page* 100]

Twin Stars in The

Billy, right, is the *Pauper* and Bobby, across the page, is the *Prince*. Above, scenes from Mark Twain's great story

Billy and Bobby Mauch (pronounced Mauk) are Hollywood's first twin stars. They are 13 years old—and started professionally in radio

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

MEET the Lone Wolves of Hollywood! Billy and Bobby Mauch (pronounced Mauk). The thirteen-year-old twins who made us see double in *Anthony Adverse.* Didn't know you saw *two* small *Anthonys* in that picture, did you? Well, neither did Warner Brothers—until the boys told them! Billy was signed for the part—but it was Bobby who played that scene in the convent garden while his Identical Half ate an apple in the dressing-room.

They did the same thing in *Penrod and Sam.* (That was Bobby in the riotous bedroom scene.) So the studio fooled them. It gave them equal starring roles in *The Prince and the Pauper.* Now everybody's happy. The Lone Wolves march again. . . .

They do everything together. *And on their own.* No coercion from Poppa or Mamma Mauch. They started their career because—you want the real secret? Because they were after a chemical set. One of those humdingers that cost a lot. Bobby, you see, is going to be a chemist. Billy, a brain surgeon. After they get through being a hundred other things—actors included.

Acting's swell, though. If it hadn't been for acting they wouldn't have got that 620 action camera from director William Keighley. And boy, does it work! They make their own movies. Every two weeks they hold a "preview" and swing a flashlight from their apartment up on Franklyn street hill to announce the fact. Of course, nobody comes. That's a gag. Only mother and Ginger, their dog, and maybe a couple of neighborhood kids. Their latest feature stars Ginger. . . .

Prince and the Pauper

Errol Flynn has the romantic adventurous role in the picture. And he is a great favorite of the twins because of his wonderful stories

Shirley and Freddie won't have everything their own way. Here come the Mauch twins

What are you going to have for lunch? (Gee, there's Dick Powell and Joan Blondell over there. You sure see the stars around a studio commissary! You want to know who the nicest man in pictures is? Claude Rains (he played *Don Luis* in *Adverse*) and Errol Flynn can tell some wonderful stories.) Oh, yes. . . . Lunch. . . . Let's see. . . . "Pork chops—and chocolate ice cream," says Bobby. "Pork chops—and chocolate ice cream," says Billy. "Ditto," says the writer. And we're off to the races. You *have* to race to keep up with that pair. The first thing that strikes you is—they're *regular fellows*. No studied mannerisms. No precocious speech. Just plain kids who are hitting on all sixteen cylinders and enjoying every minute of it. And they are so amazingly healthy that they appear like playful, spirited animals.

BACK in Peoria, Illinois, on the second day after the Fourth of July in 1924 Billy won a slight edge over Bobby. He got born five minutes sooner. He was the first to creep and the first to walk and the first to get a part in pictures—and does Bobby care? He just grins and screws up one eye. "Well, accidents *will* happen!" he says. His laugh has a running-scale quality that reminds you of a junior Ed Wynn. And that laugh is about the only distinguishing mark between them. Billy is a shade more on the serious side.

They started kindergarten at the ripe age of two. Mamma and Poppa Mauch apparently had one idea about their upbringing: They had to be self-reliant. None of this spoiled "sheltered darling" business for the twins! At three they made their first stage appearance—singing [*Continued on page* 95]

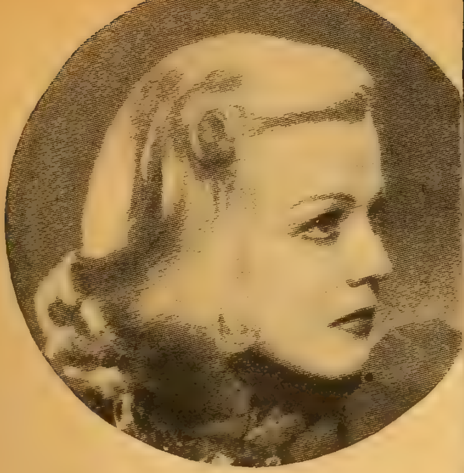
NEW TWINKLERS

Only a sub-deb, Betty Jane Rhodes has come out. Her screen debut was sponsored by Universal

Janice Jarratt is another Texas de-lovely who has made good in films. She used to be an artists' model

One smart girl is Nan Grey. Only seventeen, Nan is on her way to stardom. Houston is her home

Her twinkling feet carried Dorothea Kent up the ladder of fame. She's a beautiful blonde



Jean Rogers' new page boy coiffure

Jean has no best feature, she's perfect!

And, *she* doesn't like her hair so blonde

"Blonde, but not too Blonde" —says Jean Rogers

By DENISE CAINE

Have you checked up on your looks lately? Hair getting dull and dry? Pores enlarging? Nails splitting? Or are you tired of the same old hair-do, the same face powder? If these or other beauty problems are bothering you, write to Denise Caine. She'll gladly help you and give your problem individual attention. Write to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, and don't forget, please, to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

CALLING all girls with light, thin eyebrows! You don't have to wear two artificial-looking pencil marks above your brows; nor do you have to go around, to all appearances, eyebrowless! There's a solution to your problem in this make-up trick! With a soft eyebrow pencil, color your existing eyebrows and fill in the blank spaces, following the bony edge of your eye-socket as a guide. Now, dust face powder over this art work and let the powder remain for a minute. Then, with a clean, dry, stiff-bristled brush like those that come with mascara, brush away the excess powder, blend the remaining powder with the pencil. The powder, you see, tones down the harshness of the pencil, making it blend in so naturally with your skin, that it is practically impossible to detect any artifice!

This is what Jean Rogers, featured in Universal's *Night Key* with Boris Karloff, does. And though Jean is more or less of a beginner in films, there's nothing amateurish about her make-up! She has even mastered the art of "building up" her upper lip—a make-up feat that is probably the most difficult of all to do well. She learned the trick from a Hollywood make-up man, who used a camel's hair "paint brush" and, being literal-minded, Jean copied his technique by using a lip brush, too. Now she's so addicted to it that she carries a "sawed-off" brush in her purse, so that she can re-do her lips properly even in a restaurant, without drawing any stares.

Well, not *critical* stares, anyway. I seriously doubt whether the most beauty-blase of persons could keep from staring appreciatively at Jean, with her lovely blue eyes and tangled lashes, her blonde curls and her magnificent figure (see photos if you think this is a rave)!

But with all that, Jean is natural and unaffected, and more than a little inclined to be critical of her looks. Her eyebrows aren't dark or heavy enough, she told me, her upper lip is a shade too thin and there is that microscopic freckle on her nose! Nor is Jean satisfied with the color of her hair, as you see it in the photographs. It's too blonde, she thinks, and she is letting it grow back to a softer, more natural golden shade.

"With my hair such a light shade, people don't see me as a whole—all they see is the blonde hair," Jean told me. And she is right, too. It's sound beauty practice to accent your best features, but they shouldn't be emphasized to the point where everything else fades into the background.

JEAN says she likes the page boy bob she's wearing in one of the photos, but she's never been fond enough of one hair-style to wear it exclusively.

"There is such a variety of coiffure styles now that I think girls should take advantage of all of them—changing their appearance with different moods, costumes and occasions," Jean said. "Each of the current styles can be adapted to one's own face and build so that it is becoming and suitable."

Jean modified the page boy coiffure slightly, to make it softer and more flattering. The low, side part is permissible with her well-shaped oval face, and the soft ringlet curl at the right side breaks the severity of the style. Instead of wearing the ends in a single, unbroken roll, she [*Continued on page* 104]

Doesn't this ice cream look luscious? And, you can learn to prepare it easily at home

Let Mrs. Christine Frederick, our cooking expert, show you how to prepare this delicious crystal gelatin salad

Learn to Cook —and Like It!

"Cooking with Cold" Enables the Young Housekeeper to Serve Cooling Meals in the Hottest Weather

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

JANE was often a bridesmaid, but never a bride—until she learned how to cook. Now, she's going to be Mrs. Jack Carter in just a couple of weeks. And, it took Jane's little dinners to make handsome Jack realize that life wouldn't be the same without those dinners—and Jane. So girls, here's your chance to grab off that man you've been dreaming about. Mrs. Christine Frederick, nationally-renowned cooking expert, will help you the easy way, by teaching you how to cook. This is the third article in Mrs. Frederick's series of "Learn to Cook—and Like It," but, if you want to catch up with the rest of the class, you can do so by purchasing copies of April and May issues of MOTION PICTURE. You can also write to Mrs. Frederick, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope, and she will answer any questions on your cooking problems. And, there's an attractive offer at the end of this article. It's free! —*Editor.*

"HELLO, JANE," called her friend, Betty Barclay, who gaily swung her tennis racquet in greeting. "Want to go out to the courts and play a set of tennis with Bob and me? I'm meeting him in half an hour. But I suppose you can't get away!"

"Why not?" demanded Jane, cool and charming in a summer frock of colorful Dalmatian print. "Why shouldn't I go along—not jealous are you?" she teased, smilingly.

"Jealous! Gracious no, and you with that handsome scalawag, Jack Carter, wound 'round your little finger! But I thought you were too busy with those morning cooking lessons—your Rhythm at the Range, as it were, and that you'd be all hot and bothered roasting the roast. I didn't think you could manage to get out of your precious kitchen, that was all."

"Well, Betty, I'll admit I *am* awfully keen on this cooking stuff. Just think, only a few weeks more and I'll be Mrs. Jack Carter, 2nd! But don't think I have to melt my make-up cooking on the finest kitchen range in the world; it simply isn't being done these days. You're way behind, Betty, if you don't know the newest culinary trick is 'cooking with cold.' Which lets you 'come out of the kitchen' with lots of time for playing tennis, seeing shows, or anything else you want to do."

"Cooking with cold?" questioned Betty skeptically. "That's certainly a funny idea. Do you mean it or are you only joking?"

BUT cooking with cold is not a joke! It's by far the smartest idea for short-cut summer housework, and it makes hot-weather meal service a pleasure to the one who prepares the food as well as to family diners and guests.

The heart of this time-and-labor saving method of meal preparation is the automatic refrigerator. Given an up-to-date chill chest, as any automatic refrigerator may be called, you can turn out the most refreshing, cooling menus with a mimimum of time in the kitchen. And here's how:

[*Continued on page* 83]

RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG
Duchess of Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

- Delicate features in a heart-shaped face, lovely, liquid blue-gray eyes, lustrous dark-brown hair—the luminous beauty of a clear, smooth skin!

- (*below*) Snapped on the staircase of the Crystal Garden of the Ritz-Carlton during the Duchess of Leinster's recent visit to New York.

Her Grace—one of the three Premier Duchesses in the British Isles—in the white satin Court gown she will wear under her Coronation robe . . . "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream is more than a cleansing treatment. It makes my skin feel invigorated, look brighter. I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and for any occasion."

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

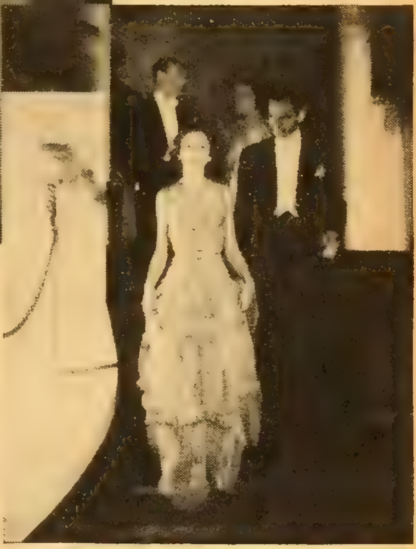
Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:—

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly,* till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it . . . Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see *your* skin growing lovelier!



Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE** *and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids*

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Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 11]

(honestly!) Adrian, M-G-M's style-wiz, are laughing through these days and nights together—spring's here and Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck (who wears his ring on her engagement finger but says "it doesn't mean a *thing!*") go riding the Beverly Hills bridle (but NOT bridal) path together—Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., resuming in Hollywood where they left off in London—now that the Jerry Hopper romance is ancient history, Martha Raye's being taken about by John Howard—down go Craig Reynolds' telephone and flowers-by-wire bills and up goes Craig Reynolds' heart, because Gertrude Niesen's back from an eastern trip—if you don't think the Younger Idea is growing up you ought to see Jackie Cooper and Judy Garland lunching together!—Bonnie Bannon, who's getting a divorce from director Charles Faye, and Busby Berkeley who's getting a divorce from Merna Kennedy, will probably leap from divorce-court right back into matrimony, together—Elizabeth Allan and Robert Riskin holding hands.

• • •

WHETHER or not handsome young William Tannen, son of veteran actor Julius Tannen, will be Caliban II in the life of Elaine "Ariel" Barrie Barrymore, is Hollywood's current guessing contest. All Hollywood knows is that Bill Tannen is squiring Elaine about the niteries during these days when her divorce suit against quietly-hiding 50-odd year old Barrymore is pending. "He's just a friend," explains Elaine, in the time-honored Hollywood patois, "—and *so* attractive." Chaperoning Elaine and Bill, now and then, is Elaine's ma, with the assistance and company of David Fisher, officially business manager for Elaine.

• • •

IT'S just like a comedian to pick the home of torch-carrying Eddie Sutherland *for a wedding scene*, isn't it? And that's exactly what comicker Bert Wheeler did. That's where he and Sally Haines were finally married (after threatening to do it for how long!). Soon as Bert has finished his next Wheeler-Woolsey picture, he and Bride Sally plan a wedding trip to Cuba.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lupe dyed her hair from black to red,
Now Johnny's very, very med . . .!!!

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Then she dyed again to black.
And that brought Johnny nicely back.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Michael Whalen and Katherine DeMille:
"Good friends;" but *marry?*—don't be sil . . .!!

• • •

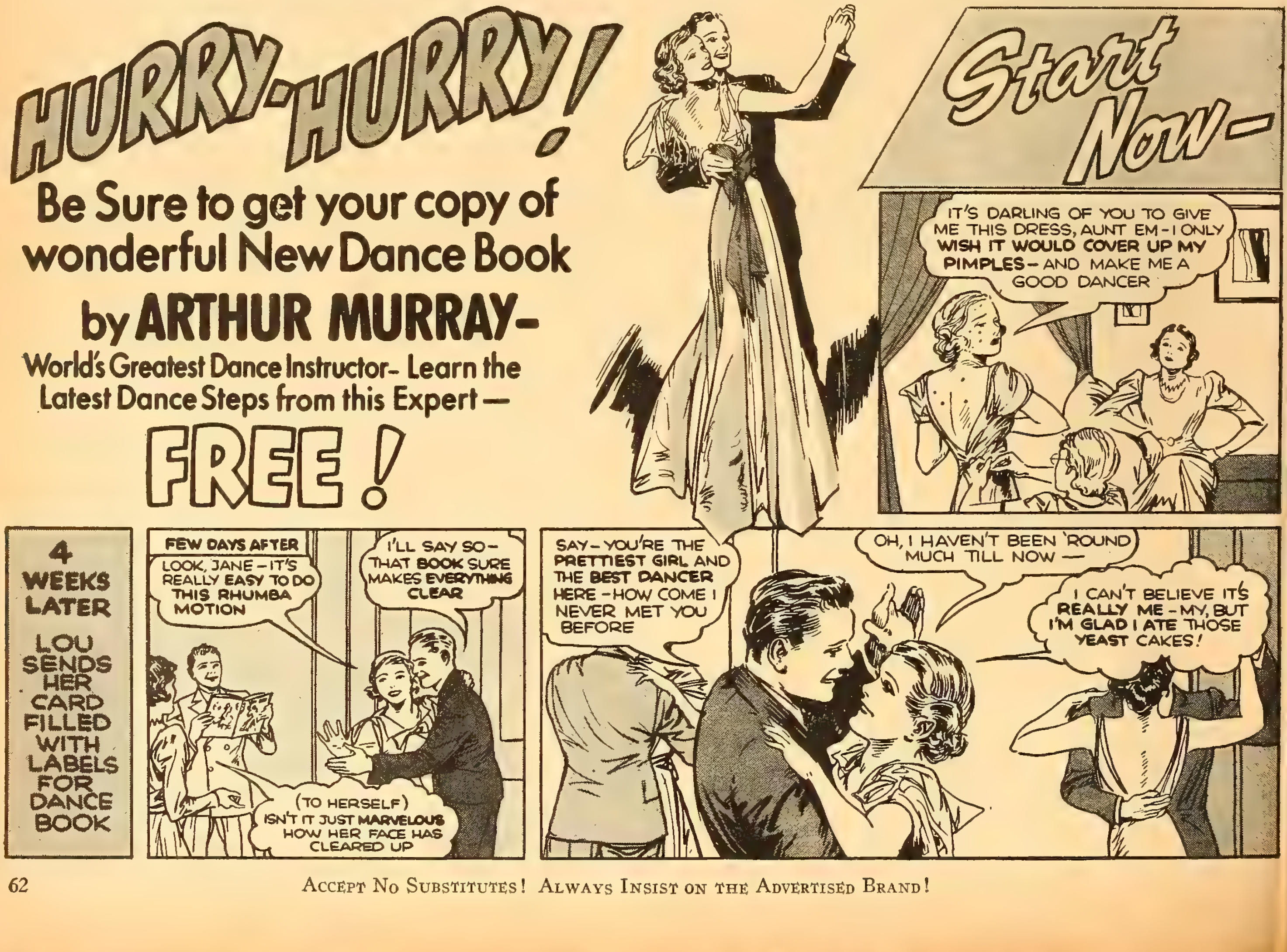
LONG-distance marriage is all wrong. Anyway, Jean Parker and newspaper-man-hubby George McDonald think so. That's why George hurried back to Hollywood less than a month after he returned east because he could see no real opportunity in his line out West. Several weeks of loneliness brought George hurrying back to Hollywood, where Wifie Jean had, in the meantime, signed a long-term contract.

• • •

BLESSED-EVENT SCOOOOOOOP!—the *Thin Man's wife* is knitting tiny garments. And if you don't believe it, wait until you see the addition to the cast in M-G-M's next thinman film.

• • •

MEXICAN marriages are okeh enough, but Astrid Allwyn is Swedish—and so, right now, she and bridegroom Robert Kent are readying for a trip back to Springfield,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Be Sure to get your copy of wonderful New Dance Book
by ARTHUR MURRAY-
World's Greatest Dance Instructor- Learn the Latest Dance Steps from this Expert —
FREE!
Start Now-
IT'S DARLING OF YOU TO GIVE ME THIS DRESS, AUNT EM - I ONLY WISH IT WOULD COVER UP MY PIMPLES - AND MAKE ME A GOOD DANCER
4 WEEKS LATER LOU SENDS HER CARD FILLED WITH LABELS FOR DANCE BOOK
FEW DAYS AFTER
LOOK, JANE - IT'S REALLY EASY TO DO THIS RHUMBA MOTION
I'LL SAY SO - THAT BOOK SURE MAKES EVERYTHING CLEAR
(TO HERSELF) ISN'T IT JUST MARVELOUS HOW HER FACE HAS CLEARED UP
SAY - YOU'RE THE PRETTIEST GIRL AND THE BEST DANCER HERE - HOW COME I NEVER MET YOU BEFORE
OH, I HAVEN'T BEEN 'ROUND MUCH TILL NOW —
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S REALLY ME - MY, BUT I'M GLAD I ATE THOSE YEAST CAKES!

—*Acme*

The Jack Oakies staged a big party redolent of the South of Civil War days. They called it "Come With the Wind." Among the guests were Jean Hersholt, Heather Angel, Pat (General Grant) O'Brien, Mrs. O'Brien and Joe E. (Johnny Reb) Brown

Massachusetts, and there—in the little Swedish chapel where she was christened—Astrid and Bob will get themselves married all over again, and the audience will be Astrid's parents.

• • •

BECAUSE Bobby Breen "is getting old enough to get along without me, now," his charming sister, Sally, is going to marry Louis Roth, western mining man, at last. She's been postponing the wedding date time and again, because she wanted to stay and help Bobby's career, as his tutor and musical coach. But now that he doesn't need her help any more, Sally's free to marry.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Betty Furness and Johnny Green
Temperature: 217!

• • •

MARRIAGE invitations are out for: Filmactress Lois January and Musical Supervisor Abe Meyer. Actress Marion Sayers and Hotelman Fred Sibley. Pretty Mollie Lamont and TWA Flier Eddie Bellande.

• • •

PFFT! goes another of Hollywood's all-too-scarce eligible bachelors. Lyle Talbot deserts the thinning ranks. By the time you're reading this, he'll be "hubby" to dark-eyed Marguerite Cramer, not in movies. As this is written, they're planning a London honeymoon.

• • •

TALKING about the Bennett gals, Joan is *that* surprised. She and hubby Gene Markey were sitting comfortably at home listening to the radio the other night, when, wham, right out of the loudspeaker comes the rumor that she and Gene were busting up. "My, oh my," said Gene; "this *is* news. Do you know anything about it, dear?" "Why, no," said Joan. And now they're both trying, between laughs, to find out how it began.

---

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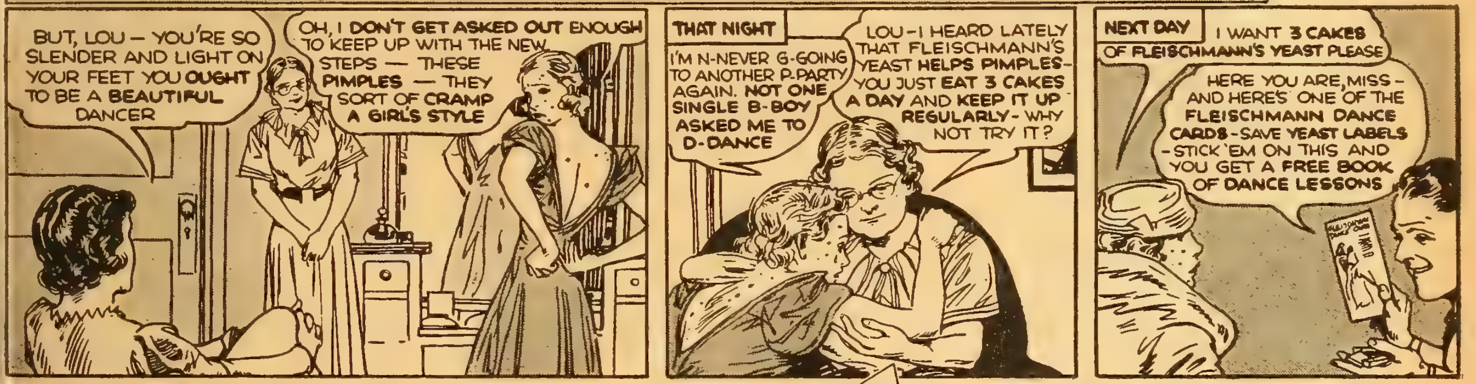
BUT, LOU – YOU'RE SO SLENDER AND LIGHT ON YOUR FEET YOU OUGHT TO BE A BEAUTIFUL DANCER
OH, I DON'T GET ASKED OUT ENOUGH TO KEEP UP WITH THE NEW STEPS — THESE PIMPLES — THEY SORT OF CRAMP A GIRL'S STYLE
THAT NIGHT
I'M N-NEVER G-GOING TO ANOTHER P-PARTY AGAIN. NOT ONE SINGLE B-BOY ASKED ME TO D-DANCE
LOU – I HEARD LATELY THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HELPS PIMPLES – YOU JUST EAT 3 CAKES A DAY AND KEEP IT UP REGULARLY – WHY NOT TRY IT?
NEXT DAY
I WANT 3 CAKES OF FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST PLEASE
HERE YOU ARE, MISS – AND HERE'S ONE OF THE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARDS – SAVE YEAST LABELS – STICK 'EM ON THIS AND YOU GET A FREE BOOK OF DANCE LESSONS

GET THIS FREE FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD FROM YOUR GROCER

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Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily* for 27 days. Save the label from each cake. Paste these on the *free* Fleischmann Dance Card you can get from your grocer. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, save your 81 labels and send them in an envelope, or pasted up on plain paper.

Address envelope containing labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. And be sure to include *your* name and address. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states west of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

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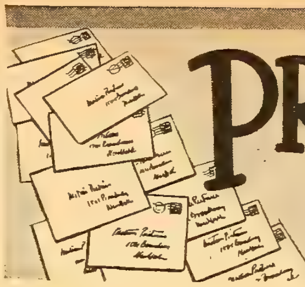

PRIZE LETTERS

How Readers Rate Them!

WE'RE WITH YOU, MISSISSIPPI

$15 Prize Letter

CERTAINLY the vast majority of people in this Southern state who have read *Gone With the Wind* have their ideas about who should play the roles of *Scarlett* and *Rhett*. I've talked to a good many of these people and most of them are ready to fight the war over again since reading the book. I may as well help start it by naming the favorites in the running. Naturally, they are Clark Gable and Miriam Hopkins. Most of us think that *Butler* was so like the character Gable portrayed in *San Francisco* that anyone else in the part would be miscast, and that's also my frank opinion. Miss Hopkins as a Southerner ranks highest, and her role in William Faulkner's *Story of Temple Drake* gained her popularity in the state. Her *Becky Sharp* was no angel, nor is *Scarlett O'Hara* one. I'm sure, though, that no matter who are cast in the roles that the picture will be the biggest box-office smash. —*Robert Finlay, Glen Allan, Miss.*

Miriam Hopkins

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLAPPERS

$10 Prize Letter

GOOD music lovers the world over are thankful to the screen for bringing opera to us. During the jazz age opera was something to be ridiculed. We didn't dare let our friends know we were so dull—or high-brow enough to like that kind of music. No, we had to have hey-hey music. But, that was before we were given Lily Pons' *Lakme*, Grace Moore's *Madame Butterfly*, Jeanette MacDonald's *Faust*, Lawrence Tibbett's *Carmen*, not to mention Nino Martini, Nelson Eddy and others. Studio executives need have no fear about giving us all length operas at this time. Not when there is such tremendous applause in the theaters after an aria from the opera is heard. It would be a big mistake to hold off, for the movie public is decidedly opera-conscious at the present time.—*Lillian Houtwed, 88 Warren St., New York City.*

SHALL WE GO BACK?

$5 Prize Letter

THE greatness of drama that made the silent films a world institution is almost gone from the pictures of today. Who can forget the majestic beauty of *The Ten Commandments* or the magnificent epic scope of the *Covered Wagon*? Such pure dramatic films are comparatively rare today, and this seems to be evidenced by the keen interest shown when such outstanding, present-day dramatic films as *The Informer* and *Mutiny On the Bounty* come forth only after careful deliberation. Sound, while it may have made the pictures more natural, has led to some incredibly poor movies—all the average actor has to do now is to speak clearly enough to be heard—acting is not necessary. Many pictures of today are like that—lots of sound but very little acting or action. There are few great artists today, excepting, of course, such stars as Paul Muni, Charles Laughton and Luise Rainer. Yes, sound changed the films—mostly toward a lighter vein.—*Nathaniel Rutherford, 2642 Stanton Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Paul Muni

FRANKLY ADMIRING FRANK

$1 Prize Letter

FRANK MORGAN'S performances possess the subtle sparkle of a well-polished gem. Long before he stole the show in *The Affairs of Cellini*, he consistently contributed splendid character roles. In *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*, his mirth-provoking scenes depicting the candid suitor helped to make a good picture better. He blends his work with that of the stars, yet he achieves distinctive personal characterizations. Whether his part calls for humor or the depths of despair, his interpretations radiate sincerity. To a dependable, versatile and remarkably brilliant player, I offer praise, congratulations and a million thanks for many splendid performances. I look forward with keen anticipation to his future work.—*Esther Mueller, 610 Fifth Street, San Bernardino, Calif.*

Frank Morgan

AND THEY SAY, AMERICANS AREN'T ROMANTIC

$1 Prize Letter

SOME people are so hard to please. They think the stories in movies are frequent repetitions of the old love theme—"boy meets girl," etc. They are, but what of it! Then, too, they criticize the fanciful situations portrayed on the screen and remark: "So fantastic! Not at all true to life!" I should like to dare anyone to take the ordinary lives of everyday human beings and portray them on the screen. I know my own life story would certainly *not* be a thriller. I'm satisfied with it but, dear me, I go to the movies to see something different. Give me the splendid performances of my favorite stars in the exciting sequences of a seemingly "fantastic" story anytime in preference to these portrayals of lives of famous men and women in history. They are okeh for a change, but as a steady diet—Heaven forbid! I say, go on producers and give us more and more of your so-called "fantastic" stories. We love them! Give us a few hours in our local theaters each week where we can lose ourselves.—*Eva A. Post, Teaneck, N. J.*

IT'S A PLEASURE

$1 Prize Letter

WITH fear and trepidation, I waited the coming of *Anthony Adverse* to this city, wondering: Will they make it too long? Will they butcher the plot? Will they treat the characters skimpily?

But now, Mr. Editor, I delegate to you the responsibility for thanking *them* for having created a picture which in itself is a thing of beauty aside from the strength it derived from the fine novel of the same title.

No longer need we shudder when speaking of Hollywood, as if a brood of cultural philistines had, grudgingly, to be given credit for whatever work of durability and merit appeared on the screen. I honestly believe that nothing is impossible for the camera to record, from *War and Peace* to *As You Like It.* If, sometimes, we must sit through Grade B films, it should be with the knowledge that the profits thus accrued will be used to produce the brilliant pictures which, though not commonplace, year by year give an increasing lustre to Hollywood.—*Stanley S. Jacobs, 312 No. Noyes Blvd., St. Joseph, Mo.*

POOR PAPA

$1 Prize Letter

ORDINARILY I am satisfied to pay my money, take my ticket and enjoy whatever moving picture fare the Hollywood experts have prepared, confident that it will not be as good as the publicity department's promise and not as bad as the knockers predict. You see, then, it takes a whole lot to make me mad. But, when I saw *Reunion,* I came out mad clear through. I cannot for the life of me see where it was either necessary or useful to the play to make such an inane caricature of the father of the Quintuplets. More than that, I think it was a positive and cruel affront to the five little girls themselves. It seems to me that if the Hays office were to interest itself in such unjust and unmoral representations as this, it would really earn its salt.—*Mrs. Kathryn Koester, 821 Jefferson Ave., Cape Girardeau, Mo.*

HANDCLAPS FOR *LOST HORIZON*

$1 Prize Letter

LITTLE by little our disappointment in seeing fine books translated into moving shadows—and *changed* during translation—is being dissipated. The early attempts were crude and badly done, in the opinion of those who had enjoyed the stories in book form. But, gradually the technique improved. And now comes *Lost Horizon!* There were the inevitable changes, but the substitution of characters is actually for the better and in no way lessens the strength and beauty of the story. This is one of the truly *fine* pictures in the real meaning of the word. It is timeless and is a genuine artistic achievement.—*Jeanne Kellogg, 1324 18th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.*

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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DIRECTOR
MEN behind the STARS

ROBERT Z. LEONARD

Director of *Maytime*

NO LIST of the real pioneers of motion pictures is complete without the name of Robert Z. Leonard. Twenty-five years ago, Leonard was a young man seeking a career and the business of making photoplays was in its swaddling clothes. Now the fifth largest industry in the world, it was then a field where piracy—much the same as cattle-rustling—was rampant. Incredible as this may seem to the present generation of movie-goers, Bob Leonard can attest to its truth through personal experience as a victim of "scene thieves."

Leonard was, at the time, playing in Westerns. One of his duties, aside from playing roles, was to "ride the range" armed with a loaded rifle to prevent rival film producers from stealing his company's scenes. Picture stealing first came about when several large companies combined to prevent independent producing companies from obtaining film. To aggravate matters, rival companies sprang up and established a racket to steal other company's pictures by actually photographing them.

It became a guerilla warfare. Leonard was with the Selig Company, and to hold his job as an actor found himself required also to engage in mounted patrol duty. In those days, of course, motion picture scenes were mostly "exteriors," or locations, as they were and are still called. It was no uncommon thing for one film company, with scores of actors, to be working on location, shooting action scenes, while some outsider secreted himself in a thicket or treetop to steal the scene with his own camera.

Robert Z. Leonard used to be in front of the cameras himself, but here you see him in back, directing Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in *Maytime*

One of the safeguards employed was the posting of one's company trade mark on a conspicuous tree within camera range in every one of the outdoor scenes. This was done so that it might be used as evidence of theft in court. It is fortunate that no blood ever was spilled in these battles.

One day, Leonard found and routed a bootleg cameraman who had hidden in some bushes. The bootlegger managed to escape, but accidentally smashed his own camera in doing so. This state of affairs existed until Carl Laemmle broke up the monopoly of film and cameras by forming another combination.

ROBERT Z. LEONARD was born in Chicago, the son of a railroad executive. Incidentally, Lillian Russell was a second cousin. Young Bob thought he would like mining engineering and to this end studied at the University of Colorado. Shortly before his entrance into college, however, he had, because of his unusually fine tenor voice, made an appearance as a member of the quartette. It may have been this that instilled the "show bug" in him. At any rate, shortly following his graduation, he wandered into musical comedy. For three or four years he was featured in road shows by the Shuberts and by Oliver Morosco.

It was during this period, too, that he made his first acquaintance with the then new field of the photoplay. In 1910, when he was in Los Angeles, as the featured comedian in the Ferris-Hartman musical comedy company, he was induced to go over to Selig and he made his cinema debut in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, in the rôle of *John Alden*. Then he was starred in a long series of comedies, until, in 1917, he decided to enter the field of directing.

From the very first Leonard became known as a consistently successful director. Not only were his pictures good, but they fared excellently at the box office. Leonard was a keen student of the screen. He knew talent and he knew story construction.

It makes no difference to Bob Leonard whether he is directing a serious drama like *Strange Interlude*, a college comedy like *Piccadilly Jim*, a super musical like *The Great Ziegfeld*. Leonard has never been typed. He can tackle any kind of story and do a grand job. He has an amazingly smooth and even manner of drawing emotions from a player. His success lies in his extremely engaging disposition and the ability to see a thing and do it.

Dietrich Is Still Selling Glamour

[*Continued from page* 35]

certain questions were asked, or evasive answers when the subject of her rumored romance with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was mentioned, or "We're just good friends," when the matter of Josef von Sternberg came up.

However, out of the various answers and tactful evasions one thing is certain and that is that Miss Dietrich is anxious to return to England as quickly as possible, even if the British newsmen, whom she likes better than their American cousins, did force her to grant a signed interview in the *London Leader* because of the numerous questions they pelted at her.

The reasons for this are several: (1) Von Sternberg is in London and she is anxious to return to make a picture under his direction. Incidentally, her loyalty to von Sternberg is carried almost to the point of fanaticism. In the *London Leader* story she said, "His enemies are mine also, and I would never number among my friends anyone who tried in any way to harm or discredit von Sternberg, though this has sometimes embarrassed Josef." (2) She prefers to have her daughter educated abroad, but what is more important in view of constant kidnaping threats that stars receive, probably feels that the child is safer in Europe than here.

THAT, then, is a fairly complete capsule portrait of the cinema's foremost exponent of glamour. But in order to understand the Dietrich of today—the Dietrich who enjoys the adoration of millions, likes to have them make a fuss over her in public, resents interviewers who pry into her private life and is human enough to make understandable mistakes as fibbing to reporters —it is necessary to know something of her background.

The story of Miss Dietrich's success is the story of one of the most amazing pieces of glamour-manufacturing ever perpetrated by Hollywood. Nine years ago Marlene Dietrich was a relatively obscure screen actress in Germany. Daughter of a Prussian first lieutenant in the patrician Regiment of Grenadiers, she was born Mary Magdalene von Losch in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar thirty-two years ago.

After the war, in which her father was killed early in the conflict on the Russian front, Marlene's mother took her to Berlin. But the revolution which followed the collapse of the German armies sent the bewildered family back to Weimar where Marlene was placed in a boarding-school.

In 1921 Marlene was back in Berlin as a violin student at the *Hoschschule feur Musik* under the supervision of Professor Flesch. But an injury to her left wrist forced her to abandon a music career and as an outlet for her artistic energies she was given permission by her mother to embark upon a dramatic career in Max Reinhardt's school —but under a different name, the one by which the world now knows her today.

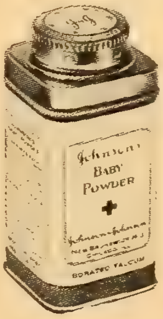
Her first appearance under Reinhardt's direction was as a bit player in *The Taming of the Shrew*. But progress on the stage was slow and she turned to the screen and obtained work at the Ufa studios where, in 1923, she met and married an assistant director named Rudolph Sieber. After an interval she deserted the screen for the stage

[*Continued on page* 69]

● *"Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?... You can't change 'em?... Say, that's tough!"*

● *"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"*

● *"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"*



● *"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth."* *... Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs —Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!*

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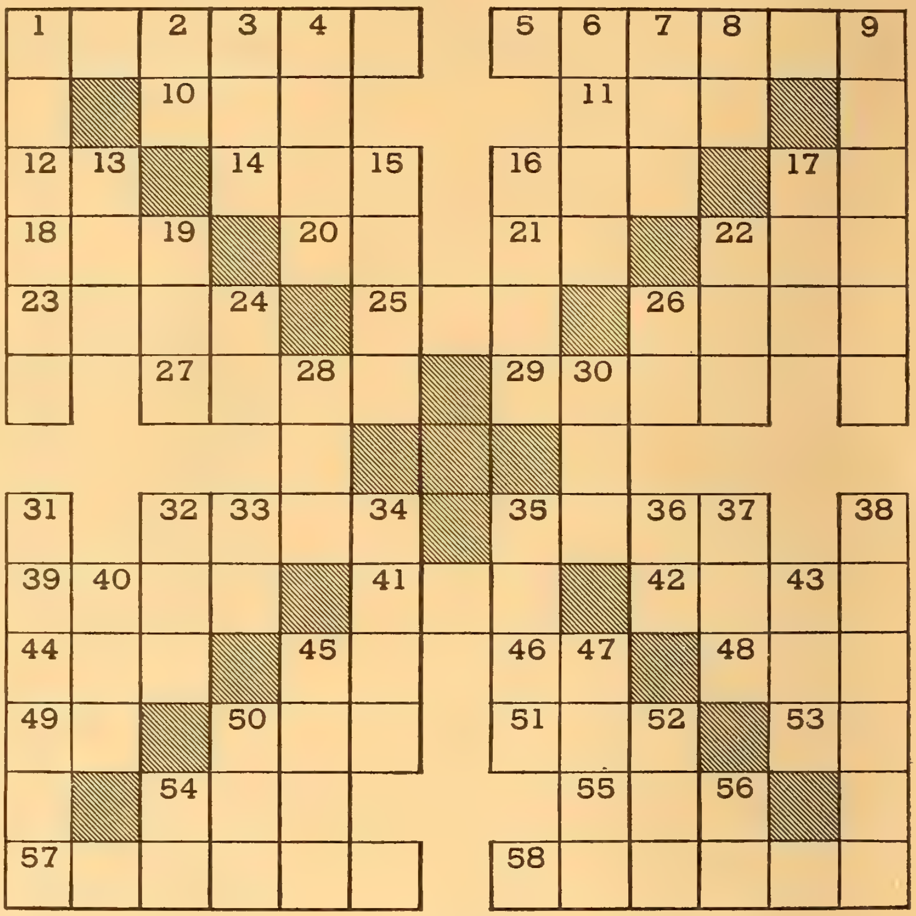

ACROSS

1 Star of WAIKIKI WEDDING
5 GLORIA LEE in BREEZING HOME
10 HEADIN' —— THE RIO GRANDE is a Tex Ritter film
11 M-G-M star
12 THE GENERAL DIED —— DAWN
14 Equine performer
16 Descriptive of United Artist's DESPERADO
17 Initials of Miss Lightner, comedienne
18 Color of lipstick worn by feminine stars
20 MURDER GOES —— COLLEGE
21 —— THE AVENUE
22 Comedian teamed with Shaw in READY, WILLING AND ABLE
23 WIVES NEVER ——
25 Instrumental duet in musicals
26 Villain's sly glance
27 Paramount's "eyes and ears of the world"
29 Prepared Barney Google for the screen
32 Mr. Gorin's first name
35 —— Pollard
39 The girl is EASY TO TAKE
41 To perform in a screen play
42 What contented cats do in sound films
44 THE PRINCE —— THE PAUPER
45 —— YOU COULD ONLY COOK
46 Short for Director Hall
48 —— DEVILS
49 Rita —— Roy
50 Dorothy Lee's nickname
51 Short for Mr. Cortez
53 Initials of Hollywood's famous ribber
54 Remember Marjorie ——?
55 Billy Mauch is one
57 He is married to Sally Blane
58 The "other woman" in BREEZING HOME

DOWN

1 Feminine lead in HATS OFF
2 MAN —— AFFAIRS
3 Relation of Keye Luke to Warner Oland in Charlie Chan series
4 Child such as Edith Fellows often portrays
6 ROBERT in AFTER THE THIN MAN
7 T. —— Barnes
8 Roland Young (init.)
9 She plays opposite Dunn in WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS
13 Date in October on which Johnny Downs was born
15 —— COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN
16 THE —— EARTH
17 —— WILLIE WINKIE
19 His last name is Ameche
22 Ginger Rogers' ex
24 —— WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE
26 Mervyn —— Roy
28 THE MAN —— LIVED AGAIN
30 LOVE ON THE ——
31 He played opposite Claire Trevor in CAREER WOMAN
32 Carole Lombard's birthplace (abbr.)
33 Mr. Tyron's initials
34 JOHNNY LAMB in YOURS FOR THE ASKING
35 LOVE LETTERS OF A ——
36 CRACK ——
37 Passenger vehicle in IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
38 She's engaged to Jackie Coogan
40 MRS. GOGAN in THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS
43 Title of respect given to clergymen such as Neal Dodd (abbr.)
45 John Wayne was born in this state
47 Mrs. Errol Flynn
50 BOULDER ——
52 Deanna Durbin's birthplace (abbr.)
54 Errol Flynn portrayed one in GREEN LIGHT (abbr.)
56 Initials of Mr. Niven

Last Month's Solution

L	O	M	B	A	R	D		F	O	R	A	N
E	▨	W	E	R	A	▨	T	O	W	N	▨	U
A	D	▨	N	A	T	▨	R	U	N	▨	P	M
D	O	G	▨	B	O	Y	E	R	▨	M	O	B
S	U	E	S	▨	F	▨	N	▨	G	A	L	E
	G	R	I	E	F	▨	T	E	R	R	O	R
G	▨	▨	M	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	E	▨	▨	S
L	A	M	O	U	R	▨	B	R	E	E	N	
O	L	A	N	▨	A	▨	O	▨	K	N	O	W
R	A	Y	▨	W	I	N	G	S	▨	G	E	O
I	N	▨	M	E	N	▨	A	H	A	▨	L	O
A	▨	T	E	S	S	▨	R	O	P	E	▨	D
S	C	O	T	T		S	T	E	E	L	E	S

Dietrich Is Still Selling Glamour

[*Continued from page* 67]

again, where she was discovered by Josef von Sternberg playing the role of an American society girl in a musical comedy called *Two Neckties* and signed for the leading role opposite Emil Jannings in *The Blue Angel*. And, incidentally, to Paramount.

FROM that moment on begins a success story that is among the most impressive in Hollywood. When she arrived in New York in 1929, she was introduced to the press at a champagne luncheon where the chief interest was in Marlene's already famed legs—the first stage in glamour building. In Hollywood, her movie career under the directorial guidance of von Sternberg, flourished rapidly until today she is one of the highest salaried stars on the screen.

But it is a career that has flourished on built-up glamour rather than talent.

Although Garbo submitted to the usual publicity stunts like posing with members of university track teams and such like matters and permitted herself to be built up as a glamorous mystery woman, she also indicated by her work that she was an actress of rare ability. Dietrich, on the other hand, except for one film, *The Blue Angel*, has never done anything from which one could judge whether she is a great actress or not.

How much of this is due to the fact that for the longest time she would work with no other director than von Sternberg, is difficult to say. But this much it is reasonable to state without much fear of contradiction: By skilled lighting effects and magnificent photography, von Sternberg built Dietrich into a beautiful and glamorous figure on the screen.

However, by his stylized direction he also completely obliterated any latent acting ability his protege may have had. So much so that not even under the guidance of two other directors, Frank Borzage in *Desire*, and the late Richard Boleslawski in *The Garden of Allah*, has Miss Dietrich ever duplicated the promise she gave in *The Blue Angel*. The problem of her acting ability still remains in doubt.

BUT one thing Miss Dietrich does better than any other actress on the screen today: she has a genius for simulating glamour. Actually off the screen she is just a handsome woman with a lovely figure, neither more nor less beautiful than hundreds of other women on and off the screen. If you did not know she was the glamorous Dietrich the chances are you wouldn't be very much impressed with her beauty at a first meeting.

Just how true this is was brought home to the writer when he talked with Miss Dietrich when she arrived in New York recently and showed him some stills of herself in her new picture, *Knight Without Armour*. The difference between Miss Dietrich in real life and Miss Dietrich in the photograph was the difference between a handsome woman and one built up by studio artifice into a glamorous idol.

Now that Miss Dietrich has taken out her first American citizenship papers, the chances are that she will probably settle down in California with frequent trips to Paris, where she and her husband maintain an apartment, and to London where she is anxious to make films with von Sternberg.

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Ronald Colman Gives the Lowdown on Himself

[*Continued from page* 31]

half an hour. I got home, found my coat, slung it over the garden wall and did a little gardening, of which I do a great deal, while I waited. I was digging away, coatless, sleeves rolled up, hair mussed up, perspiring, when I heard, down my driveway, the honk-honk of a car. I waved both arms, yelled 'Coming—hold everything!' or something similar, grabbed my coat in my hand and went galloping down the drive, landed on the running-board of the car and was confronted by, not Selznick as I had naturally thought, but—*five strange ladies from Michigan!*"

I laughed then. I said: "That's what you get for trying to escape the common fate of actors."

"It was really very funny," Ronnie said, "especially my opening remark. I had to say something as they were stunned into complete silence. So I said, 'Er—did you want to see me?' That broke the ice and we all laughed. But they were still so taken aback that, for once, I had to do all the talking. And I did. I chatted away in the most verbose manner. They were really very sweet. There was one dear old lady in the party. They had been driving around, sight-seeing, had been told this was my house but had not imagined I could be the coatless laborer in the vineyard. They took me for the gardener and honked their horns intending to ask him whether it was really my house or not. And so, they were more taken aback than I when I leapt upon their running-board. They did NOT ask for autographs. They were very charming and it was all very nice."

I thought of what a gay summer some little town in Michigan will have when the five ladies, on various verandas and over how many chatty cups of tea, tell of their meeting with the great star, Ronald Colman—the star who, next only to Garbo, is least often seen, talked with or talked about.

"If contacts with the public were all like that," Ronnnie was saying, "I should not mind, ever. I don't mind, really. I don't invite it, certainly, public recognition, but certainly I do my share of autographing when I have to. One must. Nor have I the slightest objection to talking to the Press. There are times, when I am traveling, when I could wish the Press would forget about me for at least two to three days after my arrival. Not because of the men and women of the Press themselves but because, immediately it is printed that a picture actor is in town, all of the car salesmen, curiosity seekers, real estate purveyors for miles around are on the trail. I sometimes wish, too, that interviews done with me some ten years ago were not matters of public record. So often the things we say, even the things we say intentionally or the things we do ten years ago are ridiculous and embarrassing ten years later. Yet there they are, seemingly indelible, raising their mocking little heads when you least expect them.

"But to go back to *Shangri-La*—I wish that I could be taken there, forcibly, as in the picture *Robert Conway* was taken there. Then, I am sure, I would remain even as he did, would be content to remain, would choose to remain. Especially if," smiled the man who is much too innately nice and open of mind and spirit to be a "mystery" at all, "especially if I could find a *Shangri-La* like that—with love waiting and work to do waiting for me, with the chance to satisfy the dictator complex as *Robert Conway* was able to do, you know, being appointed ruler over all of *Shangri-La* and the inhabitants thereof. There a man found everything the earth can hold for the feeding of the heart, the substance of the spirit, the health of the body, the energies and ambitions.

"It has been said to me, it has also occurred to me that if such a life is what we most desire why don't we, some of us, have it? For there are those among us who have accumulated enough money, or could, to build ourselves a *Shangri-La*. Perhaps not so opulently beautiful as the lamasery and its gardens in the picture but, at least, a place remote from the world's intrusion.

"I have, at various times, contemplated a farm, a ranch, somewhere away from all traffic with mankind. I have thought of a life of laboring with my hands, the self-sufficing life, drawing sustenance from the soil and spiritual satisfaction from the only place it can come—within. I have thought of an island, isolated in wild seas, from any mainland. I have only thought about them—thus far.

"But yes, given sufficient money and the real desire, it could be done. *But it isn't done*. So far as I know the priesthoods, the good Fathers, the monks are the only men who ever seek and find complete retirement from the world.

"Voltaire once wrote," said Ronnie, "that 'Man is free the moment he wishes to be.' And so he is. There is nothing tangible stopping any one of us from stepping this moment out of the life we live today. If we really want to. We don't really want to—not enough. And so I believe that the desire for a *Shangri-La* is what we *think* we would like to find. Between the thought and the deed there is often a gulf so wide and deep that Death jumps in before we have time to bridge it."

"It's like retiring from the screen in a way," I said, rather apologetically for making so superficial an analogy, "I have never, in all my years of interviewing, talked to an actor or an actress who has not said to me 'at such and such a time I shall retire.' No one ever has, Ronnie. Not even you."

"No," agreed Ronnie. "No. But I could. I know it. I was away for a year, you know, away from pictures, away from Hollywood. And it was as if it had never been. A sense of shadows which had passed, leaving no mark. No, if I were told today that I could never make another film, was through, washed up, I should not greatly mind. There might be a stab of hurt pride at first. The pangs would pass. And there is an analogy in what you say, too, because as with men who would not seek a *Shangri-La* of their own volitions but would be content to remain there if kidnaped and taken there by force, so it would be true, of me at least, that if I were forced out of pictures I would go—contentedly. To renounce your own world is almost more difficult than to be renounced by it.

"After all, and in my own defense, I make a very small percentage of the pictures I could make, should make, perhaps, if my career were all-important to me. Right now I will not even listen to offers. I not only will not listen to long-term contract offers, now or ever, but I will not even listen to a one-picture offer.

"When I have finished *The Prisoner of Zenda,* with its dual role, its heavy costuming, the details of a rather tremendous production I shall be studio-stale. And I shall go away and remain away."

"What if," I said, "they should get down on their knees to you and plead with you to play *Rhett Butler* in *Gone With The Wind?* Would you refuse the plum?"

"I don't know," Ronnie said, "I'm not sure. It would depend, in the first place on when the picture is to be made. I shall not do anything for at least three months after we are through shooting *Zenda*. Besides, I shall want it to be clear in my own mind that I am temperamentally suited to play the part of *Rhett* if, or when, I am actually asked. It is more important for the man who plays *Rhett Butler* to be temperamentally suited to the part than it is for him to look the part, even if that were possible. And whether I would play it or not, given the chance, would depend to a great extent on studio agreement as to the concept of the character. My own concept of *Rhett Butler* may vary from others. I believe that he was, fundamentally, not cruel but very kind. And he was always so *right,*" laughed Ronnie, "in everything he did, so right.

"If the book were to be made into a stage play, done in London or in New York or both, then yes, I should like very much to do it. But to play the main character—for to me, *Rhett* is a more interesting character than *Scarlett*—to play the main character in the most overwhelmingly popular book in ten years and to play it to a screen audience, a world audience every individual of which has a pre-conceived idea of what the character should be, look like, talk like—I don't know. There is the Southern accent to be got around. That is important. Robert Montgomery played *Rhett* on the air, you know, and I have heard several Southerners say that his accent was remarkably right. One of the major difficulties in casting is, of course, that the actor who may be temperamentally suited to the role doesn't look the part even remotely and vice versa.

"I should say that, on the whole, the casting of Clark Gable as *Rhett* might meet with the approval of the greatest number of people. I think there might be less protest about Gable than about anyone else. That there will be many dissenting voices, no matter who is cast, is inevitable. Gary Cooper has been suggested, Basil Rathbone's name has come up and Preston Foster's in private discussions in the all-Hollywood game called Casting *Gone With The Wind*.

"And so, it all depends so far as I am concerned, on when the picture is made and how the concept of the character works out in the script. If I feel that I am temperamentally suited to it then yes, I should certainly want to do it—and no kneeling would be necessary!

"But before then," said Ronnie, "I shall go away, as I have done before. And perhaps each time I go I shall stay longer . . . and then longer . . . I don't know."

There was a brief silence, rather strange, in which I seemed, fantastically, to hear the hum of a giant plane winging its recessional . . . and then we said goodbye.

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Career Comes First with Loretta

[*Continued from page* 32]

well know. But, besides that, it looks pretty much as though Eddie's going to be the guy who's going to make Hollywood's Law of Three's come true once more. For I'm betting plenty, right now, that before long, Eddie's going to marry Loretta—and then she, too, will move out of the big, white house. (And probably follow sisterly precept by having a baby!) And then the house'll be empty, and the wood-knockers and ladder-dodgers can sagely say: "See? We told you so! The Law of Three's *never fails . . .!"*

The Loretta-Eddie marriage won't surprise Hollywood any, when it happens. It's almost a sure-thing bet. The only real uncertainty is "when?" Loretta can't quite make up her mind.

Up to recently, there *was* an obstacle to the marriage. Loretta, you see, is churchly enough to respect the laws of her religion. And, divorced as she is from Grant Withers, there were certain bans against remarriage. But that obstacle has been cleared away. The church, surveying the situation, absolved Loretta, granted full dispensation for her remarriage. And so, today, the only factor that stands between Loretta and rematrimony is Loretta's own hesitancy . . .

IT'S not that she doesn't love Eddie Sutherland. She makes no secret of that, with her friends. But she is not sure, just yet, whether she can again try to mix career and marriage. It failed once. She loves Eddie so much that she doen't want to fail again.

"I want, first, to prove my merit as a true actress, she says, "and then, maybe, a home—with a husband, children. But then I feel I should retire from the screen."

However, as a veteran Hollywood observer, let me stick in my own two-cents'-worth of comment, please? I've heard stars say that before. And I've seen them change their mind. After all, one's public doesn't let one easily quit the screen. And on the other hand, love demands fulfilment. A star can't, offhand, choose one or the other. They have to take the middle course. And I'm betting that Loretta, seeing the inevitable, with both marry Eddie Sutherland, and continue her screen work. And soon, too . . .!

There are straws in the wind—"the big house," she says, now and then, when she's with intimate friends, "is lovely, but now that Polly and Sally have left, it's—well—kind of lonely." And then, too, you only have to see how Loretta goes simply mad over her 13-year-old step-sister, Georgiana, to realize the child-hunger in her heart. Besides, I know that she told a friend, not long ago, that her one dominant regret over the outcome of her romance with Grant Withers was this:

"My only regret is that I didn't have a baby!" And she adds: "I could have so much fun—now—playing with my son, or daughter . . ."

She takes that out on Georgiana. Nothing's too much for the child. Loretta spends much money, more time, making Georgiana happy. Buying her things, playing with her, hours on end. Loretta even loves to sew clothes, for Georgiana.

SHE'S a "homey" gal, this movie-star Loretta. Oh, I know that's been said, with a press-agent wink, about lots of other glamour-girls of the screen. But with Loretta, it's really true. Why, she hasn't even a personal maid . . .! She keeps her own room in order—even to making her own bed, taking care of her own clothes, keeping her room tidied. She loves to do it. And besides, she says, "I'd feel as if I were losing some of the freedom of my own privacy if I had a maid." She can cook like a wizard, and when Eddie marries her, Loretta will probably kick the cook out of the kitchen, more often than not, and fix her man's dinner herself . . .

Does that sort of thing sound a bit too—er—stodgy and kitchen-smelly to you? I mean, does it make Loretta look too dumpy and not romantically-glamourous enough? Well, then, let me set you straight. Behind her practicality, there's a streak of romanticism in Loretta that's as naive and as sweet as a schoolgirl's first awakening. She daydreams about the man—well, *The* Man. Once, on the set, between takes, she spent long periods, earnestly writing, writing, writing. At last, somebody picked it up, snoopy-like, to see what Loretta was so engrossed in. And found that Loretta had been writing a letter to "Dear Phantom"—"the person with whom I expect to build my life," she added. And in that letter, she described the man of her dreams—

". . . you're kind," she wrote. "—have the gentleness of a strong person who scorns to capitalize his strength—you wear your strength so lightly it is almost hidden—sparing of the weaknesses of others because you have never spared your own—

"—you are essentially serious, because at bottom, life is serious. You're bound by a *noblesse oblige* that will not tolerate flippancy—that isn't to say you haven't your own dry, gentle humor, but you have no flair for wisecracking for wisecracking's sake. You'd never trade someone's discomfort for a laugh.

"—you've learned that most nastiness is a bad retaliation of the sick and wounded and weak. Your tolerance is that of a mature intellect . . .

"—you dance just well enough. I couldn't stand it if you were a polished rhumba artist . . . you send flowers, not just to flatter me, but because you love flowers . . . when you send me books, they're about the things *you're* interested in; and thereby you pay me a compliment . . . you don't speak sharply to waiters . . . your tennis is cagey and competitive . . . you're brown, and your hands are medium-sized and well made, and they look more at home resting on a tiller than shuffling a deck of cards . . . you like music, but don't give long monologues about it—with all your strength, you're a fall guy for anyone under six, and they adore you . . . you like dogs (some dogs, not those shrill little ones) and you're quite comfortable when there's a cat around . . . you own a dozen revolting old pipes but you smoke cigarettes around me; not cigars, thank heaven . . . you wear the kind of clothes and shoes that look best when they're several years old . . . your nails are short and clean, and they aren't polished . . . you usually smell deliciously of soap and your face shines like a well-scrubbed boy's . . .

"—and you are, to me, something more than all the sharp nervous affairs of girlhood combined. You are the one person I can't think of living without, this year, or twenty years from now, or any time in between. We belong together, you and I . . ."

YES, Loretta wrote that. Don't ask me if she was thinking of Eddie Sutherland when she wrote it. Don't ask Loretta, either.

[*Continued on page* 76]

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Mrs. Winchell's Little Boy Walter

[*Continued from page* 34]

company he expands. If things are dull he yawns. If not actually, at least mentally and with his eyes. His powers of observation are phenomenal. One look at a room and the people in it and the entire scene is indelibly photographed. If there's a new waiter in the place he knows it.

Quite probably he has 100,000 bowing acquaintances. Maybe ten close friends. To these few disciples he is devoted, and they to him. They are in touch with him at any hour, and know where he will be at any given time. They are young men who get around. And they pop up where things are happening. Even murders. They tell Walter. And as they are trustworthy, their news is grist for the mills of the presses and the broadcasts, those twin Molochs with insatiable appetites for news that must be satisfied.

CONSTANTLY in the glare of the spotlight, it would be impossible for Winchell to have much of a private life. Knowing this he keeps few secrets about himself. Knowing he is news, he prints first anything that may be exhumed by his many biographers. His closets are surprisingly free of skeletons. There was never a greater lie than that which libels him a monger of scandal. Knowingly, he has never done a decent guy or girl a harm. When he errs in type, and even "The King" is not infallible, he suffers.

His genesis is well-known. Briefly summarized his story is that of a poor boy marked by individuality and ambition. He quit school in a low grade to make a high grade in life. His earlier years were those of a song-and-dance man. A high-light of the "Off to Buffalo" days is that he once made President Wilson laugh. The joke was predicated upon the President's ill-advised visit abroad. On a Washington stage vaudevillian Winchell cracked to the effect that he could never be President because he got seasick.

Probably the first word coined in *Winchellingo* was that with which he christened a little type-written news sheet he composed in theatre dressing-rooms and tacked up on back-stage bulletin-boards. He called this, his first "one man newspaper," the "Newsense." He has since become the foremost minter of *mots* enriching our living language with a wide variety of brisk, comprehensive words and expressive, pat phrases.

From a vaudeville trade paper he graduated to the New York "Graphic" tabloid. Note the date—September 19, 1924. It marks a revolution of journalism. Then as now, Winchell's paper was purchased for Winchell's column. Immediately he attracted a vast following. It has increased each year since. He found Broadway gasping in a death agony. And he gave the Street a new injection of color and glamour. But for Winchell, Manhattan would be minus millions of dollars attracted because of the interest he has generated throughout his wide syndication in Broadway's bulb-blighted blocks. He, too, is directly responsible for elevating the status of newspapermen who have a flair for personal journalism. From anonymity hundreds of these have risen to by-line affluence. He, himself, is reported a millionaire. There are no limits to his potential income save those of time and physical endurance. He may write his own ticket in a dozen spheres of activity.

Most tense are his moments on the air. Speaking from 170 to 190 words a minute in that vibrant, staccato voice of his, Winchell is the personification of the absolute in intense concentration. His grey hat thrust back, tie and collar loosened, he pours words into the microphone like bullets from a Tommy-gun. He gives off as much energy during a broadcast as does an average person in a week.

WINCHELL'S sense of showmanship is unerring. Early in his career he realized the news value of "feuds." The first was framed between Walter and his friend, Mark Hellinger. On rival papers, they poured fire into one another through their columns to the joy of both readers and circulation departments. Later he picked Rudy Vallee to play the McCoy to his Hatfield. Rudy made the mistake of not playing. The Winchell-Bernie combat dates to a day when Walter telephoned Ben long-distance to Chicago, and said to his friend:

"Listen, mugg, to what I say about you on the air tonight and think up a good answer!"

Bernie listened and heard himself slighted as "the old mouse-tro" or something, and came right back at Walter. The world wondered—and looked forward to listening-in to see which of the boys would deliver the next blow. Letters poured in, and many called Walter something larger than a mouse for picking on a nice boy like Ben. Eventually, the Winchellian sponsor thumb-downed the "feud"; he took it seriously. When the situation was explained, however, the lads went merrily to work upon one another. One of the immediate results was the Twentieth Century-Fox motion picture contract for both of them to carry-on in *Wake Up and Live*. The engagement augments Winchell's income by $75,000.

Walter has appeared frequently in the theatre at the rate of $1,000 a day, a somewhat different wage than that he earned in his hoofing career. But this marks his debut as a movie actor. It took Darryl Zanuck's keen appreciation to envision the worth of Winchell as a screen attraction. And it required the persuasiveness of Zanuck's lieutenant, Joe Moskowitz, born diplomat, to get the Winchellian signature on a contract. More than once it appeared that all bets were off. There was a time, for instance, when Walter said to Joe:

"What do you mean by insulting me with an offer of $60,000? Do you realize you're practically telling me I smell?"

To which the patient, tenacious Joe replied:

"Sixty Grand and you smell, eh? Pretty expensive perfume, isn't it, Walter?"

But finally the boys got together. And even then Winchell inserted all manner of stipulations into the agreement. There was to be no make-up used on Walter's kisser. No this—no that. Joe agreed to everything, knowing in his wisdom that Winchell would listen to reason once he saw the workings of lights and cameras. Initial shots were made of the new star—without make-up. And, of course, he looked like a couple of other fellows.

"You see, Walter," they explained to him, "to look natural on the screen it is necessary to use make-up. You want to look as you really are, don't you?"

"Sure," said Winchell, "that's why I

didn't want to be prettied up. But I see now that you're right—so go ahead."

ODDLY enough, Broadway's baby, who always hated the thought of Hollywood as a co-respondent that would divorce him from New York, has become thoroughly sold on California. He finds the Southern sunshine as alluring as the Manhattan moon, and enjoys making the acquaintance of daytime. He finds more opportunity for a normal home-life, and revels in it. While the consideration of Darryl Zanuck, director Lanfield, Billy Goetz, Harry Brand and the other fellows who make those Twentieth Century-Fox films has proved restful to his tautly drawn nerves. They have endeared themselves and Hollywood to him.

The Winchellian routine is ever a terrific strain. The mere thought of that yawning white-space in the paper to be filled each day with news to "beat" a nation looms as a constant menace. Add to this the compilation of material for the broadcast, and, still further, the gruelling hours spent upon the studio set, and you'll come to think of Walter as something of a super-man. Yet, it is doubtful if he finds it possible to relax. The man's personal chemistry permits of no let-down. There can be no lessening of the tension. He's a violin with every string keyed-up to perfect pitch.

Reports from Zanuck and the Twentieth Century studios are emphatic in their declaration that Winchell, the actor, is as outstanding a personality as Winchell, the news-scooper, or Winchell, the broadcaster. His future as a fixed star in the film firmament is assured. But this is no more than those who know him well expected. Aside from the theatrical poise the man garnered as a boy trouping through a histrionic apprenticeship, Walter has a deep-seated and accurate sense of the dramatic. His column, his broadcast, radiate drama. It is not difficult for him to dramatize himself as a character upon the screen.

WHAT the ultimate future holds for Winchell is an uncertain quantity. Certainly he has added cubits to the stature of the vaudevillian-with-Broadway-belted-coat that he used to be. Certainly he has broadened intellectually through the weight of increasing responsibility to his millions of readers, through association with the great and the near-great. From a reporter of side street trivia he has assumed a place in national affairs where his piercing voice is heard in far places. He will continue to grow.

In his day's work there are a dozen fascinating volumes. He knows that Fate has put a finger on him to compel authorship of books that must live as contemporary history. Mere bound volumes of his columns capture the scene of his reportorial activities with camera-eye clarity. How absorbing, then, a relation of the "inside" with which he alone is familiar? Cite the Hauptmann Case alone as an example! But thus far every hour of his life is so crowded with living that there is no time save for the actual instant. There is no room for retrospection.

Meantime, Walter Winchell stands alone, both literally and figuratively. He is "The King." And a crown dooms him to a certain aloofness from all other men, not only from the crowds surrounding him with stifling proximity, but even from the favored few whom he accepts, and who accept him, as close companions and confidants. He has found fame. Fortune is his. But he has paid for both by loneliness. Such is his penalty for being "The King."

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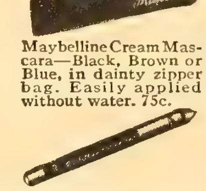

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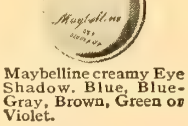

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Career Comes First with Loretta

[*Continued from page 73*]

She won't tell you. I just quoted her, you see, to show you that sheer romance runs riot in the girl's makeup, as well as that practicality that is another side of her. Besides that, what can I tell you, to make you know her better—

I can tell you that discipline is one of her basic rules of life. She learned it in the convent where she spent years of her childhood—a Catholic convent, where discipline was drilled into her, day in and day out. Today, she's glad of that, because she has realized that that very discipline is essential to the life of a motion picture actress whose very existence must be rigidly disciplined as part of the price of success.

And she's independent. That came of living with two older sisters—those same two, Polly and Sally—and not ever being willing to grant that they could do anything that she herself couldn't do.

She's acquisitive. Mentally, I mean. She is hungry for knowledge. On the set, she scorns her dressing-room, pokes around where the technicians are working, picking up new bits of knowledge about the profession of which she's a part. Loretta Young knows more about the behind-the-camera side of movie-making than ninety-nine out of a hundred other stars. She takes home scripts of not alone the pictures she's working in, but others as well, and she studies them, and writes out analyses of each of them. Her reading runs to historical novels, and with a hang-over of childhood's hero-worship, she still is fascinated by Mary, Queen of Scots, and Joan of Arc, and day-dreams herself playing those characters.

She's an inveterate movie fan, for two reasons. One reason is because she feels that part of her own work is to keep up with the new pictures. Second reason is because she loves them! She is a Garbo fan. Hepburn and Elisabeth Bergner are runners-up.

She is not especially gregarious. She hasn't a huge circle of friends—not as many as you'd expect a movie star, to have. But the ones she has are the sort of friends to whom the much-abused word *friend* can be properly applied. She believes that a few true friends are worth a thousand fair-weather acquaintances.

YOU'VE heard much talk, recently, about her poor health. That's all over now. And she's living a strenuous life, to keep her health good. Horseback rides, swims, table tennis, sunbathing—these are her daily routine. But above them all, she likes dancing, and she spends hours on the floor. She's often said that if she weren't a film actress, she'd be a professional dancer.

She's not particularly "sold" on herself. For instance, she's quite sure her legs are too thin. So she doesn't like to go swimming in public—does it at friends' pools. And all the ravings of studio photographers about her figure don't change her mind. She wants to put on weight, and works hard to do so. She gorges on steak and French-fried potatoes and turkey dinners and all the fattening things other stars'd like to eat, but don't dare. And then, when she gets on the scales, she finds the needle still quivering at the 107-mark!

About her, there's none of the self-importance and self-adulation that characterizes some stars. She's avid for criticism, and actually takes it on the chin and doesn't get mad at the people who offer it. There is, for instance, Lucille ... Lucille de Antoine is her full name. For nine years, Lucille has worked with Loretta as the star's hairdresser. And Lucille is not star-shy, nor afraid. She doesn't mince words. When Loretta does anything of which Lucille doesn't approve, Lucille sounds off.

"Lucille is my best critic," Loretta says, when anyone asks her why she lets Lucille get away with it. "When I'm 'lousy' before the camera, she tells me that I'm just that. She doesn't try to flatter my vanity, like others do, by telling me I did okeh. And so, by letting Lucille tell me, and by listening to her I am often able to do better the next time."

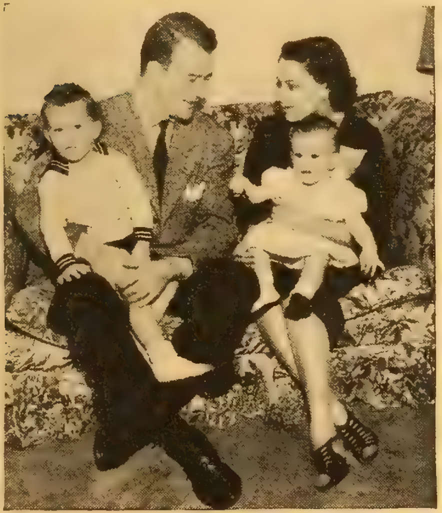
DOMINANT trait in Loretta, probably, is her kindness. She cannot bear to hurt anyone. She cannot bear to hear of anyone's hurt. Illness of others dismays her deeply. She spends much of her off-screen time in charitable work, but says nothing of it, and resents it being mentioned. Never forgetful of what treasures she derived from her convent training, Loretta has always remembered the Sisters and what they did for her. Every yuletide, she turns over her automobile and her chauffeur, for weeks, to the Sisters of Nazareth at San Diego, to work their good.

Never the "big star" on the set or at home or among friends or strangers, Loretta amazes shopgirls by offering to wait while others are being served.

And significant, too, is this—at home, to Georgiana, the 13-year-old, and to Loretta's own mother, who lives there with her, she's just "Gretchen." You see, that's her real name—and it's her real character. They can't call her "Loretta"—she's Gretchen, and a gretchen, to them, always . . .

And that's the picture of Loretta Young—movie star who works at it, and who's as practical as any other expert in working at her profession; the sort of woman who, trying to make up her mind on marriage, is willing to thrust everything else aside but her love, as she says:

"I don't feel that I could ever ask my husband to share me with the public. I want to belong to him alone . . ."



—Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Here is one Hollywood couple—the John Waynes, who live a very happy home life. We find John and Missus holding Tony, the daughter, Michael Anthony, the boy

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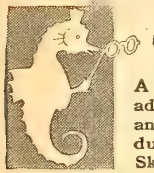

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GIRLS INTO GODDESSES

The Love Code of Virginia Bruce

[*Continued from page* 37]

to tell her a new Love Rule that she had just made up. Socialite Sandra would think her charming aunt-by-marriage had gone balmy in the crumpet. And urbane Sandra, Dolores, and "Bee" (Mrs. Donald Ogden) Stewart are Virginia's best friends. No, platitudes are decidedly "out" in that set.

NEVERTHELESS, worldly-wise or not, a girl with a mind as active as Bruce's is not going to stop analyzing what makes the world go 'round merely because discussion of such banalities is no longer popular. Virginia, born Virginia Briggs of Minneapolis, Minnesota, knows that at eighteen, when she entered films, she was as good-looking as she is now in her middle twenties, but beauty alone didn't bring her poise, understanding of men, tact; all the things that make her the attractive woman she is today.

She had to learn these things. And out of her experiences came her code . . . call it "love" or "life," if you want; or "sense of life," as does Francis Lederer. Whatever you call it, it's all right, just so you've had the intelligence to tabulate your impressions for future use. Bruce's code starts off with a statement that many women will argue:

"Rule One, don't look for an unselfish man," she said. "It's not that you won't find one, for you will. There are plenty of unselfish men, but—as an utterly feminine woman—you won't be happy with a man who thinks only of others, has no thought for himself. A real man needs to be an egotist to make him absolutely masculine. He is egotistical and virile and selfish—and manly. People will trample him, walk all over him, if he's not.

"If I qualify what I've said and say that a man should be unselfish only when it concerns you, it would weaken my argument, so let it stand. 'Don't look for an unselfish man. You won't find in him the strength, purposefulness, forcefulness that every woman admires in a man.' You will find a real man in the every day, garden-variety of selfish, egotistical male that all women love, pamper and worship.

"Do you know," asked Bruce, preparing another verbal bombshell, "that I have discovered something else about myself? I am speaking now as a woman who has been married, although I never met this situation in my two years of married life. In looking back at my life as John Gilbert's wife, and in looking at the married lives of my women friends, I have come to the conclusion that I could forgive unfaithfulness in a husband . . . with one reservation, of course.

"I know it's old-fashioned and out-moded to bring the biological difference between men and women into discussion, but that's what I base my rule on. I cound understand how any man, my husband, my friend's husband, might be tempted, for the moment, to forget vows and such things and let himself go off the deep end for a pretty, cheap girl. I could actually look at her, and understand. She had something I did not have. She was a fleeting experience. Don't misunderstand me, please. I have never *had* to forgive such a thing. I am merely saying that I *could*.

"What I could not do is forgive my husband's unfaithfulness if it was with a woman who was my social equal, with the same talents and interests that I had. That would infringe too much on me and

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what I represented to him. There is a difference, and I am wondering how many women will agree with me in this."

THE third rule in La Bruce's Love Category is that both parties to a romantic pact must have senses of humor. "Not the practical joking kind," says Virginia wrinkling her small white nose to express disapproval. "The quiet kind of humor that makes little chuckling laughter over things that we both see and enjoy, or that remind us of some funny experiences that we have shared."

Strictly *en rapport,* you see. Virginia's romances seem founded on the Good Companionship basis, particularly her latest and apparently most virulent, David Niven. David (she never calls him "Dave") is a Scot, educated at England's "West Point"—Sandhurst, was former Constant Companion to Britain's Merle Oberon who is now on the verge of matrimony with Ireland's Brian Aherne . . . anyway, David has a terrific sense of humor. Also a sense of proprietorship. Already he is making reforms in the pluperfect Miss Bruce.

"David says," records Virginia, who, like all women, enjoys forming on her lips the name of her swain, "that I am too tactless in my speech. I say things too abruptly, without giving them thought . . . opinions about people and that. He thinks that I should be stately and blonde and silent at parties."

We shall see how the dictatorship turns out. Virginia declares that she was no interloper in the breaking up of the Oberon-Niven romance. And this Hollywood knows to be true. As for marriage with Niven, Bruce does not definitely know, herself. As for marriage at all . . . "I should hope so!" declares Virginia in fast affirmative. Probably not for several years because of her career. She is already winning fame under an M-G-M contract in a second attempt to scale cinema heights. Her marriage in 1932 (August 10th) to the late John Gilbert, the birth of her adored youngster, Susan Ann, now three and one-half years old, her subsequent divorce in 1934, called a halt to her promising career. As remembered, the Bruce-Gilbert marriage climaxed a whirlwind courtship that commenced when both were cast in *Downstairs.*

BUT Virginia was an accomplished screen performer before she appeared in the Gilbert film. Leaving the academies (she attended schools in Fargo, N. D., where her parents moved when she was very young) behind her, she entered pictures instead of college. This, at the urgent insistence of Director William Beaudine. Her first appearance for Fox was in a Madge Bellamy starring film. That other blonde Metro-ite, Jean Harlow, was an extra in it. Soon Virginia's minor-noted singing voice, heard frequently in recent cinemas, won attention. It snared the interest of a Paramount talent scout, and in short time Virginia had a Paramount contract tucked away in her deposit box. She was the tall blonde lady-in-waiting in Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald's *The Love Parade.*

She was also the tall blonde—but ravishing! with a number of other tall blondes in the Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld screening of *Whoopee.* Virginia was dragging in seventy-five dollars a week then, but it didn't go far. There was her family to assist financially—mother, father, and brother Stanley, who was readying himself for college. Those were the days when Poppa Briggs, insurance broker, acted as Virginia's chauffeur, standing by for hours with the family car as his daughter dined and danced.

Disillusioning as this may be to those who have ideas about the luxurious private life of a follies and film queen, Virginia is disarmingly frank about hers. Perhaps it's the Hemingway-William Faulkner influence. They are her favorite writers. Anyway, with *Whoopee* finished, Virginia celebrated by losing her appendix, her sponsor and his press agent. These three gone, she applied for a spot in a Ziegfeld Broadway show, *Smiles.* And got it.

LA BRUCE loved New York. And vice versa. Between the shows *America's Sweetheart* and *East Wind,* Virginia returned to visit her family in Hollywood. She was persuaded to make a test for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They liked it, but Bruce by that time was back in New York again. Reluctantly she finally gave in to movie moguls, and returned to Hollywood. She knew she was not a smart business woman if she didn't. With this new affiliation came opportunities for dramatic acting. She was no longer a "show girl." Bruce was an actress. People first discovered it in *The Mighty Barnum.* Outstanding have been her appearances in *The Great Ziegfeld, Escapade, Times Square Lady, Born to Dance,* and her newest, for Universal, *When Love Is Young.*

Without a doubt, her marriage to the brilliant, high-tensioned Gilbert remains the most important emotional experience in Virginia Bruce's life. She can look back at it, too, without malice, tenderly. This attitude, without bitterness that their marriage did not survive, is undoubtedly the biggest factor in the self-development of Virginia. Knowing all men in the tempestuous, never-dull Gilbert, she knows what men should measure up to. That's why when she sets "gentleness" as a requirement for man and woman you know she understands its fullest value.

"Trustfulness, too. That's important . . . and different than 'faithfulness,'" says Bruce. "I mean to trust a man in all the big important things in life. To know that he's right, and believe in what he says, implicitly.

"Then there is a lack of jealousy. No one can be happy if she is jealous every time a man finds it impossible to accompany her to a party or a dinner, or he says he has to work. Or if she sees him dancing with another girl. It's probably the daughter of the hostess. It's fun, of course, to play a little game with a man. Do a little discreet flirting, dance with someone else. But don't be flagrant about it, and give him cause to be jealous. Don't, for instance, leave him alone at a party while you wander off to another room with a man. But it does put flavor in a romance if you do a little game playing."

WHICH proves again that Miss Bruce is the eternal feminine. It is this exquisite femininity that makes her demand "personal cleanliness" in the man of her choice. "Shoes—clean, shining and new," she says. "And well-pressed suits, and well-cared-for hands.

"Let the man be the aggressor," says this eternal Eve. "Don't 'phone him and nag him for appointments. I have never, never, never 'phoned a man. I mean it! I am sure if I did, to try and 'date' him, and he did 'date', I wouldn't want him after all the bother of trying to get him. I'm that contrary. Then, too, I'd probably be disgusted with myself. Another thing—don't expect too much of the man you love. Remember that all the funny little things about a person can be so attractive. . . . That seems to be about all. Or have I given you more than Ten Commandments?"

Contour that appeals is yours in a *B. V. D. Swim Suit . . . every curve is flattered and controlled.

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A brilliant new pattern in a *Sea Satin maillot, made with "Lastex." Shirred bra top moulds the firm uplift held by adjustable shoulder straps, $9.95. Skirted, $11.95.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find check or postal money order made out to Ridgways, Inc. Please send **parcel post prepaid** to the following address:

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5 O'CLOCK (Blend of Ceylon-India)	1.10	.90
GOLD LABEL (100% Genuine Orange Pekoe)	1.20	.95
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Give name of blend and quantity wanted..........
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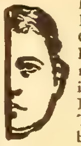

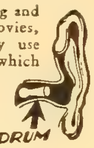

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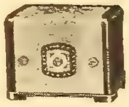

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BALD
BLIND TO HIS GREATEST HANDICAP!
READ FREE OFFER!

Simone Simon's Own Story

[*Continued from page* 42]

smiles that are all alike, all pretty-pretty and all artificial."

"Her changeability. She can be a complicated personality, a woman baffling and mysterious. Or a simple young girl, naive, eager for life."

"Her acting. She can make you live her emotions."

"Her mystery. No one knows much about her—what she did before Hollywood, how she became what she is today."

Hollywood, itself, is attracted to Simone for all of these reasons. But Hollywood, the most incurably curious town on earth, is particularly absorbed by her silence about herself. She has never detailed her success story. And Hollywood wonders: "Why?" Simone is supposed to be temperamental. All right, then, she won't be interviewed because she's temperamental. But that explanation doesn't ring exactly true. Temperamental stars usually aren't given to reticence about themselves. Wherefore, Hollywood interestedly asks:

"What is she hiding? Why doesn't she give interviews? Can't she speak English, except on the screen? Or does she speak it so well off-screen that interviewers might wonder if she really is French? Who is she? What is her background? Why is she afraid to tell?"

It hasn't occurred to Hollywood, somehow, to suspect another reason for her silence. Despite her flares of temperament, her indications that she has a mind of her own. Hollywood hasn't suspected Simone of being a person who makes promises to herself. And, moreover, keeps them. Hollywood hasn't suspected, somehow, that when she arrived in the movie town, a complete stranger, she made a promise to herself that she would show what she *could* do before she said anything about what she *had* done.

Also, Hollywood hasn't suspected her of having a teasing sense of humor. When the lurid, spiteful guesses started to appear, a mischievous glint appeared simultaneously in her blue eyes. So they liked guessing games? Then she would let them play a while longer—a long while longer. Until they ran out of guesses. Then she would tell her story. That is, if anyone sincerely wanted it . . .

IT WAS in the mood of experiment that she consented to *this* interview, her first in seven months. She was curious to find out what questions would be asked her, after seven months of silence. Would she be expected to tell what she thinks of American men in general, and certain American men in particular? Would she be expected to tell What Every Young Girl Should Know about Winning and Holding a Man? Would the interview end in five minutes? Or would the questions be questions she would like to answer?

She didn't know, and I didn't know. We both were experimenting. If she faced the unpredictable, consider what I faced. In my ears rang a tale of how she had kept her last interviewer waiting an hour and a half before she saw him . . . Yet she kept me waiting only fifteen minutes. She was changing her clothes; she had just returned from a shopping expedition.

Simone's idea of dressing for an interviewer was not, it developed, garbing herself in a hostess gown or anything seductive, startling or exotic. She made her entrance in a fawn-colored dress of lightweight wool, topped with a brief jacket. Very chic, but a little taller than she seemed on the screen. Her hair was more golden than I remembered. (Naturally dark, it is being lightened gradually for screen purposes.) The hair, the blue eyes, the freckles (a reminder that she is half-Irish) and the provocative lips were her first-impression features.

She seated herself on a wide divan, beside her secretary-companion, Miss Martin, American-born and American-spoken, whom she asked to "sit in" on the interview.

I WISHED that I had a mental dictaphone, to register her accent—a duplicate of her screen accent. I wished that I had a candid-camera, to register that apparently-natural pout. I asked her if Southern California reminded her of the South of France.

"Yes. But I know people who do not agree with me."

"Weren't you born in the South of France—in Marseilles?"

"Yes—I was." Her answer was slow; she was suddenly serious. I was seated diagonally to her left. She looked at me sidewise, and (it seemed to me) suspiciously, as if to say: "Now what are you trying to unearth?"

"Did you go right from there to Paris?"

"Yes—I did." (Still that sidelong, on-guard look.)

"Did you go to school in Paris?"

"Yes."

"At the Conservatoire—the state school of the theatre—the one that Charles Boyer attended?"

"No. I never went to *any* school of the theatre. If I ever had the idea, it was killed by a—what you call him in America?—a producer-manager I met. He said to me, 'Do not go to any school. Do not fit a pattern. Walk the road alone. That is the only way to learn acting.'"

"How old were you when you left Marseilles?"

Again that sidelong look. "Eight."

"You went, then, to a girls' school in Paris—one, perhaps, a little like the one in *Girls' Dormitory?*"

She smiled. "A little."

"And from there you went right on the stage?"

"Yes."

"In Paris?"

She nodded. "But it was not as easy as that sounds." The sidelong look vanished. A look of reminiscence replaced it. She decided to go into the story:

"WHEN I was a little girl, I dream always of the theatre. I do not think of Hollywood then. It is too far away, too impossible for me to reach. But the Paris stage—it is not too far away. So I collect pictures of the great Parisian favorites." She rattled off several names, then realized how unfamiliar most of them would sound to American ears. "Year after year, there are many plays in Paris. Many great talents. But America never hears of them." (Just as America never heard of Simone Simon until those black-and-red 24-sheets began to appear on American billboards.)

"All the way through school, I always want that one thing—to be in the theatre. No one ever told me I could act. No one ever told me I was beautiful. I just told *myself* that I could act, if I tried hard enough. I could have an exciting life, be all kinds of different people. Not just Simone Simon, a little mouse.

"I did not know how to make a start. My family would not help me. And to get in a—a manager's office in Paris is like an

"It was so simple—so quick and easy to use Marchand's that I was astonished at the difference it made in my entire personality."

"There's the girl I left behind me"

"There she is, sitting at home alone—the girl I left behind me forever when I discovered Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says lovely Louise A.* "I used to be a Cinderella, but now my friends say Marchand's brought out my true personality—I'm fascinating."

Let Marchand's bring *you* fresh popularity and a new, youthful beauty to *your* hair. If you are BLONDE, it will restore and keep that radiant, sunny freshness everyone admires. If you are BRUNETTE, you can rinse lovely, glowing highlights in your hair. With Marchand's you can lighten *any* color hair to any flattering shade you desire. *Both Blondes and Brunettes use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Because it is not a depilatory, it cannot leave unpleasant stubble.*

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is quick and easy to use. Colorless. Stainless. Odorless. Effective. Perfect results.

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"then one night mother brought home a bottle of Marchand's and insisted that I try it—

"now I'm the happiest girl in the world since Marchand's restored the natural beauty of my hair."

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unknown trying to get in a movie producer's office in Hollywood. I *did* know that. So I had some people, who knew some managers, write letters of introduction for me. I had five letters, to five managers. The first three, I could not even see.

"The fourth one saw me. But that did not make me happy. He said I should give up 'this crazy idea' of the theatre; I had no chance. I was too young, I had no experience, I did not 'fit in,' I was not—what you say in Hollywood?—the type . . . I got even with that man later. He saw me in a film. He wanted to give me a stage offer. He did not remember me from before. I let him talk; I listened, all eyes. When he finished, I said, 'You do not remember me.' I remind him of the first time he saw me. Then I walk out. He cannot say a word. "I may have lost a good role, doing that. But it was too much a temptation.

"If I had listened to that man's advice, I would never have presented the fifth letter. But I listened to myself. I would not give up hope. I had had it too long. I went to the fifth manager. He had a bit that he had not cast yet. He let me have it. The play was a flop. But another manager saw me in that small part. He asked me to play an ingenue in a new play he was producing. Then the movies discovered me. French movies, I mean."

"What did you do then—alternate between stage and screen? First a play, then a movie?"

"No, I was in the movies two years. Then Sacha Guitry—do they know that name in America? It is a very great name in Paris—became one of my discoverers." She smiled, as if enjoying a little joke on Hollywood, which assumes that *it* was her first and only discoverer. "I played his leading Lady in *Toi C'est Moi.* I will show you."

WITH her, I walked over to a grand piano in one corner of the large room, a piano that looked as if it were played often. She riffled through a pile of music, produced a libretto of an operetta. There was the name: *Toi C'est Moi.* **There, on the cast page, was her name—Simone Simon—prominently displayed. In other words, she was "Simone Simon" even then. ("Then," if I read aright, being 1931.) Her name is no Hollywood invention.**

"You must have sung—?" I asked, surprised at this discovery of the variety of her stage experience.

"Yes," she said, and doing more riffling, produced a libretto of another operetta, also with her name prominently displayed.

"Are you going to sing in Hollywood?"

She shrugged her shoulders, eloquently. "I do not know. I think I hope not. I want to concentrate on acting."

"Did you also play in comedy? Tragedy? Problem drama?"

She nodded. "And do not forget movies," she said, with that teasing smile.

"Were you thinking about Hollywood at all?"

She shook her head. "I had no desire to come to Hollywood. I was busy in Paris; I was happy there. Hollywood was another world. Besides, I did not think I was ready for Hollywood."

"What finally led you to come to Hollywood?"

"Offers. Several, not just one. There was—what you call it?—an epidemic. The ones from England came first, but I did not take them. Then came one, two offers from Hollywood. I did not take those either. Then; all at once, a whole collection came. I could not ignore that symptom of something. Before, the English-speaking offers had seemed like accidents. Straws in the wind. They proved nothing. But when I had several offers all at once—I guess I believe in fates. Everything seemed to say, 'You should go to Hollywood.'"

"In spite of what you had heard about it from people you knew?"

She smiled, with her chin up. "I did not have to listen to *them,*" she said.

THAT single retort is all-revealing about Simone Simon. She has a mind of her own. If she did not have it, she would not be where she is today.

"Who did the final bit of persuading?"

"Mr. Sheehan." (Winfield Sheehan—production head of Fox Films, before the merger with 20th Century, when Darryl Zanuck took charge. Sheehan brought Simone to Hollywood, but it was Zanuck who launched her Hollywood career.)

"Do you have gambling blood? Did you think of giving up your sure career in Paris, for an unknown future in Hollywood, six thousand miles away, as a great gamble?"

She did not understand what I meant by "gamble." Miss Martin explained. "No, I did not think that way," Simone said, revealing in *that* sentence a store of quiet self-confidence. Which she could afford to have, after her accumulation of acting experience in France.

"Were you worried at all by the possibility of a struggle with English?"

She pursed her lips. "No. There was nothing in my contract, saying how soon I must speak perfect English. I still do not speak perfect English. I have too much accent. They say it is 'cute,' 'different'; they want me to keep it. But I do not like it. I want to speak so *everyone* can understand me. So maybe I can play an American girl sometime."

"You weren't exactly happy when you first arrived in Hollywood, were you?" (I remembered those early explosions of temperament, which, combined with a convenient illness, took her out of the role of *Cigarette* in *Under Two Flags.*)

"That was not Hollywood's fault. I did wrong things. I brought along an English girl to help me with English. I had known her a long time; she spoke French like a Parisienne. That was not so good. We were all the time talking in French, not English. Now, I am completely surrounded by Americans who cannot speak French.

"And I did something else very foolish, when I came. Foolish and human. I was piqued because no one here had heard of me. I was hurt. I resented it. I took some very poor advice about how to behave."

That was an unexpected confession. Even a magnanimous confession. A sporting confession. It took courage to say it—even as it took courage for her to play the role of *Diane* in *Seventh Heaven*, a role, more than any other in picture history, associated with one particular feminine star.

But Simone would not admit that this role took courage. "It was an assignment," she said, as if that fact, in her new philosophy of getting along with the world, was adequate explanation. "An assignment that would be fun."

Simone Simon—the little French girl who wants to stay in America and talk like an American—is definitely converted to the idea that she can have fun, be happy herself, make other people happy here. You will sense more of this than ever before in *Seventh Heaven.* You will add to the sensation when you see her with Tyrone Power in *Rings on Her Finger.*

Learn to Cook and Like It!

[*Continued from page* 60]

Think of your refrigerator as a cooking appliance. Then plan your entire meal around cool foods instead of hot dishes. Whether foods are served hot or cold makes no difference in their nutritive or health values—but what a difference it may make to appetite! In hot, sultry summer weather, the cool dish, the thirst-quenching drink, the crisp salad, crystal gelatin or frozen dessert put "pep" and "punch" into those who are tired out and wilted from the heat.

There is a cool form of every course from soup to nuts. What could be a more happy keynote to the hot weather luncheon, for example, than a cup of refreshing jellied bouillon? Here canned soups like Consomme, Clam Broth, Tomato Soup, etc., play an important part, for it is only necessary to open a can, perhaps add seasoning, and pour into the refrigerator tray. Stir once during the process, and your soup will emerge clear and sparkling, a delight to serve in individual cups topped by minced parsley or a paprika-speckled spoon of whipped cream.

IN WARM weather, too, dishes of lighter or entree type are most suitable for the main course. This may be a delicate creamed mixture or a combination broil blue plate, but even more suitable for this course is a jellied ham or other meat loaf, a vegetable ring, or a tomato or a seafood aspic. Molded in a pleasing ring shape, vegetables, meats and every poultry may be used in many combinations. When the ring, or mold, is turned onto a lettuce-garnished platter, the center may serve to hold contrasting mixtures, or a special zestful mayonnaise. Cream cheese beaten into tomato juice and stiffened with gelatin makes a most appetizing mold in which to serve a chill vegetable salad of your choice. Here is a delicious recipe for your chill chest:

SHRIMP AND OLIVE ASPIC RING

1 package aspic gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grains salt and cayenne
2 cups cooked shrimp
½ cup stuffed olives, sliced
3 stuffed hard eggs, halved
Watercress
Mayonnaise

Use large ring mold. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water, lemon juice and seasonings. Set mold in pan of cracked ice. Cover bottom with layer of gelatin, and when jelly has become firm, arrange on it layer of shrimp and olives. Stand to firm. Chill remaining gelatin, pour into mold, and repeat with shrimp and olives. Chill until firm. Unmold on platter and garnish with eggs and watercress. Pass mayonnaise separately. (Serves 6).

WHATEVER the salad selected, be sure and do all the advance preparation early in the day. Clean, cut and cook, if necessary, the vegetables or fruits required. Wash lettuce or other green leaf plants and wrap in parchment or store in special lettuce bags to crisp. Make the dressing of mayonnaise, or take a special time once a week to make up a large quantity of the family's favorite salad dressings and store them in glass jars. If berries must be picked, wash, drain and lightly sprinkle them with sugar before placing them in the serving dish, ready to use at a moment's notice. When several salad ingredients are to be used, prepare each and pack into small glass dishes or casseroles, and leave them uncovered for a quick final assembly just before serving time.

But it is not only cold foods, strictly speaking, which can be "cooked" in the refrigerator. There are various breads too, and cookies, as well as special ice-box cakes which can be made there. The hostess who wishes to enjoy her meals with her guests instead of being all tired out when they arrive, can make up a batch of dough for refrigerator rolls (in some spare half hour), and place it to stand, covered with wax paper, until she wishes to use it. Then, cutting off a portion of the dough, she can quickly roll or shape it, and bake in her oven or portable electric casserole in but 10 or 12 minutes. Similarly, refrigerator cookies can be mixed long, in advance packed into a fancy mold, and left in the

[*Continued on page* 98]

I SEE A DARK MAN GOING OUT OF YOUR LIFE!
THAT NIGHT
THAT FORTUNE TELLER WAS CERTAINLY RIGHT ABOUT THAT DARK HAIRED MAN, SUE! I HAVEN'T SEEN TOM IN WEEKS!
I THINK I KNOW WHY, ANN! AND IF YOU'LL TAKE SOME SISTERLY ADVICE, YOU'LL SEE DR. LANE ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
ANN, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. LET ME TELL YOU...
THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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"I advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between your teeth which are the source of most bad breath . . . of dull, dingy teeth . . . and of much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel — makes your teeth sparkle."

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Name..
Street..
City........................ State..........
Color of your hair?...............................

"Well, I'll Tell You"—Bob Burns

[*Continued from page* 51]

look like a county court somewhere down in Arkansas, and filled with a mob of typical hill-billies. Director Charles Reisner was shooting *Mountain Music,* starring Bob Burns, with Martha Raye. Unless we miss our guess, it will be a very funny picture. "I don't see how it can miss," Bob told us, with justifiable professional pride. He lighted his briar pipe (one of 65 such pipes), and sat down on a bench with us to answer our questions, "tickled to death" that another writer wanted to interview him.

We knew very well that he had invented the bazooka, but were curious to know who coined the word. "Well, I'll tell you," Bob said. "Down home they say about windy guys, he is all right, but he blows his bazoo too much. When I invented this thing," he pointed out to his grotesque instrument, "I thought I oughta call it bazoo-ka, the 'ka' being a fancy Russian ending, like in balalaika. It makes it more classy, y'know."

"I PLAY almost every kind of instrument. I started takin' mandolin lessons when I wuz six years old. My teacher wuz Frank McClain, the leader of the Van Buren Queen City Silvertone Cornet band. My brother, who wuz two years older than me, played a guitar, an' at nights we use-ter go aroun' serenadin' our friends an' neighbors. We'd put our music on the front porch by the side of a little lantern mother had given us, an' kneelin' down to read the music, played *Over the Waves Waltz* over an' over agin. Later on I played trombone in the band. My Uncle Collins Needham, who wuz a musician, taught me how to play his own piece on the pianner, *I'm Goin' Back to Texas.* I earned my first dollar in show business by playin' that piece in our op'ray house 'tween acts of *The Squaw Man.* I wuz about 13 years old.

"A bunch of us kids organized a string or-chestra, an' one night we wuz practicin' in the back of Hayman's plumbin' shop, when I happened to pick up a piece o' gas pipe, about two feet long, an' blew into it. It perduced a bass note that gave me an idea, an' it's ideas that make the world go roun'. I rolled up a sheet of music an' slid it inside the gas pipe, an' got three dif-f'rent bass notes. The other boys laughed at me, an' it sure made me sore. I spent the rest o' the night figgerin' out the contraption which the country now knows as the Bazooka. I put one gas pipe inside tother, an' soldered a whiskey funnel at the end of it. Now, I wuz a great dreamer, but I never thought that, some day, General Pershing an' the King of Spain would git blue in the face tryin' to blow my Bazooka."

WHEN America entered the war, Bob was in Chicago, selling advertising for the *Herald,* and playing his Bazooka before service clubs and other civic organizations, to get the ads. "The Bazooka is the greatest ice-breaker in the world." He joined the Marines, was made a rifle instructor, because shooting squirrels in the Ozarks had made him a crack shot, and spent a year overseas, emerging from the war a gunnery sergeant and the champion rifleman of the A. E. F., with a gold medal pinned on his breast by General Pershing.

For a few months after the Armistice he played the Bazooka with an army jazz band in the cabarets and salons of Paris, met the princess this, the duchess that, generals, ambassadors, prime ministers, many of the world's great who had gathered in Paris. The King of Spain was among them, and tipped Bob's band $600 when they played at a party given in the villa of a certain princess.

That same instrument, coupled with his drawling gab, has landed him in what must be the finest dressing-room at Paramount. He is under contract to make three pictures a year for Paramount, and one for RKO, and is sitting pretty as the nation's all-around entertainer. He gabs with Bing Crosby and his guests every Thursday night at the N. B. C. studios, delighting millions of radio fans, and is writing a daily column which is already syndicated in 155 newspapers, although he started it only four months ago. He has an office and a secretary, with dictaphone, typewriters, filing cabinets.

But he hasn't forgotten the Ozarks off his screen, radio and newspaper time. "I have 200 acres right back in the Ozarks, which I have donated to the State as a public park for boy scouts an' rest camp for tourists. It's two miles off the main highway, an' the State is buildin' a road from the highway to this rest camp of mine. It's called Bob Burn's Trail. I'm buildin' a fine buildin' there out of native stone an' oakwood, which will have a lot of glass cases, in which the many nat'ral products of Arkansas will be on exhibit. It's goin' to be somethin' real purty." His keen blue eyes shone with pride.

HOW do his old friends and relatives feel about his phenomenal success? "They are jus' tickled to death, they can't git over it, an' laugh that I should be paid for this stuff." How does he feel about his own success? "Well, I'll tell you. Sometimes I look in the mirror when I am in my dressin'-room, then look aroun', at the pictures on the walls, the deep, soft burgundy rug, the couch where I kin rest like a king, an' I says to myself, 'How in the heck did this happen? Am I dreamin'? I still can't believe it. An' then I remember the feelin' I had when I worked as a bit player about the big shots on the sets, an' today I can't imagine that these other people feel the same way about me, consider me a big shot." He burst out laughing. "I can't imagine it."

In this town of slick sophistication the homely wisdom of Bob Burns strikes you with its eternal truths. He expressed his views on man's destiny and his philosophy of life in these words:

"I left home when I wuz 14, an' hoboed through ev'ry State in the Union to see what the rest of the country looked like. An' I've bin in Mexico, Cuba, an' in many countries of Europe. At 22 I wuz a full-fledged hobo, a veteran of the road. I've bin broke more times than I care to remember, an' made an' lost good money afore I landed in my dressin'-room as a next-door neighbor to Carole Lombard.

"I've carried bananas at the docks down in New Orleans, worked with an engineerin' party in Alabama surveyin' high tension lines, ran street-cars in Virginia, worked as waiter an' door-knob polisher on a boat, grown peanuts an' herded cattle in Oklahoma, managed a boardin'-house up in Utah, feedin' 300 laborers a meal, ran concessions on the boardwalk at Atlantic

City an' wuz eight years in vaudeville doin' a blackface act. I've gone up, an' I've gone down, I've done purty near everythin' an' met all kinds of people, an' this is what I've learned: Life is purty much the same, it don't make much diff'rence where you are, in Van Buren or New York or out here in Hollywood, it's the little world you build aroun' yourself that counts, it's all you got.

"I use-ter drive up to Hollywood Hills an' take a good look at this town. An' somehow in that nat'ral settin', even the biggest shot seemed kinda puny. I use-ter look at the stars in the sky. You know, lookin' at the stars you kinda discover yourself, an' it makes you mighty humble. This world of ours is a tiny speck in the universe, an' you realize how puny an' insignificant man is. You kin be the greatest man of all time, an' you'll still be justa flash in the pan."

BOB BURNS talks the vernacular of the Arkansas hill-billies, but not in its original purity. Literary and book words have crept into his speech. He is, after all, a graduate of Van Buren High School, and can quote from *The Ancient Mariner.* His academic career is interesting.

"When I wuz a junior in school, my motto wuz, 'As idle as a painted ship 'pon a painted ocean.' In my senior year, I wuz known as a boy without a serious thought in his head. I got out in my senior year 'cause I didn't want to be embarrassed. I knew I couldn't pass. But I wanted to continue my education in the University of Arkansas. So I went to our principal, J. R. Williams, an' asked for a letter of recommendation. 'Will you show it to the president of the university if I give you one?' he said. 'Sure,' I said. An' here is what he wrote in the letter: 'We hope you will be able to interest Mr. Burns. We cannot flatter ourselves that we did.'" Bob chuckled, slapped us on the knee. "That's a fact," he insisted. "I wuz admitted to the university all right, but didn't last more'n a semester. I got my high school diploma only last year.

"On my way out to Hollywood to appear with Bing Crosby on the radio an' in *Rhythm on the Range,* I stopped off at Van Buren. There were thousands of people, hundreds of dogs, an' four bands at the station to welcome me home. We had a parade down Main Street with ox teams an' covered wagons, an' then they took me to the high school auditorium for the homecomin' ceremonies. The principal made a speech an' presented me with a beautiful diploma. He said I had learned enough since I got out of high school to entitle me to a diploma, an' that's when I almost broke down. I had always wanted a diploma."

VAN BUREN'S gift to Hollywood towers to a height of 6 feet 3 inches, has curly brown hair combed straight back, and a red, healthy face over which the passing years have left their marks, but he is younger-looking than he appears on the screen. There is tremendous vitality and eager curiosity in that face, but a pall of tragedy descends over it when he smokes his pipe in silence, for his wife and helpmate, Elizabeth Fisher, whom he met on the boardwalk of Atlantic City when both were running concessions there and married her in 1921, died last year, before *Rhythm on the Range* was filmed

Their only son, also named Bob, was on the set, his second visit to the studio, to see his father act before the camera. Bob, Jr. is a lanky lad of 14 with curly brown hair, and attends Fairfax High School. He wants to be a chemist. Bob, Sr. and Jr. live with their dog in a modest home in the Fairfax district of Hollywood, although they could afford a mansion.

His greatest weakness is his timidity, he admitted. "I've bin too doggone sensitive about things, too easily hurt an' afraid to impose myself on others. But as I figger it out now, I'd be lost in five minutes if I wuz one of them bold types. It would show in my work, an' that would be my finish." He is shrewd enough to realize that his timidity is also his greatest asset as a public entertainer on the screen and radio.

We wanted to know his plans for the future. "I wanta slow up, go easy from now on, but still, this stuff wuz so hard to git that I might as well stay in an' pitch as long as it lasts. But I won't be a bit disappointed if it don't. To tell the truth, sometimes I git awful homesick for those people back in the Ozarks. They send me things I treasure. Whittlers whittle out their masterpieces for me, an' one woman carved out of a solid board a whole village in Arkansas in relief. It's the purtiest thing I ever saw. I don't git scared when I think what I'd do if the bottom dropped out of everythin' an' I become jist plain Bob Burns, with no dressing-room, no radio programs, no newspapers printin' my little stories. When this excitement blows over I'm goin' back to the mountains of Arkansas an' jist sit aroun' on the front porch with the old timers an' whittle an' chew tobacco an' lissen."

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YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days if your waist line is not 3 inches smaller, it won't cost you a cent. "I reduced 8 inches"...writes Geo. Bailey, "Lost 50 lbs," writes W. T. Anderson. . . . *Hundreds* of similar letters.

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You will be completely comfortable as this amazing reducing belt gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! It gives you an erect athletic carriage... ...supports abdominal walls...keeps digestive organs in place...and with loss of burdensome fat comes increased pep and greater endurance.

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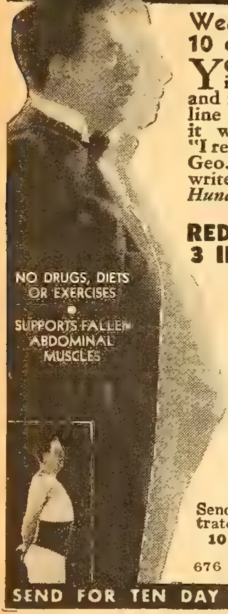
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SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

She Got What She Wanted

[*Continued from page* 45]

in time to profit by its honester vision of life. That her playmates in New York's Gramercy Park and at their summer home on the Hudson were children of wealth proved less important than that they were also children of creative artists like George Bellows and Paul Manship. Their imaginative impulses were allowed free rein. They wrote and staged and acted in their own plays—Jane particularly remembers an effort of her older sister's about "Angel Pink and Angel Blue and a lady who wanted to have a baby." Their elders kept hands off until they were bid to the opening performance—a command audience, as it were, that supplied intelligent appreciation and criticism, without patronage.

AS FAR back as she can remember, Jane had made up her mind to be an actress. Her sister was going to be a ballet dancer. There were no parental objections to be overcome. The Wyatts were devotees of the theatre and, in addition, respected their children's right to choose their own professions.

But Jane's head was steady on her young shoulders. She didn't allow her freedom of choice to run away with her—not even after she had acted *St. Joan* in a school play, and so powerful a figure in the theatrical world as Winthrop Ames had sent her a message: "If you ever want to go on the stage, come to see me."

With far less encouragement, other girls would have gone a-running. This one says: "I was excited, of course. But I felt strongly that nobody ought to act unless she was sure, that you had no right to take money from hardworking people just for a whim. I shouldn't like this to sound smug, for I don't feel smug. But I was bored with the young-girl-craze-for-the-stage in New York, and I wanted to make sure it wasn't a craze with me before I began."

So she went to Barnard where, among other activities, she played leads in the college plays. They were directed by professionals, notoriously cynical where amateur talent is concerned. Yet: "You ought to go on the stage, Jane," was the burden of their song. She spent the summer in the apprentice school of the Berkshire Playhouse at Stockbridge, intending to return to college in the Fall. But 1929's Black Friday clinched matters. Money became a problem. And Jane set out to seek her career.

Though he had given up producing, she went to Winthrop Ames, trembling in every limb and assuring herself that he "can't possibly remember me." He remembered her perfectly and gave her two pieces of advice.

"First, you'll never get anywhere if you go round shaking with terror as you're doing now. Buy yourself a lipstick and a pair of earrings and pretend you're sure of yourself—especially with agents. Second, no matter how slowly you forge ahead, don't whine that you're not getting the breaks. If you've got anything—and you have—sooner or later it's bound to be recognized."

JANE WYATT went out and bought herself lipstick and earrings. From ten to four every day she walked Broadway. "Experience?" asked the agents. With Ames' words in her ears, she lied valiantly. But it wasn't a lie that brought her her first job. An understudy was needed for Rose Hobart, and they thought Jane looked like her. Miss Hobart remained healthy. So did Helen Brooks, whom she next understudied in *The Vinegar Tree.* Meantime she learned that they were casting Milne's *Give Me Yesterday.*

"I went to the producer's office a million times and he wouldn't see me, and he wouldn't see me and this goes on forever. Then one day he would see me, and I went in praying that the building would collapse."

"Experience?" he asked.

"I was in such-and-such a play at Stockbridge," she told him. Actually she had walked across the stage with a dozen others.

He eyed her impassively. "I was up there that week. What part did you play?"

She blushed and babbled: "It must have been the week after."

"I was up the week after, too." Then he relented. "Don't bother," he smiled. "You can have the part anyway. Take this script home and study it."

She went home and "screamed and yelled and jumped around," with the script hugged to her heart and her sympathetic family trying to quiet her. She took the script to bed with her, alternately caressing and studying it till the gray dawn broke. When she gave her two weeks' notice for *The Vinegar Tree* next day, a secret thrill ran through her. That notice sealed her a true initiate of the stage, a practical working actress.

She horrified everyone by defying tradition and eating a huge meal before going alone to the theatre on opening night. She was nervous, of course, but not "so terrified as you'd think. I'd been in so many school plays, with the whole burden on my shoulders. I'd played *Shylock,* which I thought was harder than an ingenue. It's really easier. But I didn't realize then how difficult it is to play a young-girl part naturally."

She remained steady throughout the evening, and after the curtain came down, went calmly home and to sleep. But when she read her good notices next morning, she burst into tears and wept through the better part of the day. "I'm perfectly happy," she sobbed to her worried mother. "But it's just too exciting."

She has her own ingenious explanation of the success that followed. "When you're just playing an ingenue," she says, "you don't get blamed for anything. If you're young and happy, you're likely to get good notices."

IT WASN'T long before Hollywood started trying to hook her. At first she refused to nibble. "I thought my face was too fat for the movies," she said. (Her face is roundish, not fat). "I thought you had to be exotic, like Garbo or Hepburn. Besides, I so definitely wanted to stay on the stage, and I had a terrific feeling against signing my life away for five years. *Any* thing might happen to you in five years—" Her eyes widened at the eternity five years presents to the early twenties. "You might even die."

But when the junior Laemmle offered her a contract for the five summer months, leaving her free for the theatrical season, she took it. Then they shelved the picture for which she'd been scheduled. "And I spent the summer, being paid these frightful sums for doing nothing. I felt guilty and bored and impatient—" Her eyes slid toward the door, and a dimple appeared in the corner of her mouth. "So I got married."

"And your marriage?" I inquired tentatively, always delicate ground in an interview.

"Well, here it is." I hadn't noticed the shadow at which she was smiling, till it took substance and entered—a tall young man with a casual air, an athlete's body and a lean, sunburnt face that you promptly took to. He picked up where we'd left off. "It's an inspired marriage," he announced firmly.

"Idyllic," echoed Jane.

"You see? Her husband has only to say the word—"

"And his fatuous wife says amen."

His name is Edgar Ward. Jane has known him since his freshman days at Harvard. "But it took a broken leg to bring us together," he explained. "You see, when I got through college, no one seemed very anxious to give me a job. And having no profession—"

"He's a writer," put in Jane.

"Amateur," said Edgar, trying to quell her with a look.

"I think he should try to have them published," she continued imperturbably.

"Well, as I was saying when my wife started building me up, I had no profession. So I decided to join my mother in Europe and become a good downhill skier—"

"He plays tournament tennis too," said the unquenchable Jane.

"Jane, the lady will tell your public you're a husband-hater. Anyway, after a couple of hills I broke my leg, bone inflammation set in, I didn't want to be sick abroad, I had friends here and heard there were good doctors, too—note how I hasten to get to the star—so I entered the Good Samaritan Hospital. Jane would come to cheer my sickbed. I'd always been an admirer of the girl, but an actress' life is all high tension. There seems no room in it for anything so peaceful as romance. I'd often felt that if we were ever in one place together long enough for me to impress my quiet charm on her, I'd try my luck. And it happened—of all places!—in tranquil Hollywood."

"I was taken completely by surprise," said Jane demurely. "Generally you have a suspicion beforehand."

"Oh—so you'd always had a suspicion the other times?" demanded her lord.

"Always," she grimaced. "Anyway, you only asked me because you were sick and I was there."

"And you only took me because you had so much time on your hands."

THEY were married on November 9th in Santa Fe by the Archbishop of New Mexico.

"Eddie's sisters were there and my own younger sister and brother. Monica was my bridesmaid."

"And my best man not only came from New York, but insisted on paying his own way. Remarkable what softies weddings will make of people," mused the groom.

That winter Jane returned to the stage in a play called, oddly enough, *Lost Horizons,* which had nothing to do with the Hilton story. For the first time she saw her name up in lights. She had little desire to go back to Hollywood, but a contract's a contract. Universal had nothing ready for her. Then Frank Capra asked her to make a test for *Lost Horizon.*

"When she got the part," says her husband, "she wrung her hands. I had to unravel them. Then we went out and blew ourselves to a twenty dollar dinner with champagne."

CAPRA was responsible for a change in her attitude toward the movies. "He doesn't condescend to them, and he made me realize how foolish and limited my own point of view had been. Not that he ever said anything. It was just watching him work and working with him. There's a kind of secret excitement under his quietness, and you get caught up in that excitement and begin to catch a glimmer of what he's aiming at. I can never be grateful enough—not only for the part and the chance to work with him, but for so much else that he opened my eyes to."

She's not working now, for she's going to have a baby in July. "No tennis either," said Eddie. "Which is just as well, because I've still got a game leg. But we walk and motor and go to the movies. And at night I read aloud. I'm especially good on the Bible and Shakespeare. I even read Browning. *There's* an advantage in marriage. I never dared read Browning aloud before."

They stood together in the doorway. Paulette, probably in an excess of relief at the visitor's departure, rolled to her back and sawed the air with her forelegs.

"Setting-up exercises," grinned Eddie.

Then they turned back to their lamplit house where books and music and laughter waited to be shared—two young people born to the heritage of a good life, and knowing how to use their heritage.

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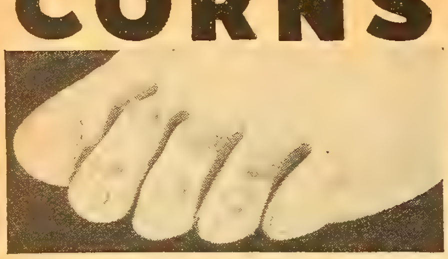

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"Those Rumors Flatter Me"—Doug, Jr.

[*Continued from page* 46]

London. He will be around Hollywood long enough, on this visit, for a few more impressions to get around. (1) That he does *not* talk with a British accent. (2) That he wears no monocle. (3) That his clothes may be Bond Street, but that he does not wear them like a tailor's fashion plate. (4) That he is little different, on the outside, from the Doug, Jr., that Hollywood used to know.

Perhaps he is more cosmopolitan, a little less boyish, but his face still is as thin, his waistline as trim, and his grin as spontaneous as when he went away. To look at him, you wouldn't know that he *had* been away. It is only when he begins to talk that you notice a subtle change in him. The boy has become more serious. He admits it, himself.

"I'm probably steadier than I used to be. Before I had any responsibilities, I used to resent them. They've had the effect of sobering me up a bit and not taking it all for granted.

"They've given me an inkling that any success I've had, has not been due to any outstanding talent, but to innate stubbornness. I've too much vanity to give in. There's one consolation, however. The end is not yet in sight. I'm still a young man. I've been in the business only"—he underlines that "only" with a grin—"fourteen years.

"I was sixteen when I made my first picture—*Stephen Steps Out.* It was on the order of *Bunker Bean,* with athletics added. And what a flop! I died the death of a dog, when I saw myself on celluloid. If it hadn't been for that 'innate stubbornness,' I would have quit right then, and right there. . . ."

ONE of the most persistent of all Hollywood legends is to the effect that after you have been active on the screen for five years, you are just about through. After he had been around for *ten* years, young Doug decided that it was about time he gave a thought to his future, which, in his own mind (if in no one else's), was assuming the shape of a large question mark.

He had overcome self-consciousness; he had overcome the handicap of a famous father with a dynamic personality. He had proved himself a personality in his own right; he had proved himself an actor. But after his days as a young screen romantic were over—what then? That was when he decided that he wanted an ace up his sleeve. That was when he decided that he had better learn another business besides acting. Though he wanted to act as long as the public was willing. And that was where England came in.

At the time, the sob sisters had it that he went abroad to "forget"—forget a young romance that had evolved into an unsuccessful marriage. But Doug, Jr., tells the real story:

"I decided to dip my finger in the production pie. Here in Hollywood, to become a producer, I would have had to start 'way far back, and work years to get anywhere. The producing business was, practically, a closed corporation. It was in the hands of a few, who didn't want to let in any outsiders.

"In England, I stood a much better chance. England was just beginning to go in for movie-making in a large way. It was frankly drawing on Hollywood talent. My experience should be worth something there. So Criterion Films were born. It wasn't exactly a British concern; I'd call it Anglo-American. We released through United Artists, an American company. There was no connection with my father however. We have always deliberately avoided each other in business; taken pride in having separate careers. I was in it alone with a contract that specified that I was to produce four films a year, appearing in two. Actually, I have been in three, the third not having been released yet in America.

"AND, well—frankly, I have had my headaches. While I'm over here, there is a bit of reorganization going on over there. I hope. I've been in a position to take all the rap, without being in a position to have all the responsibility of a picture. I want to be able to pick experts to advise me, rather than have to follow the dictates of this group or that. I want to be in a position to deserve all the blame if a picture smells to high heaven, and all the credit if it's a hit.

"I hoped I wouldn't make any colossal success with my first efforts. Not because it would go to my head, but because it would throw everything out of proportion. It's an old pet superstition of mine that hard-won success lasts the longest. I didn't have the urge to make a sensational splash, *pronto,* in the production pond. And"—he grins again—"I haven't. But I'm definitely keeping at it. Just as I'm definitely keeping at acting.

"There was nothing in my contract to prevent my taking some American acting offers, now and then. I wanted to take them. But a thousand and one obstacles came up. I had to invest my time. That's why I haven't done anything here since *Morning Glory* and *Success Story,* three years ago. I've considered a number of offers, and been on the verge of accepting, then had to countermand all plans. I didn't believe I was sailing this time until I was actually on the boat.

"This offer happened to come at a time when I could afford to accept—something I couldn't do before, no matter how much I wanted to come. There were three offers that I was considering. The other two were opposite women stars; they would have given me the same old chores of a romantic hero."

After playing so many heroes for so many years, he was glad of the chance to play a menace, for a change. Particularly in a robust fantasy that calls for swashbuckling sword-play, swinging of capes, clinking of spurs and all the rest of it. And who thought of casting him as a menace? That was David Selznick's idea. Inspiration, rather.

THERE were four reasons, really why he accepted the role of *Rupert of Hentzau* in *The Prisoner of Zenda* with Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll and one that made Ramon Novarro a star in the silent version.

"First, it's a helluva good part—I remember Novarro in it. Secondly, because it would be not only good business, but fun. Thirdly, because it would give me a chance to be with Colman, whom I haven't worked with since *Stella Dallas.* And last, but not least, because of my truly sincere admiration for Selznick as a producer—an admiration that kept me on the United Artists program with my own company."

He admits that he, himself, has changed a bit since he last worked in Hollywood. How about Hollywood? Has *it* changed?

"In the old days, when you asked, 'How's Hollywood?' the answer always was : 'Just the same.' Now you ask, 'How's Hollywood?' and the answer is: 'Wait till you see how it's changed!' And, frankly, that answer puzzles me.

"There's more enthusiasm than there used to be. And the place is more filled in, instead of being more spread out, as I pictured it. But it has all of its old appeal, only in a larger dose. Places have charm when they remain the same. What charm would New York have, if it suddenly changed to a city of bungalows? And the charm of England, certainly, is its sameness for hundreds of years. I don't feel like a stranger here any more than I feel like a stranger in England. I like the change of scenery, the commuting. I've been at it—the commuting, I mean—since I was nine months old. I'm getting used to it now. I hope I can keep on at it."

When he first went over to England for picture purposes, he lived in quaint, musty quarters reminiscent of another century. Now his quarters are "rather Americanese—on top of a roof—with all the furniture made at the studio." Soon after this re-arrival in Hollywood, he was looking for a house to rent. ("It will break me, living in a hotel.") And he was not at all likely to be surprised if the house turned out to be Tudor.

Americans hear constantly of the armed peace of Europe, of undertones of war in diplomatic conversations. But Doug, Jr., denies that any war fever in England impelled him to get six thousand miles away.

"The people there don't get excited about the rumors. In the past three or four years, Great Britain has had three or four chances to go to war and has edged out of war. The government is pretty much convinced, I think, that the people couldn't be persuaded to go. And it is well-known that the new King is out of sympathy with any war-like gestures. In fact, the principal tendency in England is to get closer to America.

"London is the gayest city in Europe. It has been that way for about four years. I don't want to miss it during the Coronation. First, the gayety was a defense against the depression. Now it's a habit. People said, 'The government is in a deuced hole. Let's pay our income taxes with a grin. And what we have left, let's spend. What's the use of saving, when hoarding will only slow up recovery?' "

DOUG, JR., has changed in that he has given up his drawing—"except on telephone pads." And his writing—"except for letters of explanation to creditors." Those two dilettante hobbies, once considered as possible aces-up-the-sleeve, have lost out to the serious business of producing. "I can't sit down and dash off a short story between conferences. Some people probably could, but I can't."

Nor has he had the time to be as athletic as of old. He has kept up with his golf, his swimming and his fencing(the latter of which will come in handy in *The Prisoner of Zenda*). But it is only since his return to Hollywood this trip that he has taken to tennis again for the first time in five years. Tennis is difficult for him because of a torn cartilage in one knee—a relic of a boyhood football game. However, it does not hamper his dancing. He has a mustache, which, if you remember, he had before his hegira to England. He also has approximately the same liking for tea that he had prior to his going abroad.

"It's absolute nonsense, the tale that English movie companies take time out for tea. The last time I was in Hollywood, I went out on a set to visit Bob Montgomery, and he said, 'We're knocking off for a spot of tea.' It's a Hollywood habit, apparently, more than an English one. The English have their tea, all right, but they take it in stride, the same as Americans take a bottle of pop while at work."

Oh, yes, there have been some romance rumors of late—as always—about Doug, Jr. His name has been linked with that of several feminine stars. Notably, Marlene Dietrich. And what does he say to those rumors?

"The rumors, I'm afraid, flatter me more than they flatter the actresses."

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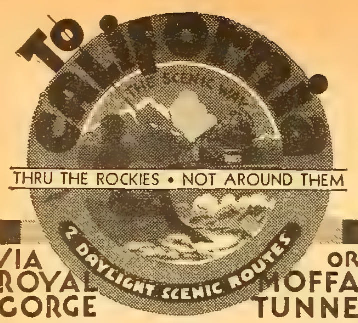

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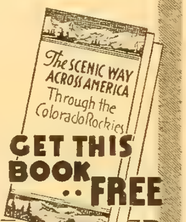

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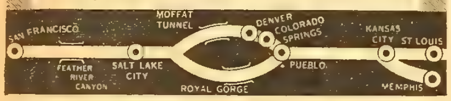

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A Day with the Mad Marxes

[*Continued from page* 39]

"I'm really not offended. Want to help some more?"

"No," I yelled. "Please, somebody, make him stop calling me Mister Benson!"

"Don't mind him," soothed Groucho. "He just can't remember names. He's crazy. He calls everybody Mr. Benson. You really mustn't mind him, Mr. Benson."

"Where," I screamed, "is Chico? Maybe he's half-way sane enough to talk sense . . ."

"—and dollars; dollars and sense; when a man talks 'em, his troubles commence," yelled Groucho and Harpo, and both went into a ring-around-the-rosy. Only I was the rosy, I guess, because they were ringing around me. I've never been a rosy before, and I never want to be one again.

"Please," I begged, "call Chico."

"We can't. He's asleep," said Harpo. "He always sleeps between takes."

"In them, too," added Groucho. "Have you a knife, please?"

"What," I asked, apprehensively, "do you want with a knife?"

"I have a friend who's an insomniac," said Groucho.

"I thought he was the Republican," interrupted Harpo.

"That was before the election," explained Groucho. "Now he's an insomniac."

"What's that got to do with a knife?" I asked.

"I want to cut Chico up into capsules and feed him to my friend," explained Groucho.

"Please go away!!!" I screamed. Just then, thank heaven, Director Sam Wood called for a take, and that left me free for a few minutes. Right then, Larry—I mean, *Mister* Reid—I took the opportunity to get you a few facts about the Marxes, so you can't come back and fire me.

IT SEEMS they're not always crazy. They have their sane moments, all three of the brothers. Most of those sane moments, they spend thinking up insane things to do, say and be. It seems that being funny is the hardest work they do, because they work out every one of their gags and jokes by long process of figuring, and wording, and finally by trial. For every joke and gag they actually use in a film, they try out maybe a dozen or two and throw them out because they don't quite click.

Offscreen, they're funny, too, but in a nice way, if you get what I mean. They don't, that is, climb up strange lady's hips, like they do on the screen with their leading lady. Harpo doesn't chase blondes. Not any more. He stopped that, because he finally caught a brunette he'd been chasing. Her name was Susan Fleming, and he married her. Now he only chases blondes in front of the camera, and Susan goes to the previews to be sure he never catches one.

Right now, Harpo's main interest in life is posing. He's posing for a portrait by Salvatore Dali, that surrealist painter who's set the art world topsy-turvy. Dali says he's painted all manner of weird things, but never anything quite so screwy as Harpo.

Dali gave Harpo a present the other day. Harpo, you know, plays the harp. So Dali gave him a harp. Only instead of regular strings, it was strung with barbed wire. And on the frame, Dali had hung a bottle of tincture of iodine and a roll of absorbent cotton, so when, Harpo pricked himself on the barbs while playing the harp, he wouldn't

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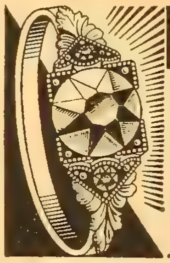

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have to interrupt his recital by running to the bathroom. Not for iodine, anyway. The harp also has a lot of spoons and forks—ordinary tablespoons and forks, mind you!—nailed all over its golden frame.

"I asked him what they signified," says Harpo, "and he told me they didn't signify a thing; that they were just 'decoratif.' And they call ME crazy . . . !!!"

Between posing for Dali, and making movies, Harpo lives a more or less quiet home life. His home is quite normal. Oh, it has escalators instead of stairs, but otherwise, it's fairly sane. After all, Harpo is still a newlywed, and that doesn't give him much opportunity, ouside of working hours, to think up gags. He simply hasn't the time.

CHICO spends most of his time playing. Bridge and horses. He's good at bridge. So good that he's got a top-ten rating in national bridge circles, and can make enough playing bridge with his brothers to support his other hobby, playing horses. In between times, he thinks of funny things to do, too. Like loaning a friend his house, to write in. The friend is a writer. His name is Arthur Sheekman, Gloria Stuart's husband. Anyway, one night he borrowed Chico's house to write in, it seems. Chico went out, saying he was going to the movies to let Arthur alone and undisturbed.

Ten minutes later, the phone rang. Arthur answered. "This is the Southern California Water Company," said a voice. "We are having to make emergency repairs to the mains and we'll have to shut off your water for about 24 hours, so you'd better fill all the tubs and kettles you can spare, to carry you over the day."

Dutifully, Arthur spent the next hour or so gathering pots and pans and filling the Marx bathtubs with water. By the time he was done, Chico arrived home and thanked him. Then Chico emptied the kettles and pulled the plugs, while Sheekman screamed. "Oh, that's all right," said Chico, calmly; "that was me on the phone. I was just playing." Arthur doesn't write his stories in Chico's house any more.

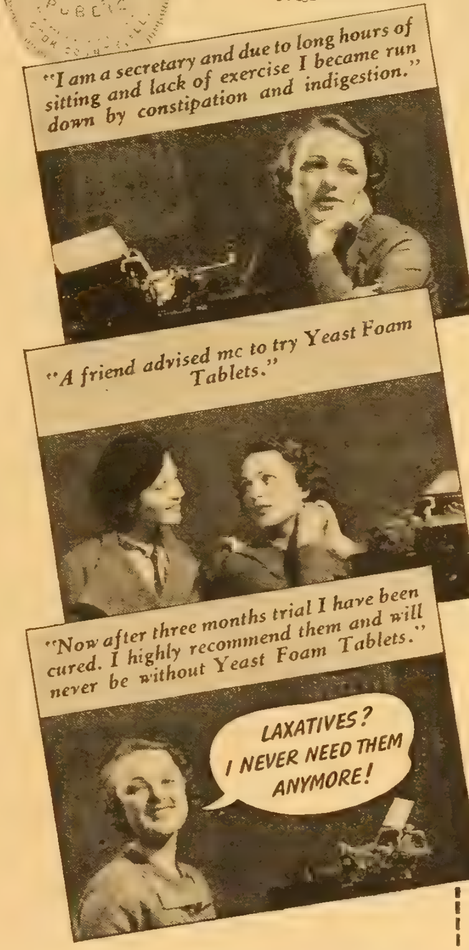
But Groucho is the prize nut of the family. Groucho is the one who's funniest. It's Groucho whose spontaneous wisecracks and *ad lib* lines break up production more often than not. No one on the set can predict when Groucho is going to drop in a line that's not in the script. Invariably, when he does, it's so funny that shooting has to be postponed a quarter hour or so, until the crew stops laughing.

But odd as it is, Groucho is also the business head of the Brothers. He's the one who handles all the correspondence, all the contracts, all the business talk. He's the youngest of the three brothers, too. The rest are old enough to let him do the work.

About Groucho, the stories of his gags are innumerable. For every stunt Chico and Harpo pull, Groucho pulls a dozen. Beverly Hills is still laughing about his trick on his wife. She was throwing a big, formal party. Had some guests she was particularly anxious to impress. "Julius," she begged (that's Groucho's real name, can you bear it?) "will you please behave tonight?" Certainly he would, he assured her, and admired her new formal evening pajamas, which were just barging into vogue in Hollywood. So she went downstairs and began receiving guests, while Groucho dressed.

Suddenly, the entire houseful of guests burst into guffaws. Ruth (that's Mrs. G's name) turned and beheld her husband coming downstairs, immaculately and per-

[*Continued on page 92*]



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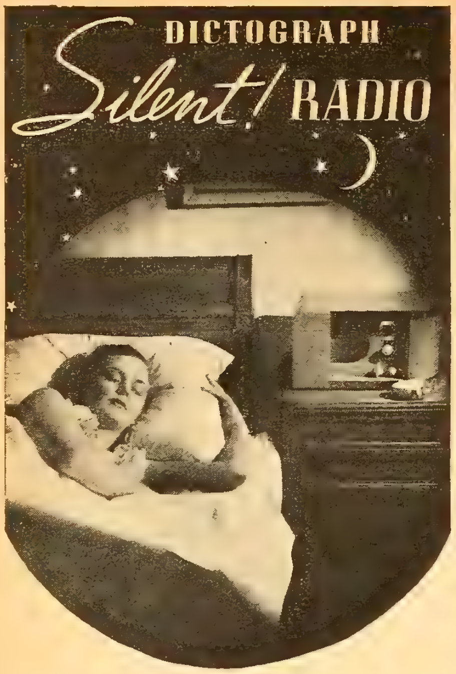

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A Day with the Mad Marxes

[*Continued from page* 91]

fectly dressed in evening clothes—white tie, stiff collar, gleaming shirt front, diamond studs, tails—except that instead of his evening trousers, he was wearing a pair of frowsy, unlaundered pajama-pants.

"If *you* can do it, *I* can do it!" he screamed at her, as she swooned. He kept the pajama pants on for the rest of the party, too. He really loves Ruth, though, and swears he married her so he'd have someone to carry his packages when he shops.

OFFSCREEN, by the way, these Marxes look as mild as they are mad-looking in character. That ferocious pair of eyebrows and that moustache of Groucho's are just grease-paint. They used to be made of crepe hair, but nowadays they're just blobs of paint. There are two stories in explanation: one tells that Chico, discovering a bald spot on his wig just before showtime one night, stole Groucho's moustache to patch it, and Groucho had to smear the black paint on in a hurry, and found it so preferable that he's used it ever since. The other story is that Groucho tried to light his cigar, once, while wearing the crepe-hair moustache.

Harpo's make-up consists, besides the clothes, merely of cocking his eyes and wearing those red wigs. Offscreen, he rolls his eyes back to normalcy and puts his wigs away in a closet. A new maid in the Harpo home came upon them once, unexpectedly. Harpo says they'll let her out of the asylum in a few more weeks.

Chico wears less make-up than either of the others. "He's got a head start," the others explain. A woman once asked Chico if he was really Italian. "No," he said, "I only look this way because my mother and father were Italians." Imagine—named *Marx!*

The fourth Marx Brothers—Zeppo—is no longer an actor. It used to be the Four Marxes, you know. But Zeppo found he could make more money out of producers by being an agent. He goes to a producer and says: "Hire my client, will you?"

"No," says the producer.

"All right," threatens Zeppo, "then I'll have to go back to acting." The producers capitulate at that. "We'll pay your clients," they scream; "anything to keep you off the screen!"

"He's a smart boy," says Groucho. "While we work for a living, he has a lot of other actors working for him!"

"But don't you," I asked, "ever use him at all any more, in your own act?"

"Oh, sure," explained Groucho. "We use him to try out our jokes. He's invaluable. After we've worked up a gag, we tell it to him, for the final tryout."

"Oh, I see," I caught on; "and if he laughs, the joke is okeh, eh?"

"Oh, no," howled Groucho; "if he laughs, we *throw the joke out!* Like this—"

And then all three of them set upon me, and before I knew it, I was flat on my you-know, in the middle of the street outside the stage where they're shooting *A Day at the Races.* And in the doorway were the three Marx Brothers, chorusing:

"Goodbye, Mister Benson!"

Yours truly,
HARRY LANG
(Mister, to you!)

P. S.—Or is it "Benson"? Darned if I know.

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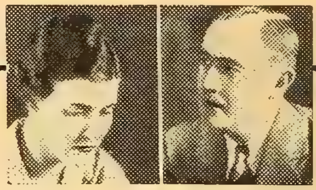

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Louis Hayward—Your Next Big Rave

[*Continued from page* 43]

Point Valaine. The play was a flop but the top bracket drama critics were lyrical in their praise of Hayward's performance and movie scouts were tumbling over each other in their efforts to get his name on a movie contract.

The M-G-M studio won out and Hayward was brought to Hollywood to play the role of the young dipsomaniac in *The Flame Within,* with Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall. Ironically enough, he played it so effectively that, thereafter, nobody could seem to visualize him in any other kind of role. The result was that he spent most of his time sitting around waiting for somebody to tailor another good dipsomaniac role.

A GAY little comedy called *The Luckiest Girl in the World* finally broke the dipsomaniac jinx and resulted in his being cast as the young love interest in *The Woman I Love,* with Miriam Hopkins and Paul Muni. And unless all signs in the crystal ball lie, when that picture is released, Louis Hayward will be your next big rave.

He is young, attractive, and has plenty of that subtle something called charm. He looks like a typical young American but he isn't. He is of English descent and has a large dose of French and Italian in his veins. To further complicate matters, he was born in South Africa. Johannesburg, to be exact.

Hayward's father was a mining engineer who took large quantities of gold out of the Transvaal. If anyone had told him that he would have a son who would grow up to be an actor he would doubtless have dismissed it as ridiculous. A son of his would, naturally, follow a *man's* profession. Acting might be all right for women, but for a man—never. But Hayward, Sr., never lived to see his son. He was accidentally killed a few months before Louis was born. There being then no further reason for Mrs. Hayward to remain in Africa, she returned to England with her young son.

Louis was brought up in the proper English manner, went to the right preparatory schools, and then to college in France. It was the general understanding that as soon as he had completed his education he would go into the pit brokerage business with his uncle in Cardiff, Wales. But somewhere along the way he was bitten by the acting bug and he persuaded his mother to let him take a course at the Central School of Speech in London.

"THE last time I was home," Hayward told me, "I was rummaging through some old papers and I came across a letter which the head of the school had written to my mother. 'Your son hasn't an iota of acting talent,' she wrote, 'and I feel that it is only fair to tell you that you are simply throwing your money away. He will never, never be an actor.'

"My mother never mentioned the letter to me. Apparently she thought that I might just as well go ahead and get the acting idea out of my system. Even when I had completed the course at the school and began to try to get a job in London, without any success whatever, she spoke no word of discouragement and never once urged me to give it up. Every morning I made the rounds of the theatrical offices but the near-

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est I ever got to a job was the waiting bench in the various producers' offices. In the afternoons I sat around the pubs that were frequented by old actors, listening to the romantic tales they told. The more I heard, the more determined I was to be an actor.

"One day a man I had been talking with suggested that we might form a little stock company of our own and tour the provinces. He painted such a glowing picture of the possibilities of such a venture that I fell for it, hook, line and sinker.

" 'Of course we'll have to have a little money for a stake,' he said. 'How are you fixed?'

"I told him that I didn't have any money of my own but that I might be able to persuade my mother to put up the money.

" 'My boy,' he said, 'if you can do that, our fortune is made.'

" 'Will you let me play all the leading roles?' I asked.

" 'Certainly,' he assured me.

" 'Of course I haven't had any experience on the stage,' I confessed.

" 'That is unimportant,' he said. 'We'll play towns where they won't know the difference.'

"Looking back on that experience," says Hayward, "I wonder how my mother could have been optimistic enough to advance the money for such a scheme. But she did, and if she had any suspicion that our venture would not turn out to be the gold mine I had visualized, she kept it to herself."

TOURING the provinces in England convinced Hayward that the life of an actor wasn't nearly as romantic or as glamorous as he had imagined. In addition to playing the leading roles, he also acted as stage manager and director, and for all of this he drew the magnificent sum of $15 a week. The end came in the town of Basingstroke where they decided to play *Camille*. Hayward was under the impression that he made a rather dashing *Armand* but the first night audience didn't share his opinion. And after several nights of playing to empty seats, the stock company finally folded up. Hayward had gained experience—and that was all.

The experience, however, proved valuable for it led to a role in *Dracula* at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London. Other more important roles followed, and one night, when he was appearing in a play with Gerald Du Maurier, Noel Coward happened to be in the audience. He liked Hayward's work and sent a note backstage. "If you ever need a job," he wrote, "come and see me."

A few seasons later Hayward was appearing in Coward's *Hay Fever*. And about this time he fell head over heels in love with an American girl who was visiting in London.

"When she returned to New York," says Hayward, "I could think of nothing else but following her. In fact, I was all ready to book my passage when Noel Coward talked me out of it. He told me about his new play, *Conversation Piece*, and that he wanted me for it. 'If you will stay in London and do that play,' he told me, 'I will write a role for you in the play I'm doing for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. Then when you go to New York you won't be going on a gamble.'

"If there had been no one but myself to consider," says Hayward, "I probably would have followed the girl to New York, regardless. But meantime things had happened to my mother's finances. There had been illness and hospital bills and it was up to me to shoulder these responsibilities.

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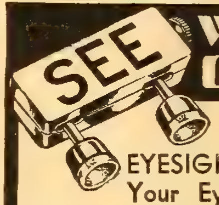

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Consequently, I couldn't afford to turn down Coward's offer. By the time I finally got to New York—well, you know how those things are—absence doesn't always make the heart grow fonder in spite of what the poets say. At any rate, things were different when I saw the girl again."

SO DIFFERENT, in fact, that Hayward is still a bachelor. And a very eligible one, too. But don't let your hopes sky-rocket for Ida Lupino saw him first. And while he insists that he has no intention of getting married for years and years, Hollywood bachelors have been known to change their minds.

Among the things you should know about Hayward is that he simply has to have his cup of tea before he gets out of bed in the morning. He has definite ideas, too, about how a cup of tea should be brewed. He loathes those little cheese-cloth tea balls that dangle on a string. He has no pet superstitions and no violent idiosyncrasies, unless his dislike of dancing could be called an idiosyncrasy.

"I ought to be a good dancer," he says, "but when I step on a dance floor it suddenly strikes me that I must look very ludicrous, jigging about to music, and I become very uncomfortable." His favorite sport is horseback riding. He is also interested in flying and holds a pilot's license. His ambition is to become a play producer and he has already purchased two plays which he hopes one day to launch on Broadway. And, just for luck, he carries a rabbit's foot which Miriam Hopkins gave him, in his pocket.

Twin Stars In The Prince And The Pauper

[*Continued from page* 57]

"Let Me Call You Sweetheart" lustily off-key, in a school play. It aroused no ambitious hopes in their parents! In typical small boy fashion they brought all the ailing animals in the vicinity home for mother to look after. They would, they decided, open a dog hospital when they got older.

Alas, for frustrated hopes! Father (who is a railroad man) was transferred to New York and they moved there, to a place just six blocks from Radio City. That was kind of keen, though. The Els rushing by. Subways to dive into. All the fluid life of Times Square flourishing at their feet, so to speak. Mother sent them to a dancing school made painless for little boys by having a gym connected with it. They took singing lessons, too. That, they thought, was an awful waste of time—until they heard about the big audition for children that the National Broadcasting Company was holding... And of course there was that chemistry set over at Macy's that they wanted. Gosh, how they wanted it! If they could get the money . . .

The NBC official had no idea he was facing two Lone Wolves. He thought he saw a couple of cute eight-year-old kids, a carbon copy of each other. But Lone Wolf No. 1 (that's Bobby) spoke right up. "We'd like an audition, sir."

"You would? And where's your mamma?"

"Why she's at home. She's making ginger cookies this morning." (That's a pet weakness of the Lone Wolves, *ginger cookies!*)

"Well come along and we'll see what you can do . . ."

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HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

An hour later they were home. Stuffing on cookies. Between bites Billy thought of something. "Gee, tomorrow's Hallowe'en!" He sounded crestfallen. Mother stopped in her tracks. "But that's a day you like!"

"Sure, but we have to work tomorrow. We're going to broadcast—*and get paid for it!*" It was thus the Lone Wolves broke the news of their career . . .

"THAT'S right. We did broadcast for the first time on Hallowe'en. We sang 'Me For You Forever' on *Our Barn* program. And at the end of it we yelled 'Hi, Pop!' and nearly got kicked off the air!" remembers Bobby but he has to delve deep into his memory to do it. It was such a long time ago. Five years. "Say, isn't Hallowe'en fun?"—diving into the pork chops— "Have you ever gone to a zoo after dark and thrown something in the peacocks' cage? They make the ghostiest noise. Like this . . ." Joan Blondell and Dick Powell look up quickly from their table and smile. A scenarist drops his fork.

Bobby subsides. "I'm sorry. It's a good thing mother isn't here. I'm not supposed to make a noise at table."

"But noise is *fun!*" says Billy, hurrying to his rescue. "That's why we like Fourth of July best. Better even than Christmas. Dad likes it, too. He helps us to shoot off the rockets and things. We sure miss Dad. He has to stay back east to work, you know. And he can only get out here for a little while at a time to visit mamma and us . . . Once we went to New Jersey and my uncle bought a rocket that shot up into a picture of George Washington and the American flag. Was *that* keen!"

"So you were on the radio five years?" we ask gently but firmly.

Bobby grins. "Yep. The first year was the hardest"—he doesn't mean to be funny. "You keep dropping your scripts the first year. Every time they told us to *fade out*, we'd *fade in*. Like yelling 'Good-by' when it was supposed to be soft."

"The second year was fine, though," amends Billy. (They always tell a story together like that.) "You could eat an apple and keep the scripts under your arm and broadcast—all at the same time."

THEY did a good bit of radio work— all over a national hook-up. Sometimes as many as eighteen programs a week. On the Lux hour, the March of Time, Show Boat, Robinson Crusoe, Jr., Renfrew of the Mounted, Junior "G" Men (Bobby subsequently became president of that organization.) And needless to say—they bought the chemistry set. Just in time, too. Because they'd no sooner worked out an original "spot removing" formula than they spilt tomato juice on mother's new yellow silk spread. Fortunately she wasn't home at the time. Fortunately too, the formula worked! You take two parts of fly-kill solution and two other compounds (a secret because the patent is pending!), rub it carefully on the spot, and it does the trick like a charm.

They've made up their own solutions for mosquito bites and cuts as well. (Information supplied the Medical Ass'n upon request . . .)

One day they had another Idea—engendered by the rumor from other youngsters that if you posed for bicycle ads you got a bicycle free. The twins presented themselves at the Models Guild. They asked to pose for advertisements and were taken on. And the first work they did was for a drug company—and they got a bottle of medicine free! . . . In due time, however, they did get

LOSE controllable FAT?

Look and Feel like a New Person!

*She LOST 36 lbs.

Read this woman's story . . .

● Don't put up with ugly fat, so often due to causes which can be controlled. Try this modern way to reduce like *Dorothy Lawrence of Detroit. She writes: "I reduced 36 lbs. after trying many other methods. I did not deprive myself of normal strengthening food." Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, writes: "After everything else failed, I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 50 lbs. My doctor pronounces me in better health than for years!" A Graduate Nurse, Mrs. Gladysse Ryer of Dayton writes: "Lost 47 lbs." Mrs. Tyler of Crandon, Wisconsin, and many others write of their success in losing controllable fat with RE-DUCE-OIDS.

IMPORTANT! Positively **NO DINITROPHENOL.** Pleasant to take. Genuine RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by leading stores for 22 years.

SATISFACTION . . . or MONEY BACK—every cent, if results do not please you! Sold by your druggist or department store. If your dealer is out, he can get RE-DUCE-OIDS quickly—ask him to phone his wholesaler, today! **FREE**—Write today for Free WEIGHT CONTROL CHART, to Dept. F 376, American Medicinal Products Inc., 746 Sansome St., San Francisco, Calif.

Woman 85 Who
Never Looked Old

If you are beginning to show signs of age, listen to the secrets of the woman 85 who never looked old.

Pauline Palmer has for years been writing articles and telling women how to erase wrinkles and other marks of age without cosmetics. Only 5 minutes a day in their own home by an easy method of facial rejuvenation that anyone can do.

Her secrets fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free together with a Facial Analysis Chart also free to men or women by writing to Pauline Palmer. 1421F, Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri. Write before supply is exhausted. —Adv.

Let Christine Frederick, nationally renowned cooking expert, teach you how to prepare new palatable dishes. Turn to page 60 in this issue.

This Beautiful Lifelike
PHOTO RING

NEWEST SENSATION! Send any snapshot or photo and we'll reproduce it in this beautiful onyx-like ring.
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48c
(Hand-tinted 25c extra)

Enclose strip of paper for ring size. Pay postman plus a few cents postage. If you send 48c we pay postage. PHOTO MOVETTE RING CO., Dept. F8, 626 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

LUCKILY I USED "HIDE-IT"

CLEAR-LOOKING SKIN *FOR EVERYONE!*

New Cream Hides Blemishes

NO longer need a conspicuous blemish cause you embarrassment! Now you can instantly conceal a Birthmark, Scar, Burn, Bruise, Pimples, Freckles, Dark Circles Under Eyes or any skin discoloration with "HIDE-IT". Won't rub off, peel or crack. Perspiration or water won't affect it. Lasts all day until removed. $1 at Dept. and Drug Stores. 10c size at Ten Cent Stores.

Hide-it
HIDES BLEMISHES

TRIAL Clark-Millner Co., 666 St. Clair St., Dept. 12-F, Chicago
I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it." ☐ *Cream* ☐ *Stick*
Check shade: ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan
Name............................Town...........
Address............................State...........

the bicycle . . . and a football . . . and a leather jacket and such. It was keen!

Mother and father Mauch, about this period, decided to send them to the Professional school there in New York, perhaps the best in the country. And to learn how to harmonize in their singing, they went over to Carey Wilson at Columbia University. He had his own special name for them—"Sharp and Flat."

THEN came the day the Lone Wolves heard about Warner Brothers' search for a boy to play *Anthony* as a child. Mother merely laughed when they said they wanted to try for it. She didn't think they had a chance; there would be about a million other children there.

There weren't a million. There were a trillion. And a trillion mothers along with them. The mothers said, "Tch, tch—are you two boys here *alone?*" and they adjusted their own darlings' hair complacently. The twins had to stand near the tail end of the line. But it didn't matter. They were among the few chosen for a test. Bobby had to do a job for a commerical artist so it was Billy who took the test. And Billy who got the part . . .

The telephone rang around midnight. Mamma and Dad were out. Mildred Weber, then the talent scout for Warners, wanted to know if they could leave for the coast the next day. "I don't know," said Billy. "We'll have to ask mother." Mother consented—and now, for the first time, there are twin stars in Hollywood.

It's great, being a twin. You have a lot of fun. People are always taking one of you for the other. For instance, when they had a race at school they worked a gag. Billy would say his brother was sick at home while Bobby waited around the corner to finish the second lap. And they always won. Until somebody found out . . .

BUT being identical also has its difficulties. Teacher thought she had them straight. Billy misbehaved. And it was Bobby she insisted on punishing. Kept him in class until four o'clock while the real culprit stood under the window making remarks about the grand sunshine outdoors . . .

"School isn't quite so much fun out here," comments Billy, working on the ice cream now. "There are only the two of us in it—and you get asked too many questions!"

"We thought Shirley Temple was going to be with us for a while," adds Bobby. "She was over on this lot, you know, for scenes in *Stowaway.*"

"Yeah"—from Billy—"And Bobby went over and met her (I couldn't because I was working) and he was in a daze for an hour after!"

"Well, she's even prettier off the screen than on. But you know who's keen too? Olivia de Havilland."

They have diversified tastes, these gentlemen.

Soon they're going to move out to a ranch in Laurel Canyon. Their ambition is to have two palamino horses out there and a motor glide. Freddy Bartholomew and Robert Taylor have motor glides.

Incidentally, *The Prince and the Pauper* was originally scheduled for Freddy but M-G-M sold the rights to Warners when they saw the remarkable test of the twins. Better to have two boys playing the roles than one boy doing a dual role—and it's the first time they've had youngsters similar enough to do such a thing on the screen. Bobby plays the Prince and Bill, the Pauper. Yes sir, it's *keen* being a Lone Wolf—if you're twins!

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DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
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DORIS NOLAN
$3.50
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CORNS

come back Bigger, Uglier –unless removed Root* and All

● A corn goes deep. When you cut or pare it at home the root remains imbedded in the toe. Soon the corn comes back bigger, uglier—more painful —than ever.

That's why millions of people are using the new Blue-Jay double-action method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

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BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

Acidity Makes Women Look Older

Kidneys Often to Blame

Women, more than men, are the victims of excess Acid in the system, due to poor Kidney functions, which may undermine health and vitality, dry and coarsen the skin or cause Bladder distress. Getting Up Nights, Burning and Itching, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Lumbago, Swollen Ankles, Puffy Eyes, or Rheumatic Pains. Help your Kidneys filter 3 pints of Acids and Wastes from your system each day for just one week with the Doctor's prescription Cystex. Guaranteed to fix you up and make you feel and look years younger or money back. See results in 48 hours. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) today.

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Baby Touch Hair Remover is the new, amazing way to remove hair from arms, legs and face—quickly and safely. Used like a powder puff. Odorless, painless, better than a razor. Baby Touch leaves the skin soft, white and restores youth and beauty to the skin. Satisfaction guaranteed. At drug and department stores or send 25c for one or $1.00 for five of the Baby Touch Pads. Baby Touch Mittens (Two sides) 35c each, 3 for $1.00.

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If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe, if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 195-B Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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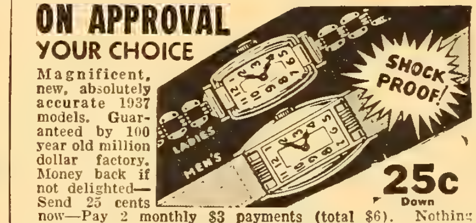

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–Every deaf person knows that–
Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.

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FREE! French Treatment Beautifies Women From 16 to 60 . . .

New Booklet Tells You What to do for Pimples, Enlarged Pores, Dry or Oily Skin and

HOW TO REGAIN THE BLOOM OF YOUTH

LOOK OUT . . . those lines, that crepey neck tell your age. Maybe a woman is only as old as she feels, but most people think she is as old as she looks. Why let your face show pimples, blackheads, large pores, when there is a wonderful and simple treatment called Calmas French Face Conditioner which works wonders. It does away with face lifting, peeling or other dangerous methods. No clay mud packs, or exercises of any kind, SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW AND DIFFERENT, based on latest scientific finds in cosmetic research. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Women who have tried Calmas French Face Conditioner are amazed at the results, they call it a "Face Lifting without Surgery," others say it is the "enemy of pimples and blackheads." Send your name and address TODAY and you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE, a booklet telling all about it. Calmas Products, Dept. 21-B, 6770 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Learn to Cook and Like It!

[*Continued from page* 83]

refrigerator overnight, or a week if you please, for that matter! The longer they stay, and the colder the dough becomes, the more crisp and toothsome will be the cookies! Slice the cooky dough in thin slices, and bake, pronto! And here are the—

REFRIGERATOR ROLLS

2 cups lukewarm water
1 cake compressed yeast
½ cup sugar
1 egg, well beaten
7 cups flour, sifted
3 tablespoons shortening, melted

Put water in large mixing bowl, and crumble in yeast. Add sugar, salt and beaten egg. Add half flour, and beat well. Add melted shortening and remaining flour. Cover, and rise to double bulk. Punch down, cover tightly, and set on upper shelf of refrigerator. 1 hour before baking, pinch off desired quantity of dough, shape in small rolls, and place on greased baking-sheet or in muffin pans. Let rise again to double bulk. Bake 20-25 minutes, hot oven (325°F). (Makes 36 clover-leaf rolls).

(Dough may be kept in refrigerator a week. Shape rolls in morning, return to chill, and take out just in time to bake and serve piping hot.)

WHY, indeed, do most women want to possess one of the new model automatic refrigerators? Not solely because they keep foods at safe, low temperatures, and not only because their large capacity storage space enables one to shop less often and to buy in quantity, thus taking advantage of lower, quantity prices. In addition to these good reasons, the automatic refrigerator offers the hostess a real hospitality service, especially for desserts.

Consider the delectable desserts, the refreshing frozen creams, the cooling sherbets, besides the convenience of ice cubes and the wide range of freezing temperatures possible at the touch of a finger! In purchasing a chill chest, each make should be studied, and the one chosen should be completely understood in the matter of cold control. The important quality of food texture, especially in ice creams, depends on an understanding of speed freezing and the proper temperature to secure velvety smooth consistency.

No summer menu is complete without one or more refreshing beverages to take the mind off the mounting mercury. Here again, time may be saved and comfort gained by doing some advance preparation. Cans of fruit juice—grapefruit, tomato or grapejuice—so satisfying as thirst slakers, may be poured into glass jars or refrigerator pitchers, and left ready for the final blending with other ingredients. In making up a punch, for example, the mixture should be made and left to "ripen" for several hours in the refrigerator.

In the case of homes where much entertertaining is done, make up several basic syrups, such as chocolate syrups, plain sugar syrup, or orange syrup, store them in glass, and take out the required quantities from time to time as needed. Indeed, one whole section of the summer chill chest may, with advantage, be devoted exclusively to the "makings" of thirst-quenching drinks—not forgetting a supply of bottled gingerale, sarsaparilla, root beer and other commercial soft drinks.

WHAT WOMAN CAN HOLD CLARK GABLE

- You've heard of the ill-fated marital experiences of America's biggest and most popular romantic actor. You've heard of those rumors of romance between him and Carole Lombard. But what about *any* woman's chance of holding Gable? Is it possible—and if not, why not?
- SCREEN BOOK brings the answer to you in the June issue. Don't miss this fascinating story! For other unusual, crisp articles about your favorites, watch for stories in the June number on Bing Crosby, Fred MacMurray, Jeanette MacDonald and many others!
- You will want to see every page of this amazing magazine. In it you will find pages galore of candid camera art, scintillating color work, and dozens of unusual features. Remember, buy

JUNE SCREEN BOOK AND ONLY 10c

SCREEN BOOK
What Woman Can Hold Clark Gable?
Bing Crosby Answers His Critics

WITH an automatic refrigerator, ice creams and ices worthy of the best hotel chef can easily be made by the least skilled home cook. Once combined and blended, the frozen dessert "chills while you play!" Poured into the refrigerator tray, such desserts (and there are hundreds from which to select) are cooled and given velvet texture merely by the simple act of the refrigerator motor continuing to hum. In the group of so-popular ice-box cakes, even the tray is not required, and deliciousness is gained by the mere blending of the cake and cream, together in a pan, at a low chilling point. Men love this type of cake as much as women do, although it is ideal for a bridge or afternoon party refreshment. And here's a recipe for an ice-box cake de-luxe, but when you eat it don't count your calories!

MOCHA ICE-BOX CAKE

1 package chocolate pudding
1 cup milk
1 cup strong coffee infusion
¼ cup sugar
Grains salt
1 cup cream, whipped
Lady fingers, split

Mix chocolate pudding with milk and coffee, bring to boil, and cool. Add sugar and salt to whipped cream, and fold into cold pudding mixture. Line mold or pan with lady fingers, round sides out. Pour in mixture. Cover top with more cake slices. Chill 24 hours in refrigerator. Unmold, garnish with whipped cream and shredded almonds. (Serves 8.)

ONE other little trick that clever young Jane found out was to open or prepare foods and place them directly in the saucepan or glass casserole in which they are to be cooked. Thus, if some stringbeans are to be heated (after previous cooking), place them right in a small saucepan, cover, and stand in the refrigerator. Or, if scalloped potatoes are on the menu, prepare the boiled potatoes, cover with sauce, and leave in the glass casserole, ready to put a match under at the last moment when you may just get home from beach or day's outing. Cold meats may be sliced and arranged on their serving platter, and left covered with waxed or parchment paper.

In short, let your refrigerator teach you to "cook with cold" so that you may frequently have a "day off" with children or friends, and yet come back and serve a supper in 6 minutes! Based on this idea, a special folder has been prepared, called "Cook with Cold."

JUNE'S FREE OFFER

LET ME SEND YOU the set of 8 Recipes, including Ham Mousse Salad, Stuffed Tomatoes in Aspic, and Macaroni Loaf. JUST SEND THIS COUPON (which can be mailed by simply pasting it on a postcard), addressed to Mrs. Christine Frederick, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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Street Address ....

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"IT'S POSITIVELY AMAZING THE FUSS A MAN CAN KICK UP IF HE DOESN'T GET HIS SHREDDED WHEAT EVERY MORNING!"

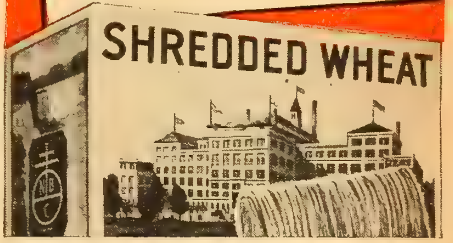
You'll win big smiles from *any* man with those big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits. Try it!

"I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU BOYS HAD ANY SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES HANDY."

Set full sail for your grocer's right now. Shredded Wheat with strawberries is the flavor sensation of the season!

"OH YES, MADAM, SHREDDED WHEAT EVERY DAY WILL HELP MAKE HER BIG AND STRONG!"

Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. And scientists say, "Wheat contains an excellent balance of the vital food essentials which help keep you active and alert!"



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The Seal of Perfect Baking
Bakers of Ritz, Uneeda Biscuit and other famous varieties
More Than a Billion Shredded Wheat Biscuits Sold Every Year

The Talk of Hollywood

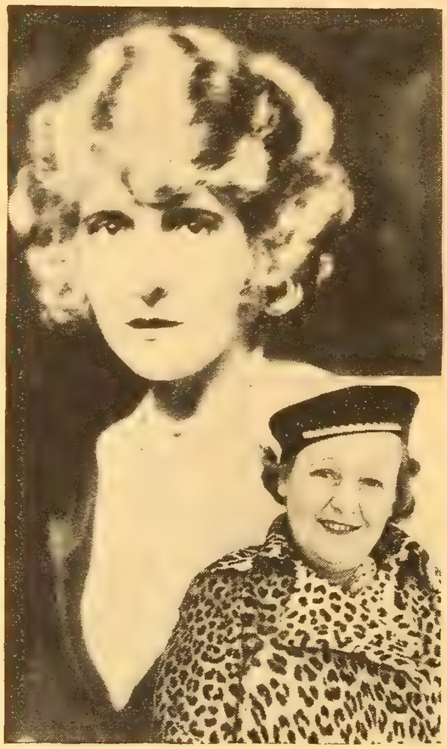
[*Continued from page 55*]

Just Like a Movie

RAPIDLY gaining a reputation as rescuer-in-chief of Hollywood's fair ones is Jimmy Dunn. Twice within a month, quick-thinking Jimmy saved a Hollywood beauty from trouble— First case was when he sent Sally Eilers flying with a hefty push, just as a heavy chandelier, falling, was about to crash down on her. Jimmy's push bruised Sally, saved her, however, from possible death. . . . Second case came on Columbia's location for *Venus Makes Trouble*. In a street sequence, a truck-driver got his signals mixed, sent his truck careening right at Patricia Ellis. Jimmy Dunn, looking on, leaped to the rescue, again shoved hard, sent Patricia sprawling from almost certain death.

Lupe, Lupe, Black and Blue-hy

WHIMSICAL as ever, Lupe Velez raised havoc with blue paint the other week, while Johnny Weissmuller was away on location. For weeks, Lupe protested that the glare from Johnny's white swimming-pool hurt her eyes, but Johnny did nothing about it. When he departed, Lupe got a huge pail of blue paint, painted the pool, surroundings, garage and herself. When Johnny came home, she was just getting ready to start on the house. Johnny started on her instead. Now Lupe's blue.



—*Acme*

Pearl White, who was once the serial queen of the silent films, and who made *The Perils of Pauline* immensely popular, comes back from Paris (her home) to New York for a visit. Lower photo taken on *Queen Mary*

Presto! she got her man when she switched to Hush
use Hush and be Sure

Presto! It's as easy as that to keep free from unpleasant body odors with this marvelous deodorant that works **instantly** against perspiration. HUSH is delightfully refreshing and soothing, yet harmless to fabrics; it may be used safely any time. HUSH removes onion, fish, paint odors from hands, too.

USE IT DAILY
4 KINDS
CREAM LIQUID
STICK POWDER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite toilet goods counter

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"UNCLE SAM" JOBS

Start $1260 to $2100 a Year

MEN-WOMEN. Many 1937 appointments. Government Clerks, Stenographers, File Clerks, Postal Jobs, etc. Write today sure, for free 32-page book, with list of positions and particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. C264 Rochester, N. Y.

Brush Away

GRAY HAIR

AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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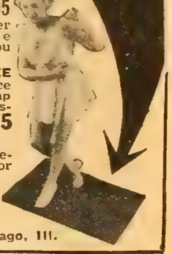
Drinking 1 Glass of
ORANGE JUICE
Mixed with 1 Tablespoon of
BONKORA
2 times a day and eating her fill of the delicious foods as shown in the Bonkora package made her
LOSE 108 LBS. UGLY FAT

She lost 6 in. off waist, 4 in. off hips and 6 in. off bust. She lost avoidable reducible overweight and regularized elimination.

SEND FOR
Free Sample
and copy of Lola Sharp's letter.
Address BONKORA, 544 S. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois. Dept. 136



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. . . and change your future!

It may bring a **different, happier** life when you have **new straight features** that others admire! Faces reconstructed by famous Vienna Polyclinic methods. Dr. Stotter (Vienna University graduate) quickly corrects Unshapely Noses, Protruding Ears, Wrinkles, Signs of Age, Pouches under Eyes, Large Lips, etc. Low cost. Write or call for Free Booklet – "Facial Reconstruction." **Dr. Stotter, 50 E. 42nd St., Dept. 48-P, New York.**

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Win glorious skin loveliness with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Applied to face, neck, arms and legs it gives your skin an alluring, youthful, silky finish. Lasts all day, will not rub off or streak. Shades—Peach, Rachel, Brunette and Suntan. At drug and dep't stores 50c. Introductory sizes 25c and 10c, at your favorite 10c counter, or send 10c, mentioning shade, for a generous trial bottle to Miners, 40 E. 20th St., N. Y. C.

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World's Smallest Real Performing RADIO

Amazing midget radio weighs only 3 ozs. Receives all stations with clear beautiful tone. No static or interference. Nothing to adjust or wear out—should last for years. ENTIRELY NEW DESIGN! Not to be confused with cheap "Pocket Radios"—Music and programs come DIRECTLY FROM FRONT OF RADIO. Has patented new "Speakophone" which gives more volume and stations—NOT A TOY! Tunes broadcast band, police and airplane calls. The newest radio sensation of the year. Absolutely complete with instructions for use in hotels, autos, boats, in bed, etc. TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—no hook-ups to any current and no extra wires. THOUSANDS OF SATISFIED OWNERS report wonderful service in ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. Beautiful two color cabinets in six colors.

SEND NO MONEY Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival, or send $2.99 (M. O., Check, Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. GUARANTEED. Can be used by anyone.

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USE Hydrosal Soap . . . mildly medicated. Contains skin Vitamin F. Purifies and soothes the most sensitive skin.

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Waiting On Baby

BLESSINGS of being adopted by a film star, as exemplified in the case of Irene Dunne's adopted daughter: Since adoption, the baby has had (a) a special lullaby written for her by Irene's friend, Jerome Kern; (b) a velvet-nosed bunny given her by Irene's friend, Claudette Colbert; (c) a specially-made pair of little tap-dancing shoes, so she can learn to tap-dance as soon as she learns to walk, from Irene's friend, Fred Astaire.

Hollywoodata

WHEN Jon (there's no H in it) Dodd is grown up, he'll know just how he got that way, because each and every day, his mama, screenstar Claire Dodd, takes a snapshot of him with her own camera, makes a recording of his baby prattle or nursery-book reading on a home recording machine . . . latest foursome about Hollywood town consists of Dick and Joan Powell and Preston and Mrs. Foster, and to make it more so, Preston has even bought from Dick the white auto Joan gave him for Christmas . . . because they thought the name Sigrid Gurie would be hard to pronounce, Universal changed her name to Greta Gynte for *The Road Back* and how's that to pronounce? . . . so big-hearted is Jean Hersholt that once a week, he donates his services to the fan-mail department at his studio, 20th Century-Fox, to translate German and Scandinavian letters . . . revealing his real name, Edward G. Robinson as Emanuel Goldenburg is translating the play *Miracle Chair* from the Rumanian, his native tongue . . . he wants to play the lead in it . . . most photographed girl is Madge Evans, who has six 500-page photo albums, each containing more than 3,000 photos of herself, and insists that's not the half of it! . . . Patric (there's no K in it) Knowles collects elephants, has several hundred, thinks they're good luck . . . to work herself into an emotional scene for the film, Garbo now listens to the playing of what she terms her favorite piece of music, *Ye Who Hae Learned Alone* . . . chided by fellow-senators for kissing Jean Harlow in public when she was recently in Washington, Senator Reynolds of North Carolina squared himself with "it didn't compare with a North Carolina kiss!" . . . from Bill Powell, no reply . . . or maybe Bill's never been in North Carolina . . . well, skip it . . . Clark Gable and Carole Lombard own a race-horse jointly, so they've named it Clarcarole—which is a combination of their own names . . . now they argue over whose end is whose . . . figure it out for yourself. . . .

Heart-wrench of Hollywood

AFTER the hue and hubbub had died down, following the death of movie stunt man and powder-expert George Daly, during filming of a battle scene for Universal's *The Road Back*, it was discovered that just two weeks before his death, the stunt man had taken out a $10,000 insurance policy. And by its terms, the insurance

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company will pay to the Red Cross, $10,000 for future flood relief work. That was Daly's contribution to the world.

Popularity's Price

GROWING more valuable daily is Jane Withers, rapidly soaring from obscurity to top-child-stardom already ranking only ten boxoffice places below Shirley Temple, No. 1. And so special pains and plans are being taken to protect valuable Jane. For one thing, the studio has forbidden her to use her miniature automobile and her motorbike, because the other day, she drove the car right smack through the fence around her home and got herself all bruised up. Against kidnap dangers, Janie's well guarded. In the new Withers' home, there's a complete burglar alarm system, and every window near the ground is barred; Jane's dad has been deputized by the sheriff and totes a six-shooter; besides that, they've hired ex-Texas Ranger, Jack Trent, as the child's bodyguard; and to top it all off, there's a trick button beside Janie's bed, and if it's pushed, a special bell clangs in the Westwood police station, and within three minutes, the Withers estate is surrounded by police. That's a fact. They know. They've tried it.

Artful Dodgers

NEWEST help to stars who want their privacy is the Los Angeles telephone company's service, whereby the stars can have an "outgoing calls only" telephone. By it, the stars can call their friends and business associates, but avoid the legion of sellers and cadgers and others who manage to get even the private numbers, somehow. To those stars who have the non-ringing phones, their own studios have to send telegrams when they want to contact them!

Whimsical Palate

GOOFIEST complex in Hollywood is Don Ameche's. He won't eat dinner at home if he can help it. And that, despite the fact that the Ameche's have a first-class cook, and Mrs. Ameche herself, before she married him, was a dietician. Reason, says Ameche, is that he can't enjoy a meal if he's only got one dish to choose from. No, that's silly. I mean, he has to have a wide array of dishes to choose from, so he insists on going to a cafe with a long menu. And like as not, after he's studied it, he'll order the very dish Mrs. Ameche planned for dinner at home. Just another whimsy.

Was Hollywood's Face Red!

TALK of Hollywood long has been: "What'll happen when Frank Fay and Bob Taylor meet?" Frank, divorced hubby of Barbara Stanwyck, and Bob, current swain of Barbara, finally met. It was at a recent social affair where Frank was master of ceremonies, and Bob (with Barbara) a guest. Frank wisecracked as *fayishly* as ever; in the audience, Bob guffawed; so did Barbara. Hollywood's question, "What'll happen when they meet?" was answered with: "Nothing."

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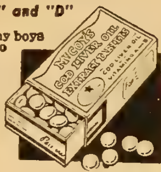
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Pickfair-well?

PICKFAIR, snootiest cinema estate of all time, is for sale. Pondering an offer of $375,000 is Mary Pickford, yet undecided whether or not to accept. The offer comes from rich Chobun Yonezo Okamato, Tokyo photographic firm head, who has plans for establishing in the one-time love-nest of Mary and Doug a sort of group headquarters for an association of Japanese and American authors and artists.

Out Vest Where Chili Spills

PENALTY of being Clark Gable, as suffered by Clark Gable: Enroute back to Hollywood from hunting trip, he stopped at a roadside joint for a bowl of chili. Wrapped up in greatcoat and muffler, hat down over his face, he sat at the counter, told the waitress to dish him up the chili. As she arrived with the beans, Gable opened his coat, undid his muffler, took off his hat. The girl got one look, screamed "Oh, it's Clark Gable!"—and dumped the whole dish of chili down his vest! He ordered another bowl.

Record Pay Dirt

HIRED at the flat rate of $8,000 to play a role in a British picture, Helen Vinson completed her work in one day, collected an all-time-record day's pay—the full $8,000. Not even Hollywood can top that.

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[*Continued from page* 59]

separated them at the sides, to achieve a fluffier effect. This particular version of the page boy bob is suited to practically everyone who isn't too mature-looking. But beware of *any* version of the turned-under bob if you have a thick waistline, a double chin or lines around your eyes!

IN SPITE of the fact that Jean's skin is very fair and fine-textured, it's hardy, she claims. She loves to swim and plays tennis, badminton and golf ("But I'm not very good at any of them!" she grinned) under the celebrated California sun, and acquires a lovely tan without any trouble. "I take my sunning gradually, though," she explained, "and use plenty of cream to counteract the drying effects of the sun. I like to drive around with the top down, too, but when I do that I always wear a bandanna to protect my hair—and a large sun hat when I'm lolling around the beach."

Some of Jean's special pets are cream nail polish in the palest of pink tones . . . floral perfumes . . . simple sports clothes . . . an orange-red lipstick for summer . . . a huge amethyst ring set in gold (the combination is lucky, she's heard) . . . large, off-the-face hats. Her special hates are heavy, mask-like make-up . . . flowers or furbelows in her hair . . . a bath without scented bath salts . . . fussy clothes . . . hair that looks freshly waved and set.

And now, to cover the cosmetic front, which is swarming with news. . . . First, there's that new oatmeal preparation that contains Vitamin F and vegetable milk. Sounds good enough to eat, yes? Looks and smells the same way, but you'll get better results if you apply it externally, to beautify your skin! It can be used as a cleanser, as a refining facial mask or as a water softener, and it does all three jobs equally well. For a quick-cleansing facial, pour a small amount of the preparation in your hand and add enough water to form a creamy lotion; apply this to the face with your fingers, working it in well, especially on areas where there are large pores, blackheads or flaky patches of skin. Leave the mixture on about two minutes (or while you take your bath) and then rinse it off with clear water.

WHEN you apply it as a face mask, use a little less water—just enough to obtain a paste—apply this paste on face and throat, allow it to dry for 20 minutes, while you lie down and dream. To remove, saturate the pack with water, wipe it off gently with a damp cloth. . . . For the third purpose, simply place a teaspoonful of the powder in the basin, turn on the water full force, and swish it about until the water becomes milky. Used in this way, it softens the water and makes a soap-and-water cleansing more bland and pleasant. You'll appreciate this fragrant, mild cleanser, particularly in warm weather, because of its refining properties. Pores relaxed by heat and extra activity need deep cleansing more than ever, to keep the skin looking smooth and fresh. This oatmeal facial comes in smart black and yellow tins at 10 cents and 69 cents. Want the name?

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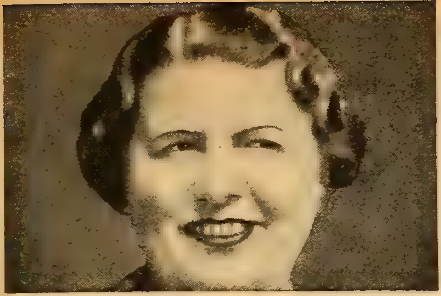

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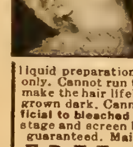

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560 Broadway (Dept. B.) New York, N. Y.

dry rouge that come in suitable summery shades are as lovely in texture as they are subtle in color tones. The cheek rouge comes in a very French-looking box with a fat lamb's wool puff, and it is of the soft, silky texture that spreads effortlessly and blends smoothly at the edges. The lipstick, in a simple, squarish metal case tipped with red, is creamy and emollient, as well as amazingly permanent. To get that smooth, natural Hollywood look, blot off the excess lipstick on facial tissue and blend the edges of cheek rouge with another tissue.

SPEAKING of facial tissues, I've discovered some that are soft, absorbent and strong—the three "musts" for this type of product. A box of 180 tissues costs ten cents, and a box of 400 is priced at 20 cents, which is a bargain in anybody's language! If you like a riot of color around you, you can have the same tissues in assorted pastel colors, but with a few less tissues in each box. The opening of the boxes is roomy and handy, and the cartons themselves are neatly designed in blue and gold. Want the trade name?

Have you tried the new anti-perspirant ice that safeguards your clothing and your social poise? If you haven't, put it on your summer shopping list, for warm weather will heighten the danger of offending in this matter. This product checks perspiration locally and is pleasant and simple to use. Its fresh, medicinal odor disappears as soon as it has been applied; but its effect is very lasting. For some, an application every three days is sufficient to check perspiration; however, the frequency with which it should be used depends on the individual. Be sure to cleanse the skin thoroughly before applying it and don't neglect to wash the underarm with clear water, after the product dries. It's a real help when used on the back, to protect summer dresses. Thirty-five cents a jar.

Don't let your eagerness to don your new bathing suit and loll on the beach, prevent you from laying in a supply of sunburn preventive. I'd suggest a tube of well-known unguent that is inexpensive, easy to tuck into a small beach bag, and very effective at preventing sunburn as well as allaying its pain, when you've been foolish. Apply it liberally, remove the surplus with tissues, then powder. You'll look as neat as if you weren't wearing the protective layer—and the next day you'll *feel* better, too. Do let me know if you wish the name.

—*Fawcett photo by Rhodes*

Alice Faye smiles for the birdie in her swagger coat. She just completed *Wake Up and Live* opposite Walter Winchell

HEADACHES STOPPED, WHEN I GOT WISER NOW I'M AN ALKA-SELTZER-IZER
HEADACHE
PUDDINGS AND PICKLES AND CHEESE AND PIES
BETTER PLAY SAFE AND ALKALIZE
UPSET STOMACH
HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE, OL' MAN. I'M AN ALKA-SELTZER FAN.
MORNING AFTER

Alka-Seltzer for QUICK RELIEF

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS
30c-60c
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC • NETWORK

BE WISE Alka-Seltzer-*ize!*

ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE

Overcomes DRY SKIN

Restores Lipids Necessary for Youthful Freshness!

FLAKY
TIGHTNESS
LINES

NOW! For the first time you can replenish your skin with *Lipids*—newly discovered substance Nature uses to keep skin smooth and soft. Only Barbara Jeanne's LIPID CREAM contains *Lipidol*—a combination of amazing youth-giving ingredients! Try it! See skin grow smooth, fresh and actually younger-looking! $1, $3, at drug and dept. stores. Money back if it fails! Send coupon.

Barbara Jeanne LIPID CREAM

TRIAL
BARBARA JEANNE,
Dept. 10-F,
EVANSTON, ILL.
I enclose 25c for generous trial of Lipid Cream.

Name------------------------------------
Address---------------------------------
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Between OURSELVES

by Larry Reid

AGITATION: Along with the agitation over sitdown strikes, the fighting in Spain, and war clouds hovering over other European countries, as well as the far East, the Supreme Court hullaballoo, the old red herring is dragged again across the public spotlight. It masquerades under the name of "investigation" of foreign players. The "drive against foreigners" bobs up about once a year—a drive not aimed entirely at movie people, but which also includes musical artists. And, this on top of the accepted idea that all art is universal, and pays homage to no particular race or country. This "foreign drive" is applauded chiefly by the misinformed who are always "agin" everything that doesn't smack of Yankee-Doodle-Dandy.

One of the favorite cries of the "America for Americans" clique was that England had no use for American players—and even banned them from the English stage and screen. That little myth—which bred all kinds of antagonism—has been exploded long ago. It's true that England, expanding into a world movie capital, has tried, repeatedly, to win back many of its own stars who are now in Hollywood. It's likewise true that England has welcomed and is still welcoming American players. They can appreciate what certain American players have to offer that no English players can supply (this also goes for American directors) just as certain English players cannot be replaced in Hollywood by Americans. Either Hollywood or those London suburbs, to be the movie capital of the world, needs both English and American stars. If we don't find many English directors in Hollywood it's because they are not so advanced in movie-making as the American directors.

Ronald Colman

That the English studios haven't been able to lure the American headliners is due to the fact that these topnotchers are not only in constant demand here, but they also have contractual obligations to meet. Nevertheless, with all of this exchange between America and England the agitation goes on and on and on—against all "furriners." If the English had wanted to be "narsty" about it, originally, then we would never have had Colman, Laughton (whose American-made films are still remembered) Rathbone, Chaplin, Karloff, Leslie Howard, Marshall, Aherne, Heather Angel, Elizabeth Allan, Benita Hume, Madeleine Carroll, Elissa Landi, Eric Blore, Pat Paterson, Ida Lupino, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon, Freddie Bartholomew, Margot Grahame, Louis Hayward. Suppose that England had kept them home. Can you imagine the gap that would be left in Hollywood? No fewer than ten of these players are ranked among the screen's foremost stars. There are dozens of others who have carried on in America—and are still carrying on.

Suppose Britain should suddenly recall all loyal British players. Suppose again that Congress, which has been considering such legislation for several years, should pass a law limiting the stay of all foreign players—and to make the entry of foreign players more difficult. It's reasonable to believe that many sensitive players might leave for some studio *Shangri-La* where they would be sure of a welcome. America could recall its own players from England. But the exodus wouldn't hurt British pictures to any extent—since the Americans who have migrated to English studios have not ranked among the leaders. So this bearing down on the British would harm us more than it would England. Somewhere in the offing I seem to hear an echo of President Roosevelt's sentiments about all of us being good neighbors. The neighborly touch would evaporate into thin air if certain agitators had their way.

TRIUMPH: Speaking of England—they have turned out the best job of Technicolor which has marked any picture to date — be it English or American. I refer to *Wings of the Morning,* which featured Henry Fonda and the glamorous French star, Annabella (who was once in Hollywood making foreign versions but who was allowed to escape for some unexplainable reason). Tom Geraghty, former Paramount head scenarist here, who worked on this story, writes me that they did a lot of experimenting with color, but couldn't seem to make a go of it. They had rainy days and plenty of that native fog, though they went ahead and did the best job they could under the circumstances. They sent the print to a Hollywood laboratory—which advised Tom and his English workers that it was the best color job they had ever seen. Tom and his crowd thought they were being kidded. But Hollywood wasn't kidding. It seems that the mists, the rain and fog acted as a filter, brought forth quieter tints and tones—so that the color looked perfectly natural. And that's why, as he puts it, "darker pictures were born."

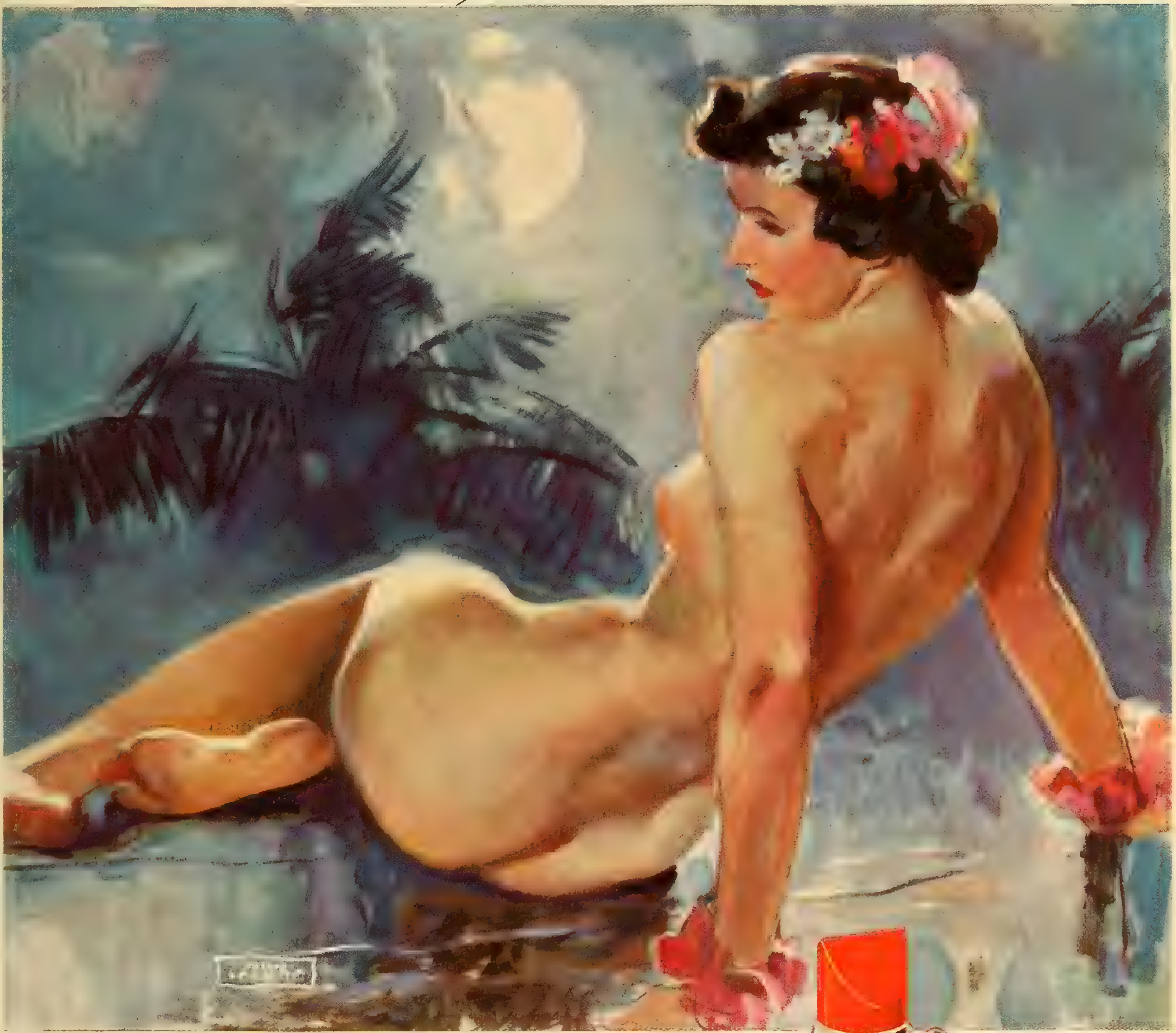
He gives the answer as to why English landscape artists have always been considered the best in the world. They see things with a softer eye—due to a natural filter which Nature places over English scenery. The softer eye makes for a softer brush. So the California sunlight takes a back seat insofar as good reproduction of color is concerned. There is such a thing as making colors too bright, too flamboyant. When color comes permanently Hollywood will have to experiment toward capturing it in the English fashion. In *Wings of the Morning,* the subdued colors enhanced the personalities of the players (particularly Annabella) as much as it did the backgrounds.

ROUND-UP: The movies out Hollywood way are fast rounding up and building new personalities. At this time the vogue seems to be for capturing the box-office value of athletic names. The latest to be corralled is Helen Wills Moody, who ruled the tennis courts for so long. While she hasn't athlete Sonja Henie's piquant charm, there's no doubt that she can be groomed into a radiant personality. Hollywood can do things even to reigning beauties. With Queen Helen working under the 20th Century-Fox banner, Dr. Zanuck has rounded up a likely quota of quintuplets not counting the original Quins. Four of them are already established in Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie, Don Ameche and Simone Simon. And Helen Wills Moody should be heard from shortly.

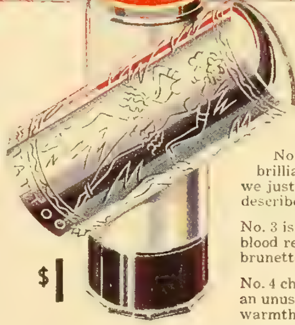
Clark Gable

HEROICS: But speaking of new favorites I can't help but hope that Bob Taylor, the biggest favorite of all, will soon be given something to remember him by—some story where he has to muss it up. Otherwise, the fickle public will be calling him an animated model. Look how Gable has kept his popularity—by changing his technique, by indulging in good, old he-man rough-and-tumble scenes. True, he hasn't done much ground and lofty tumbling the past year, but he has changed his characterization considerably. Bob Taylor can take it, too. But if he is to go through his pictures without a hair out of place the fans who worship him now will someday rebel and say to themselves if they don't write him: "too good to be true." Letters pour in—the gist of them wondering when he will do a character study. He has grown in histrionic stature. He should be entering bigger dramatic pastures. He could negotiate the hurdle easily.

South-sea glamour . . STOLEN FOR YOU



That glamorous little South Seas enchantress, with lips even more charming than herself. What thrilling color they have; a strangely enchanting, exotic red that no one can ever forget. But more! Her lips are alive with an iridescent luster . . . a sparkle, like silvery dew in moonlight. And utterly naked of pasty coating. She achieves this captivating loveliness by tattooing her lips with a transparent South Sea red. And now *you* can tattoo *your* lips with the same glamorous color in a shade created just for *you*. You can give them a luster too . . . a sparkle that's fascinating . . . and a new kind of softness that's bewitching. Try it tonight with the *New* TATTOO . . . but remember, your lips have never looked so tempting before!



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FIVE EXCITING SOUTH SEA REDS

No. 1 has an orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood red that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 changes hue when applied. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth. Called "PASTEL."

No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower . . . the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness that's thrilling. It is called "HAWAIIAN."

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Janet Gaynor says:
"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"

"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor

FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

The Finest Tobaccos—
"The Cream of the Crop"

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women—lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke.

Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke

"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

AGAINST IRRITATION
AGAINST COUGH

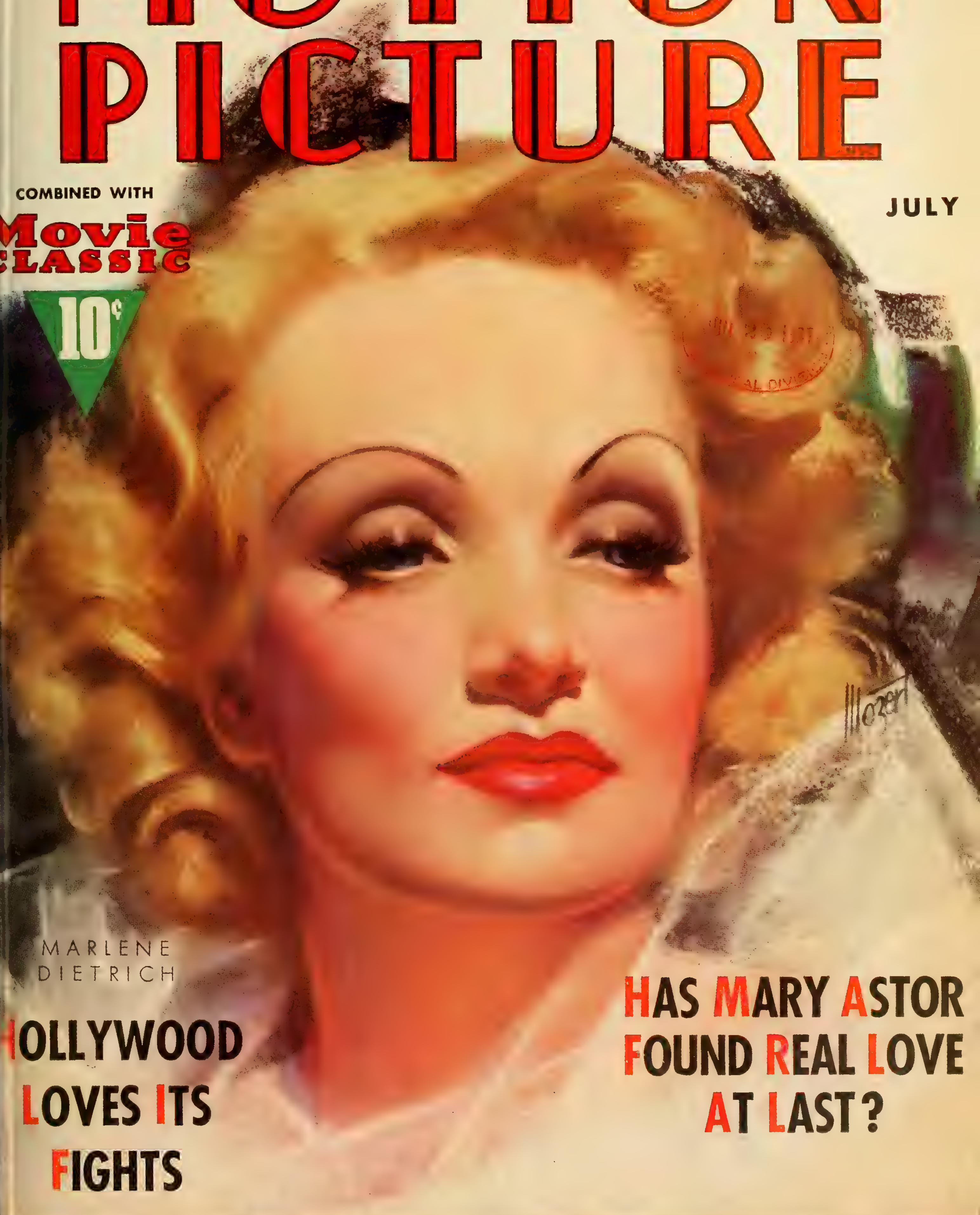
MOTION PICTURE

COMBINED WITH

Movie CLASSIC

10¢

JULY

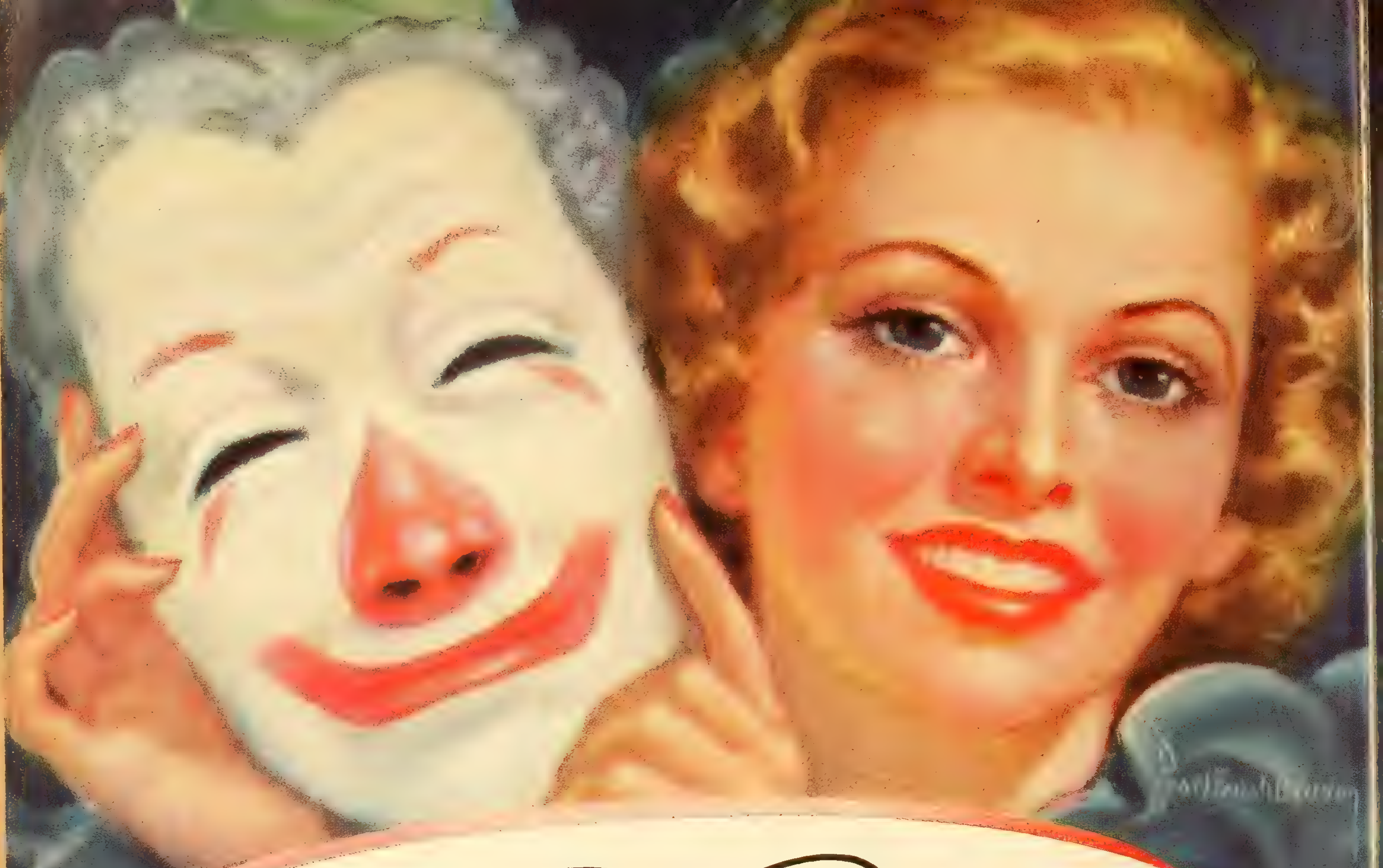


MARLENE DIETRICH

HOLLYWOOD LOVES ITS FIGHTS

HAS MARY ASTOR FOUND REAL LOVE AT LAST?

JUL 23 1937
AL DIVIS



BANISH "False-Face" Powder

DON'T HIDE THE LOVELINESS OF YOUR NATURAL SKIN-TONE BEAUTY—

Dear Madam:

"False-face!"—your powder may scream out if you chose it a month ago or chose it to suit you in a certain light. "She belongs in the circus!"—friends may whisper behind your back—all because your skin is a vastly different color in sunlight than in the shade. It's still another color in yellow or blue nightlights. Winter's blasts, summer's infra-red rays, diet and general health all change your skin color constantly.

But if you tried to escape that "false-face" powdery look by buying enough HARD-BASE shades to keep up with all your changing skin colors, you'd be spanking your face with a dozen different shades every month.

How Can "Balmite" Help You?

No beauty counselor could give you more sincere advice than this:—"Never choose a HARD-BASE powder. Choose only a SOFT-BASE powder. "BALMITE" is the sensational new SOFT-BASE in Lovely Lady Face Powder. So no matter which shade of Lovely Lady you choose, "BALMITE" blends out your shade to meet every variation of *light* and of *your own skin color.*

Compare—see if your present powder adds dreadful years. Test all five skin-keyed shades of Lovely Lady. See which *one* shade is *the* shade you can depend on in *any* light, in *any* season — which SOFT BASE "BALMITE" shade reveals you at your loveliest.

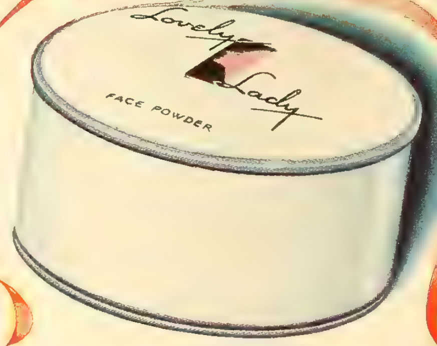
"Types" and "Name-Shades" Cause Confusion

Avoid the risk of choosing powder by "name-shades" such as "Brunette", as these "Brunette" shades are not all uniform in color. And often a "Brunette" type needs a "Blonde" shade, and a "Blonde" type a "Brunette" shade. With all this confusion it's no wonder people might think of your face powder as your "false-face."

Don't "Mask" Your Natural Charm

Don't "mask" your face any longer with a HARD-BASE face powder that "matches" your skin in one light and may give you a "false-face" in another light. Send for all five FREE shades of Lovely Lady Face Powder containing "BALMITE"— my SOFT-BLEND BASE that brings out so *gloriously* and *dependably* the natural skin color beauty and charm that is *yours alone.*

Sincerely, Lovely Lady



LOVELY LADY is equal to face powders costing you five times as much—is smoother, softer than softest down. . . . Waterproof . . . Non-allergic . . . Grit-free . . . Ends chalky "false-face" look—color completely covers each tiny particle of powder, not just *one side* as in ordinary face powders. "Balmite" brings out the loveliest of your *natural* skin tone colors. Actually clings until you remove it.

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

FREE

77

LOVELY LADY,
605 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name ....

Street ....

City.................. *State*..................

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in enve

Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny but never a second for her tender gums

—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that *dull, dingy, shadowed* smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until she lavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her *tender, ailing gums*—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"

When that warning tinge appears on *your* tooth brush—*go at once to your dentist.* Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually *firmer, sounder, healthier.*

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

• • •

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N. B. C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E. D. S. T.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
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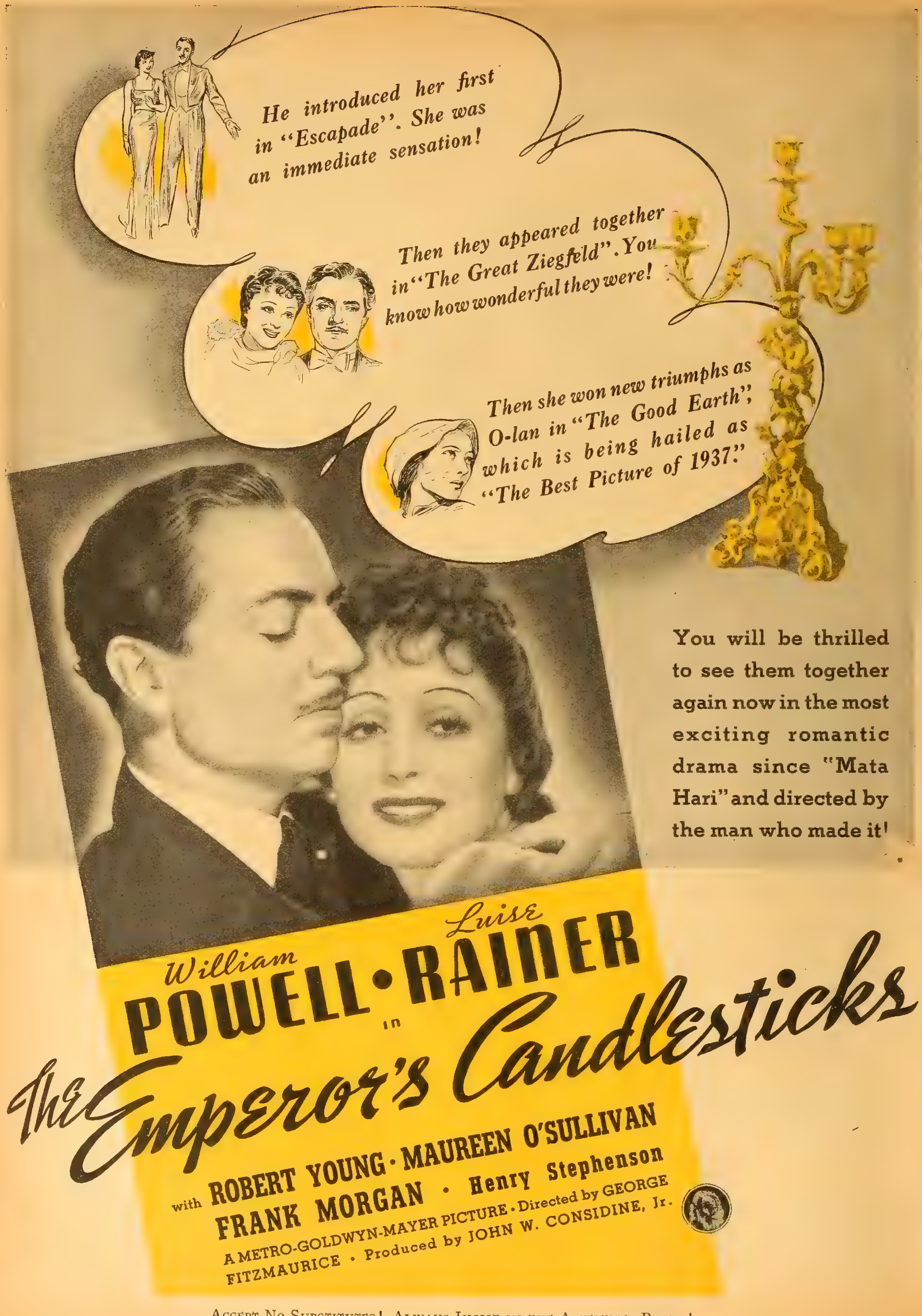
Tooth Paste



He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!

Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!

Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937."

You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since "Mata Hari" and directed by the man who made it!

William **POWELL** • *Luise* **RAINER** in

The Emperor's Candlesticks

with **ROBERT YOUNG • MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN**
FRANK MORGAN • Henry Stephenson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by GEORGE FITZMAURICE • Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.

MAY 19 1937

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WHAT'S HAPPENED TO GINGER ROGERS

Has Ginger Rogers fallen in love? Does she contemplate marriage again in the near future? Has she got ambitious plans to stand on her own talented feet as a star? Will she and Fred Astaire go their separate ways in future films? The above questions will be answered in the August MOTION PICTURE ...a magazine that keeps a jump ahead of Hollywood and its stars. The August issue will be crammed with new and interesting stories of your favorites and many newcomers. It'll also be packed with chatty and lively goings-on of the stars and late news of the studios.

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Combined With
Movie CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

JULY, 1937

Volume LIII, No. 6 Twenty-sixth Year

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AL ALLARD
Art Director

JOHN SCHWARZKOPF
Western Editor

Fuzzy Knight and George Hayes open for business . . .

CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT IT'S THE SNAPPIEST OLE SWING THRU THE LAND

Bob Burns and Martha Raye on a cook's tour of melody land.

EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY MARTHA GETS CRAZIER

Here they are, folks, Martha Raye, the lass with the over-sized mouth and Bob (Bazooka) Burns, the gentleman from Van Buren, Arkansas, topping their laugh triumph in "Waikiki Wedding" with a laugh a minute hill-billy drayma, that'll have you in stitches . . . Terry Walker, lovely to look at lady of the networks, has the romance assignment with John Howard . . . and a bunch of the funniest lads who ever came down off the mountains add to the hysteria . . .

Rufe Davis and His White Mule try a little hill-billy swing . . .

MOUNTAIN MUSIC?

MUSIC, AN' IT'S ECHOIN'

John Howard and Terry Walker sing a few love notes . . .

Some hair raising songs from a Real Hill-Billy Band . . .

AND C-RAYE-ZIER

TONITE AT THE OLD OPRY HOUSE

Adolph Zukor presents

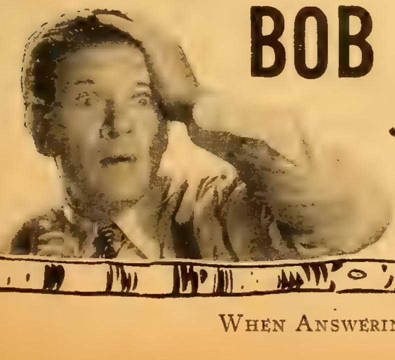
"MOUNTAIN MUSIC"

A Paramount Picture with

BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE

JOHN HOWARD • TERRY WALKER

Directed by Robert Florey



"I LOVE YOUR LIPS!"

Exciting, Alluring...

of course men thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips! Men despise a "painted look". Tangee *isn't paint*...it's the *only* lipstick with the Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose, emphasizes your charm...Use Tangee Rouge for lovely color in cheeks.

USE TANGEE LIPSTICK every night before you go to bed. Its special cream base soothes and softens lips, gives them a beauty treatment while you sleep. Tangee won't rub off on bed linen. Awake with fresh alluring lips. Try Tangee, the 24-Hour way to loveliness. 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Miracle Make-Up Set.

PAINTED

TANGEE

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name ____________ (Please Print)
Address ____________
City ____________ State ____________ F77

The TALKIE TOWN Tattler

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

By HARRY LANG

Rozzie Russell reads why she was fined for breaking speed laws and why she'll have to attend auto school for 2 months

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Virginia Bruce and David Niven;
—those altar vows they'll soon be givin' . . .

• • •

PERENNIAL is Spring. Semi-centennial but still perennial also is John Barrymore. And so, getting all tangled up in Spring, John kept wifie Elaine Ariel Barrie Barrymore waiting for over an hour for him, in vain, at the Brown Derby the other day. Seems Elaine had a date with hubby to talk over a reconciliation. After an hour's wait, she realized the date was off, departed uncalibanned.

As for John, he *did* appear. But not at the Brown Derby, and not with Elaine. Instead, he showed up at the polo match, the theatre with pretty Sally Allen; subsequently at other nite places with another pretty gal whom Hollywood hasn't identified. Elaine got even. She went out with B. P. Schulberg! P. S. They're now divorced.

• • •

LOYAL to her Johneee (between spats) is Lupe-Whoopee, the Velez. Magnificent manifestation of the intricacies of the Lupe-Johnny love-life was the past month—It began with another fight. This time, it *was* a fight. No mere lamp-and-dish-throwing, this, but a fight that went as far as getting divorce papers all ready. Lupe was done. Lupe was through. To heck weeth Johnneeee!! And then she looked at the divorce papers and cried and wept and thought it over, and made up with Johnneeee

[*Continued on page* 52]

Possessing one of the most scrumptious figures in Hollywood, Jean Rogers puts it on display in a streamline swim suit

A Straight Tip— and a Good One!

USE COSMETICS ALL YOU LIKE! BUT DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH **COSMETIC SKIN...**
LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY—HAS AN **ACTIVE** LATHER THAT PREVENTS CHOKED PORES. I ALWAYS USE IT!
JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR

HOLLYWOOD STARS can't afford to take chances with dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin! That's why 9 out of 10 of them use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap. It has an ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Keep *your* skin smooth and lovely with the same gentle care Joan Blondell uses. Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Girls everywhere follow Hollywood's lead—use Lux Toilet Soap for a bath soap, too!

It's Loads of Fun

TO MAKE

"Cora Sue Collins, Popular Child Actress"

TO EAT

Home Made
Ice Cream

- Pure, wholesome, home-made ice cream is a wonderful food. Its popularity again sweeps the nation because modern hostesses and mothers have found there is no substitute for this old reliable type of frozen food. It's mild, delicious; makes you ask for the second dish—it's smooth, creamy; delightful to serve at the most formal dinner or at the kiddies' back yard party.

The latest hand freezer models are so easy to operate, they freeze in a jiffy. Now home-made ice cream is as much fun to make as it is to eat.

Make Ice Cream at Home -more wholesome and costs less

BUY A FREEZER
at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

The PICTURE PARADE

CARD INDEX OF THE LATEST MOVIES

A STAR IS BORN —AAAA—

Opens its curtains wide and lets the world in to get an inside view of Hollywood. The Hollywood of glamour, of gayety, of frustration, of heartbreak, of happiness and of tragedy. It also presents the Hollywood you read about and see pictures of—the Hollywood Bowl, The Trocadero, The Stadium and Santa Anita. You with movie ambitions may be discouraged after viewing *A Star Is Born*, or you may be inspired by the success, even if heartbreaking, of the young heroine of this play. But, whether you have movie ambitions or not, you will be moved and entertained by it. The producers have excelled themselves in giving you a fine cast, excellent direction, gorgeous Technicolor, beautiful costumes and a clever screen play by that sophisticated literary team of Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell. It's the story of *Esther Blodgett*, reborn *Vicki Lester* when she is discovered by Norman Maine, the film idol of the hour. It's a tragic story for little *Esther Blodgett* rises as one of the brightest stars in Hollywood's firmament while *Norman Maine* falls into oblivion and sadly becomes known as *Mr. Vicki Lester*. Janet Gaynor and Fredric March are superb in the starring roles and they are ably assisted by such talented players as Adolphe Menjou, May Robson, Andy Devine, Lionel Stander and others too numerous to mention.—*Selznick Intl.-United Artists.*

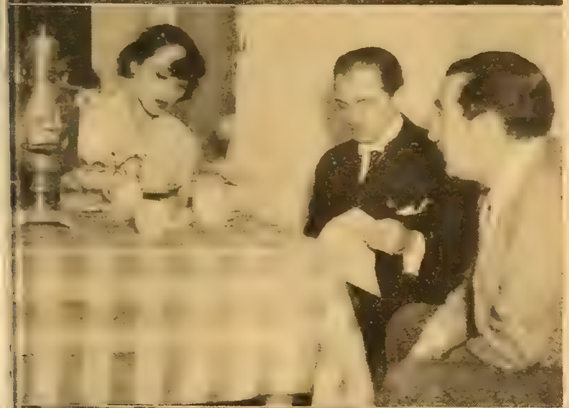
SHALL WE DANCE? —AAAA—

You can't possibly pack in more fun in two hours than you do when seeing *Shall We Dance* that new Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers opus. It's gay, scintillating—and has more to offer than any of the previous Astaire-Rogers pictures. There's no let up in the gags delivered by those two funny funnymen Eric Blore and Edward Everett Horton. They're riotous! And the terpsichorean qualities of filmland's top dancing team is something to see. Particularly, a specialty number done on roller skates. Have you ever tried to dance on roller skates?—well, don't . . . not if you value your limbs. The music is entrancing and the spots arranged subtly. Ginger Rogers as *Linda Keene* is a musical comedy darling engaged to marry an inane millionaire with "the longest yacht and the shortest chin." Fred Astaire, or *Petrov*, the ballet master, falls in love with Linda (and who wouldn't?) and is determined to marry her. Well—he does, but they lead each other a merry chase in the interim, furnishing some marvelous situations. Ketti Gallian and Jerome Cowan deserve mention for their excellent support.—*RKO-Radio.*

[*Continued on page 14*]

Candid Camera Close-Ups

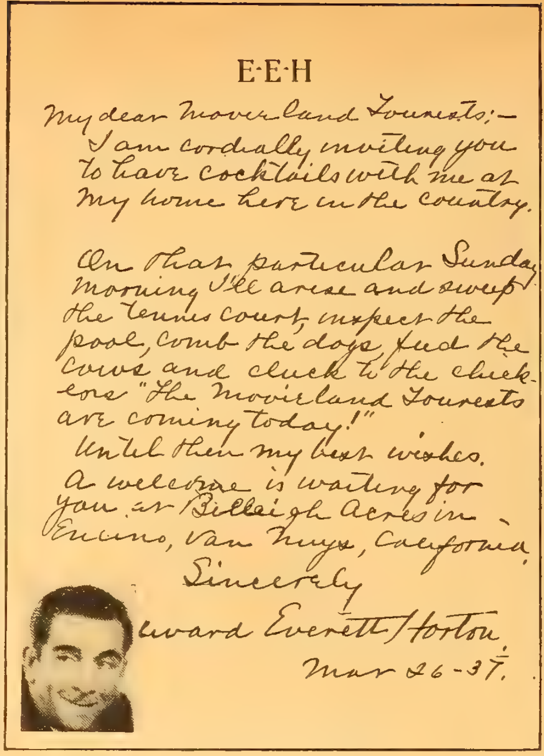
Warren William (top left) is ingenious to say the least. When he gives parties or barbecues at his ranch he serves guests from a table built atop the chassis of an auto. The only difference in the act of the man on the flying trapeze and Betty Grable (left) is that he landed in a net and Betty lands in the pool in a 4-point flop



To celebrate her new dressing-room Luise Rainer (left) gives a party for Bill Powell and Director Fitzmaurice—'tween scenes of *The Emperor's Candlesticks.* (Lower left) the Powell-Blondell band swings it—with young Norman blowing a mean trumpet. The evidence (below) proves that Hugh Herbert has a big fishpond in his home

Bette Davis (above) believes in dressing down for action in a cotton polka-dot playsuit while playing croquet. Note the novel headpiece to protect the eyes. All stars have their pets, and Doris Weston's (below) is Honey Chile, a pom. Doris, former NYC nightclub singer, plays with Dick Powell in his next film, *The Singing Marine*

Warren Hull will act as director of the party at the Wilshire Bowl. And Edward Everett Horton extends an invitation to a party



E·E·H

My dear Movieland Tourists:—
I am cordially inviting you to have cocktails with me at my home here in the country.

On that particular Sunday morning I'll arise and sweep the tennis court, inspect the pool, comb the dogs, feed the cows and cluck to the chickens "The Movieland Tourists are coming today!"
Until then my best wishes.
A welcome is waiting for you at Belleigh Acres in Encino, Van Nuys, California
Sincerely
Edward Everett Horton
Mar 26-37.

Members of both tours will have a chance to visit the Eddie Cantor Texaco program and hear Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin sing

I'll be with you
SUNDAY
EVENING
on the
Movieland Tours
Eddie Cantor

California, Here We Come!

Hollywood is waiting for you Movieland Tourists!

ANOTHER surprise comes to those who are already planning to take advantage of the Third Annual Movieland Tour. It comes also as an added incentive for those who have not quite made up their minds to date. Here it is!

Members of both tours will have a chance to visit the Eddie Cantor Texaco program on the first night they are in town! The Columbia Network has been kind enough to give us tickets for both tours. Eddie Cantor will not be on the show officially this summer, but he has promised us to be there and welcome the tourists to town and put on a real show for us. Eddie, as you know, will produce the show this summer using guest stars, and little Bobbie Breen and Deanna Durbin as chief entertainers. This is all the more of a surprise, 'cause you won't know 'til you are here who the guest stars will be. Then too, Eddie's pals always drop in "just to see how he's doin'," and Eddie's pals are all in Hollywood's Blue Book!

Think of it, you now get two chances of a lifetime . . . you'll see a big coast-to-coast program in full swing, along with all the studio thrills you'll see in the days to follow!

Be sure and jot this down, you who have not quite made up your minds . . . there will be two tours this summer and the first one leaves Chicago July 11 for a two weeks' trip to the Coast and back. The second tour leaves Chicago, August 8.

When you send the coupon below to the Movieland Tour Manager in Chicago you are insuring yourself of the best vacation you ever spent. When you get your ticket for the tour you receive a guarantee of seeing the greatest sights in western America.

After you leave Chicago, you will travel along the ten thousand lake district of Minnesota, through the great middle section of this country into the vast Rocky Mountain district and the Rainier National Park, thence into the Pacific Northwest. Traveling south, you will be afforded the opportunity of seeing the great new San Francisco bridge and the far-famed Golden Gate whence the sailing ships came in '49 bearing gold-seekers. All the thrills of San Francisco Chinatown after dark await you. For here you will see China transplanted in America . . . dark alleyways and mysterious little shops run by their curious keepers full of priceless souvenirs await your perusal.

AFTER an interesting trip through the harbor city of the Golden State, your train heads still further south to the most glamorous city in America—

[*Continued on page* 88]

USE THIS COUPON

Mr. W. F. Hagemann, Movieland Tour Manager,
Motion Picture Magazine,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $.................... Please enter my reservation for..................

persons, to insure a place for us on tour No. ....

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 11, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 8.)

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

FUTURE FAVORITES
★ JOAN FONTAINE ★

By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

SIX months ago, this young lady was an unknown. Then, through Henry Duffy, a personal friend of the family, she was invited to try out for a role in *Call it a Day*, a stage play produced in a Hollywood theatre. It was this role that gave her her start, for the opening night saw Jesse Lasky in the audience on a talent scouting tour . . . At that time, Lasky had his own company so, before he left the theatre, he had her signed to a long term personal contract . . . Shortly after, Lasky became associated with RKO and took Joan with him where she got her first part in pictures . . . a small bit in *Quality Street* . . . When the studio "rushes" of this slim blonde beauty were thrown on the screen after the first few days' work, the executives were all unanimous in asserting that she had that certain "something" which makes a player click with an audience . . . Not three days after she finished her first part, Joan was cast in the leading feminine role in *The Man Who Found Himself* opposite John Beal . . . her performance in that part more than justified the faith placed in her . . . and her being Olivia deHavilland's sister has had nothing to do with her career . . . Joan thinks that having a famous sister would hinder rather than help her . . . so she, herself, has never made public the fact that she is Olivia's sister . . . she even works for a different studio under another name . . . Joan was born in Tokyo, Japan and when she became two years old, her family moved to this country and took a place in Saratoga, California, because of Joan's delicate health . . . All during her childhood, Joan was never completely well and, as a consequence, could never get out and play with the rest of the children . . . her time was spent in study and in reading . . even at the age of ten she had read the classics and had a very thorough knowledge of Shakespeare . . . The pampering she received because of her frailness made her wilful and hard to control . . . she had ideas of her own and it was her burning desire to, someday, "be someone" that brought her ability to the attention of people who could further her plans . . . Joan never goes out at night . . for one thing, her health would not stand the strain of hard days at the studio and late hours . . . she would rather devote her spare time to outdoor sports and reading . . . she goes in for all sports to make up for lost time . . . Joan is five-feet-three-inches tall, has pale golden hair and large hazel eyes . . . it is said that she and Olivia will always get along with each other because they are almost exact opposites . . . there is only one thing that they have in common and that is a most charming, warm, winning smile . . . Keep your eye on Joan . . . she's going to be a star next year!

Back in his heart again!

...SINCE I'VE LEARNED THIS "LOVELIER WAY" TO AVOID OFFENDING!

THE TEARS GIRLS WASTE before they learn never to risk offending! So a wise precaution is to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet . . . the perfumed soap whose deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor—leaves its lovely fragrance clinging to your skin.

YOU CAN'T BLAME MEN for preferring girls who guard their daintiness the lovelier way . . . with Cashmere Bouquet baths. Why don't you try this exquisite perfumed soap . . . see how its subtle, lingering fragrance keeps you alluringly dainty!

NOW ONLY 10¢

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO! This pure creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics — keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED

CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

BETTY MIDDLETON, "Search for Talent" Winner

Always a Picture of Perfection

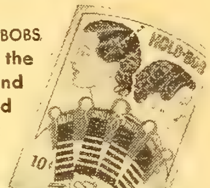
WITH A HOLD·BOB HAIRDRESS!

ON the "sets" in Hollywood, you'll find the loveliest stars using HOLD-BOBS, for they know how essential a perfect hairdress is before the camera. They know that HOLD-BOBS will keep their hairdress always ready for the most revealing "close-up." And you, too, whether your "stage" is in the office, on the dance floor, or at any public appearance—can keep your hairdress a picture of perfection by using HOLD-BOBS, Hollywood's favorite bob pins. Remember, HOLD-BOBS are the only bob pins with so many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads—invisible in the hair; smooth, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped—that keep the hair secure and always in place; and colors to match all shades of hair. Buy a card of HOLD-BOBS, today—available everywhere.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-77, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD-BOB
SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS
Curved Shape Style

★ Look for the name HOLD-BOBS. It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .



HOLD·BOB
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress!

Copyright 1937 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

The PICTURE PARADE

[*Continued from page* 10]

DREAMING LIPS

AAAA—All those cynics who have repeatedly remarked that the cinema can never take the place of the theatre—that it hasn't the human touch—that it's cold—will do a turn about face when they see *Dreaming Lips*, starring Elisabeth Bergner and directed by Paul Czinner. It's true that Hollywood hasn't as yet succeeded in giving us anything so real, so human, but England has in giving this adaptation of Henry Bernstein's play, *Melo*. The reviewer didn't have the good fortune to see Bernhardt or Duse, but she can't visualize a greater artistic performance than that given by Miss Bergner in the role of that charming, whimsical minx, *Gaby*. And, Messrs. Raymond Massey and Romney Brent, lover and husband in the order mentioned, are excellent in their parts. Yes, it is a triangle, but not of the usual variety. It's drama so genuinely done that one finds oneself slightly embarrassed by the depth of their emotions—by its intimacy. No adult should miss this soul-stirring film.—*Max Schach-United Artists.*

NIGHT MUST FALL

AAA½—There are many who will find in *Night Must Fall* one of the most intensely interesting dramas of the season; many who won't, but all will agree that it presents some of the best acting in months and one of the finest pieces of direction in any season. Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are the stars of this eerie drama, but Dame May Whitty (unknown to America movie goers but signally honored by the late King George of England) steals the show with a brilliant performance. The scene is rural England where an eccentric old lady lives (most of the time in her wheelchair) with a niece as her secretary and two jittery kitchenmaids as her household companions. To this home comes a boyish young Irish lad with a gift of gab and a way with women and as he arrives comes news that a woman has been murdered and her body found on the old lady's estate. As the police seem to be tightening their net around the murderer the young Irish boy murders the old lady, takes her money and prepares to burn the home so that he can escape. The police prevent him.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

PRINCE AND THE PAUPER

AAA½—With an ability well known in creative cinema circles Warner Brothers have converted Mark Twain's immortal *The Prince and the Pauper* into one of the most timely and entertaining pictures in several seasons. There are slight exaggerations and licenses but what was once a book for boys becomes entertainment equally appealing to young and old alike. Director William Keighley has made the most of massive, magnificent settings and of several excellent opportunities for gripping drama. There are many ceremonial scenes which might have dragged on and on, but thanks to Mr. Keighley's direction they were made doubly interesting and entertaining. The Mauch twins look so much alike that many in the preview audiences thought scenes of the two were accomplished by double exposure. Thanks to patient direction and exceptional natural talents these clever little Mauches seem well along the way to stardom. Errol Flynn's role is not quite as important as it might have been, but his fans won't mind because he is as handsome and heroic as ever.—*Warner Bros.*

WOMAN CHASES MAN

AAA½—Go and see *Woman Chases Man* and let yourself "go"—we promise you a wonderful time. Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Charles Winninger let themselves go and, consequently, you have one of the funniest, most riotous, screwiest comedies of the season. You enjoyed *My Man Godfrey*, didn't you? Well, this is along the same lines. It's slightly crazy, but you'll love it. Miriam Hopkins couldn't be seen to better advantage and it seems like comedy roles fit her like—well, like a glove. Miriam is a penniless architect and she comes to Charles Winninger who has planned a suburb. He's a bit on the off-side and has run through several fortunes, indulging his whimsies, but his son, Joel McCrea, has money. But Joel has a fiancee, Leona Maricle, who together with her lover, Erik Rhodes, also have an eye on that money. And so has Miriam Hopkins, only her designs are less selfish—there's that suburb idea of papa's. Well, Miriam also has a design for loving and she gets to work on Joel with the aid of some champagne. It's deliriously delightful—don't fail to see it.—*Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin':

OLD **Mme. Gadabout,** they're calling me now. Here I am, at Palm Springs again—and only because I wanted to get you the latest fashion dope for this month's letter. The Hollywood gals are down here getting their last bit of desert tan before it gets so blooming hot that the place is closed for the season . . . And don't let anyone kid you into thinking that they aren't going in for suntan this summer. Not even me. I know I wrote you about the "romantic pallor" that was so popular during the winter. But that's all over now, and the movie mamas are all busy getting their yearly dose of sun . . . It seems to be every gal for herself and the sky the limit as far as design and fabric goes for the sunsuits, bathing suits and play clothes. Around the pool here at the Inn is where I got an eyeful of these clothes—let me tell you about them.

THE biggest shock of all was to see Cecilia Parker come walking across the patio, looking practically nude. When she came up to me I saw that she was wearing a pink rubber bathing suit, with cut-out designs all along the side. She told me that the idea is to have suntanned designs of animals, geometric gadgets and initials tattooed on her skin by the sun. What won't they be doing next! We walked over to the pool, and I managed to get a glimpse of Jean Chatburn's head just as she came up out of a dive. She had on the neatest looking cap—transparent! And tho' it completely covers her head, the full effectiveness of her smartly waved and curled hair is visible. What a relief a cap like that is going to be to me—I always have that drowned rat look when I come up out of a dive.

JULIE HAYDON had all eyes on her as she came over to gossip with us. Over a one-piece bathing suit of dark blue, Julie was wearing a bolero type jacket of white *patent leather*, appliqued in bright felt flowers. Her beach shoes of the same material, were laced with strips of the same brilliant felt as the flowers. And the way the sun hits that patent stuff, you just can't help but look at it!

ALL this suntanning and glitter was too much for me, so I wandered over to the shade of one of the umbrella-covered tables that are scattered around the patio. And sat myself down for a chat with Barbara Stanwyck . . . Barbara's navy blue pique sports dress, with an all-over design of white cornflowers, was the coolest thing I'd seen that morning. And I envied her the shade of her navy blue milan straw hat with the bunch of white corn flowers in the front . . . You know, you can't start talking to some one with clothes obviously the subject, without a whole bunch of gals joining in. So it wasn't long until Madge Evans, Alice Faye and a few others had gathered around and we really got going . . . Both Madge and Alice had on trick belts—and you've no idea how they pep up an otherwise ordinary sports dress.

MADGE wore with her white sports dress, a tailored belt of brown leather. At the center front of the belt was a small loop, and in this loop was a cluster of bright wildflowers that grow so plentifully down here at the Springs. Madge says the trick is to wear the belt with a number of different dresses—and change the flowers to suit . . . . Alice Faye has personified her love of rhythm in the bright red silk belt she wears with a white silk-linen shirt-maker dress. Embroidered on the belt—in white—are the musical notes of the first few bars from her hit song *There's a Lull in My Life*.

SPEAKING of belts—Shirley Deane was positively a rainbow in her ice-blue sports dress with her twisted handkerchief belt. Three large chiffon hankies—chartreuse green, cherry red and vivid yellow, are pulled through the loops at the side of her dress and left hanging full length at the side.

During the next month I'm going to see what beach dates I can chisel for myself, so that I'll be able to tell you what the gals go in for in the way of beach styles.

Mlle. Chic.

Girls into Goddesses

Flatter your figure in a B.V.D. Swim Suit . . . fashioned to control and enhance your loveliest curves!

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LADY, be beautiful! When you go down to the sea and the sands, sculpture your silhouette—glorify that feminine form divine with the glamorous, the artful, the brilliant Swim Suits of B. V. D.! For in their evening gown backs, their moulding fabrics, their seamless side maillots and seamless backs, their beautiful patterns and jeweled colors—you have the way to the body beautiful... alluring... goddesslike! The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.

Sea Nymph

The look of a lovely "hand-knit" with contrasting straps tying in "double bow" belt, $8.95. Maillot model, $7.95.

Tri-Color

B.V.D.'s "Crosstide" stitch with adjustable rope straps controlling pennant patterned uplift, $4.95. Skirted, $5.95.

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B.V.D.
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Swim Suits

- Seamless Sides and Backs
- Silhouetting Fabrics
- Extra Seat Fullness

FOR THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

WHAT THEY WHISPER TO EACH OTHER THEY MEAN FOREVER!

Thrillingly these real-life sweethearts achieve their true greatness in the most important story either one has ever had . . . their fire and power given full scope for the first time!

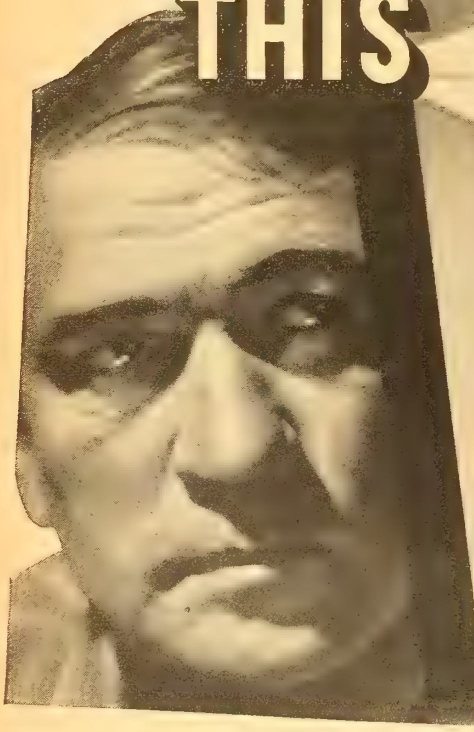
A love supremely courageous and unashamed . . . that shook the nation in its highest places . . . that was fated to happen!

ROBERT BARBARA

TAYLOR·STANWYCK

in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR



with

VICTOR McLAGLEN

in his most powerful role

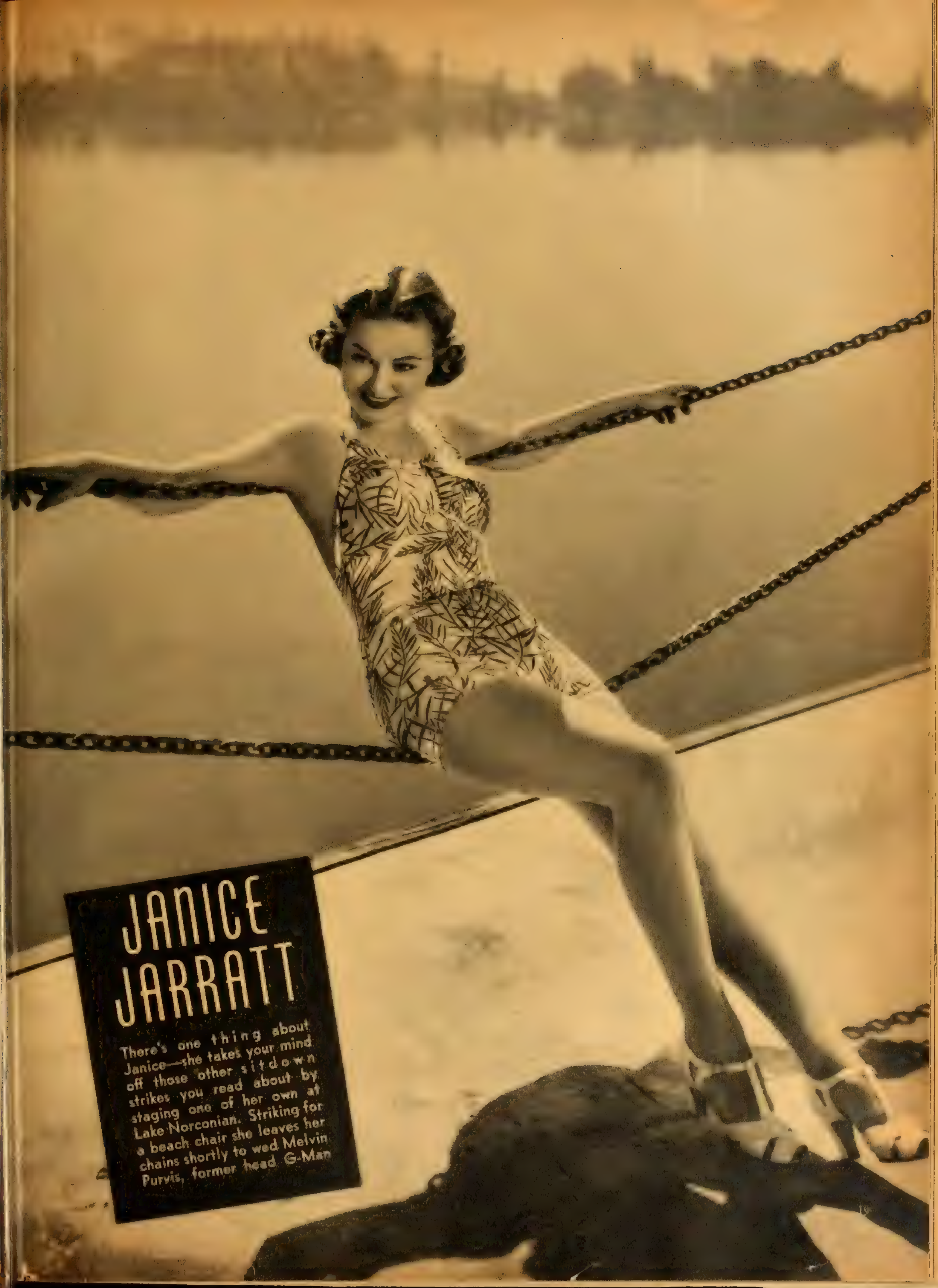
and

BRIAN DONLEVY • JOHN CARRADINE
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • ALAN DINEHART
SIG RUMANN • ROBERT McWADE
SIDNEY BLACKMER • FRANK CONROY

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Gay songs . . . love songs . . . songs of emotion by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel

20th CENTURY FOX

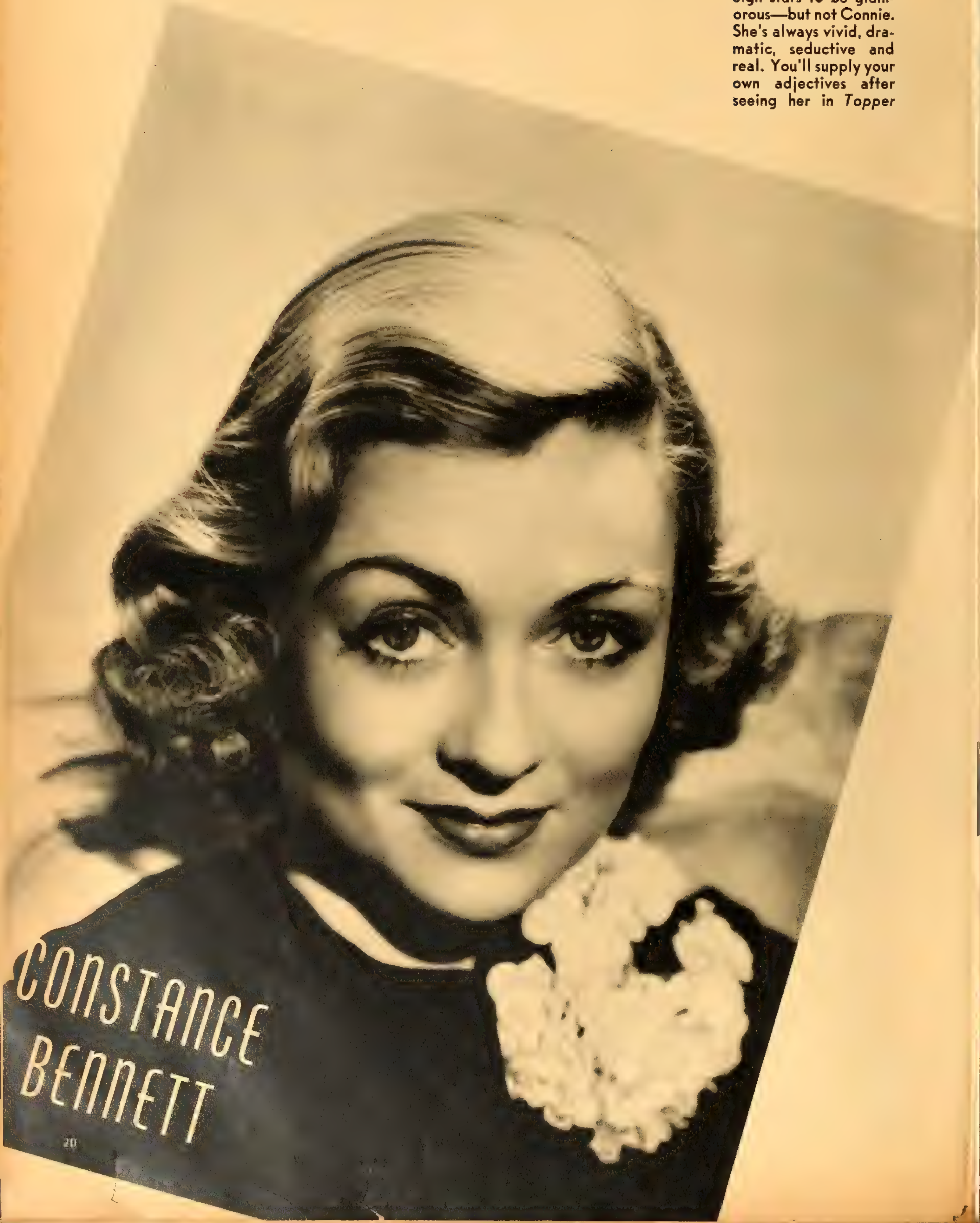
20th Century-Fox, maker of hits, presents another of its entertainment achievements . . . in the mood of great romance . . . with the thrill of mighty drama!



JANICE JARRATT

There's one thing about Janice—she takes your mind off those other sitdown strikes you read about by staging one of her own at Lake Norconian. Striking for a beach chair she leaves her chains shortly to wed Melvin Purvis, former head G-Man

The American beauties usually leave it to foreign stars to be glamorous—but not Connie. She's always vivid, dramatic, seductive and real. You'll supply your own adjectives after seeing her in *Topper*



CONSTANCE BENNETT

TYRONE
POWER

The rave of the hour goes merrily on taking things in stride—even those rumors of romance with la Henie. He'll tell you his career comes first—the next film in building it is *Thin Ice* with Sonja

Has MARY

"There seems to be something so right about it," says Mary of her new marriage

By GLADYS HALL

MARY ASTOR will not talk about things that are past, for Hollywood, you know, is a small town. The whole world is a small town, really, with "wonders" of any sort only nine days old. Mary was so woefully miscast in the events of the past year, she must surely have had a "Lawkamercy-can-this-be-I" reaction. For it was beautifully ironic, when you consider, as I have been doing, that Mary was always the despair of interviewers. She never had anything awfully exciting to say. Because she never did anything exciting, anything that made "good copy." She was simply, and rather typically, the small-town daughter (who happened to win a beauty contest and so "got into the movies") of a German professor and his wife. She lived in Quincy, Illinois, and while her mother dreamed, for Mary, of the career she had once dreamed for herself, Mary was obedient but harbored, in her heart, only one dream—a home, a husband to love, a baby. That dream, un-extraordinary save in its depth and consistency, has always been Mary's dream.

She wasn't a star. She has never been a star. She lived at home, after she first came to Hollywood and worked while other stars and players made field days for the writers. She was about the most uneventful person in an un-

Mary comes up smiling in her companionship with her daughter, Marilyn

ASTOR Found Real Love at Last?

eventful town. Very strange, to me, remembering the young Mary (Lucille Langhanke, she was then) I first met in New York, just before she won second place in the beauty contest which gave Clara Bow first place. A beauty contest run, incidentally, by MOTION PICTURE Magazine. Mary was in her teens then, copper-red hair floating like dark sun below her waist, lovely serenity of face, standing close at her mother's side, her beauty speaking for her, words as unnecessary as words are unnecessary for flowers, for all lovely things whose beauty is their speech.

Strange, too, remembering the girl I knew in Hollywood later. Unchanged. The girl I met at parties, at Ruth Chatterton's, at Florence and Fredric March's, and never knew that she was there until I came face to face with her. So quiet she was always, so unobtrusive, so utterly lacking in showmanship, in exhibitionism.

Life plays fantastic tricks, we all know that. The midway of Hollywood exhibits, now and again, strange mummers playing misfit roles. But no trick so fantastic, no role quite so misfit as that of the gentle Mary wearing the greasepaint of headlines.

I SAW her once or twice during those troubled days, too. Quieter than ever, if possible. I saw her lunching with Ruth Chatterton, with her agent. And the habitual serenity of her eyes was dusted over with a look of daze, the look of one who does not fully comprehend the part she has been called upon to play, the lines she must speak.

Mary is living, now, in the house she built on Toluca Lake. The house she has [*Continued on page* 78]

Mary has found true love in marrying Manuel Del Campo, with whom she's seated at the Cocoanut Grove. Below, she finds relaxation 'tween scenes of *Prisoner of Zenda*

"I Was a SAP Until I MARRIED"

JOEL McCREA

It wasn't until Joel met and married Frances Dee that he began to get wise to himself

By
FAITH SERVICE

SOMEONE once said of Joel McCrea, in the days when people weren't paying much attention to Joel McCrea, "he was just a nice kid who wanted to get into the movies." He was still "just a nice kid" after he got into the movies.

He just didn't matter—until he married. Until he made *Private Worlds* and then *Barbary Coast* you could have taken Joel McCrea or you could have left him. You wouldn't have cared which. I am speaking of the Joel McCrea of the screen, of course. He was, and is, six-feet-three in height, shoulders like a gladiator's, lean-waisted, long-limbed, sultry gray eyes, tawny thick hair, athletic, gay, well-bred, popular, amusing and—he didn't matter.

Curious. And it got *curiouser* and *curiouser* before the leopard McCrea changed his spots. For with all the height and breadth and heart-stirring eyes and hair and shoulders, good brain, knowledge of the business—he never made so much as an echo of the stir made by the Taylors, the Flynns, the Tyrone Powers, the MacMurrays and other taking young men.

But say what you will about Joel McCrea of before *Private Worlds* and Joel, himself, will go you ten better. For something, someone, somehow, in the past two years that keen, indolent mind has been widely awakened, that unique personality has been prodded from its slumbers, forced to face itself in the mirror, perceived and acknowledged and acted upon the truth.

Joel explained it, with neither pride nor preamble. He said: "I was a sap until I got married. How true it is that there is always a woman behind every successful man. *Cherchez la femme*, Power Behind The Throne, right as rain! I should have known it because of my own family. My Dad, in the early days of his marriage, was a moderately successful man, comfortable and content with moderation. [*Continued on page* 80]

DELLA LIND

Our answer to that everlasting argument about importing foreign talent is Della Lind. Don't you agree that her Viennese beauty is a real complement to American films? After a year's study, Miss Lind has mastered English and will make her debut in M-G-M's *Student Prince*

SIGRID GURIE

To strengthen our case, we also give you Sigrid Gurie, famed Norwegian beauty. Miss Gurie has left the land of the midnight sun so we can see a new star rise in *Adventures of Marco Polo*. She will appear as an Oriental princess, opposite Gary Cooper. Such luck!

Explaining the

Hepburn may be temperamental to some people, but not to Franchot Tone

By JERRY ASHER

CONTRARY to all reputed accounts of the Hepburn eccentricities, that an actor seldom gets a break in her pictures, that her sets are unpleasant to work on, Franchot Tone will always look back on *Quality Street,* as one of his nicest working engagements in Hollywood. The dynamic Miss Hepburn and the reticent Mr. Tone completely belied all rumors and pre-conceived impressions, that these two wouldn't hit it off together. Fireworks were doubtlessly expected because of something that happened several years back, when Franchot was first offered the title role in Hepburn's *Little Minister.*

At the time Franchot was on loan-out to Warners where he was working in a picture called *They Went to College,* opposite Ross Alexander and Jean Muir. One day on the set the telephone rang and a crisp, excited voice asked to speak to Franchot Tone.

"Franchot, this is Katharine Hepburn," came the message over the wire. "I understand you refused to play in *The Little Minister*. Why don't you want to be in it?"

"It isn't that I don't *want* to be in it, I don't think it is a good part for me," answered Franchot with his usual honesty. "You have an actor named John Beal right on your own lot who could do it much better than I ever could. Why don't you get him to do it?"

That was the second time in his life he had ever talked to Katharine Hepburn. The first time Franchot had met her casually for a moment at a friend's house. They didn't meet again or see each other until Franchot walked

It was while playing opposite Katie in *Quality Street* that Franchot learned to know her better

Real Hepburn

on the set the first morning of shooting on *Quality Street.* Hepburn greeted him graciously. They settled right down to the serious business of making a good picture, and for the rest of the eleven weeks, every day was another pleasant experience. The first thing that appealed and impressed Franchot, was Hepburn's zest for work and her desire for perfection. Her enthusiasm and her unwillingness to spare herself are the reasons why she burns up so much energy. She keeps going every second from the moment she arrives in the morning. In between scenes she never sits down and relaxes quietly. Her eyes take in everything on the set in one swoop. She is constantly aware of the movements of everyone around her. She keeps up a rapid-fire conversation and is forever trying to think of something new whereby she can improve a scene. Franchot found all this conducive to an inspirational stimulus that is seldom found in making pictures.

Perhaps one of the reasons why Franchot and Hepburn seemed to understand each other, was the similarity of their backgrounds, their mutual agreement on certain political views and their outlook on life in general. By comparing notes they even discovered that, as children, both had folded pamphlets for their mothers, who were interested in the Woman's Suffrage Movement. Katharine Hepburn's mother finally succeeded in making it a success in 1919. Franchot Tone's mother played an active part by influencing New York State.

One day while they were talking between scenes, Franchot made several references to things that had happened to him as a kid. Hepburn, who had been listening intently, had a puzzled look on her face.

"Where did you come from?" she asked.

"I was born in Niagara Falls and my family have lived there most of their lives," said Franchot.

"I used to go there when I was a little girl and visit some people who had a big house on Buffalo Street overlooking the falls," Hepburn said next.

"Was their name Porter?" asked Franchot eagerly.

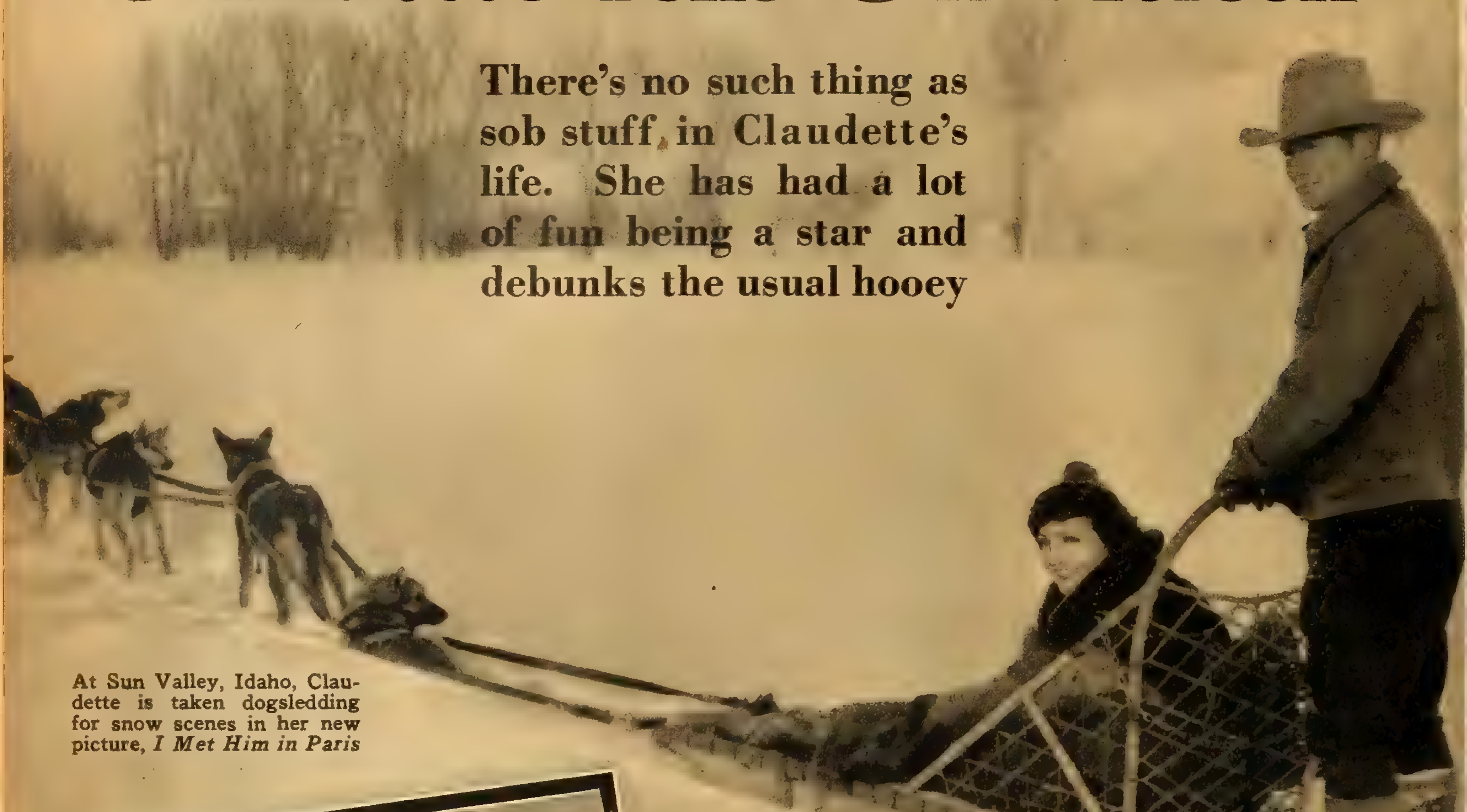
"Why, yes," said Hepburn, much surprised.

"They lived right next door to us," said Franchot knowingly. "I used to go over there and play all the time. I probably pulled your pig tails!"

IT IS a known fact that Hepburn does not allow visitors on her set. Several days after the picture started, word got around that eventually ended up in banner lines in a daily paper. Hepburn had put down her foot and [*Continued on page* 83]

Claudette Tells On Herself

There's no such thing as sob stuff in Claudette's life. She has had a lot of fun being a star and debunks the usual hooey



At Sun Valley, Idaho, Claudette is taken dogsledding for snow scenes in her new picture, *I Met Him in Paris*

By CAROL CRAIG

LIKE everyone else in Hollywood, days after the premiere, Claudette Colbert still was talking about *A Star Is Born.* Only she wasn't being impersonal about it. "Somewhere in the picture," she said, "there's a scene that anyone who has ever entered the movies can appreciate from personal experience.

"To me, the scene that was priceless was the one where Janet Gaynor, as the girl new to the movies, had her first encounter with a make-up department. I lived that scene. I had something like that happen to me, once."

Claudette smiled, in wry reminiscence. "They put *me* in a beauty-parlor chair, wrapped a towel around my head, and went to work, completely ignoring my sensitive soul. They moved *my* eyebrows all over my forehead, and experimented with new mouths for me, and tried to do something about my nose, and my cheekbones, and—well, the works. Nature, somehow, hadn't done right by little Claudette.

"Then they stood off, studying the results of their artistry, and shook their heads very, very sadly. No matter what they did, I still looked 'surprised'—as Janet does in the picture.

"That was one of those times when being an actress wasn't fun."

I elevated my ears at that last statement. Claudette wasn't talking according to the Unwritten Rules for Stars. Of course, Claudette never does pay much attention to those rules. That's one

[*Continued on page* 90]

George doesn't play the field—he has eyes only for Virginia

One Woman Man

George Raft has just about everything he wants of life except the woman he loves—Virginia Peine

By HARRY LANG

THEY'VE just given George Raft, Gary Cooper's fancy knotty-pine-and-pretty-carpet-padded dressing-room. And that, in Hollywood, is a whole big story in a nutshell! . . . It means that George, the soda-guzzling "bad boy of Paramount," is sitting pretty at last.

It means that the hard-fisted lad from Hell's Kitchen, with the soft doe's eyes, has won his years-long battle for cinema independence and a comparatively unbossed place in the Hollywood sun-arcs. He's got things pretty much his own way now. He's got a big say in his stories and roles—so big that he's just turned down one he didn't like, and made his studio like it. He can play the roles he wants, the way he wants to play 'em.

And the words in his contract say that he's to get about $4,000 a week for it. At least, that's Hollywood's understanding. If it isn't that much, then there's not a dozen strawberry sodas difference between the rumor and the fact—and strawberry sodas are important to George. He likes them. In short, George Raft has just about everything he wants of life, right now—everything, that is, except one thing. That one thing is Virginia Peine. It's also another story. We'll take it up later.

Meantime, let's take this guy George Raft apart, and find out, really, what he's like. I mean: you've read so many stories and gossip-column-cracks lately about his battle with Paramount and what he said and what Paramount said. You've read about how he walked out on the role they wanted him to play in *Souls At Sea*, and told 'em to tear up their contract and stick it up the chimney. And they did. And that they found out, then, that Georgie had been right

[*Continued on page* 86]

JOAN BLONDELL

Also known as Mrs. Dick Powell and, currently, as the King's (Fernand Gravet) *Chorus Girl.* Also as the adorable and adoring mother of Norman Scott Barnes

You Can Take Down Your Hair with Joan Blondell

To be so chummy with Joan you and Hollywood don't have to look far—she might be the girl next door

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

LINE up all your glamorous queens of the screen, select the most down-to-earth real-life heroine—and you'll have Joan Blondell.

Joan's the pet of her studio, its stars, its workmen—and Hollywood—because she might be the gal next door. She acts no more like a star than your cousin Millie . . . perhaps less. Stardom, to her, represents a situation, a goal achieved . . . NOT a rating.

In the Hollywood vernacular—you can take down your hair with Blondell!

There was the time—and this incident reveals the REAL Blondell better than a heavy tome of mere words—that she went with her company on location to Monterey.

"You'll stay at the Del Monte Hotel, of course," the studio informed her. "The rest of the company—" meaning prop men, make-up artists, wardrobe women and hairdressers, bit players and the like "—will put up at the ——— Hotel in Monterey."

Joan didn't even argue the point. "What do you mean, *I'll* stay at the Del Monte while the others put up at that beanery?" she demanded. "I'll stay with the company." And she insisted upon quarters no better than the remainder of the troupe. Next door, was the woman in charge of the costumes and across the hall the boy who packed the cameras.

That's Joan, though. She considers herself no better than the least important member of the company, and honestly resents being singled out to have attentions showered upon her. When the others eat box-lunches—and it is the custom for stars to lunch at any good neighboring club or restaurant—she joins them with a similar repast.

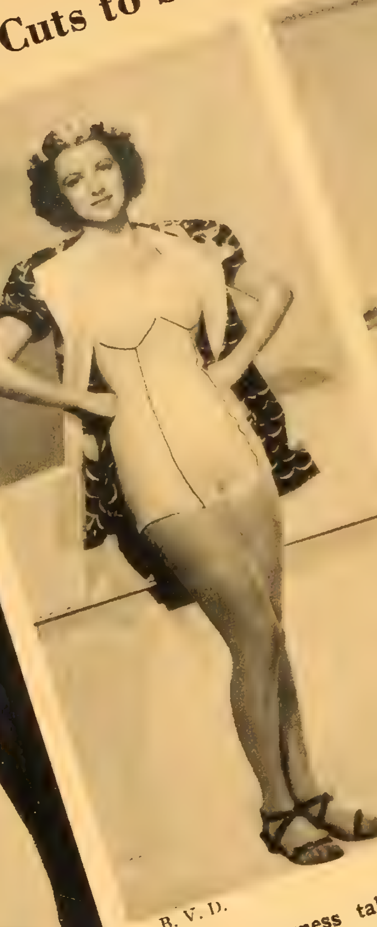
On the set, the director need look no farther for her than the largest group. Joan is certain to be its center. Her stories and lively chatter assure a large audience.

But apart from this, people just naturally enjoy being around Joan. She's "home folks."

[*Continued on page 72*]

Sun-Kissable

Some Short Cuts to Summer Tans



B. V. D.

Betty Furness takes a short cut to a tan in a one-piece suit topped with a nautical coat of black rubberized sateen

B. V. D.

Jean Chatburn is sure to be sunlight-hearted in a satin one-piece suit with low cut back. Of marine blue with white figures

Jinx Falkenberg wears a streamlined model that has plenty of S. A. (su appeal). A silhouette styled for swimming

B. V. D.

Virginia Grey calls her suit formal because it's so form-fitting. The straps and belt are brown

ALLEN-A

The two Sun-Kissables here—Bette Grable and Diana Gibson—are taking short cuts to tans in suits typical of 1937

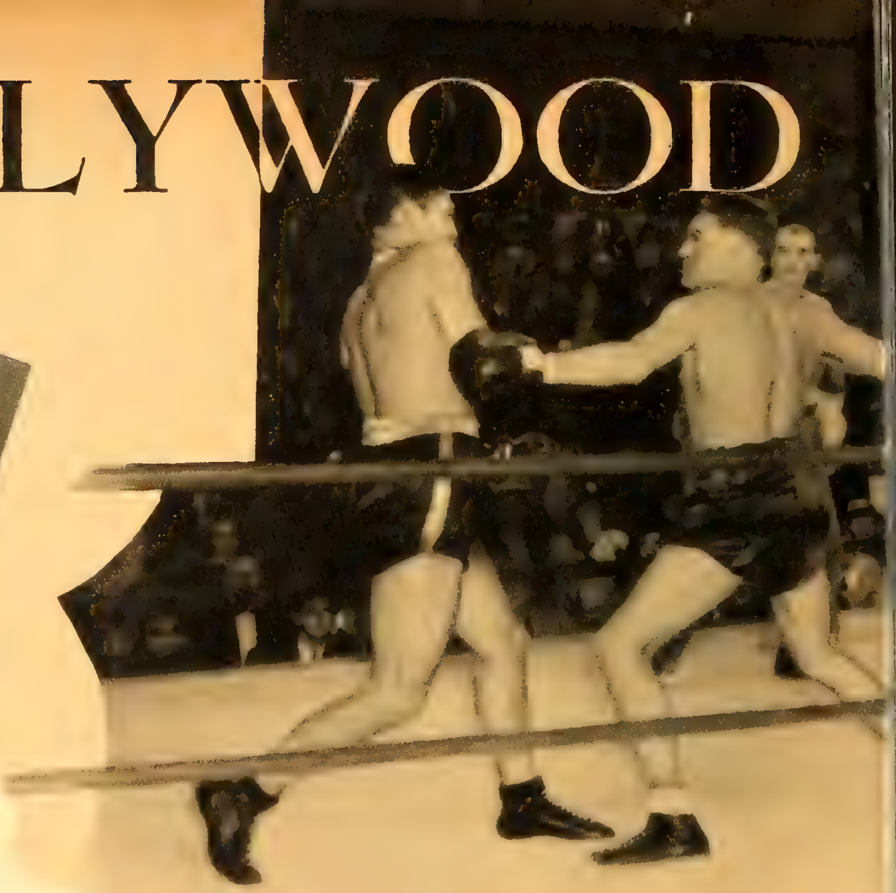
GANTNER & MATTERN

And here is Jinx again in another streamliner that'll make the other girls sea-green with envy in its daring lines

ALLEN-A

HOLLYWOOD

1



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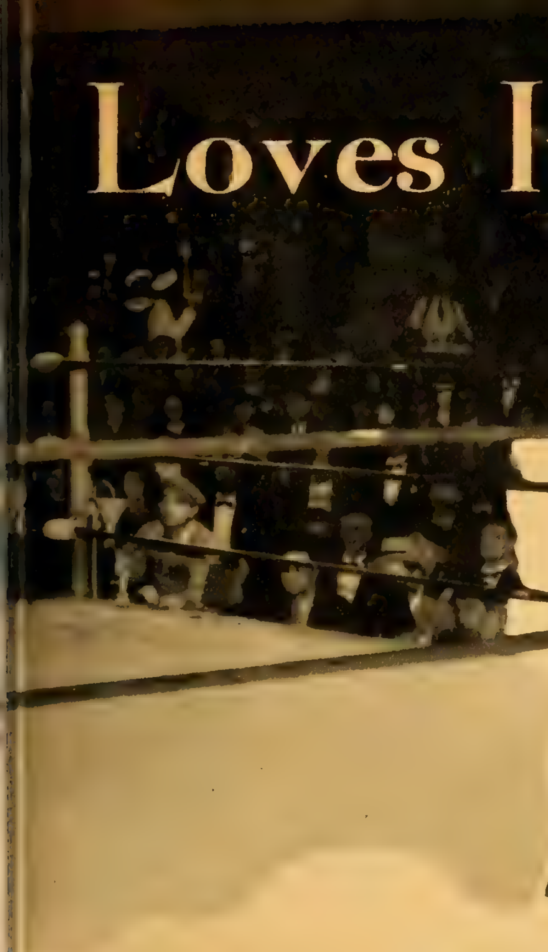
Loves Its FIGHTS



Mae West and Jim Timony always occupy front-row seats at the fights. The best fight experts are Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler

By DICK PINE

Fawcett photos by Rhodes taken exclusively for MOTION PICTURE

"FRIDAY? You're crazy! Going to the fights. What's that? Yes, any other night but Friday. Going to the fights."

I will not vouch for the fact that the above telephone monologue is strictly verbatim, but I will say that I have caught the sentiment of Hollywood when it comes to making a date for a party on Friday nights. For Friday nights mean but one thing—the weekly prize-fights at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium.

That's what Friday nights mean to the Hollywood people who have the three dollars for a ringside seat. To those who can't put out the three dollars per week, it means something else. Small part actors, and even extras, congregate around the main entrance, with alert eyes for directors under whom they have worked. They are there to be seen; to wave a hand and say, "Hello, Bill!" or whatever the director's name is.

Many a small part has been won by these methods. I have, myself, heard a director say, "I think I know the fellow for this part. Saw him at the fights the other night, so I know he's around. Let's try to get him." The fellow was not, strictly speaking, *at* the fights; he was outside the fight stadium, watching 'em go in.

Boris Karloff was the first actor who told me about this strategy—way back in the early days; long before he became a star.

"It's important to be *seen* in Hollywood," he would explain. "If people don't see you around, they soon forget you."

Well, Boris followed those tactics. I wouldn't care to assert that he owes his stardom to his visits to the Hollywood American Legion Stadium exterior, but that's what he told me, and what I know he did. And you can see where he is now.

Were I asked by a tourist, "Where is the best place to see the stars?" I would answer promptly, "The Legion Fights."

But let's go inside, and see what goes on.

The semi-wind-up is in progress. There are a couple of one-hundred-and-ninety-pound palookas pawing at each other ineffectually. A wag in the crowd yells, "Don't hit him before you count ten, Bill! You might hurt him!" Soon, the crowd begins singing *The Merry Widow Waltz* as the two "fighters" go into their dance together.

UNEXPECTEDLY, the good-natured ragging gives way to a clapping of hands, and a craning of necks, as Mae West, accompanied by the faithful Jim Timony, makes her way to her seat behind the white corner. She waves a gloved hand, flashes the alluring smile, and the fans settle back in their seats (four thousand of them), with but a single thought in their minds. And it isn't about the newest sit-down strike, either!

Mae, a dyed-in-the-wool fight fan, doesn't get excited, but her companion, Jim Timony, will try to climb into the ring, and fight for his "fancy," unless prevented. (He doesn't require *much* prevention, but he goes through the motions.)

If I were asked to choose the three people among the stars who were most fight-wise, I would nominate Pat O'Brien, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. These three can tell you each preliminary boy's last two fights, and how they came out! They are quiet, as are most real fight experts. Pat sits there, rolling a cigar in his mouth, intent upon the "give-and-take" in the ring, totally oblivious of the squealings of the Filipinos and Mexicans in the gallery.

AND talking of squealing:

There is Lupe Velez (Tarzan) Weissmuller. She is seen at her *squealingest* when a Mexican boy is strutting his stuff in the ring. From her seat in the black corner, Lupe will squeal to her countryman to, "Keel heem! Heet heem wiz the right!" as she thumps upon the canvas with tight-clenched little fists. Johnny Weissmuller, her taciturn consort, enjoys it almost as much as the crowd, and often receives Lupe's blows which may (or may not) have been intended for the canvas.

[*Continued on page* 95]

KING AND COMMONER

Ronald Colman is particularly adaptable to play the dual role of king and commoner in Anthony Hope's world renowned romance, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. For one thing he has a kingly bearing, decked out as he is in the trappings of high estate. But even as a commoner he will have his subjects in the audience paying respectful homage to him. It's an actor-proof role—one that affords its star—any star, past or present—great acting opportunities. Colman is assisted by a cast that includes Madeleine Carroll, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith and David Niven. Remember the silent version? It made history with Lewis Stone, Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro

Still Trying to Look Older

It has been a struggle with June Lang since young girlhood to look as if she had lived

By IDA ZEITLIN

I WENT to meet the June Lang I'd seen in *The Road to Glory*—an obviously young girl, yet with an air of grave maturity about her. I found a dancing-eyed child who tries to look grownup by drawing down the corners of her mouth, and goes pink with pleasure when you tell her she looks older on the screen than she does in the flesh.

"Oh, *thank* you," she says earnestly, and then, from the peak of twenty, assures you: "It's been a struggle all my life to look older. And especially now. You get so much more to do in the movies when you look as if you'd lived. Otherwise you're just the young daughter, flitting from room to room, meeting your boy friend under a tree and then disappearing, so the really interesting people can do their stuff."

Luckily for her ambition, the screen does mature her. Off it she looks like the legendary princess of the fairy-tales—wide blue eyes, golden-brown curls at her neck, a wildrose skin, an air of gay yet wistful innocence like that of a lamb frisking in a meadow. Only the rich, throaty contralto remains the same.

She's the kind that stirs the protective instinct. On our way to the cafe, a studio car drew to the curb. The cafe must have been all of half a block away. "Better [*Continued on page* 84]

STARDOM?
It's Not Important
—PRESTON FOSTER

By KAY PROCTOR

Preston Foster wants to give a performance sometime that will be remembered for a long while. Maybe he'll have his chance in *Outcasts of Poker Flat*, the Bret Harte story in which he looks *rhett-butlerish*

AMBITION *can* be deadly.

It cost the life of Norma Shearer's brilliant producer-husband, Irving Thalberg. It destroyed John Gilbert, perhaps the greatest lover the screen ever has known. It wrecked the happiness of Allan and Martha Adams. These last two names you do not know, but they are important in the scheme of things, even as you are important. Ambition, therefore, can be deadly for you, too.

Preston Foster, staunch fellow and fine actor, is authority for this unorthodox, but honest opinion. We were lunching in the RKO commissary. Pres had just finished the last retake on *Sea Devils*, in which he is co-starred with Vic McLaglen. It is, he said, a swell "muscle picture"—that being his tag for a bang-up action picture. He still was wearing the dark blue uniform and gold-braided cap of the Coast Guard and was nursing a scarred right hand with some care. There had been a little too much "oompah" in one of the fight scenes, it seems. That wasn't his only memento of the rough-and-tumble action; he had several other beauties in black-and-blue, he admitted, but I would have to take his word for them.

One of the screen's better known writers—and lest you try to peg his identity—he was a visitor from another studio—had stopped by our table for a quick hello and to congratulate Preston on his stirring work with Barbara Stanwyck in *The Plough and the Stars*. I got the impression his mind was nervous and jumpy and that he was only half-conscious of the words he was speaking to Pres.

Pres's eyes of penetrating blue were thoughtful and somehow cold as he watched the man walk away. Usually they seem vastly and openly amused at everything they see. "The man is a fool," he said. "Look at him."

[*Continued on page* 68]

Being a Big Shot is Pleasant, but not All-Important to Foster

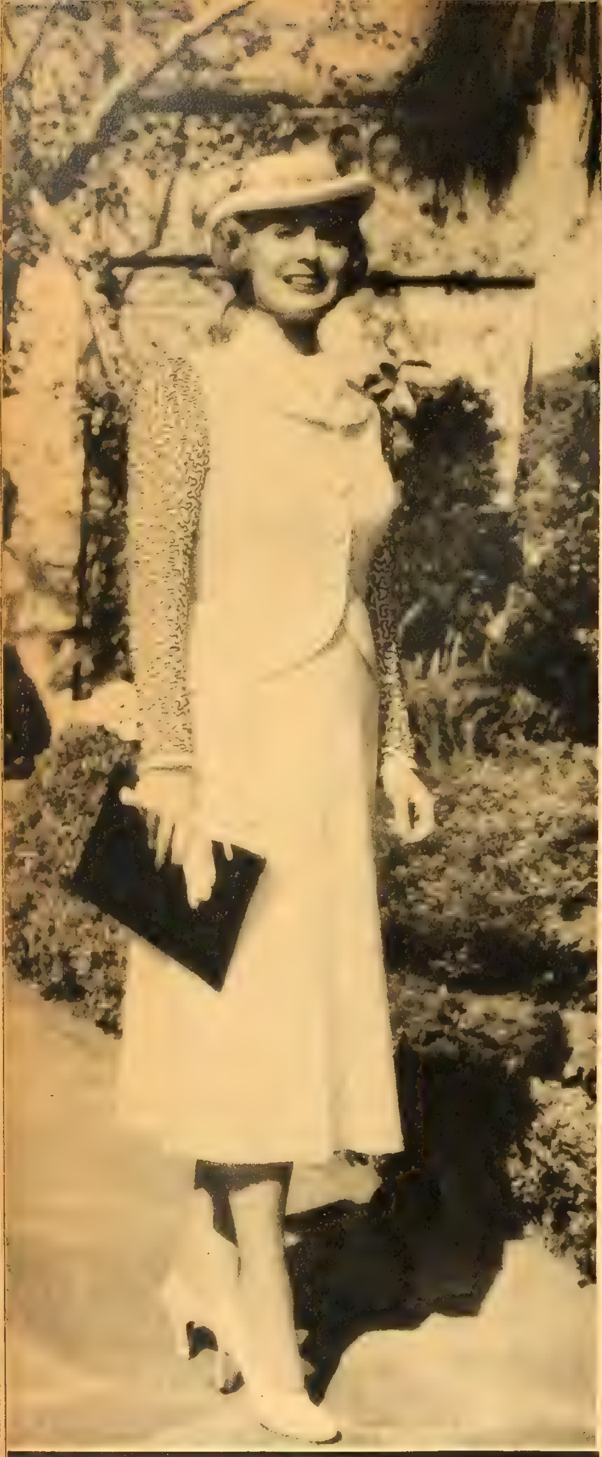
SUCH CHIC!

Designs For Summer

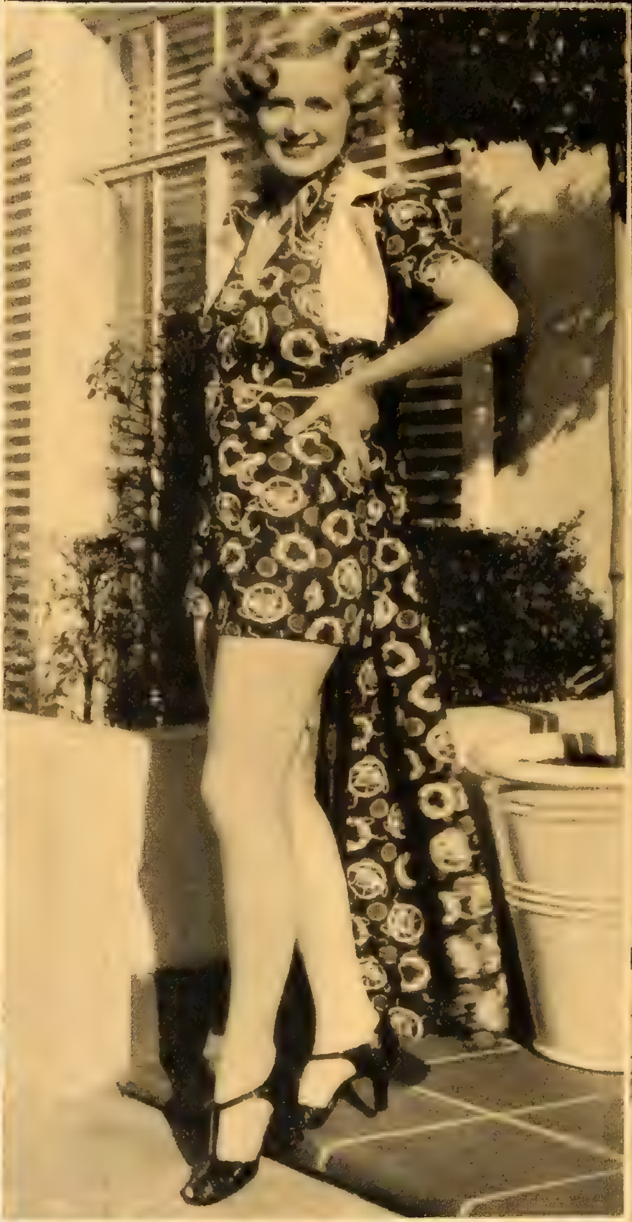
Jean goes to town in a two-piece frock of navy blue and white. The pleated skirt is of non-crushable white linen and the jacket-like top of navy and white knit

For toiling or tilling, Jean wears white shantung pleated culottes. The halter top is trimmed with green wool. In it Jean turns the earth and the hearts of men

Cotton for comfort on warm summer days says Jean Parker. The one piece dress, left, is yellow, adorned with brown knitted buttons. The fringing is chic!

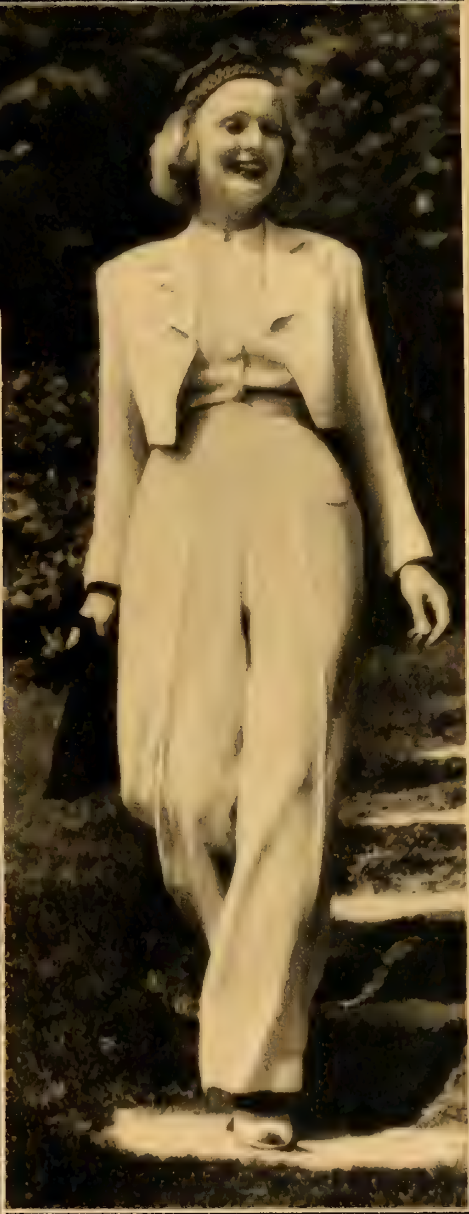


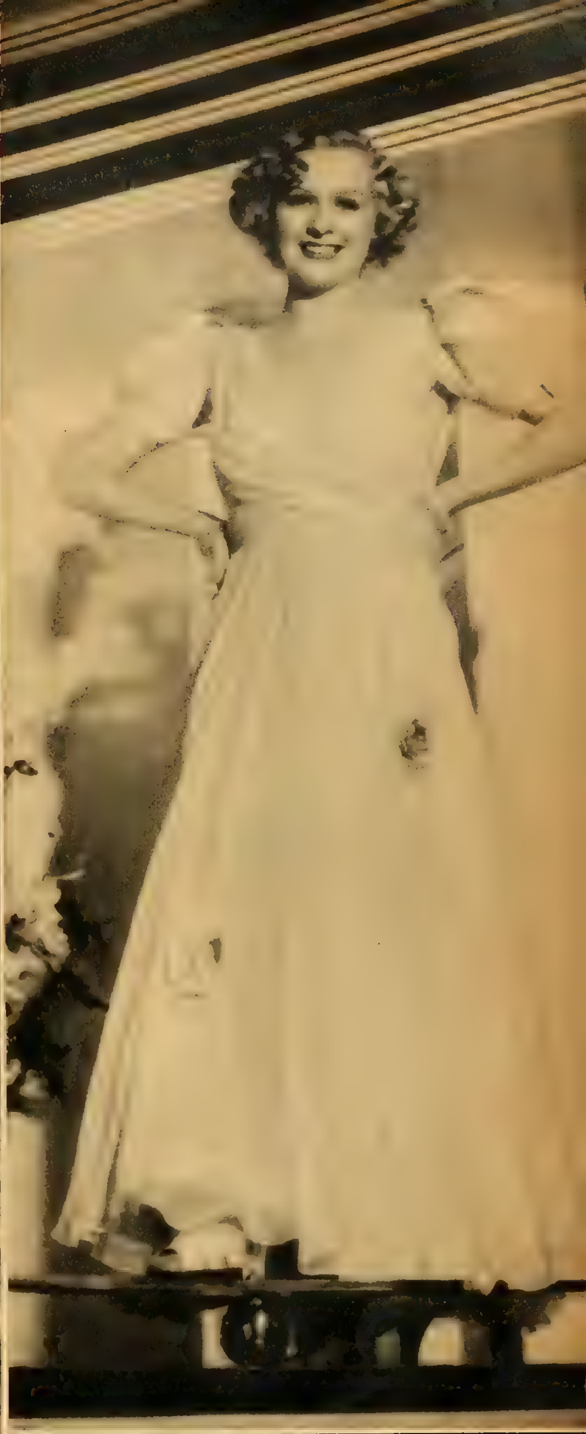
Black and white, or vice versa, are perennially smart—and flattering. Gloria Stuart selects a white twill tailored suit embroidered in black soutache braid for day wear



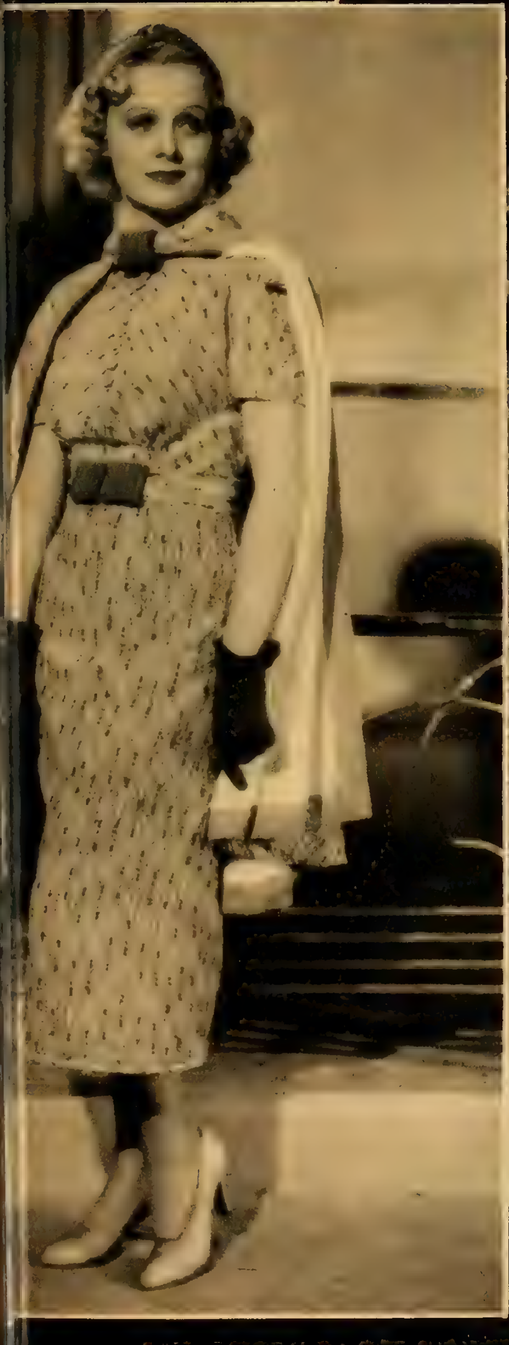
Nauti-cal but nice is Gloria's beach ensemble of seersucker. A blue background lends contrast to marine designs in red and white. What about the American flag?

In tune with summer and sports is Gloria's beautifully tailored slack suit of heavy white linen crash. It's hand stitched in navy blue. The big patch pockets are neat





Did you ever see a dream waltzing? Here she is. Gloria in a pink evening dress of ankle length. Roses shading from pale pink to scarlet dot the skirt and the shoulders



With the freak weather we've been having it's wise to own an ensemble like this, designed by Herschel for Gloria's personal wardrobe. It's grey wool, flecked in scarlet and Irish green

There's Niver a One Like NIVEN

If there's one more wild oat to sow David Niven will sow it. It's time you met him

By JAMES REID

HE IS a Scotch Highlander by birth, a soldier by inheritance, an adventurer by inclination, and an actor by the grace of God. He is the first—and only—lad to crash Hollywood with no money, no clothes except the rumpled dress suit he was wearing, and a battleship for his vehicle of entrance.

Alongside Ronald Colman, he is about to impress himself upon your consciousness in a big way in *The Prisoner of Zenda,* which, up to this point, rates as the year's most romantic picture.

It's time you became acquainted with David Niven. You've heard the name before. You've been seeing him for two years in a succession of minor roles, in a succession of major and minor pictures. In columnists' chit-chat, you have seen his name linked first with that of Merle Oberon, then that of Virginia Bruce—both sets of rumors, incidentally, establishing him as a canny picker. But you haven't heard, or read, anything yet. You haven't heard his story,

And it's quite a tale. One of the most entertaining stories of any lad who ever went into the movies by accident, thanks to a knack for having amusing things happen to him.

The start of his story gave no hints of the eventual developments. He was born among the braes and lochs of inner Scotland, in a sleepy little village whose name only a Scot could properly pronounce. His father was an army man, whom David can just remember. The lad lived in the Highland village hardly long enough to learn to pronounce its name. His father was killed in the War. His mother moved to England, and David went to school in Buckinghamshire.

Growing up, he idealized his martyred father to the point where he wanted to be the man his father had been. He enrolled at Sandhurst, the British equivalent of West Point. There was a little rule about seventeen and one-half being the minimum age for entrance. David, seventeen, glibly got around that. He had a convincing technique even then, and he was tall, well-built.

It was at Sandhurst that he had his first encounter with things Thespian. "Grisly amateur theatricals," he calls them, "in which vast rugby players were the 'leading ladies.'" David was in several plays—more for something to do than for any other reason. He was even guilty of writing one, a pantomime entitled "Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

"The thing was sheer buffoonery, with a barracks flavor, which had neither Goldilocks nor three bears in it. It was crudely mad. There was one scene I was awfully proud of, I remember: a balcony scene featuring Romeo and Juliet.

"Juliet was as big as a house—one of those vast rugby players; Romeo was an undersized

[*Continued on page 76*]

Why They Call Her ANNIE

It's because Ann Sothern, the original commuting wife is everybody's pal

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

"I'M THE original commuting wife!" said Ann Sothern stoically. "Do you know, I've traveled 18,000 miles since my marriage? Settle down—humph! The only settling down I've done is in an air liner—when it made a three point landing at either Chicago or Los Angeles! I know every windmill and hay stack between those two places. I ought to, I've made eight round trips! No wonder my theme song is getting to be 'Annie doesn't live here any more . . .' "

Funny. Everybody calls her "Annie." And they tack on that "ie" the way the Spanish do "ita" to a name. Affectionately, with a warm little emphasis all its own. They save their best jokes to tell her because she laughs so. Joan Bennett will say, "Let's get Annie and have some fun!" Joan, of course, has practically adopted her. It happened this way:

They were both on a flying trip East about a year ago and at the last 'nth part of a second Joan saw a little blonde dash up to the 'plane and pile in amidst a profusion of bags, bundles, and bon voyages.

Thought Joan, "I don't like her. These helpless girls . . .!"

By the time they reached Kansas City Joan was thinking, "We-ell, she *is* kind of cute!" And before they were in sight of New York she was mothering Ann Sothern in just about the same way she does her two-year-old Melinda . . .

Maybe it's her smallness, her helplessness—but everybody wants to adopt Annie! The late Flo Ziegfeld saw her at a Hollywood party and promptly took her career in hand. Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures, saw her in the stage production, *Of Thee I Sing*, in Chicago and quite as promptly adopted her for the screen. Then Roger Pryor met her—and decided to adopt her for his own . . .

It was Joan Bennett who took charge of the wedding procedure—Joan who selected the big Congregational church and helped to select the flowers and the bridal gown—an Irene model in metallic blue with a swooping circular skirt. "Anne's so young," asserted Joan (who has reached the ripe old age of twenty-four.) "I just can't help helping her!"

And the strange quirk to it all is—Annie is really Efficiency Expert No. 1!

Take the way she has handled this long-distance marriage of hers, for instance. Since their wedding last September twenty-seventh, Roger has not been able to return to Hollywood even once. His radio commitments and contract as orchestra leader at the College Inn have kept him bound tight to the shores of Lake Michigan. It's enough to disgruntle any bride. But not Annie. "I knew it was going to be difficult," she admitted the other day at luncheon. "With Roger away all the time. And I don't want to give up my work in pictures yet, not for at least four years. Nor does he want me to. So I thought—there's just one way out.

"WE CAN'T make any definite plans to be together so we'll just have to enjoy what moments we can. And sometimes Brief Moments are the best!

"I made up my mind that even if there was this obstacle of separation we were not going to let it interfere with our marriage. There's too much misery in the world because people, particularly young people, allow circumstances to stand between them and happiness. You have to take what you can get and make the most of it.

"We were married one minute after midnight, you know. Or as soon as the California three days marriage law permitted. Rog had so little time. We had to go right back to Chicago and the funniest thing happened for folks on a honeymoon. I had my fingerprints taken!" Annie's laughter tinkled. "We went, of all places, to a police court 'show-up.' Tony, who is a police sergeant and a friend of ours, invited us. Afterwards he asked if I wanted my fingerprints taken. Rog said with all the commuting I'd be doing it might be a [*Continued on page* 89]

The newest newcomer to the RKO lot is Dorothy Moore who gets the "feel" of the water before taking a plunge

With a stuffed penguin Olivia de Haviland and Anita Louise make believe they are at the South Pole instead of Catalina

The TALK of Hollywood

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood

Mary Carlisle's play togs feature white silk pleated shorts, fitted bandeau, raffia sandals

GIGGLE-o'-the-month: Even though his mama, Joan Blondell, and Dick Powell have been married almost a whole year, by now, Joan's little son, Norman, still doesn't call Dick "papa."

Norman (who's the son of Joan's cameraman ex-hubby George Barnes) still calls him "Mister Powell!"

She-Talk

SNICKER-o'-the-month: Still unrecovered from one of Sonja Henie's very first remarks to him is Tyrone Power. It seems that in the formative stages of their romance, Sonja, to make conversation, asked Tyrone innocently enough:

"Tell me, do you like *she*-ing?"

Bewildered, Tyrone gulped, blushed, ahemmed, did not answer. Not until days later did he learn that "she-ing" is the European pronunciation of "ski-ing."

Anyway, now it can be told: Tyrone *does* like ski-ing, no matter how you pronounce it . . . !

Still Poker Face

LAUGHOUTLOUD-o'-the-month: The answer to "why didn't Helen Wills click on that screen test they gave her out at 20th Century-Fox is: because she wouldn't kiss Robert Kent! The test director was directing the tennis queen (and SO queenly!) in a romantic scene with Kent playing the test-hoss opposite her. They clinched, they looked into each other's eyes, Kent murmured sweet words to her, Helen kept her poker face very pokerish.

"And now, Miss Wills, kiss him," ordered the director.

"Ahem," replied Miss Wills, "I'd rather not."

She didn't either. That was all. Now Helen is back in Berkeley, and won't be a movie star. Movie stars must kiss.

Martha O'Driscoll, other side of canoe, may not be a Henie on skates, but she's good enough to cut plenty of ice in Hollywood

Most girls acquire a tan by lying in the sand, but Carol Hughes is partial to a canoe

Paul Muni and Joseph Schildkraut, who were boys together in Vienna and New York, are united in *Emile Zola*—with Muni in title role and Schildkraut as the tragic *Captain Dreyfus*

Meanwhile, in the background, Mrs. Robert Kent (who was Astrid Allwyn) doesn't yet know whether she ought to be glad or mad that Helen wouldn't kiss hubby.

Beeg Cats Next?

HAVING tamed Tarzan, Lupe Velez now has a new idea. To intimate friends —all 387,000 of 'em—she has confided that she now wants to do a clydebeatty, and tame a troupe of Bengal Tigers. Said Johnny, when apprised: "If she wants to, she can."

Bit Of All Righto

FINAL chapter in the Freddie Bartholomew custody war has been written. In a Los Angeles Superior Courtroom was concluded the ceremony which, once and for all, makes his beloved "Aunt Cissie" his legal mother. The matter closes the maneuverings that followed the highly-publicized arrival of Freddie's real ma and pa from England, months ago, breathing fire at Aunt Cissie and demanding a cut in their son's "take." Freddie was as bartholomish as ever in the court proceedings. Asked by the judge if he understood what was taking place, he replied, in that famed voice: "Yes sir, I believe I do."

"And you understand that if this petition is granted, your aunt will become your legal mother?"

"Yes sir."

"And knowing that, do you want her to become your legal mother."

"Oh, yes sir, I most certainly do," said Freddie, just as though a camera and mike were before him.

Put It Under The Mattress!

REMEMBER Leon Janney—not very long ago the freddiebartholomew of his day? Well, Leon has just celebrated his 21st birthday. Biggest event of the celebration was his coming into possession of the $300,000 he has earned in movies during the past eight years. Leon, with $300,000, is very popular in Hollywood.

Cupididoes

ROMANTIC movie stars must often play Cupid. To a coupla handsome cinemactors came these opportunities to do so, during the month: Walter Pidgeon, returning home from work at Universal, found a distraught young man on

Marlene Dietrich, whom Herbert Marshall calls "neat trick," wears her halo hat—which makes it o. k. for new film *Angel*

his doorstep. "Mr. Pidgeon," said the youth, "will you autograph a picture of yourself for my girl. She's a great fan of yours, and she says she'd do anything for me if I'd get her your autograph." Gladly did Walter autograph the picture, hopes the girl keeps her promise.

And to Robert Taylor, champion femme-heart flutterer of all, came a letter from Illinois, from an 18-year-old schoolboy, who wrote: "Girls never look at me. I try to be nice to them, but they seem to draw away. I've tried spinach, pink soap and peppermint, but all they ever want to do with me is to go see a movie with you in it. I think if I could change my name to Robert Taylor, the girls might be attracted by the name, and I'd have a chance. May I use your name?"

Big-hearted Bob replied that the lad might use his name all he wished, provided he didn't try to pose as a relative.

Hollywhittlings

SO BIG has Deanna Durbin's fan mail become that Universal has hired three people to read and answer the 1,600 letters weekly . . . because his wife, his son and himself can't agree on what program to tune in, Roscoe Karns has had to buy three radios for his house . . . Bette Davis sips tomato juice between takes, drinks several cans of it every day . . . while rehearsing a dance, Buddy Ebsen ties small sandbags on his ankles; when he takes them off for the "take" his feet are that much lighter and hotter . . . because Dixie Dunbar has lost so much poundage via illness that she weighs less than 100, Twentieth-Fox bosses have ordered her to eat five meals a day . . . Alan Mowbray can't keep his fingernails looking nice because he bites them every week at the wrestling matches . . . for luck, Francis Lederer walks carefully around the entire set before beginning each day's shooting . . . when William Powell muffs a line during a take, he mumbles "Pooh, pooh!" When he muffs it very badly, he says: "Pooh, pooh, pooh!" . . . Warren Hymer, standard tough mugg of the movies, is a Yale graduate, which proves a college education is swell . . . Victor Jory, just back from a tour of the Far East, has taken to wearing turbans in Hollywood, which confuses the natives no end . . . during his screen career, villain Alan Dinehart has killed 237 men! . . . what makes it odd is that although he actually sleeps with a revolver under his pillow at home nights (so does his wife!) he's never really ever taken a shot at anyone . . . Luise Rainer is a chocolate-drop-fiend, munching them all day long on the set . . . says actress Jane Darwell: "thank heaven for being fat and 40, because until I became both, I never got anywhere in movies" . . . Spencer Tracy is trying so hard to give up polo that he has even given away his favorite pony . . .Jimmy Stewart's latest hobby is model-airplane building, and his latest complete job is six feet long . . . the reason Adolphe Menjou's lapel boutonniere is always so crisp is that he changes it twice daily, a florist having a standing order to bring him a fresh one at midday, no matter where 'Dolphe is . . . for her 15 pair of skates, which she takes on personal appearance tours, Sonja Henie has had a special trunk built . . . Mae West, redecorating her apartment, is having all her venetian blinds tinted (can you *stand* it?) *baby blue!!!* . . . because he is very proud of the fact that he wears only

Doug, Jr., who squires Marlene around Hollywood, is togged out as *Rupert of Hentzau* in *The Prisoner of Zenda*

You better muzzle that cougar, Mr. Gable, if you don't want to become hamburger!

Sun lazing to acquire a sun glazing is Pat Paterson's idea at her own pool a size seven shoe, Cecil DeMille always has his trousers cut shorter than stylish, to show 'em off . . . while his house was being redecorated, Brian Donlevy and wife lived in a big tent in their backyard . . . after falling and cutting her lip so badly that she had to have five stitches taken in it, Ann Sothern, while in hospital, wrote a song called *You've Got Me In Stitches!* . . . Sam Goldwyn has had made up as a gift for Gary Cooper a private film short composed of scenes from every picture Gary has ever played in.

The Little Woman

DETERMINED not to get into trouble with his wife, the screen's newly-elected *Tarzan,* Olympic champ Glenn Morris has told the world: "Aw. Hollywood screen gals aren't so pretty. You ought to see my wife!" Also boasting about his wife, still, is Don Ameche. Twentieth-Fox's newest screen find, despite the studio's orders not to publicize Mrs. Ameche in their campaign to build-up Don as a romantic star.

"As 'Andsome Does," etc.

SMART indeed is Madeleine Carroll, Hollywood's blue-blonde beauty. Asked to name the ten handsomest men she knows, Madeleine named no Ronnie Colman, no Gable, no Bob Taylor! Instead, she said her ten handsomest were FDR, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Anthony Eden, Lindbergh, Gene Tunney, Admiral Byrd and a few others like that. "Handsome is," she explained, smiling smartly, "as handsome does."

Henie Objections?

IT HAD to happen sooner or later: They're now calling Tyrone Power "Sonja-Boy" . . . !

Fan Mail Toppers of the Month

TO CLARK GABLE, in one day's mail: a fountain pen, a marble ash tray, two new games, a pair of suspenders, and a cigarette lighter that won't work . . . . to Olivia de Havilland, from a woman in Porto Rico, a letter asking Olivia's help in getting a divorce "because divorces seem so easy to get in Hollywood!" . . . to David Niven, by express, collect, one live grey mare, with a note: "I didn't like the horse you rode in *Charge of the Light Brigade* so here is one on which you'd look fine." Total cost to David, by the time he'd paid charges and shipped the old grey mare to a friend's ranch, $23.37 . . . to Jean Harlow, a carrier pigeon in a crate, with a request that she attach to its leg her autograph, so it could fly back therewith to its owner. She did. The bird got the autograph to the owner in Phoenix, Ariz., in 18 hours. He later wrote her, with thanks . . . to Bruce Cabot, a huge packing-case, containing a complete Indian tepee, from Indians on an Arizona reservation who liked his portrayal of one of 'em in *Last of the Mohicans.*

Charcoals 'Em

JOAN BENNETT goes the Hollywood candid-camera fiends one better. Instead of carrying a camera, Joan carries in her purse a bit of charcoal, some wrapping-papers. Instead of candid-snapping her friends, she candid-sketches them.

Check Not Rubber, But Real McCoy

HIGHLY suspicious when he received, through the mail, a check for $16.50, signed Nathaniel Workman, and with no other missive, Joel McCrea sent the check back to the signer *(Continued on 93)*

Fred Astaire executes a few steps of his new routine for *Shall We Dance?*

Martha O'Driscoll, who made a previous entrance on page 45, offers a peasant motif in a creton skirt

The Russian influence bobs up as a decorative scheme of dress for Kay Francis in her One Hour of Romance

With Shirley In Kipling's INDIA

Little La Temple had the most fun of her full career while making Wee Willie Winkie. She had a kiltie uniform to wear

By SONIA LEE

THROUGH a narrow, jagged, almost perpendicular break in the mountains, comes the caravan! The fleet Arabian horses step gingerly and surely—and their turbaned, burnoosed riders shout their greeting to waiting, welcoming brethren. Perilously they climb, and perilously they ride up the steep, dangerous stairway hewn out of the rock-walls—entrance to their mountain fortress.

A curly-haired, golden child, clinging close to the hand of a swarthy native, is stretching her little legs to span the distance between steps, quite unheeding of the shouting riders. She falls, she sits up, flashes her famous dimple—and improvises dialogue! "Cut — that does it!" orders Director John Ford through the loud speaker. And another scene in Shirley Temple's new picture—*Wee Willie Winkie,* is finished.

Once again Shirley Temple has confounded her elders with her instinctive response to a situation—with her unfailing ability to do the right thing—whether in a situation devised by script writers, or materializing without forethought.

To Director John Ford, Academy winner for his powerful, tragic *Informer,* directing a child is something new. He had heard tales of Shirley's almost clairvoyant comprehension of what was needed in a scene. Of her fabulous aptitude, her perfect sense of timing, her qualities of genius. Given to

Shirley sees the battle raging in Hollywood's Khyber Pass, opposite. Above, with Indian Cesar Romero

Shirley was so fond of her uniform she wore it off the set

few words, he hadn't said much. He wanted to see for himself. In directing Shirley in this Kipling story, he has seen for himself!

This short classic was originally the tale of a drummer boy, and his devotion to his flag and his country. As it has been revised into a star-vehicle for Shirley—it is the story of a little American girl who comes to Rajpore, India, with her widowed mother to live at the frontier army post commanded by her grandfather, the colonel, a gruff old disciplinarian, who resents the coming of "women" into his masculine heaven.

Shirley decided that as she could only be as good a soldier as the drummer boy, she would gain the friendliness of her grandfather. And so her education as a soldier is begun. She manages to get into one escapade after another, to the disruption of the colonel's quiet life.

THERE'S a war imminent with Khoda Khan, a proud native chieftain, who is suspected of gun smuggling. Shirley decides that war is silly, and that if she could only see the Khan for herself, hostilities would be called off.

She goes to call on him in his mountain fortress, accompanied by a native spy. It looks like a kidnaping, and the Seventh Highlanders, the regiment the colonel commands, march to her rescue.

The Khan is in Shirley's debt. On her arrival in India, she had found and restored a sacred amulet to the chieftain. He is intrigued by the child—and is eager that no harm come to her.

The rescuing regiment arrives at the Pass. To go into it means certain death. The colonel goes forward alone! Shirley sees him and runs to greet him. The Khan gives orders to his men to hold their fire so that the child might not be endangered. The Khan and the colonel meet—and a peace is arranged. For Winkie comes commendation from the Viceroy, which is read at the regimental review held in honor of the little girl!

It is a story which offers many dramatic possibilities. It has tested Shirley Temple's ability, and reveals a new phase of her genius. In previous pictures she has followed the lightning feet of Bill Robinson; the eccentric footwork of Buddy Ebsen with equal skill. She has

[*Continued on page* 82]

The nasty old battle waits as Michael Whalen and June Lang put on the love

From Syntax to Cinema

One more college year—and John Howard might have been lost to films

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THANK the late lamented Depression (rest in peace!) for the films' introduction to John Howard of the wavy brown hair, direct gaze, strong, sensitive face. If it hadn't been for the dollar drought of the early and middle 'thirties, Howard, whose real name is John Richard Cox, might have ended up as a barrister (plain old lawyer to you), a medico, or a certified public accountant. Perish the very thought!

Instead, because he likes to think things out in his slow, quiet way, the middlin'-sized John looked around and decided that education goes on forever, come economic feast or famine. Therefore, he'd become a professor. So, at Cleveland's Western Reserve University—a very good school—young Howard (he was twenty-four on April 14, last) prepared to teach English. It's the co-eds' loss that he never did. But you know Hollywood. The cinema saved him from becoming a slave of syntax . . . another "Mr. Chips."

"It was the only thing to do at the time—prepare to teach. There were no other jobs," says Howard today, over his corn fritters, bacon, buttermilk, in the palm-decked cafe that is Paramount's commissary. Paramount, you should know, has the young fellow who played brother to Ronald Colman's *Robert Conway* in *Lost Horizon* under long-term contract. It has five years, or a little less to run. John Richard, who is a "thirty-second cousin or something as remote" of the Ohio Cox who ran for President in the turbulent 'twenties, has been in Hollywood for about two and one-half years.

"Just now I'm letting life flow over me," says Howard, forking a fritter. "And why should I offer resistance? I have a good job. I am fairly sure of it. I may not be making much money yet, but it comes regularly. There will be time enough later on, in five years, maybe, to try and carve out a name in some other form of expression. . . ." Writing, for instance. Howard, like most upper-classmen, has an idea for the Great American novel. It's going to be a trilogy, the Howard opus. He has it all plotted out.

"But I haven't time to write it," he says, not at all apologetically. And then with a laugh: "The best way to write is to be so poor you have to write to eat. Now that I have an income that takes care of my food, I'm lazy about getting down to work . . . and then my time is never my own in the film business. I'm on call at all hours for rehearsals, shooting, costume fittings, portrait sittings, interviews. That's all right, and I'm not kicking, but it eats into any time that you plan to devote to writing."

IF LIFE had flowed on smoothly for John Richard Cox in 1934, chances are you'd be reading the first book of his trilogy, and Trilogist Thomas Wolfe, plus others, would be running for shelter. But life didn't. He was in Junior year at WRU, and having himself a swell time. He was president of the Student Council, wore a Phi Beta Kappa key, a Western Reserve University honor key, had an English scholarship and a couple of essay prizes somewhere around the house.

In addition to that, he dabbled in dramatics. He was president of the University Players; president, too, of the Sock and Buskin Club: he was an active member of the Cleveland Community Playhouse; a member of the National Collegiate Players. You can see

[*Continued on page* 92]

Doris Nolan, who is co-starring with John Boles in the Universal film, *As Good as Married*, shows her justly famous dimples

Dimples and Dramatics

Doris Nolan gives you her beauty secrets

By DENISE CAINE

Want a hairstyle designed for your particular type face? Miss Caine has free sketches of correct coiffures for ten different types of faces—including the long, round, heart-shaped and oval face; coiffures that minimize such feature faults as too low or too high a forehead, large nose, receding chin, thin or heavy neck or square jawline. She will be glad to mail any of these to you if you will send a description of your individual problem and enclose a stamped return envelope. Address Miss Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

DORIS NOLAN does not belong to the small group of Hollywood beauties who like to give you the impression that they were born beautiful and have never done anything about it themselves. This glamorous looking Universal star admits quite frankly that she diets and exercises sensibly to keep her figure so perfect, that the devastating curl of her lashes is due to a trick gadget, that her flawless make-up is the result of choosing subtly-matching cosmetics.

About the only things she doesn't credit to sensible beauty care are those divine dimples, as deep as Shirley Temple's and twice as effective! Doris' dimples are most unexpected and, like all unexpected developments, leave you quite in a dither. The day I met her, she was tall, poised and dignified in her black dress, silver fox cape and veiled turban . . .

Then—she smiled and her dimples rioted, and I noticed that she was carrying some packages, just as if she'd been out shopping on her lunch hour. Roaming through the fascinating shops on Fifth Avenue is a familiar pastime to Doris Nolan for she was born and reared within a few miles of Manhattan and after leaving high school worked with the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village.

One of the notable details of Doris' good looks is her sheenful blonde hair, so as soon as we were settled for a chat, I got very inquisitive about her methods of caring for it. "Do you brush your hair?" I asked. She laughed, dived into one of her packages, whipped out a new hairbrush and waved it at me. "This is the latest of a long line of hair brushes that I've punished every night and morning!" she exclaimed. "I like them plain and hardy, with extra-stiff bristles. In Hollywood, they reset my wave every morning and shampoo my hair several times a week, so I feel that it needs the stimulation of frequent brushing to keep it from getting dry."

Ordinarily, Doris washes her hair at least once a week with a castile shampoo and has a hot oil treatment every two weeks to assist her hairbrush in keeping scalp and hair healthy and lustrous. Her hair has a slight natural wave, so she has a permanent only on the ends, and that a very loose, fluffy one.

"You know, you can train your hair to do practically *anything,* if you brush it and fuss with it a little," Doris told me, with conviction. That statement seemed to me to be the keynote of her beauty theories. She mentioned it again in referring to her lashes and brows, and I made a mental note to pass it on to you. When a girl realizes this basic beauty truth, she is well on her way to making the most of herself. Conversely, when a girl disapproves of the shape of her eyebrows or the straightness of her lashes but does absolutely nothing about training them properly, *she* is well on the way to hopeless dowdiness.

The beautifully-arched brows and thick, curling lashes that frame Doris' hazel eyes were nurtured and trained in this fashion: Every night and sometimes during the day, she applies an ointment made of rich oils, at the base of her lashes, working it in gently so that it covers the lashes from roots to tips. Then, with a clean mascara brush, she brushes them for a few minutes, pressing the brush firmly against the [*Continued on page 70*]

The TALKIE TOWN *Tattler*

[*Continued from page* 8]

again—just in time to celebrate happily, unscrappily, their fifth anniversary. (Yes, believe it or not, their FIFTH!)

A few nights later, Johnneee and Lupe went to the fights, as is their habit. Before the main bout, celebrities were introduced from the ring. One of the introducees was Glenn Morris, former Olympic champion, who has been signed by Lesser Productions to make a new series of *Tarzan* pictures.

"Here," bellowed the announcer as he pointed to Morris, "is the new *Tarzan*."

Up jumped Lupe from her ringside seat. She beat on the canvas floor with her fists. She glared at Morris, and the announcer. Then she yelled—and when Lupe yells, she YELLS—

"Hey, you, Morris! You are no *Tarzan*. You are a phoney. My Johnneee is the real and only *Tarzan* . . . ! ! !"

Then she sat down, while Morris blushed and the crowd cheered Lupe. Loyal to her Johnneee is Lupe. Until the next fight.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Tommy Brown and Natalie Draper—
Dame Spring's caught 'em; they can't escape 'er!

• • •

DENIAL Department: *denied* by Charlie Chaplin's official liaison voice, from press-agent Catherine Hunter, is the Hollywood rumor that all's not well between Charlie and Paulette Goddard, his is-she-or-isn't-she-his-wife. To inquirers, Chaplin said, "Miss Hunter'll answer all rumors." To inquirers, Miss Hunter answered: "Any report that Mr. Chaplin and Miss Goddard are reaching the end of their romance is ridiculous. You can say that Mr. Chaplin is as interested in Miss Goddard as ever. As ever? My!!

Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, who called it quits months ago but who effected a get-together, are now finally divorced

Denied by Peter Lorre and Mrs. Peter Lorre are the Hollywood rumors that they're divorce-conscious. Between horror-roles at 20th-Fox, Peter busily escorts wifie to Hollywood niteries, as public refutation of the rumors.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jean Muir and Freddie Keating;
A coupla hearts in swingtime beating.

• • •

EMBARRASSING Moment a la Hollywood: Working for Warners is Humphrey Bogart. Entering the studio, the other day, he bumped kersmacko into a pretty girl who was just swishing out of the executive offices after signing a contract to work there, too. "Oh," Humphrey began, "I beg your par—"

"Don't," she replied, "mention—"

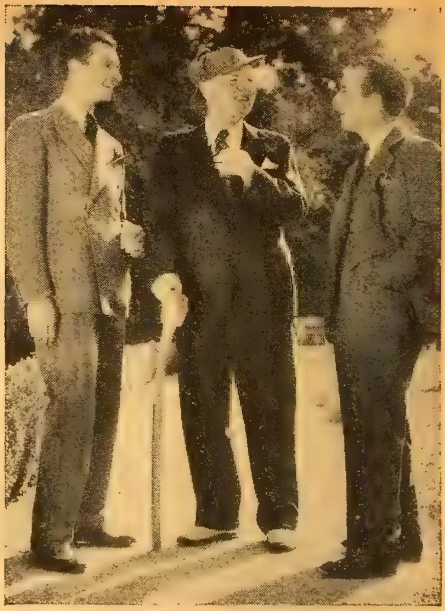
Then their eyes met. They flushed. And neither finished the sentence, as they hurried away. You see, the gal's name is Mary Phillips. She used to be married to Humphrey.

—*Fawcett photo by Rhodes*

Lyle Talbot and bride, Marguerite Cramer, who were wed on Easter Sunday, flee from old shoe-throwers

• • •

IF, AS the self-appointed knowitalls insist, George Brent is still head man in Garbo's life, then all Ol' Man Tattler has to say is that George is certainly two-timing the Scandal-less Scandinavienne! Because Brent and that Australian eye-knocker-outer, Constance Worth, are stepping out these nights. Twice in a row at the Casanova—and when George Brent, night-life-dodger that he is, squires a cutie to a nite club, that is *something*! When he squires said cutie to a nite-club *twice*, that's *more* than something!



W. C. Fields is round and about again, taking his first stroll after a year's absence from the screen because of illness. His friends are radiolites, Lum and Abner

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Walter Kane and Judith Ford;
When they're together, they're sure not bored!

• • •

MOST highly-applauded romance in Hollywood is the altarward progress of Bob Bazooka Burns and Harriett Foster, his secretary. Hollywood's heart, not as hard as it's cracked up to be, went out to Bob during his grief over the death of the wife who shared his ill-fortuned days, could not live to share with him his good fortune. No cutie-ogler, no chaser, Bob found in Hollywood's plethora of beautiful girls no solace for his bereavement. Nor did he seek such solace. But somehow, as they worked together at his business, he and Harriett grew closer. Neither realized that their relationship was growing into something much more than a mere business matter—until the columnists noticed it and mentioned it.

Then Bob and Harriett seemed to realize it themselves. And now you'll find them together at many a Hollywood party, many a Hollywood luncheon. And it won't be long, they don't deny, before the wedding bells'll be ringing.

• • •

QUICK to learn the good old Hollywood custom of crashing the public prints via the romance route was Germaine Aussey (pronounce it O'Say), 20th-Fox's new flash from France. Hardly had she landed in

Hollywood than she was going out places with Bob Ritchie, ex-sweetheart of Jeanette MacDonald.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Connie Simpson and Jack LaRue,
Cooing again as they used to do!

• • •

DIXIE DUNBAR'S got a new boy-friend. But a bashful one! So bashful that he didn't have the nerve, himself, to make his first date with her. He had to have papa do it . . . ! ! ! Boy-friend is Joe E. Brown, Jr. He wanted to take Dixie to his fraternity dance, but couldn't gather the courage to call her up and date her. Finally, Papa Joe called up Dixie, told her how his son was suffering, asked her to allay the Spring fever for the lad. "Sure," said Dixie. And now she and Joe, Jr., are a regular twosome.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Mary Carlisle and Jimmy Blakeley;
There's a romance—unmistake'ly!

• • •

STILL definitely opposed to "altaring" her present state of single-blessedness is Ginger Rogers. But that doesn't mean that Ginger is giving the boys the go-by! Ah, no—on the contrary, it's still "safety in numbers" that's Ginger's motto. . . .

—*Fawcett Photo by Rhodes*

As an appetizer for putting on the feed bag at the Cocoanut Grove, Martha Raye and John Howard do some balloon-tossing

And so you'll see her out this night with Cary Grant, who's quite bothered about her; another night with Jimmy Stewart, who feels the same way she does about romance, but finds her lots of fun; a third night with Pat de Cicco, one-time hubby of the late Thelma Todd. But Ginger's taking care to go out with no one man so often that the columnists can point their pencils at her and holler "It mus' be love!"

• • •

GIGGLESOMEST "marital freedom" arrangement in Hollywood is that between Helen Vinson and Fred Perry. It seems that Helen, who has to stay in Hollywood to make movies while her tennis-star husband is away on that four-months exhibition tour, talked it over with hubby.

"Let's," they agreed, "be moderately hollywoodish."

"All right, then," said Hubby Fred, "while I'm away, it'll be perfectly all right for you to go out with any man. I won't get mad."

"All right," agreed Helen, "and on your tour, Freddie dear, you mustn't be a hermit. Go out with other girls, too."

At Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's roller-skating party observers noticed that he paid special attention to Ginger Rogers

So they shook hands and kissed on it, and Fred went away. That was weeks and weeks and weeks ago—

To date, Helen hasn't been seen out with a single Hollywood swain. To date, no eastern reports tell of Fred's stepping out anywhere but the tennis courts. Smiles Helen: "It's a good idea, this marital freedom, but I can't seem to get warmed up to it."

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Tony Martin and Alice Fay
Still won't name the wedding day.

• • •

SEEMS that 20th-Fox has a corner on the steppingest-outest gals in Hollywood. On that lot are Dixie Dunbar, June Lang and Rochelle Hudson—and between them, there seems to be some sort of contest as to which can collect the most swains at once.

Take June Lang, for instance. Here's a one-week date book record by June: Monday night, circus with Joe Gardener; Tuesday night, auto races with Tommy Lee; Wednesday night, Clover Club with Carl Laemmle Jr.; Thursday night, Cocoanut Grove with Jack Dunn; Friday night, Victor Hugo cafe with Tommy Lee again; Saturday night, moonlight horseback-riding with Douglas Fowley; Sunday night, Trocadero with Earl Carroll . . .

Rochelle Hudson, eight times engaged but never married, and only 21, is giving June stiff competition. Rochelle alternates Lee Bowman, Billy Bakewell, Dan Anderson, and others at the nite clubs, polo games, theatres, cafes.

And Dixie, tiniest of the three, is kept so busy denying marriage rumors that it's all she can do to step out with Joe Brown Jr., Bobby Lee, and who's next?!

• • •

FROM CUPID'S NOTEBOOK: . . . looks like wedding bells for make-up wizard Perc Westmore and movie-newcomer Gloria Dickson, soon as Perc gets a divorce . . . still altar-bound are Rudy Vallee and Judy Stewart . . . Francis Lederer and Margo may say their I-do's any day now . . . Francis and Mary Anita Loos are still friends . . . the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward marriage seems only a question of when . . . Herbert Marshall still adither over Lee Russell who looks very much like ex-sweetie Gloria Swanson . . . if a $75 transatlantic telephone bill is any index, the Glenda Farrell-Drew Eberson romance is still hot . . . Arnold Kunody, ex-flame of Andrea Leeds, is giving gifts to pretty Dorothy Day now . . . Loretta Young is playing the field these days, but Hollywood still bets she and Director Eddie Sutherland will mrandmrs it . . .

As adept as ever at make-up and characterization, Boris Karloff projects himself as a Chinese general in *War Lord*

• • •

TRUE-LOVE note: Carole Lombard waited at the studio gates for Clark Gable to finish a couple of retakes the other night. She waited until 2 a. m. ! ! ! !

[*Continued on page* 64]

La Temple enjoys the contents of a picnic hamper as much as her friends, Joel McCrea and Rosemary Ames. Bette Davis, right, packs a basket for a day's outing

Take Your Pick of Picnic Meals

Delectable dishes for picnic spreads

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"REACH for your own, and spread it for yourself," is the right picnic spirit for 1937! What with sweet girl graduates all over the lot, and handsome lads simply chaffing at the wheel, the younger set is bound to feel that a picnic is the preferred type of meal for many a sunny summer's day.

But the whole family, from Grandpappy to Junior, and including Mother herself, may pack up its troubles in the old picnic basket, and trail, trail, trail! By auto, by train, or by bus, the picnic trail leads to seashore and woods. Good simple food, and plenty of it, will prove the pick of picnics, whether eaten alongside a babbling brook or spread on the sandy beach. And, just in case it *does* rain, such a meal will taste grand even on the home porch or even in the dining-room. Gone, however, is the old cardboard shoe box with its dry sandwiches and a few bananas. The "eats" for this year's outing feast may be as up-to-date as your new streamlined motor.

First, you must take *your* pick of picnic meals: what type of outdoors refreshment do *you* prefer? Here are some suggestions:

1. *Basket Lunch*—All foods cold and precooked at home; meal to be eaten on paper plates.
2. *Hunter's Style meal*—Some foods to be eaten hot, or prepared on location, with skewered meats and stews important.
3. *Barbecue Feast*—Strictly made on location, with one chief hot meat dish.
4. *Carry-Along Casserole Meal*—Hot dishes carried to picnic in electric or other units in which they were cooked.
5. *Garden Party Refreshments*—Cold buffet with elaborate salads, ices and beverages.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN THE NEW PICNIC BASKET

FAMILIAR and tried as it is, nevertheless the basket or hamper type of cold foods is easy to carry, saves time in preparation on arrival, and is suitable to more kinds of outings than any other. Well-planned, this picnic meal is always a winner. For variety's sake, it must include one substantial dish, such as meat loaf which may well be carried along in the pan in which it was made, and sliced on the spot.

To complement the meat, add a tasty but also substantial salad, such as the old standby potato salad, or salmon, crab or other more "ritzy" salad, packed in a glass jar or one of those paper or fibre containers such as that in which ice cream is sold. At least two kinds of contrasting sandwiches, such as sardine, cream cheese or jelly, or rolls spread on the spot with flavored sandwich butters, will give more value to the meal. Top off with berries, melon on the half-shell, or ice cream with cookies or cakes which always carry better than single large layer cake. Serve coffee on the side—and what meal could be more relished?

For the hamper and basket meal, and also on many other informal occasions, choose paper accessories and service. The new paper plates are strong, and finished satin smooth. They may be used for baking pie or cake in, and for carrying them along, or used merely as serving dishes for salads, etc. Heavy, sturdy and tall coffee and hot beverage cups are also made of paper, and are worth the few additional pennies over the usually more

[*Continued on page* 74]

THIS *Freshening Up*

DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN —IT INVIGORATES!

• The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it *invigorates* their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

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Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out."

Miss Biddle has used Pond's ever since she started using creams! "And I found girls using it in England, France, Belgium, Holland—wherever I visited last summer."

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Pond's, Dept. 6-CG, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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"So have I. It's a flavor that fairly melts on your tongue—a fresh pep and tang that sends a tingle right through you. That tight-sealed package keeps the gum chock-full of freshness and flavor. Your digestion is stimulated too; when busy days demand quick eating, chew Beeman's Pepsin for digestion."

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

TIP-OFFS on the TALKIES

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIOCRE

Don't worry Mr. Winchell, it's orchids for you and Patsy Kelly and all the gang in *Wake Up and Live*

Wake Up and Live—AAA½—Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie and all the boys, Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly, Ned Sparks, Jack Haley, et al, in a gay, diverting film. Both Miss Faye and Mr. Haley give the swell tunes by Gordon and Revel all they have—and that's plenty. And the Winchell-Bernie feud is something! Don't miss this.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Elephant Boy—AAA—Robert Flaherty who gave us that artistic masterpiece, *Man of Aran,* a while back, gives us this one, too. It's a distinctive film and will long be remembered, particularly for the gorgeous photography of the East Indian jungle. It stars an unknown twelve-year-old native Indian boy, Sabu, who makes an indelible impression as the trainer of an enormous elephant. If you go for animal pictures, you will go for this in a big way. And, if you don't, you'll appreciate the splendid direction and beautiful scenic shots.—*United Artists.*

Love From a Stranger—AAA—If you want to feel fine shivers down your back see this English thriller with Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. And they both perform brilliantly. Ann is married to a psychopathic case who is a cunning criminal of the Bluebeard variety and who has done away with three wives. Will Ann be his fourth victim? See for yourself—especially if you like films of the creepy variety.—*United Artists.*

The Woman I Love—AAA—Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins not at their best in a war drama—love triangle opus. Louis Hayward, who completes the triangle, is more convincing as the young air lieutenant tormented by his love for his pilot-friend's wife. The flight sequences are exciting and help to speed up the pace of the lagging romantic interludes.—*RKO-Radio.*

Good Old Soak—AAA—Wallace Beery in the title role of this familiar story is effectively human and likable. He is assisted by a capable cast including Janet Beecher, Una Merkel, Eric Linden, Judith Barrett and Betty Furness. This picture about a family will please the entire family.—*M-G-M.*

Let Them Live—AAA—"Clean up the city's sanitary conditions" is the cry of this unpretentious film with an unpretentious cast. Nevertheless, it's a fine photoplay and a real opportunity for some of Hollywood's newcomers to prove themselves—and they do. John Howard as the young doctor scores a hit and Nan Grey, Judith Barrett, Bennie Bartlett, Robert Wilcox and Robert Warwick have genuine talent.—*Universal.*

The Hit Parade—AAA—This lives up to its title. And it is about Radio which offers a swell opportunity for the talents of such renowned radio personalities as Frances Langford, Molasses and January, Pick and Pat, Al Pearce and his Gang, The Voice of Experience, Ed Thorgersen, George Givot. And as though that wasn't enough, there's also Phil Regan, Duke Ellington and his band and Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. It's lively and gay—but, how could it be otherwise?—*Republic.*

Feeling Romantic?

Then grab a copy of the July Movie Story Magazine (now on sale at all newsstands) and let yourself go—with thrilling and romantic story versions of Hollywood's outstanding new movies.

You can read the story of *Souls at Sea,* in which Gary Cooper and Frances Dee enact their most romantic roles as two lovers on the high seas; *Confession,* in which glamorous Kay Francis has a mother-love role that will add immeasurably to her fame as a great actress; and in lighter mood, *I Will be Faithful,* with Michael Whalen and Gloria Stuart as a newlywed and madcap couple, and *Wee Willie Winkie,* as charming as its title, with Shirley Temple, Victor McLaglen and June Lang.

Get acquainted with Movie Story Magazine—only ten cents at your newsstand.

Charlie Chan at the Olympics—AA½—In this one, Warner Oland tracks down a nest of International spies who are after an airplane device. First, of course, there are several killings. Keye Luke, the younger Chan, works with papa and as he is a member of the Olympic swimming team there's good excuse for inserting some stock shots from the Olympic games. It's as good, if not better than some of its predecessors. Other cast members are Katherine De Mille, C. Henry Gordon and John Eldredge.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Pick a Star—AA½—Do you laugh at Patsy Kelly's gags? Do you think Laurel and Hardy funny? Do you enjoy Mischa Auer's crazy antics? If you do all these, you'll have a wonderful time when you see *Pick a Star.* And to quiet you down between laughing spells there's a sweet romance between Rosina Lawrence and Jack Haley. The dialogue is very amusing and your favorite comedians won't disappoint you.—*M-G-M-Roach.*

Night Key—AA½—While this is a crime picture, it is not of the usual variety; neither is Boris Karloff's role. In this, his first sympathetic part, he enacts the role of a victimized inventor of a burglar alarm. Samuel S. Hinds, Karloff's partner, is the victimizer but the tables are turned later. Jean Rogers as Karloff's daughter and Warren Hull supply the love interest. Alan Baxter is convincing as the gang leader and Hobart Cavanaugh supplies the comedy relief.—*Universal.*

Angel's Holiday—AA½—Angel being that delightful little minx, Jane Withers. It's chuck full of chuckles and Janie does her stuff in excellent style. Particularly, a scene in which she does an imitation of Burns and Allen. There's romance, too, and Sally Blane and Robert Kent and Harold Huber and Ray Walker and a new dancer you'll be seeing more of—Joan Davis.—*20th Century-Fox.*

Oh, Doctor—AA½—A hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton, Donrue Leighton, William Hall and Catherine Doucet. Eddie Horton as a hypochondriac with a legacy dangling before him and a desire to live, doubly strengthened by his love for his attractive nurse, will make those laughs come. Especially when he apes his nurse's fiance—an athlete. The stunts are marvelous!—*Universal.*

King of Gamblers—AA½—An excellent crime melodrama adapted from a Tiffany Thayer story. It is brutal and sordid, but convincingly real. While

Miriam Hopkins and Louis Hayward enjoy a tete-a-tete while Muni isn't looking in *The Woman I Love*

the cast isn't of top-notch calibre they handle their roles extremely well. The personal element is furnished by the conflict of a newspaper man and a racketeer over the heart of Claire Trevor, a cabaret singer. Akim Tamiroff as the menace and Lloyd Nolan as the reporter gain applause for their characterizations.—*Paramount.*

Dance Charlie Dance—AA½—George S. Kaufman's *The Butter and Egg Man* makes as funny a movie as it did a play on Broadway a few seasons back. Stuart Erwin is splendid as the hick who invests his inheritance in a play so bad that it's good. Jean Muir is pleasing as the secretary and heart-interest and Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins supply loads of laughs. It's really funny!—*Warner Bros.*

Big Business—AA½—The Jones family returns with some new additions to its cast. There is the usual romance, comedy and drama that has entertained the customers in previous "Jones family" films. Russell Gleason as the love interest and Allen Lane and Frank Conroy as "meanies" are the new members of the cast. You'll enjoy this as much as its predecessors.—*20th Century-Fox.*

The Gold Racket—AA½—If you can still take your G-Men pictures here is another—with Conrad Nagel. And we must admit, he isn't hard to take. There's also a G-Girl in this one—Eleanor Hunt. The background is the colorful Rio Grande country where operatives Hunt and Nagel are assigned to track down a clique of gold smugglers. Love and intrigue and murder and the personable Miss Hunt keep things moving.—*Grand National.*

Hills of Old Wyoming—AA—Another of the Hopalong Cassidy series with William Boyd, but no Jimmie Ellison. However, there's a promising young newcomer, Russel Hayden. And there's still plenty of cattle rustling, Indians, horses and gorgeous western locations. Boyd is up to his usual par and you'll find Clara Kimball Young interesting as *Ma Hutchins.* You'll find yourself laughing helplessly at John Powers' stuttering splutterings. —*Paramount.*

DON'T MISS

any of the following important pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: *History is Made at Night*—a melodrama—the kind that makes you laugh and cry—and at moments simultaneously—starring Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer . . . *Quality Street*—all the charm and whimsy of Barrie's period play is retained in the screen version with Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone in the star roles . . . *Captains Courageous*—an exciting and stirring film adapted from Rudyard Kipling's salty tale of the sea. This film will long be remembered, particularly Master Freddie Bartholomew's emoting. And Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore earn plaudits for their thespian qualities . . . *Call it a Day*—Warner Bros. have taken a good play and turned out a better movie. It's tops in every sense, with a fine cast including Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland, Frieda Inescort, Ian Hunter and Bonita Granville . . . *The Good Earth*—a faithful reproduction of Pearl Buck's best-selling novel with Academy Award winners Luise Rainer and Paul Muni. It ranks as probably the greatest motion picture ever produced . . . *Lost Horizon*—and all the superlatives you've been hearing about it have been realized. It is a real triumph—for actor Ronald Colman, director Frank Capra and Robert Riskin who adapted the Hilton novel.

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YOU MUST TRY THE NEW NON-GREASY ODORONO ICE — IT DISAPPEARS

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NOW, at last, there is a cream deodorant that is absolutely non-greasy. And checks perspiration immediately!

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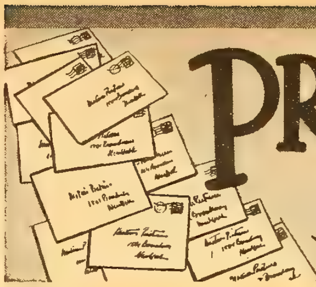

PRIZE LETTERS
How Readers Rate Them!

WE WANT SHEARER

$15 Prize Letter

Norma Shearer

NORMA SHEARER is indisputably the "First Lady of the Cinema." More than that, she is a wonderful woman—a faithful and devoted wife to the late Irving Thalberg and a model and loving mother. When she temporarily deserted the screen at the height of her popularity to take a year's vacation with her ailing husband she demonstrated to the world that he was more important to her than a career. Her two retirements from the screen for the sake of motherhood proved her an even greater woman than an artist. Possessed of a great talent and remarkable beauty, she has the philosophy of a soul of courage and wisdom. Let us all unite in a plea that her flawless *Juliet* will not be her last. Norma Shearer is one of the greatest personalities in pictures. The screen needs the prestige and talent which she brings to it.—*Louise Williams, 2334 West Grace St., Richmond, Va.*

NEXT YEAR'S WINNER?

$10 Prize Letter

NO OTHER well-known work in a decade has been translated to the screen with greater art or sincerity than *The Good Earth.* Elemental stories such as this are undoubtedly the most difficult to produce dramatically yet with the necessary reticence one is led to expect from such epic material. Attainment of these qualities is largely a matter of direction. Sidney Franklin should be highly honored for his work. But, above all, it is the devastating repression of the gifted Luise Rainer, playing the tragic emotional role of *O-Lan,* that undoubtedly lifts this picture to unprecedented heights. Such a picture as this offers much more than entertainment. It affords us real information of life in distant lands—lands we may never really see. That's why talking pictures are of international importance.—*E. E. Boyce, 366 Good Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.*

TOO, TOO DIVINE TAYLOR

$5 Prize Letter

Robert Taylor

THIS is inspired by an article read in one of the popular magazines recently. It contributed no little, in my humble opinion, to the un-popularity of said magazine by reason of the article's gushings about that stereotyped bit of personality, Robert Taylor. In this mis-guided female's "Analysis" of Bob Taylor's rise to fame, she gave as a reason that the girls were turning to the worship of the "clean and beautiful," the "simple and charming" as represented by Taylor. Now isn't that too nice for words? I think it is just too, too ducky that the dear girls of our country have reverted to the worship of the "clean and beautiful" represented by Bobbie, as against the rough tactics employed by Mr. Gable. So here's a great big razzberry for the Prettyboy and the gushing females who worship his profile. They can have him. I'll take Clark Gable for my choice of an actor. *V. W. Speer, 312 W. 5th St., Pueblo, Colo.*

OUR CASE RESTS

$1 Prize Letter

I HAVE written the following letter in answer to your article "Taking the High Hat Out of Opera": Do we want opera sung on the screen? Yes! We *are* hungering for it. Thousands never miss an operatic picture because they love it—and thirst for it. But after being held spellbound by the glorious voices of Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Nino Martini, Grace Moore or Lily Pons, we must long for weeks before our hearts are fed again—in movies—with the music we love. We sit before the radio rapturous over a powerful or a beautiful voice singing for us our best loved arias. They teach us to love it, but we want to hear and *see* them on the screen. Of course, jazz is popular and rightly so, but for a refreshing and most welcomed variety, give us opera as our opera stars wish it—with the high hat kicked off—and something different from jazz, jazz, jazz. Yes, Hollywood, the dream for opera must be realized! *Mary Bronte Hemp, 231 Churchville Ave., Staunton, Va.*

TAKE A BOW, MR. LEROY

$1 Prize Letter

Fernand Gravet

STEP aside, Messrs. Gable, Boyer, Taylor, Flynn, *et al*—a new star is born! I'm referring to Mervyn LeRoy's delightful discovery, Fernand Gravet. I haven't yet stopped raving over his swell performance in *The King and the Chorus Girl.* He's so handsome—and what a sparkling personality. He brings something different and unique to the screen, something that we haven't had since the days of Maurice Chevalier. Not only was Fernand excellent in the romantic interludes (you could hear oohs and ahs from girls in the audience) but, his definite flair for comedy makes him one of the screen's most versatile actors. Take a bow, Mr. LeRoy, for bringing us this charming new star. And, please don't let us wait too long for his next picture.—*Hilda G. Gilbert, 323 Madison Ave., Lakewood, N. J.*

THAT TAYLOR MAN IS HERE AGAIN

$1 Prize Letter

I AM becoming just a little weary of all these cinema super-men that my girl friends are habitually braying about, and it isn't because I'm graduating from the hero-worship stage either. But, after patiently listening to their naive eulogies for many months concerning Robert Taylor's dashing nonchalance, Clark Gable's rugged virility, and even John Barrymore's sagging profile, I've been inspired to rise to the defense of a real man, and a genuinely magnificent actor as well—Paul Muni. Who among us can forget his remarkable performances in *Scarface, I Am a Fugitive* and *The Story of Louis Pasteur*? Muni is no matinee idol but for true brilliance he has them all lashed to the mast. Muni is handsome in a harsh, brutal sort of way and he never poses.—*Eve Lawton, 1388 Noe St., San Francisco, Calif.*

SUCH SNOBS!

$1 Prize Letter

WHY must all movie *art* be advertised by a price tag? It's got me nuts this business of future attractions always being billed as "The billion dollar film." If a man walked up to you and asked how much you paid for your suit rather than admire its tailoring you'd call him a vulgarian. So the movies. The picture may be wonderful, stupendous, colossal, but the amount spent on making it won't make it so. There is more to art than mob scenes and ten thousand chorus girls dressed in cloth of gold. I'll wager *Winterset* didn't cost as much as the average B picture except, perhaps, for the salary of the players. But, there was Art with a capital A. And *Winterset* was not billed with $$$$$ either! Soft pedal the shekels you screenites and your stuff will be easier to take.—*T. M. Rose, 2340 Francisco St., Apt. 302, San Francisco. Calif.*

RAISE THE STANDARD

$1 Prize Letter

WHAT say the populace to this: Would it be better to see Clark Gable (or any other performer) as Clark Gable, or would you rather think of him as the sailor, preacher, tramp or lover, the story would have him emulate? In other words, half of these movie actors are not actors, they are personalities and we pay merely to deify our favorites. On the legitimate stage, at the end of the performance, we are apt to hear, "Wasn't he a fine *Hamlet*?" or, "*Othello* was not so keen tonight." But, did anyone ever speak thus of the movies? I think we should set a higher standard for our talkies. In view of the fact that the schools will be utilizing motion pictures more and more to inculcate the minds of the young, they should speed up their art, so that it will not be lost in the dust of natural, evolutionary progress. Heaven knows they are paid enough.—*George S. Adams, C. C. C. Company 201, S. P. 49, Castile, N. Y.*

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over *one hundred and fifty* words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

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Gum in a crisp candy coating . . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

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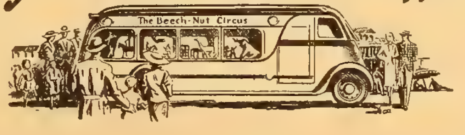
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SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.

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"I'll certainly use Forhan's from now on"

Get Double Protection This Way—

Your dentist will tell you that to keep teeth white and sparkling, gums must be firm and healthy, too. To do both vital jobs—*clean teeth* and *safeguard gums*—an eminent member of the dental profession created Forhan's Tooth Paste.

When you brush your teeth with Forhan's, massage it gently into the gums just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how clean and fresh your whole mouth feels! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes, and the *new big* tube saves you money. Start using Forhan's today. *Also sold in Canada.*

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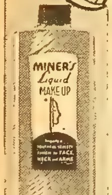


FOR A FLAWLESS VELVETY SUMMER SKIN

Indoors or out—on dance floor, tennis court, or beach—bring the sparkle of youth to your skin with Miner's Liquid Make-Up. Apply it to face, neck, arms, legs—your skin feels silky, looks fresh, tempting, radiant. You're lovely! Play hours under scorching sun or dance till dawn—Miner's stays on, won't rub off or streak. At drug and dep't stores, 50c. Trial sizes 25c and 10c at any 10c counter, or send 10c for a generous trial bottle, mentioning shade, to Miner's, 42 East 20th St., N. Y. C.

Peach
Rachel
Brunette
Suntan

MINER'S, INC. Masters of Make-up Since 1864.

On the SETS with the STARS

E. H. Griffith instructs Tyrone Power and Loretta Young for a *Cafe Metropole* scene

SNOOPING around the lot—MGM's *Broadway Melody*—because there had to be a score of takes of Charley Gorin shaving a man while singing, and no ordinary face could take twenty shaves, they dug up war veteran Paul Destington, whose war wound de-nerved his face, so it doesn't hurt no matter how often shaved! —you'll hear Bob Taylor sing two songs, for which he's earnestly rehearsing—chorines are being dressed in the oddest things: cellophane tuxedos, for one example, and for another, semi-transparent rubber suits—the latter are inflammable, so a regular employee on the set is a man who carries lighted cigarettes, holds them to the gals' lips between takes for a quick drag—and what a job that is!

20th-Fox's *Wee Willie Winkie*—at the end of a day's takes of marching scenes—which sent Vic McLaglen and an army of extras over 12 dusty miles Shirley Temple asked 'em to march once more so her daddy, late afternoon visitor, could see how good a soldier she is. And they did it for her! On location, a three-pound kid was born to a nanny goat, and Shirley immediately adopted it, named it "Winkie."

ON UNIVERSAL'S *The Road Back*—the daily make-up order calls for a barrel of mud a day, to plaster over the extras playing German soldiers in trenches. Odd, but the "Heinies" are played by American Legion veterans, who, not very many years ago, fought Heinies—toughest production break is actress Jean Rouverol's, because, inasmuch as most of the action is filmed at night, she hasn't had a date for weeks with her fiance, who works days, and she's wondering if Director Jimmy Whale won't give her a night off to get married.

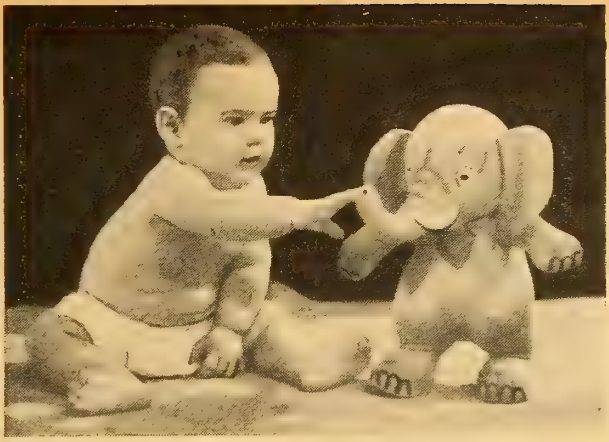
ON COLUMBIA'S *White Heat*—believe it or not, a gravel path caught fire and delayed production. You see, gravel walks have to be made of crunch-proof synthetic gravel, really ground rubber and cork, for movies. And on Sam Goldwyn's set for *The Hurricane* a hundred boxes of chewing-gum were taken by the location unit which left for the South Seas, to pay off south sea native extras who consider American chewing-gum a rare delicacy.

FOR RKO's *Outcasts of Poker Flat* to get realism into the scene where she nearly freezes to death, Jean Muir went into a huddle with her personal physician, learned in detail just exactly the progressive stages of death by freezing, so she could properly portray for the camera all the symptoms.

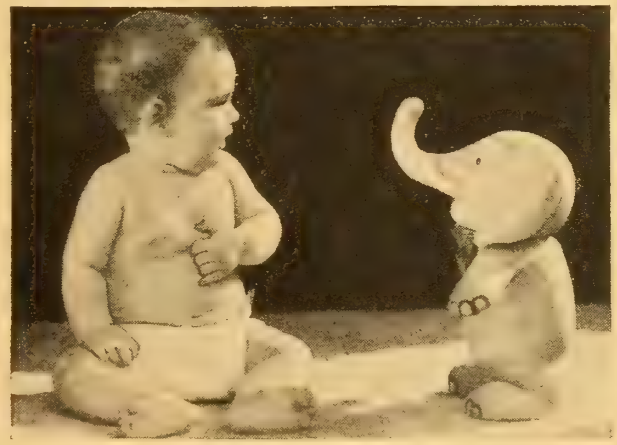
IN WALTER WANGER'S *Vogues of 1937* there's a colored chorus girl on the set who's called Garbo, not because that's her name, but because she always "wants to be alone" and they have a hard time locating her for takes because she sneaks off for impromptu siestas—and while they hunt the sepia garbo, stars Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter cool their heels and wait.

AND there's Warner Brothers' *War Lord* where poor Boris Karloff got a bad reputation for having gone suddenly high hat because he wouldn't speak to acquaintances—until they learned the Chinese make-up drew his eyes so out of shape that his vision was distorted to the point where he couldn't recognize them.

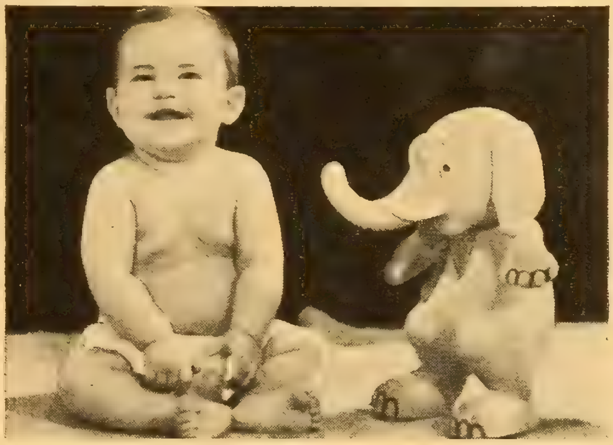
OFF-and-on-the-set-chatter: In RKO's *Shall We Dance?* Fred Astaire does a dance in a ship's engine-room set on steel plates of different thickness, so that they play a tune under his taps, like a huge xylophone . . . for M-G-M's *The Emperor's Candlesticks* William Powell, who doesn't like cigars, had a man on the sidelines keep his cigar alight, then wrap the butt in cellophane and stick it into his (Bill's) mouth just before he had to stroll into the scene smoking it. During one scene under hot light, Bill had to put on and take off a heavy fur coat 76 times. To achieve the frosty breaths called for in the script, although the set temperature was above 90, Bill and Luise Rainer chewed a trick gum-and-menthol concoction which produces said frostiness of the breaths . . . you'll see a lot of U. S. sailors in *au naturel* in Universal's *Wings Over Honolulu,* because they refused to work in make-up and walked off the navy base location when make-up men approached with powder-puffs in hand—and we can't even suggest the words the sailors called 'em . . . at 20th-Fox, Loretta Young likes her morning coffee, but wouldn't take it alone, so she served coffee every morning to cast and crew of *Cafe Metropole*—so at the picture's end, the crew chipped in, bought her a coffee set with doughnut saucers . . . they're working up a swell war at M-G-M between Jeanette MacDonald and Producer William Anthony McQuire, who wants her to go brunette for *Girl of the Golden West*—McQuire insists that the 1849 California girls were Spanish brunettes; Jeanette insists that a lot of Spanish girls were and are blondes—so far, no decision . . . a humming bird, attracted by flowers for a wedding scene, held up production for two hours on 20th-Fox's *Escape From Love* while Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen waited for the crew to drive the bird off the stage . . . not until he was called upon to drive a car at high speed through a scene for Universal's *The Wildcatter* did leading man Scott Colton reveal that he doesn't know how to drive!—so Director Lew Collins had to dress a prop-man in the star's clothes, shoot the scene with the autoist's back to the lens . . . for Goldwyn's *Woman Chases Man,* Miriam Hopkins had to act some scenes where she is supposed to be tipsy—so she got her jag by spinning rapidly around for ten to fifteen seconds just before the take—although she'd rather have done it on real champagne—and because he visited Miriam on the set one day, Erik Rhodes got a bumped nose—because cork from the prop champagne bottle in Miriam's hands zipped right across the scene during one take, out of camera range, and bopped Erik's beak into a bump . . . it wasn't all laughs during the production, though, for near-tragedy struck when Leona Maricle, during a scene, fell 16 feet from a tree branch and although knocked unconscious, wasn't given first aid because the crew thought she was merely acting . . . on M-G-M's *Madame Walewska,* Garbo indulged in a recently-rare fit of temperament when she learned she had been candid-cameraed on the set, and wouldn't go to work until assured that the candid-shots had been destroyed.



● ***"Excuse me for getting personal—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say . . . It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?"***



● ***"You don't tell me! . . . You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on . . . Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy! . . . Well, I must say you've got something there!"***



● ***"Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder . . . no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!"***

Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Borated Talcum

● *"Take one feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!" Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root . . . Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

PERSONAL DAINTINESS
THE FIRST RULE OF
Loveliness

Prove for Yourself that
QUEST NEVER FAILS ON
SANITARY NAPKINS

● Why take chances now that *complete* protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors.

Quest is utterly effective—even on sanitary napkins. It prevents perspiration offense; assures all-day-long body freshness, yet does not irritate skin or clog pores.

Try Quest today. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins—after the bath—under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, so does not cover up the fragrance of perfume.

And Quest costs no more than other kinds . . . only 35c for the large two-ounce can. Buy it at any drug counter.

QUEST
FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

Kotex
Quest
Kotex
Use it with Kotex

YOUR WITNESS on the STAND

with Winifred Aydelotte

who tells you things you never knew till now

Q. What was Ronald Colman's first big screen hit?

A. *Stella Dallas*, produced by Goldwyn in 1925.

Q. How much does Hollywood spend a year exploiting stars?

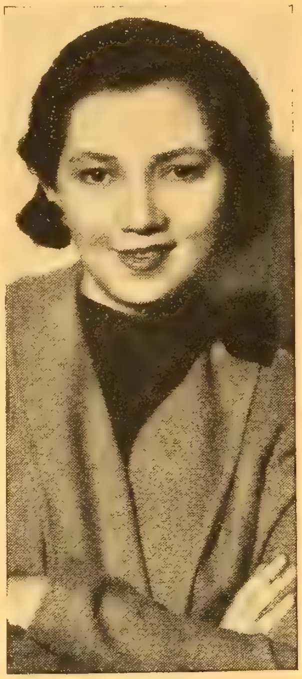
A. About $17,500,000, which proves that their faces cost a fortune.

Q. When you see a storm at sea on the screen and hear the fury of the elements, or when you hear the sound of galloping hoofbeats in a western, or a bird singing in the trees, does the microphone pick up these noises while the scene is being shot? Or are sound effects usually dubbed in?

A. Sometimes they are dubbed in. And when they are, the studios are likely to call on Abe Meyer, head of the Meyer Synchronizing Service. He supplies odd noises to all studios. He can fill requests for ten feet of thunder and fourteen feet of rain; the sound of bacon frying; the sound of horses approaching. Once or twice he has been stumped. He has sound records of a Model T Ford going at a great rate and coming to a stop; storms at sea; waves breaking on the shore; a puppy whining; an alarm clock; auto crashes with or without screams; a farm tractor; one baby crying or a whole nursery; a Pekingese barking or a Great Dane; airplanes taking off and landing; the moo of a cow. About the only sound record he hasn't got is a record of Harpo Marx's voice!

Q. Please ask a director what a really beautiful woman of the screen must have to be outstanding.

A. All right. Here's what Robert Z. Leonard says: "She must have sincerity of performance, grace of movement, appeal of voice, charm of personality, and ability to achieve reality in characterizations without a trace of the artificial." If you've got all that, you're a good bet for the screen . . . IF you are photographic!



To be in top form Patsy Kelly wears dark green, dark blue or light brown

Q. Why do studios use such beautiful colors in the stars' gowns when they photograph only in shades of black and white?

A. I asked Ernest Schrapps, designer at Hal Roach Studios, about this, and he said: "Why is it a woman is most charming when she is wearing a becoming costume? It is the psychological effect of colors, and actresses must be in top form at all times. For example, Patsy Kelly seems to be happier (and therefore can act better) in dark green, dark blue, or light shades of brown. Lyda Roberti is her most charming and vivacious in a light green."

Q. Is Lambert Hillyer, the director, the same Hillyer who raced against Oldfield, Rickenbacker and other race-track champions a few years ago?

A. Yep. Now, he's in a more dangerous and exciting game.

Q. Can you please tell me whether any Hollywood studios sponsor certain drama schools?

A. No. The studios sponsor no particular drama school. Most of them have their own on the lot, under capable supervision, in which the young contract players receive their training. Mrs. Rogers (Ginger's ma) is in charge of RKO's training school.

Hollywood's
Trick Parties

DROLLEST party-invitation and acceptance of the month: To Henry Willson, Paula Stone sent an invitation to a duck dinner at the Stone home by putting a tiny little baby duck in a box, with the invitation around its neck, and sent it to Henry by messenger . . . Touched by the whimsy, Henry responded in kind. He sent a live hen, in a box, with a note: "*HEN*-ry accepts." Topper of the gag: ten minutes after Henry's hen arrived, it laid an egg on Paula's living-room rug.

RAGIEST party-game in Hollywood is the one where the guests all sit around watching two of their number. One thinks of the name of a world-famed personage; the other has 21 tries wherein to guess the name, each try consisting of one question, barring the actual name or identity of the subject's name . . . Wild, these Hollywood nights!

CHINESE parties scored twice in Hollywood during the month—one was the party given to Ivy Crane Wilson, one-time actress, before she left for a vacation in China. The party was all-Chinese in motif, with Joe E. Brown disguised as a Chinese mandarin with drooping moustaches around the Brown mouth. Bette Davis, absent in Palm Springs, nevertheless attended the party by long distance telephone . . . Other Chinese party was (you must have guessed it!) another of Harry and Chia Lachmann's at-homes. Director Harry's wife, lovely Chinese lady, is one of Hollywood's favorite hostesses. The Chinese dishes she serves are no 35-cent chop suey or egg foo yung, but strange Chinese concoctions such as the mandarins, themselves, eat. And Mrs. Lachmann, cosmopolite, always varies her menu by interlarding the Oriental dishes with Occidental delicacies. Guests at her latest affair included Anna Sten, Peggy Fears, Constance Collier, Albertina Rasch.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone stick to their sure-fire party recipe—dinner, followed by movies in the Joan-Tone private theatre . . . Usually, Joan and Franchot collect one of the big features-of-the-week in Hollywood; the other night, though, for the edification of Guests Heather Thatcher, Phil Huston, Ann Sothern, et al, they showed a color-movie of a fishing trip by Franchot's family from their Niagara Falls home into the Canadian woods . . . It was a double-feature bill. Added to the Tone Family Fishing film was *Maytime*.

NOW that summer's here in Hollywood, yachting parties are the rage. First of the season was Preston Foster's, aboard his *Zoa III*. Preston and Mrs. Foster virtually live aboard the *Zoa* throughout each summer . . . Guests at their annual "yacht-warming party" included Dick and Joby Arlen, Joan Fontaine, Anne Shirley, Hugh Daniels, Phil Huston, Jane Walsh and Diana Gibson. Guests all aboard in Balboa yacht basin, the Fosters weighed anchor, cruised to Catalina, landed for cocktails and made Balboa and home-shores by sunset-time . . . Entertainment highlight of the party was target practice with .22 rifles—and the targets were used flash-bulbs, discarded by the cameramen at RKO studios.

PARTY-HIGHLIGHTS of the month—to guests who clamored for her cook's doughnuts recipe after a doughnuts-and-coffee party at her home, Irene Dunne admitted that she, herself, had baked them, added that she'd once won a doughnut contest in Chicago, refused to give away her prize formula—Ted Peckham, who has started Hollywood's hire-an-esort service for manless ladies, is getting a reputation as a party-giver, his latest gag being a treasure-hunt on bicycles—none of the lady guests had to pay their escorts that night—urged to wear informal attire (the more informal, the better) at a party given by Ernst Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. David O. Selznick went most informal of all: Mrs. S. wore a nightie, Dave wore a dressing-gown!—oddest party in Hollywood was the one given to the wife of Director Bill Howard, just before her departure for London to join him there; the hosts were Mrs. Howard's servants, who invited her closest friends, provided a grand dinner and entertainment, and footed all the bills!

SCREWIEST birthday-cake in Hollywood was the one at the birthday party of Carole Lombard's pal-secretary-companion-"Fieldsie." "Fieldsie," who used to work with Carole when both were Mack Sennett bathing beauties, and who has been inseparable from Carole ever since, was presented with the cake by Bob Cobb, owner of the Brown Derby, and Gail Patrick's husband. Bob's cake consisted entirely of hamburgers and hot dogs, with a "frosting" of mustard! The little decorations around the side were pickles . . . Most hilarious guests at the party were, of course, Carole and Clark Gable.

"CAN'T CHAFE"
means Extra Comfort!
"CAN'T FAIL," "CAN'T SHOW"
mean Extra Security!

1.. CAN'T CHAFE...

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.

2.. CAN'T FAIL...

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping.

3.. CAN'T SHOW...

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

Now... 3 types OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE
Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

In spite of her daily bath she's an

UNDERARM VICTIM!

EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of *past* perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes *special* care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you're safe for *that* day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it's on, you're through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don't worry — if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don't be an *underarm victim!* Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Mum daily gives to countless women comforting assurance that they cannot offend.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 53]

MORE-OR-LESS-VITAL Statistics: Married, at Yuma, Director-Writer Ralph Ceder and British cinemactress Ouida Kellerman . . . divorced, at last, Judith Allen and pugilist Jack Doyle . . . engaged, with diamond-and-ruby-ring-on-her-finger, Suzanne Kaaren and Tommy Warren . . . born, one Mohr Hollywood baby, to pretty Evelyn Venable and Director-Hubby Hal Mohr—an eight-pound-four-ounce girl named Rosalie . . . divorced again, Adrienne Ames from Bruce Cabot, ho, hummmmmmm . . . divorced, Arline Judge from Wesley Ruggles, in Reno . . . married, Arline Judge to Dan Topping, in Reno . . . uh huh, same day, same judge! . . . divorced, Ruth and Edgar Selwyn because, she testified, he wanted to bring a girl home to dinner . . . married, character actor George E. Stone and socialite Ida Pleet, in Philadelphia, of all places! . . . married, Ruth, former wife of Conrad Nagel, to Sidney Franklin, the director, not the bullfighter . . . divorced, onetime screen star Betty Compson from theatrical agent Irving Weinberg, who wouldn't come home for dinner . . . planning to remarry, Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent, because Astrid's papa, Ernest Christofferson, thinks a Hollywood marriage isn't all it's cracked up to be and wants his daughter married by the Lutheran pastor in the little church where she was christened in Springfield, Mass. . . . so they'll go back to Springfield and please papa . . . betrothed (and probably mrandmrs by the time you read—this), George Givot and socialite Maryon Curtis, with whom he once went to school in Chicago . . . married, Director Louis King and stage actress Patricia Dolling . . . married, Lyle Talbot and socialite Marguerite Cramer . . . divorced, Director Bob Golden and actress Betty Hayward, who told the court she was "just another experience" to her hubby . . . stork-conscious, Jane Wyatt, who scored big in *Lost Horizon,* and who's taken a house near Santa Barbara with Hubby Ed Ward, while waiting for the blessed event. . . .

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Sweetie-pies, it's easy to tell,
Are June Travis and Dick Purcell.

• • •

NEWEST romance seems to have Frances Langford and Gil Kuhn at fever heat. Gil was captain of the U. S. C. football team a year ago, but went crooner after graduating, and is now doing personal appearances at Los Angeles theatres.

• • •

WHO'S WHOSE IN HOLLYWOOD: Director Gregory LaCava and Universal's star Doris Nolan Cocoanut-Groving together—igniting their year-old flames ditto, Estelle Taylor (once Mrs. Jack Dempsey) and Director Roland Brown—Barbara Barondess and Douglas MacLean twoing—Philip Houston and Julia Haydon taking sundown hikes together—Book Publisher Donald Friede and Patricia Ellis joining nitineraries—Colleen Moore introducing Fiance Homer

Hargrave of Chicago to her Hollywood friends—Beverly Roberts furnishing a new apartment as Director Bill Keighley's divorce nears—George Raft and Virginia Peine house-hunting along the Santa Monica beach, together—Wesley (ex-Arline Judge) Ruggles draping Toby Wing on his arm these nights—Dick Foran and Claudia Morgan still twosoming—Ella Logan and Broderick Crawford went over the Hays limit on a kiss for the camera the other day, and Hollywood suspects they're retaking the scene offstage—Phyllis Brooks rounding-the-town with Cy (ex-Alice White) Bartlett—Jerry Wald and Margaret Tallichet re-romancing—Wynne Gibson and Edward Ludwig giving the niteclub-goers heart throbs—Allan Davis and Peggy Shannon watching the thermometer go up—Tala Birell finding Santa Barbara, where socialite Wright Ludington lives, so so delightful for weekending—*Smart Girl* Nan Grey and Transport Pilot Beau Bendle up in the air—

• • •

CAN'T-MAKE-UP-THEIR-MIND Department: Al Hall, ex-hubby of Lola Lane, alternating between Mona Rico and Lucille Ball . . . Jack LaRue, out with old-flame Constance Simpson one night, new flame Hazel Forbes the next . . . Eleanore Whitney, tearful when she bade Johnny Downs goodbye at the dock when he sailed for Honolulu, stepping out with Jimmy Ellison, Lee Bowman, Jack Dunn, Will Roosevelt, Jr. (no relation to the Supreme Court's pet peeve). . . . B. P. Schulberg, formerly of Sylvia Sidney, stepping out with (1) pretty model Jane Laurel, (2) Elaine Ariel Barrie Barrymore, and (3) Italian Actress Milli Monti, newcomer to Hollywood, who seems to have the inside track in BP's life, despite the others . . . Binnie Barnes and Willie Wyler can't make up their minds about each other. Confused by Virginia Louis of Omaha, who looks like his ex-wife Margaret Sullavan, is Wyler. Distracted by former-romance-mate John King is Binnie. Yet Binnie and Willie do manage to get out together once in a while . . . Mary Brian, who can give Rochelle cards and spades in the often-engaged-but-never-wed steeplechase, is now flitting between airlines executive Henry Hoey and British actor George Sanders . . . Elissa Landi, who can't seem to choose between Comptroller-of-the-Currency J. F. T. O'Connor, and Nino Martini, who sends her gardenias by the dozen.

• • •

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne
In holy wedlock soon may jerne!

• • •

BETTY FURNESS is so Johnny Green-conscious that between takes, she plays his recorded orchestrations over and over! . . . So in love with wifie Molly O'Day and their babies is Comicker Jack Durant that he just took a 6,000-mile round-trip flight from New York to Hollywood and back to spend two days with them . . . For the first time in their eight years of married life, Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders didn't celebrate their wedding anniversary with a twosome. It was a threesome—because this time, baby daughter Susan shared the party.

[*Continued on page* 71]

The girl you want to be

"Goodness knows I wanted popularity and admiration," says Ethel T*, "but until I used Marchand's, I never realized that my hair could make such an amazing difference in my appearance. Marchand's restored my drab and dingy hair to its former, natural sunny loveliness. Now everyone compliments me—my friends say I'm fascinating."

Let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash bring *you* new popularity and fresh, youthful beauty to *your* hair. If you are BLONDE, it will restore and keep that radiant, sunny loveliness everyone admires. If you are BRUNETTE, you can rinse lovely, glowing high-lights in your hair. Marchand's will lighten *any* color hair to *any* flattering shade you desire.

*Name on Request

"BEFORE I used Marchand's I envied girls who had attractive sunny hair!"

Both BLONDES and BRUNETTES use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Because it is not a depilatory, it *cannot* leave unpleasant stubble.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is quick, simple and easy to use. Colorless. Stainless. Odorless. Effective. Always perfect results.

FREE "Help yourself to Beauty" an amazing brochure by ROBERT of Fifth Avenue. Tells you correct make-up—secrets of fashion—new and proper coiffures—what type *you* are. Complete with self-analysis beauty charts. FREE—merely send in coupon below with 3¢ stamp for postage.

"NOW—everyone admires the soft sheen and lovely, glowing highlights Marchand's gave my hair."

(complete simple directions for use with every bottle)

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 W. 23rd St., New York City
Gentlemen: Please send me a FREE copy of HELP YOURSELF TO BEAUTY. I enclose a three-cent stamp to cover postage costs.

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*Address*____________________

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FW-7

SAFE ADVICE
TO
MARRIED WOMEN

CONSULT DOCTOR IF IN DOUBT

FEMININE
HYGIENE
EXPLAINED

1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who finds the right answer to this grave problem...Happy when she lives *without fear*...Prevents that agonizing worry which upsets so many marriages...*Fortunate in being free from dangerous germs!*

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research now brings you *dainty, snow white* suppositories for Feminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate the convenience and *safety* of Zonitors. For Zonitors embody famous *ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE.* They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from "burn danger" to delicate tissues.

3. Zonitors are *safe* and *easy* to use...*greaseless, snow white* suppositories, each in a *sanitary* glass vial ... no clumsy apparatus ... *completely deodorizing. Easy to remove* with plain water. Instructions in package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.

FREE—Booklet containing latest medical information. Write to Zonite Products Corp., 754 New Brunswick, N. J.

IN 12 INDIVIDUAL GLASS VIALS

$1 PER BOX OF TWELVE

Zonitors
MADE BY ZONITE

Free For Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 247-B Frontier Bldg.,
462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN behind the STARS

ARCHIE MAYO

Director of *Call It A Day*

ARCHIE MAYO, on the set of *Call It A Day*, was talking to a visiting fireman about his diet. "Lost 55 pounds in two months," Mayo said.

"How?" asked the visiting fireman, who was a trifle stout himself.

"Diet," said Mr. Mayo. "Pineapple juice and cottage cheese, mostly. I'll write it out for you. But that isn't all. I wear a reducing belt."

"A belt?" asked the visiting fireman.

"A belt," said Mr. Mayo. "An elastic belt. It keeps the tummy in. You never saw anything like it. You have to order it from Chicago. Want to get one?" The visiting fireman nodded. While this dialogue was going on assistant director Jack Sullivan, whose business it was to see that Mr. Mayo kept somewhere within hailing distance of the schedule, quietly went mad.

Call It A Day came in almost on schedule. If it had been wrapped up right on the dot, the bosses would have considered it a miracle. They expect Mr. Mayo to take longer than other directors. They also expect him to turn out something over the ordinary. So far he hasn't failed them. He has never made a picture in schedule time—and he has never made a mediocre film.

"Keep them laughing," is Mayo's motto. That's how he became a director. Fifteen years ago he wandered around Hollywood selling custom-made shirts. He traded his gags for shirt orders and Lloyd Hamilton finally hired him as gag man. Before that he was a comedian in vaudeville and an extra in pictures and he never failed to "keep 'em laughing."

Mayo feels that if he keeps his company in high spirits, he gets better results. If you pin him down, he'll point out the case of *Petrified Forest.*

On a desert set for the picture the wind machines kicked up a terrific dust and the "grips" stood by the machines dumping fuller's earth on the blades. The set wasn't a pleasant place to be. The entire company wore masks. Between takes, the players wore them. But when the camera was rolling they had to eat dust and it got on their nerves. Even Leslie Howard, who doesn't let life disturb him much, was on edge.

At that time, Mayo wasn't dieting and carrying his extra poundage around was no fun. He had a terrific cold and the dust was driving him nuts. But his company didn't know it. One practical joke followed another. After each take, Mayo delivered a monologue. "Beautiful," he would say. "I never saw a finer piece of acting. We're going to keep that for posterity and make another one for this picture."

Mayo says there were times when the thought of another practical joke made him sick to his stomach; times when he wanted to walk off the set into the clean air and never come back. But he kept on clowning and wound up the production without one serious squabble. After it was all over, Miss Davis said she would have cut Howard's and Bogart's throats if it hadn't been for Archie. Bogart also admits that it was Mayo who kept him from mayhem or murder.

THE good-natured Mayo can be serious. He was serious about *Black Legion.* Once, however, when he was being desperately serious, he made a statement to an interviewer that had the whole lot laughing. He told of the message behind the film, of its great power. "There's a picture I would have made for nothing," he said. "They didn't make me pull my punches. They let me tell the truth. It's a terrific thing. I tell you, it's the kind of a picture you'll take your little boy or your little girl to see and they'll come out and they'll say, 'Damn it, papa, did you ever see anything like it?'"

Director Mayo reads the script of *Call It A Day* to see if Ian Hunter, at his right, is up in his lines. The technical crew is listening in

Mayo is a versatile director, as his record shows. He can do broad comedy better than anyone in Hollywood. But subtle comedy, as is found in *Call It A Day*, is also his meat. And he made this one right after he had finished *Black Legion*, which didn't have a laugh in it.

It is an experience to watch Mayo direct a picture. One after another, he plays all the parts. *Call It A Day* was a little more difficult than most pictures. All the players, save for Olivia de Havilland, had English accents. Mayo wasn't born in England and though he has been there his idea of how folks speak in Mayfair is a little strange. He seems to feel that English ladies and gentlemen drop H's by the peck. Only when he was showing Elsa Buchanan how to play a cockney maid, was he at all in character.

This method gets results. Mayo's delivery may not be perfect but he gives a rough idea of how he wants a scene played and it's a pretty dumb actor who can't follow him.

Mayo surprised Hollywood last year by moving out of the little house he had occupied for twelve years on a quiet street in West Los Angeles and moving into a new one in Beverly Hills. "I'm not going Hollywood," he explained. "My wife wanted a new house so we built one.

"But," he added. "I had my way about it. There is no swimming-pool and I've got one room all to myself. And we aren't going to have a butler. Mrs. Mayo wanted one but I was firm. I told her I'd been opening the door for my friends for years and I wasn't going to have someone do it for me at this late date."

Mayo's next assignment for Warner Bros., will be *A Gentleman After Midnight* starring Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland.

Doug Fairbanks and the Mrs. were among the celebrities at the recent opening of *Tovarich* in Hollywood

CAVEMAN got a break!

Not many comforts in the life of an ancient caveman! But he had one enviable piece of luck—tooth troubles seldom attacked him! His teeth were kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough, chewy foods of primitive man's diet.

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Left: *"Variation" with three-way adjustable low back, in *white*—$1.00 and $1.50. Send for *free* Style Booklet F: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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Stardom? It's Not Important

[*Continued from page* 38]

I saw a middle-aged man who seemed tired and harrassed—one who obviously wasn't having much fun or enjoying this business of living. What about it?

"Middle aged, eh?" Pres answered. "He's a lot younger than I am, and I'm in my early thirties. Trouble with him is, he's sick with ambition! Yes, you heard right. Ambition!"

Whoa! That made ambition sound rather deadly. All our childhood copy-books praised it highly as a virtue. They told half-truths about it, Pres insisted. Ambition is a virtue so long as a man is master of it. When it masters him, it becomes deadly.

"HERE'S what I mean. That writer who spoke has set a lot of money as his goal. He's got plenty now, enough to live very well and take care of the future. Comfortably. Is that enough for him? No, he's got to have more, more, more. He's killing himself to get it. Throwing away his fine todays for tomorrows he may never have. No fun in life. No joy, no play, no rest. And worse, no friends or darned few. No real living. And all for money. Why? Security? Bunk. How can a million in the bank make him any more secure? He can't have more than one roof over his head at a time and he has plenty to see that this roof doesn't leak. He can't eat more than three meals a day and he has plenty to buy them, with all of the fixin's. He can't wear more than one suit at a time, and he has plenty to buy the best.

"So he's going hell-bent—for what? A bed in a hospital or six feet under! What good will his million be then? Does he want to be known as the richest man in the cemetery?"

Then it was only ambition for money that was deadly. And that translated in six figure terms.

Pres said no. A definite no. Money ambition perhaps was the most common—and that one was purely relative, applying to the man who earned twenty-five or fifty dollars a week as frequently as to the one earning four figures—but there were others. Others like—

"Come on over to my dressing-room and I'll show you what I mean," he said.

The room is rather smallish and by the time both of us were comfortably seated, things were rather crowded. His quick rise to screen popularity guaranteed Pres a room more befitting his star status. He turned down such a room when it was offered; this was his first one at the studio, he said, and was his "lucky" one. Therefore he kept it.

"THESE are what I meant," he said. "In a way they constitute my Code of Conduct. Or sort of constant warning that heavy seas are running." (Being quite a sailor, Pres has a tendency to reduce conversation to nautical terms.)

He pointed to three ordinary newspaper clippings, well-worn from the many times he must have fingered them, which were stuck in the edge of the light-rimmed mirror of his dressing table. One announced the sudden and tragic death of Irving Thalberg. Another dealt with the death of John Gilbert. The third carried the date-line of a small Eastern town and in one paragraph told of the divorce of Allan and Martha Adams. They were friends he had known before coming to Hollywood.

"Storm signals of ambition," he said.

First, the death of Thalberg. A warning *not to forget to play.*

"Thalberg's ambition in itself was wholly admirable and worthy of emulation," Pres explained the significance of the clipping, "first as a young man making his place in the world and afterwards in making fine pictures. The trouble lay in what it led to.

"Never blessed with a strong body but urged on by an indomitable will (perfectly understandable) he was driving himself toward a goal. All well and good. He reached that goal, acknowledged to be one of the most brilliant and powerful figures in the vast motion picture industry. Incidentally, in so doing, he acquired an enormous fortune.

"Here, however, is where Thalberg's ambition crossed the danger line. Once he had attained that goal, the work over which he had been master became master of him. It obsessed him. Nor was there any element of selfishness in that obsession. Night after night, sometimes throughout the entire night, he remained at the studio, buried in work. Others, equals and subordinates alike, gave themselves legitimate and necessary hours of rest, relaxation and play. These hours Thalberg, who in great generosity refused others nothing, denied himself. The pleadings of his family and friends that he take greater care of himself fell on deaf ears.

"The hour came when, taken ill, his body needed reserve strength to draw upon, strength built by lazy hours in sunshine, exercise, rest, carefree laughter and fun. There was none. He died at thirty-seven, a famous and wealthy man. But you know as well as I do that Norma Shearer would give every ounce of the fame he helped to bring her, and every ounce of the fortune he left her, to have him back."

THERE may be some, Pres said, who think it presumptuous of him, since, admittedly, he is not a wealthy man, to own and operate the year around his fast power-cruiser, the 52-foot *Zoa III*. But that boat represents escape to him. Once a picture is completed, he boards her and zooms away. No one, not even the studio, knows his whereabouts or can reach him. Hollywood and work are left miles behind in fact as well as mind. When he returns to new work, it is with a freshened body and enthusiasm. Both show, I might add, to great advantage in that work.

If ever a man was hepped on boats, it's Pres. He'll talk you deaf and then draw pictures on tablecloths, walls, shirtsleeves or anything handy, of just where the fishing chairs are placed on the *Zoa*, the location of the galley and even the design of china and shape of ashtrays. Eventually we got back to deadly ambitions and the clippings.

He picked up the second, the sad announcement of John Gilbert's death. "I keep this to warn me that so-called *fame is neither lasting nor important* and that ambition for it can lead to tragedy," he explained.

Gilbert drank deeply of as heady a draught of fame and adulation as was ever offered any man, you may recall. He was fawned upon by women, envied by men and fought over by producers who knew only too well the magic his name worked at the box-office. Professionally, in particular, he was a big-shot.

Then came sound in pictures. Gilbert, in one unfortunate scene, was crucified. The fault was not his, as later pictures proved; imperfection in sound recording and inexperience of men handling it was responsible for the high pitched "I love you" from Gilbert's lips that threw audiences into hysterical laughter.

"Nonetheless, it sufficed to bring his house of fame tumbling about his head," Pres said. "Gilbert, inured to Hollywood glory and all it means, could not take it. His spirit, pride—call it what you will—could not be reconciled with less than top-rank stardom. He brooded, lost the will to live. He died, many say, of a broken heart."

A SLIP from his present hard-won stardom—hard-won despite his modest assertions that it was nine-tenths luck—would cause scarcely a ripple in Pres's life. He has proved that already. Several years ago he won acclaim on the New York stage, his name in lights, and respect from severe critics. Then came what you remember as The Depression and the legitimate theatre hit an all-time low.

Pres worked sometimes, yes. But when no roles were available, when theatrical managers, for one reason or another, seemed to welcome him with a little less warmth, Pres did not stop working and howl or brood about hard times. He worked *as an extra* making shorts for Paramount and Warner Vitaphone—worked and was glad of the opportunity!

"Stardom, success, being a big-shot is pleasant of course," he said. "But the important thing is to value it in its proper perspective. Not to let being important become all important. Take it for what it is, and when the time comes to leave it, leave it gracefully and start building anew."

That brought us to the third and last clipping, the final sign-post on his road of How Not To Go. It was the one about the divorce of Allan and Martha Adams. They were a young couple Pres used to know in a small Eastern town, as I said. Martha and Allan, of course, are not their real names for obvious reasons.

"I keep this clipping to remind me that the *possession of money is important only in proportion to the happiness it brings.* As witness Allan and Martha.

"They were a couple of nice kids," he said, "with a moderate income. I never saw a couple who were more in love.

"They decided one day that they couldn't be really happy until they had three thousand dollars in the bank," Pres said. "It wasn't just security they were seeking. It was that set sum of money. Once they had that, they would begin to really *live.* They began to save, almost savagely. They stopped going about with their young friends. They denied themselves normal pleasures. They wanted a baby. They sacrified that, too; it would eat up too much of their precious horde.

"Five years passed and they had the three thousand," Pres continued. "Then they had a baby—and lost it. Estranged from their former friends, out of touch with outside interests, they had nothing to console them in their grief but three thousand dollars written on a page in a savings book. Somehow, looking at that, they discovered, would not ease their loss.

"Almost frantically they plunged into a whirl of artificial gaiety. When it had run its course, the money was gone. So was their love for one another. Divorce followed."

THOUGHTFULLY Pres tucked that third clipping back in its place in the mirror's rim. In emphasis of his next words, he flicked it with thumb and forefinger.

"Don't misunderstand me, I am heartily in favor of saving, of providing for the *future.* It is essential. But within reason, not to the exclusion of *today.* We're given only one chance to live each day. I say *live it to its fullest, its finest, its sweetest!* That need not mean its most costly.

"In the mad scramble for money today, ambition is confused with greed, and provision for the future, beyond a sensible point, is motivated by fear. Fear that reveals a telling lack of confidence in one's own abilities.

"If I had saved all my money carefully, I could have retired by now, a comparatively wealthy man. Retired for what? I have provided for my future but not to an extent that will include a great house and servants to wait upon me. I won't need either. I don't now, to be happy. I paddle down to the kitchen every morning, as it is, to get my own grapefruit juice. It's a lot simpler than ringing the bell and waiting for the butler to bring it to me!

"What is my ambition? I am a ham actor but I want to give one performance, sometime in my life, that will be remembered for a long time. I want comfort, not luxury, in my old age.

"And, like John Masefield, I want
'. . . a tall ship
And a star to steer her by.'"

STRANDED UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...
GAIL! HOW ARE YOU?
I'M BROKE, SUE --STRANDED! I HAVEN'T WORKED SINCE THEY FIRED ME AND GAVE YOU MY JOB!
GAIL, I'M LEAVING TO BE MARRIED. AND YOU CAN HAVE THE JOB BACK IF--WELL ...WON'T YOU SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
YOUR DENTIST! WHY...ALL RIGHT...
YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...
ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
YOU'RE CERTAINLY THE PERFECT SECRETARY, MISS DRAKE--IN EVERY WAY! I'M AFRAID YOU DESERVE A RAISE!
THANKS SO MUCH, MR. ALLEN!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Good Housekeeping Bureau
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

Your eyes can seem to be natural beauties!
PINAUD SIX TWELVE 612
PINAUD'S IMPROVED SIX-TWELVE CREAMY MASCARA
PREPARED IN FRANCE

• Make your eyelashes a natural-looking fringe of dark, long, silky beauty with this extra-creamy mascara. Smudgeproof. Permanent. Non-smarting. Apply with or without water. Black, brown, blue, green.

For that extra touch

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PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYE SHADOW
PINAUD'S SIX-TWELVE EYEBROW PENCIL

THE HOUSE OF **PINAUD** PARIS NEW YORK

The Best **GRAY HAIR** Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME..

BETTY BURGESS
Imperial Pictures

KEEP CURLS LOVELY *with*

HOLLYWOOD *Rapid Dry* **CURLERS**

Summertime! Outdoor time! Play in sun and wind and water. Wonderful days...but cruel to curls. Lucky, isn't it, that Hollywood Curlers can repair the damage so quickly. Roll your hair for a little while on Hollywood Curlers and there you have...*beauty restored!* At Malibu Beach and Palm Springs, where picture people play, a "first aid" supply of Hollywood Curlers is in every dressing room. Get *your* emergency supply for summer needs NOW.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3 FOR 10c—AT 5c AND 10c STORES—NOTION COUNTERS

Dimples and Dramatics

[*Continued from page* 51]

A good shampoo plus a sturdy hairbrush equal a gleaming top-knot

upper lashes, to encourage that up-turned effect. When making up, she uses a mechanical lash curler, to accentuate the curl she has gradually trained in her lashes. With the curler still in position, she applies mascara on the tips to darken, thicken and lengthen the lashes. She is always careful to apply the mascara sparingly, and in applying it, brushes the lashes firmly until the mascara dries.

DORIS has succeeded in training her brows just the way she wants them—fairly thick yet clear-cut, arched to make her eyes seem larger yet not enough to give her a vacant, questioning look. This she had accomplished by plucking them only from underneath. She uses the same emollient on her brows as on her lashes, rubbing it in well. She brushes the brows helter-skelter and then brushes them into the correct line again, using an upward, outward motion. For this purpose she likes a brush that is larger than the regular mascara brush because she can work up more "friction." A solution is a child's tooth-brush, with medium-stiff bristles, in case you wonder.

Doris uses cosmetics—powder, rouge, lipstick, shadow and mascara—that harmonize beautifully with her laughing hazel eyes. It's a sound make-up theory, in case you doubt it, and one that deserves your personal investigation. Without going into technicalities, there is a definite relation between the color of your eyes, your skin and hair, and when they are emphasized by the correct shades of make-up, a natural and glowing effect is combined. The quality of these cosmetics, as well as the pigments, is excellent, making them beneficial to your skin and lashes. What's more, the price is reasonable (55 cents each), which proves what I've always preached—that the movie queens use cosmetics within the reach of you and me. Want the name of these eye-matched cosmetics?

If you are interested in experimenting with your lashes in an effort to make them curl enchantingly, do write me for the name of the mechanical lash curler. It is as effective as it is harmless, and simple enough for a child to use—although I'm not advocating *that*! The effect is not bizarre or spiky, and it lasts from one to three days. The curler is just as easy to use on short lashes as on long ones, and, certainly, both varieties need it! Priced at $1, it lasts indefinitely. The same manufacturer, who has given this matter of eye beauty much serious thought, has an ointment made of rich oils, the formula for which was developed over a century ago in Germany during an epidemic of eye trouble. Brought to this country for its healing qualities, it was refined and improved to the point where it stimulates the growth of indifferent lashes and keeps them silky looking. Comes in a black and silver jar and costs $1.

FOUND: An inexpensive hairbrush that will stand a lot of punishment without growing limp! It is small and light, so that its weight alone doesn't weary your arm and has extra-stiff bristles set with a slightly rolled effect in the neat and narrow maple back. The bristles roll through your hair swiftly and penetratingly, and give your scalp just enough stimulation to keep it toned. A brush like this is an essential for grooming the new page-boy coiffure, which must be smooth and sleek on the crown of the head to be smart. This bargain brush is only $1, at most department stores.

When you hear anyone say she prefers a Castile shampoo, you can say, "Yes, olive oil *is* good for the hair!" for a true Castile soap or shampoo is made from olive oil. . . . There is a liquid shampoo on the market that contains, among other beneficial ingredients (all of which were listed for me by the manufacturer), eighty per cent of the purest olive oil! That is an unusually high percentage, but I believe I should have guessed it if I hadn't been told—simply because the shampoo does such a fine job of cleansing *and* normalizing the hair and scalp. If you want to whip your hair into shape quickly, get yo'se'f a brush and some of this shampoo and use both religiously. The shampoo costs 50 cents a bottle—a large bottle!

Miss Nolan likes a variety of perfumes, bath colognes and dusting powders (a tuberose scent is her favorite for evening), but she does not make the mistake of wearing a voluptuous odor when she is riding, walking or indulging in any form of sports. For these occasions she prefers a scent reminiscent of the tangy heathered moors and misty glens of Scotland. Allure, yes, but subdued, and all the more intriguing. There is a perfume in this woodsy fragrance, and a whole dynasty of perfumed bath luxuries—powder, oil, talcum powder, sachet and scented toilet water—to say nothing of an exquisite milled toilet soap with the same refreshing scent. You may think that only an economic royalist could indulge in all these preparations but you're wrong. They aren't terrifically expensive—about a dollar each.

I'VE been sitting here for ten minutes trying to think of a *new* way to remind you about hot weather and perspiration correctives, but the same old phrases keep running through my head. I hate to inflict

[*Continued on page* 88]

The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 65]

CUPID'S COUPLET (doubled!)—
Johnny Howard and Martha Raye,
Seem to be quite much "that way"
But Martha Raye and Robert Florey—
Rather complicate the story!

• • •

IT'S not only you fans who want "new faces;" it seems Hollywood's eligible single men do, too. At least, the importation of famed New York art models for bits in Walter Wanger's *Vogues of 1937* started things. Already the Hollywood bachelors are dating them up, leaving Hollywood's bachelor girls miffed . . . Jimmy Stewart's been dating up Olive Cawley, one of the Wanger beauties. Jerry Horwin has been stepping out with Phyllis Gilman, another of them.

• • •

MARIAN MARSH isn't getting her daily gardenia any more. It used to be delivered to her home regularly each morning, with no card attached, and the florist declining, on orders, to reveal the sender's name. On the day after Marian's engagement to Al Scott was announced, she received the last gardenia. This time, there was a card on it: "I hope you'll be very happy," it read. That was all.

• • •

HEADACHES FOR CUPID: Still blue over the end of her romance with Ernie Orsatti, southern charmer Helen Wood wants no more romance, she says—thrice has Francois Louis-Dreyfus, Paris publisher, taken special trips to Hollywood to ask Simone Simon to marry him; thrice has SS sent him back unyessed; unkind-eyed toward marriage for Simone is her studio—tete-a-tete dinners, cheek-to-cheek niteclub dancing, didn't "take" with Katherine DeMille and Michael Whalen; it's all off—teeth-gnashing is Owen Davis, Jr., because girl-friend Anne Shirley has given him the bye-bye for Alan Bruce, handsome young leading man—Andrea Leeds and John Howard giving Romance the frigid treatment—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., pouting because Marlene Dietrich insists on stepping out too too often with Willis Goldbeck, her ex-flame—

• • •

GARY COOPER and Sandra Shaw are wondering whether it's gonna be a boy or a girl—but they won't know until some time in September.

MARRIED: Diana Gibson, RKO starlet, to one John Myers. She kept it secret for months because she was afraid a Hollywood career and matrimony wouldn't mix, but finally admitted it when everybody wanted to know why she wouldn't make dates.

• • •

MARRIED: Dave Gould, dance director, whose previous marriage was annulled from bride Frances Paxton, film chorine. This time, Gould flew to Albuquerque, N. M., with Broadway chorine Mitzi Haynes, was married to her by an Albuquerque police judge.

• • •

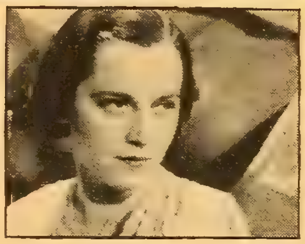
JUNE LANG, convalescent from pneumonia, gets flowers from both Mack (The Killer) Grey, who's Georgie Raft's bodyguard, and from Vic Orsatti, the man she was once engaged to but hasn't been speaking to since the bethrothal went flooey.

• • •

IS IT true that Kay Francis has really been Mrs. Delmar Daves for nearly a year?

THE BOYS THINK IT'S A PANIC! ANN NEVER HAD HER POWDER PUFF OUT OF HER HAND AT THE DANCE
HER SKIN'S SO SCRATCHY THAT'S WHY... SHE OUGHT TO TRY POND'S VANISHING CREAM. IT MELTS SKIN SMOOTH

Melt
SKIN SMOOTH...
THEN POWDER CLINGS



Lady Milbanke

"First smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream... then powder will look 'just right' and *stay*."

IT DRIVES a girl nearly frantic when powder won't go on smooth—won't *stay* on! No worries like this if you use Pond's Vanishing Cream! "A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view—smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

This smooth, new skin takes make-up beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They *always* use it for perfect make-up before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it

For Powder Base—A film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flakiness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth!

For Overnight—Use after cleansing. Not greasy. Mornings, your skin is soft.

For Protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!

8-Piece Package POND'S, Dept. 6-VG, Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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Two men desired her and she had kisses for both! Here's the tragic truth from the lips of a wife who loved two men . . .

THREE-ON MY HONEYMOON

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True Confessions
VACATION LOVE AFFAIR
THREE ON MY HONEYMOON

True Confessions

You Can Take Down Your Hair With Joan Blondell

[*Continued from page* 31]

Whenever she feels in the mood for a chocolate bar or an ice-cream cone—and when doesn't she?—not alone for herself does she order one. The entire company must have one, too, and boxes of chocolate bars or dozens of cones shortly appear. Everyone gets his, from the director down to the electricians on the scaffolding high above the set, who let down their hats on ropes to receive their booty.

AT THE end of every picture, Joan hands out presents to everyone on the set, regardless of his position. At Christmas time, practically the entire studio is remembered. Joan loves to shop, and seldom returns home without a gift for some friend or acquaintance. Very often, when she sets out for a coat or dress for herself, she'll forget all about her own purchases and end up with a scooter for a cameraman's son or a half-dozen packages to be distributed generally.

Not long ago, she learned that one of the prop boys—never too well paid—expected an heir at his house. That evening, a complete layette arrived, with a note from Joan. The blue-eyed actress had devoted the entire afternoon to its selection.

On another occasion—recently, too—she noticed a girl on the set weeping. This girl had been a star once herself, but now worked only very infrequently. Toward noon, the girl collapsed. Immediately, but quietly, Joan took charge of her. Discovering the erstwhile star was suffering a nervous breakdown, she sent her to a sanitarium, called her own doctor in on the case and paid all the expenses incurred during the weeks that the girl lay ill. It is such acts as these that make Joan so beloved and the favorite that she is. She could have the studio for the asking.

A vaudevillian by birth and training, Joan retains the free and easy ways of the theatrical world. She dislikes to dress up—she'll take slacks any day to satin—and even more the dictates of society. She would rather have a couple of intimates drop by for the evening than go to the grandest party imaginable.

SOME months ago, she and Dick Powell were invited to a dinner party at one of Hollywood's smartest cafes. They accepted only because Joan felt they were obligated to go. By 10:30, Joan was ready to throw chinaware and rip the cover off the table. She abhors more than anything in the world small-talk, and the entire evening had been devoted to this form of conversation. The Powells remained until midnight, but as soon as they started home in their car Joan screamed.

"Just to get it out of my system," she explained to the wondering husband by her side. "I couldn't stand it another moment."

For that reason, she and Dick seldom attend parties. Joan's idea of a real festive evening is to have the Jimmy Cagneys over for dinner; then, while Jimmy plays the piano and Dick thumps on his banjo, she'll sing and dance, improvising as she goes. There's nothing formal about Joan.

The Norman Fosters she enjoys—the baby was named for Foster, you know, Norman Scott Barnes—and Ruth Persley, her hairdresser at the studio and her best friend. Ruth served as her bridesmaid when she was married to Powell, and rarely does a day pass that she doesn't drop by the Blondell-Powell menage, either for a moment or for dinner and the evening. Most of Joan's friends are not the stars, but the workers at the studio. "I feel at home with them," Joan declares.

Despite her lively nature, Joan really doesn't care for crowds. In the photograph gallery, especially, she wants to be alone with Elmer Fryer, the photographer—an old friend—and her hairdresser-pal. And, after Ruth once has fixed her hair, she insists upon doing it herself, thereafter, during the sitting. Unlike so many stars, she refuses to have a maid help her with her dressing, and hooks and buttons and snaps everything herself. "I'm no cripple," is the way she asserts herself.

WHENEVER the studio asks her to do a fashion-sitting, she acquiesces, but with reluctance. She doesn't care for herself in fashion pictures and is frank on the subject.

"I'm no clothes horse," she'll say, finally, after Fryer has shot her in a dozen poses. "I know I don't look well all dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse. Heck . . . let's cut out these and take me in some shorts, or a bathing suit. They're more my type." And then she'll pose for all those scantily-clad pictures you've seen so often in the magazines and papers.

The mention of Elmer Fryer's name recalls a humorous incident that Joan tells on herself. With a number of others, they were up in the High Sierras, for the purpose of taking publicity pictures against a mountainous background. Joan was standing in cowgirl garb, and Fryer's head was buried beneath the black cloth covering his still-camera. Presently, he called out . . .

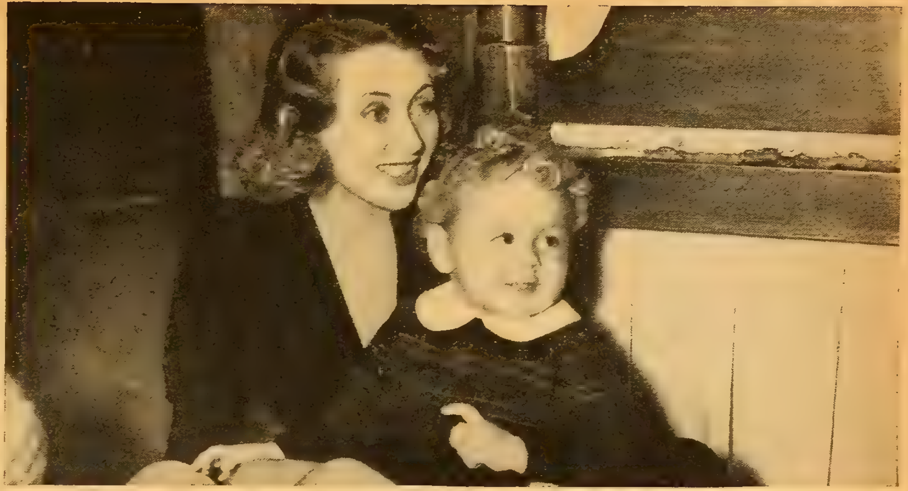
"Move a little to your right, will you, honey, so I can see Mt. Whitney behind you."

Inasmuch as Mt. Whitney is the tallest peak in the United States, any other actress might have been offended at the remark. But not Joan. Her weight is slightly more than the majority of girls her height, but it fits her like a glove. Ask any friend, and he'll instantly aver that she's just right.

On this same trip to the Sierras, Joan fell into a mountain stream of ice-cold water. Once in, she remained to romp a bit and throw water. Finally, upon emerging, it was found that the only dry garment available was a sizable Mother Hubbard. Even after her clothes were dry, this intrigued Joan so she decided she would wear it the remainder of the trip . . . and all the way home, a mere matter of two hundred and fifty miles by car.

IF JOAN can go camping, or spend any time in the mountains, she's as happy as a ten-year-old boy at the circus. She loves to rough it, and dons dungarees for the occasion. She baits her own hook, cooks all the meals herself over a campfire or on a portable oil stove, and doesn't mind broken nails and scratched hands and face. Often, when she returns from these excursions to the mountains, she'll be blistered and sunburned and her nose will be peeling.

"Next to Dick and Normie I like beer and pretzels best," she explains her fondness for a Dutch-lunch, and she might add, too, roller coasters, baseball, popcorn and parades. Every Sunday morning, she'll make



Mama Blondell-Powell isn't doing cartwheels now, but she'll stand on her head for young Norman Scott Barnes, if he'll ask her. Her young image talks, but he hasn't learned to call Dick Powell "daddy." He calls him Mr. Powell. So formal!

a dive for the comic section in the newspaper and now that Normie is growing old enough to understand she'll read every word to her young son, aged two years-and-one-half.

Before Normie was born, she'd spend every moment possible in the wardrobe at the studio, or in the make-up department, chatting with her girl friends who had babies of their own of the impending event. To them, she confided all her hopes, her dreams of what was to come.

After the birth of the boy, she devoted every minute she could to him. Whatever she could do for him she wouldn't allow either the nurse or the maid to do. And, at the drop of a hat, she'll enter into a humorous and lengthy discourse upon him.

Every morning, now—when she's not actually working in a picture—she takes Normie to a kindergarten at the southern division of the University of California. "Normie's going to college now," she informs her friends, delightedly.

One afternoon, to stop his fretting, Joan performed several cartwheels. Normie was so enthralled that he refused to take his nap thereafter until his mother went through her act. "It required a bit of tact to talk him out of that," Joan says. "I didn't want to go through life having to do cartwheels for my son." Her son, though, one may readily see—and understand, after seeing him—is her life. She adores him with a fierce kind of mother-love.

FROM the time she was a little girl, Joan always has settled her own problems herself. She never airs her troubles, and though her mind may be burdened she gives no inkling of how she feels.

As a girl in San Diego—where she lived one winter—she had a Worrying Rock, overlooking the Bay, where she thrashed out all her problems by herself. In the backyard of her home in Beverly Hills, she has a prop rock.

On cook's night out, she and Dick generally remain at home. Instead of dining out, she prepares the meal all by herself.

It's not very curious, then, is it, that Joan should have the following that is hers in Hollywood? Any girl who rejects a job, when she needs it desperately, so that a hungry girl friend may take it—and this actually happened in Joan's chorus days in New York—is aces, and Hollywood knows her as such. You can take down your hair with Blondell . . . and how!

1
LET'S BEAT IT— HERE COMES THAT SKINNY DAME
MEN HATE THE SIGHT OF ME, I'M SO SKINNY. I'M GOING TO TRY IRONIZED YEAST
GAINS 10 LBS.
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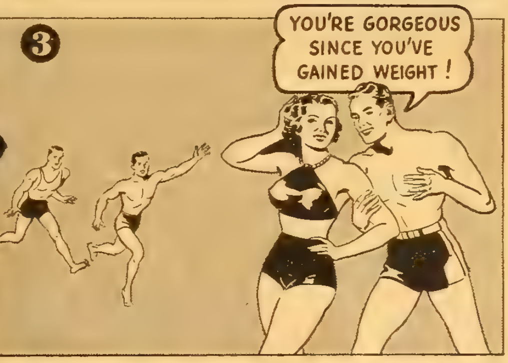
3
YOU'RE GORGEOUS SINCE YOU'VE GAINED WEIGHT !

Posed by professional model

IF MEN "HATE THE SIGHT OF YOU"—READ THIS

THOUSANDS OF SKINNY GIRLS GAIN 10 TO 20 LBS. — QUICK WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST

BUT BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE. DON'T ACCEPT ANY CHEAP SUBSTITUTE FOR THIS SCIENTIFIC FORMULA

IF you're skinny, gawky, lacking in that feminine allure of glamorous curves which attracts the other sex like a magnet, here's glorious news! Thousands of girls who'd never been able to add an ounce before have put on 10 to 20 pounds of solid, normally good-looking flesh *in a few weeks*—with these new pleasant-to-take Ironized Yeast tablets.

Besides, these girls have gained naturally clear skin and lovely color, new health and pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.

Amazing body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands are thin and rundown simply because they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is imported English ale yeast. By a new process this special yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets. And these little Ironized Yeast tablets have helped thousands to gain long-wished-for pounds—in just a few weeks!

Try them without risking a cent

If you, too, need these vital food elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your skin. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new pep, new charm and personality.

If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly. So start today and watch the wonderful change. Only be sure you get the original Ironized Yeast tablets. Don't accept any substitute for Ironized Yeast.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.

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Rinse Off Unwanted Hair

avoid bristly re-growth

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NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how petal-soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with a razor. Re-growth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.

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NADINOLA *Freckle Cream*

Take Your Pick of Picnic Meals

[*Continued from page* 54]

tilty paper cup. Heavy parchment paper is excellent for wrapping, and for aiding in keeping foods moist. Bags of waxed paper may be used for individual sandwich service, or for holding relishes, radishes, pickles, etc.

Since we mentioned the old standby potato salad as being so suitable for the basket meal, here's a recipe for a modern version of this always acceptable salad:

FRANKFURTER POTATO SALAD

4 cups cooked potatoes, diced
8 canned skinless frankfurters, thinly sliced
½ cup cucumber pulp, minced
1 large onion, minced
½ cup green pepper, minced
½ cup chili sauce
1 ½ tablespoons prepared mustard
⅔ cup salad dressing
salt, pepper
radishes, olives

Combine potatoes, frankfurters, cucumber, onion and pepper, tossing lightly together. Blend chili sauce, mustard and salad dressing with salt and pepper, and mix well before pouring over salad. Chill, and garnish with radish roses and olives.

HEAP BIG HE-MAN LIKES HUNTER MEALS

MANY an outing may take the form of a trapper's or hunter's meal, featuring one hot and hearty dish cooked in a pot, or the brochette method of cookery employing sticks or skewers. Boys and still bigger boys like this kind of picnic which requires the building of a fire and bed of coals. Steaks, of course, are the simplest item to cook over this grill, and every man adores being the center of attraction as he masterfully manipulates the steak over the red hot coals. When small pieces of steak or other meat, together with bits of onion, tomato or cheese are skewered on a long forked stick, we have a true brochette cookery. This is sometimes called a "kabob", because to the Turk, Armenian and allied peoples, the Kabob is the traditional method of preparing meats, since it can be done most cheaply and at any location where a small coal fire can be built.

Children like to fashion for themselves an Oyster Kabob, where each oyster is wrapped in a strip of bacon, or they may prefer a Cheese Kabob where a small chunk of hard cheese wrapped in bacon is pierced by a stick, with alternate bits of tomato. A short fat banana wrapped in bacon is also a treat for the children.

When hikers get hungry a substantial one-dish meal is called for, and in true hunter style, appetites may be satisfied by a Burgoo (hot stew), a bucket of beans and frankfurters, or if one is expert, by fish baked in leaves.

BAR-B-QUE MEALS FOR BEACH AND CAMP

THE hunter type of meal easily leads to the still more masculine Bar-B-Que, where originally and traditionally a whole pig, or ox, or other very hearty meat was the chief feature. The barbecue meal rightly belongs to a picnic only on a large scale, and where there are experts who can watch the cooking, make the sauces, and do the thing in the right manner. A mock barbecue, however, with spareribs, may be cooked on any outdoor fireplace, and prove a very inexpensive but appreciated meal for a large hungry crowd. Provide plenty of hot barbecue sauce, and hard rolls or chucks of French bread with which to "dunk" the sauce—always the best part of any barbeque! Accompanied by corn-on-the-cob and big jugs or pots of coffee, and topped off by a slice of watermelon—well, nuff said!

THE NEW CARRY-ALONG HOT CASSEROLE PICNIC

PERHAPS the newest type of picnic is that made possible by the aid of modern electrical cooking equipment. Here the electric cooker with one deep well, or the new electric roaster or casserole grill fitted with three compartments, is the secret of these excellent carry-along picnics. How is it done?

Several kinds of meat may be electrically cooked, and left hot and ready to serve at any location where the picnic party prefers to call a halt and eat. These cookers have insulated walls, so that even if the food is cooked and the current turned off several hours previous, the contents will appear "piping hot", which is so desirable at the end of a vacation day. For example, a roast or fricassee chicken is one delicious choice. Another is a whole ham, electrically baked; still another is baked beans and frankfurters with a baking-powder crust, *the recipe for which is included in the set of free recipes which every reader may send for.* Or a big pot of soup, especially chowder or cream soup, may be carried along and give the usual cold basket meal a hot start.

But these electric cookers are almost magical in that not only do they keep hot foods hot, but they keep cold foods still colder! Insulation works both ways! If you prefer a cold picnic, fill the cooker part way with ice cubes, and then insert a jar of salad, or dressing, or a mold of chilled dessert.

Speaking of desserts, brings up the recollection that today's picnic carries along its own freezer, too. What so topping as a big freezer of home-made genuine ice-cream at the end of any outing? And turning such a freezer is not a day's job, either, for the newest freezer is electrical and is guaranteed to make a batch of delicious cream in about 5 minutes flat. How's that for speed? Naturally, the cream may be made in advance, packed in the freezer well, to ripen, and toted along in the luggage space of the auto, as easy as can be.

PICK your picnic right now! In order to help you, there has been prepared a special list of dishes suitable for various outings. Send the coupon for this leaflet, which will be sent you without cost. And here are some of the menus for the various types of picnics already described:

CARRY-ALONG CASSEROLE PICNIC

Hot Chicken Fricassee with Gravy, in Electric Casserole
Homemade Rolls Baked in Paper Dishes
Tomato-Cucumber-Pepper Salad, Carried in Paper Bottle
Melons or Strawberry Ice Cream in Electric Freezer

BAR-B-QUE BEACH MEAL

Clam, Mussel or Fish Chower
Pilot Biscuit, Toasted Rolls

Barbecue Spareribs and Hot Tomato Sauce
Corn on the Cob
Watermelon Tea

BASKET LUNCH

Assorted Cold Cuts (Spiced Ham, Pimiento Ham Loaf, Head Cheese, etc.)
Chicken Turnovers
Potato Chips Beef and Cabbage Slaw
Frosted Cookies Ripe Peaches or other Fruits

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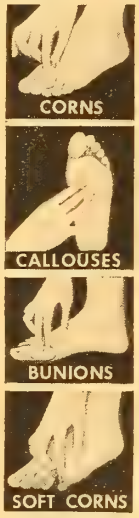

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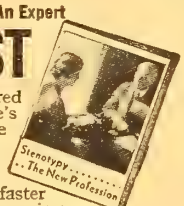

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There's Niver a One Like Niven

[*Continued from page* 42]

sergeant, who carried an oversized guitar. While this scene was going on, the man backstage who had control of the curtain had a nip at a whisky bottle, with the result that, at the end, he pulled up the backdrop instead of lowering the curtain, and the backdrop, rising, gave 'Juliet' a nasty crack on the jaw, knocking him cold. The audience howled with such glee that we made that finish to the skit permanent."

THE British are a bit speedier than the Americans at turning cadets into officers. Eighteen months after entering Sandhurst, David joined his regiment. The regiment was stationed on the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean.

"Malta was one of those places where only 'mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun,'" says David. "It was broiling. There wasn't a stick of a tree on the entire island. And in September, when the searing sirocco winds started blowing over from Africa—well, a glass of Planter's Punch was the only sane refuge. And there we were, dashing about, making a great show of being military. Though we did quell a few riots in 1928.

"I didn't like Malta, but I liked the military life well enough to stick out my three years there. Then I was transferred to Dover Castle in England, and—life began.

"One bookmaker, who had been honored with my patronage, finally became obstreperous. Or obnoxious, perhaps, is the word. Anyway, he threatened to go to my Colonel with the tale of my gambling debt, unless I paid something on account. That would never do. I had to raise money in a hurry, and more money than the usual sources could supply. I got it by literally selling myself to a clinic which paid good hard cash for the written consent of healthy specimens to work upon them in the interest of research, when and if they became deceased. In fact, they gave me two pounds—ten dollars—bonus because I had never smoked.

"Ever since I've been in Hollywood, I've been paying off debts I managed to acquire, in my own prodigious way, in those days. I've even paid my tailor; I could walk down Bond Street today a free man.

"BUT to get back to our story—I staved off that particular creditor, but there were others constantly waiting to camp on the doormat, telling the wolf that was camped there, 'Move over.' Meanwhile, I faced the prospect of being a captain after eight years, a major after fifteen. And—again, because I couldn't add up and pass the technical exams—I couldn't see much beyond that.

"I loved the army; please don't get any other impression. But some people are mentally more fitted to it than others. I always had a hankering to get out and do something for myself, not the war office. And one day that hankering came to a head. I was sitting in a club with two old friends—Victor Gordon Lennox and Philip Astley." (Yes, the same Sir Philip Astley who is now married to Madeleine Carroll, who is in *The Prisoner of Zenda* with David.) "They'd both been in the army, and both had got out—Victor into newspaper work, and Philip into business. Both decided that I ought to have a crack at civilian life. I said, 'Begad, I'll leave the army right now.' It was the only way to do it. If I waited to go back to the barracks, I might be talked into reconsidering.

"That was a Wednesday. That night, I sent in my resignation and called my Colonel to say 'Goodbye.' He didn't like the idea much. Thursday, I sailed for Canada. Lennox had married a Canadian girl, and they were going over to her home for a summer rest; I was invited along; they staked me. I was 'going to the New World to seek my fortune.' I mean it was almost as bad as that.

"When the end of summer came, and the Lennoxes went back to England, I stayed on, and went to work with a French-Canadian bridge-building gang north of Ottawa. I wanted to build myself up. They gave me a bloody big axe and told me to chop trees. I was so inefficient that I was the camp joke. They found other things for me to do. I had to get up at three a. m. and go out in a boat and catch fish, working like mad to get enough for breakfast, in time for breakfast. I picked up a bad touch of tonsilitis. I hired a vet to take out the tonsils, for ten dollars." Today he bowls over any physician who asks him to say "Ah" and gets a look at that tonsil cavity. "Who took those out?" the doctor asks. "A tiger?"

"I was trying to dodge a hospital. As a result, I spent weeks in one. When I finally tottered out, some friends in Ottawa looked after me a while. Then I headed for New York. I had been there once before—there and Palm Beach—on a quick dash over during a six weeks' leave.

"I HAD two hundred dollars when I landed in New York this time. I decided I could afford a little luxury and moved into the Waldorf-Astoria. A few days later, I couldn't afford to move out. That was when I set the world's record in dual existences—working in a Chinese laundry and living at the Waldorf-Astoria."

How did that happen?

"I nonchalantly walked into the lobby one evening to find about six Chinese, all jabbering in great excitement in front of the desk. The desk clerk, who was already suspicious of me—I was signing even for postage stamps by this time—said, 'Friends of yours, I believe.' You see, I had had my washing done by Chinese laundries, a different one each time, and they must have been unionized; here they all were, after their money. I took aside the head Chinaman—the one I owed $6.50—and told him I'd work off the debts. That was acceptable. I had to get up at daybreak to light the fires in their places of business; then, in the afternoons, borrow the Rolls-Royce of a friend of mine and drive up and down First Avenue, delivering bundles of wash.

"The next job was different. I bumped into Eddie Tathin, an old friend, who was head of a concern of wine merchants. Repeal had just happened, and he was opening a New York office. He asked me to be New York representative. I accepted, bought books on the vine so that I could talk the language, and went to work at a nice salary.

"It didn't last long. I had a phone call from a well-known restaurant, which asked if I had some champagne of a certain vintage, 1926. Yes, I had. Could I send over some cases immediately, C. O. D., and take a check in payment? I could. The cases were piled on a truck, rushed over to the restaurant. A man there was anxiously waiting for it, with a check. He asked the truckmen to dump the load on the sidewalk; his own men would carry it in . . . What happened, after my truck left, was that another truck appeared, carting the cases away. The check bounced—I was stuck for $3,000—and left quickly.

"Then I ran into Lefty Flynn—my favorite man of all time. Perhaps you remember him in silent pictures. I had known him in England. Together, we met a cowboy who had an idea. 'How about an indoor horse race? People go to see indoor bicycle races.'

"Well, that was a long and sad episode. I'll cut it short. We couldn't afford race horses, so, one at a time, we picked up tumbledown polo ponies. And one day a man arrived in our office—at 250 Park Avenue, no less—to tell us that all 120 of our horses were downstairs, tethered in the street. Traffic was blocked for miles; cops were cursing; horses were whinnying; people were fainting in the press of humanity. We had no stables, no place to put our horses. I finally got rid of them, at least until I could round up a barn somewhere, by sending them all down to a friend in Wall Street for the rest of the day. They snarled up traffic there for six hours, so I'm told.

"But, begad, we finally put on a show—at a big auditorium in Atlantic City—with broken-down cowboys for jockeys. For a press stunt, our cowboy friend rode one of the horses down the stairs of a swanky hotel into the bar. But there wasn't anyone there to see it except Lefty and me, and we weren't much impressed. And it took two days to get the horse back up the stairs again.

"I WENT down to Bermuda to rest up from the headaches, and from there went on to Cuba, hoping to get in on a little revolution there. But I made the elementary mistake of enlisting on both sides, and had to depart in a large hurry, on board a boat that set me down at Cristobal. There I was going to catch a Japanese freighter named the *Nanking Maru,* bound for England. But the night before I was to sail, I ran afoul of some lads from the battleship *Oklahoma.* After that slight debauch, I woke up on the *Yangste Maru,* bound for San Francisco."

There's fate for you!

"When I arrived in San Francisco, somewhat light in coffers, I phoned a friend of mine in Santa Barbara—Lydia Macy—asking if she and her husband could put me up for a few days, till I got my financial bearings. They told me to come along. I arrived in a bus. I had been there only two days when I had the greatest stroke of luck that ever befell mortal man.

"I looked out of the window, and around the corner of a cove was steaming the British battleship, *H. M. S. Norfolk,* which had been stationed at Malta while I was there. This was only three years later; there was a chance that half the chaps I knew were still sailing her. I went on board, and there was the whole bunch. We had a terrific party. I woke up half-way back to the Canal Zone, on board the *Norfolk,* still in white tie and tails.

"Off Catalina, for a press stunt, they were having a meeting with the ship being used in the filming of *Mutiny on the Bounty* —you know, a comparison between British battleships of then and now. And thank God the press attended, or no one would believe this now. Into the tug that brought the newsmen out from shore, a bedraggled figure in a dress-suit was lowered from the *Norfolk.* Me. Frank Lloyd, the director, laughed his head off, then took pity on me and drove me up from the port as far as the Metro gate. There he set me down—practically under the feet of Edmund Goulding, whom I had known in England."

THIS lad Niven is one for getting around! Goulding was then casting the picture, *The Flame Within.* Thinking there might be a spot for David, he suggested a screen test. David was willing, if Goulding could loan him a suit. Goulding could. David showed up for the test, and the test director said, "What are you going to do?" David said, "What *should* I do?" The director told him, "Walk across the set, pick up a paper, say a few words, and—keep your back to the camera, if you want to get a job." David gave an account of a frightful encounter with a coffee gadget in an automat. It was worth a dialogue test with Mady Christians a few days later. He was cast for a small role.

"It was too bloody easy. I pictured myself as a $50,000-a-year star practically overnight. Then I heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of heavy feet. The immigration department caught up with me. I didn't have a passport, or even a visitor's permit. I was packed off to Mexicali, and rotted there for seven weeks, waiting for birth certificates.

"When I came back, still fully expecting to be God's gift to the picture business, the picture was finished, Goulding had gone away, and no one remembered me. 'Still, it can't be *so* difficult; look at what happened the first time!' I said to myself. I did get some more tests, and they were ghastly. But the worst thing was that at social affairs I kept finding myself sitting between people like Goldwyn and Zanuck, and bound, in common decency, not to plague them with my screen possibilities. But, finally, Goldwyn, himself, asked me if I had ever had a test. I sent over the first one and—bless him—he signed me. That was two years ago. I wouldn't wonder if he's regretted it ever since."

At first, he was given small bits, and the bits were invariably cads. "Prize cads," David adds. His first movie line was addressed to Elissa Landi in *Without Regret.* After that day's work, he was loaned to another studio for ten days. And so on, and on, for two years, with the parts gradually becoming larger, longer and better—until now, *not* regretting his investment, Goldwyn is going in for a big Niven build-up. Watch for him in *Spring in My Heart,* with Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon.

AS FOR those romance rumors, anent Merle Oberon and Virginia Bruce: "I'll talk about anything else under the sun except romance rumors. That's all a closed book. I'm out to do what I'm paid to do and keep my mouth shut about other people. I'd like to keep the friends I make. I've kept pretty much heart-free, as well as footloose, to date. Now that I've worked off those bills I piled up in England, I feel even more footloose than ever. And if something goes wrong with this set-up—well, there are plenty of other jobs.

"Before I do any settling down, I've got to be sure of two things: (1) that this is going to last, and (2) that I've sown every wild oat that might possibly interest me. Settling down too early strikes me as asking for trouble. And I'm not bored with the bachelor's existence. I can think of things to do. Sports, games, deep-sea fishing, shooting. I can manage without the altar for a while. God help anyone who *does* marry me, and isn't up to accepting me as I am. And, well—there I am."

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Has Mary Astor Found Real Love at Last?

[*Continued from page 23*]

now remodeled, redecorated and largely refurnished so that it speaks only of the placid present, and of the future. A lovely, substantial house, set among gardens, clipped green lawns sloping to the Lake, pale blue under the California sky of early summer, fringed with green willows, a swan passing and repassing the line of vision, making stately, silent pilgrimages from reed to sedge.

From an inner room in that house comes, constantly, the clickety clack of a busy typewriter—Mary's husband (who is NOT an actor) at work. . . . From the back of the house come the shouts and laughters of children's voices—Mary's Marilyn and all of the neighbor children. For there are always eight or ten youngsters playing at Mary's house. A darling (to Mary) conglomeration of cookies and kiddie cars and sticky fingers and bumps and bruises and apples and fun and dolls and babies, all mixed up, higgledy-piggledy, together. It's the way Mary loves it, to have lots and lots of youngsters around. It's what Mary has always wanted. It's why I could pledge my path that Mary is happy, now, content, loved and loving. It's nice for Marilyn to have so many children to play with. It would be still nicer for her to have a sister or brother of her own. Which is, I hear, what Mary hopes and plans for her. A friend of Mary's told me "Mary wants to have twins. She says she wants twins because it would be so jolly to have as many as possible all at once. . . ."

I was thinking, too, the other day, of how extraordinary it is that I have never talked with Mary, under any circumstances, that the talk has not led—inevitably—to babies. Not for nothing, presumably, was one of Mary's first screen parts that of a madonna. Not merely externals, that softly parted hair, the sweet composure of mouth and eyes, to which children turn, instinctively, for love and understanding.

WHEN Mary married the first time—married Kenneth Hawks—it was of the baby she would have she talked the most often. When Mary was first widowed, out of her bereavement, it was of the baby they could never have she spoke. When Mary married a second time, it has been said, and I have always suspected, that it was less the call of romance and more the nostalgia for the "patter of little feet" that influenced that marriage. Half measures seem, previously, to have been meted out to Mary in her marriages. Half measures to one who would live, so generously, full measures. For the first marriage brought love, but not the baby. The second marriage brought the baby but seemed at cross purposes with love. Now, it would appear, Mary has found both—she has her baby. She has love.

And when Mary went down into the arena, into the dust of which she might have lost her career, the whole work of her young years, it was the baby she was fighting for.

And now, newly married, contentedly in love, it is of babies she speaks again—the baby she has won and holds in her heart (and in her home for nine months out of the year)—and of the babies she hopes to have to companion the first baby.

If Mary will not speak of things past I must at least say this: That it is the mother in Mary which has won her battles for her, being the dominant factor in her nature.

MARY speaks, now, not of the past nor even of the future. But only of the satisfying present. She is happy. She is at peace. She is not bitter, far from it. She was hurt but the hurts are healed. She is immensely grateful. She is grateful to the various women's clubs throughout the country which, during those embattled weeks when her career and the possession of her child hung precariously in the balance, wrote her and stood staunchly by her and for her. Because they knew, I think, being women, that under all the silly sensationalism with which public characters are coated in their private conflicts, there was, simply, a mother fighting for her child. Fighting, as mothers have always fought and will always fight.

Mary faced the possible loss of her career, head high. She couldn't face the loss of her child. She even planned, definitely, what she would do if her career should be taken from her. She figured her assets closely. She knew that she had saved enough money to see her through for a given length of time. After that, she would have to find work. She might write, she thought. And if that did not prove practicable, and remunerative, she would try professional modeling. She would be able to wait just long enough for the face to be forgotten and then she would start a new career, at the bottom. She wasn't afraid of work. Not a coward, Mary.

(*Author's Note*)

* * * *

"NO, I'M not afraid of work," Mary told me, gravely, very slim and young in a sky-blue coat and skirt, coppery hair, short now, bright in the late afternoon sun; facing the quiet lake with eyes as quiet, "I'm not luxury-minded, you see. I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth and never expected to have one put there. I am not one of those silken, luxurious women whose happiness depends on cushioned limousines, expensive night-club life, yachts, breakfast in bed, imported models and the crown jewels for adornment. I can be just as happy in a $19.75 suit as I can be in an import worth ten times that amount.

"I don't need to be waited on and catered to. I can wait on and cater for myself. I enjoy luxuries and pleasant living, of course—what woman doesn't?—but I do not demand them. They are niceties to me, not necessities.

"My father was, as you know, a professor of German. Professors of anything work very hard for very little. My mother, as you also know, had aspirations of her own toward being an actress and transferred her aspirations to me. So that, when other youngsters were playing paper dolls and cops and robbers after school I was taking elocution lessons; when other youngsters were listening to nursery rhymes and bed-time stories I was learning to recite yards of poetry. I grew up to believe that work before pleasure is the way things are.

"I'm not afraid of being poor, either. I'm not greedy for fame. All women like to be the center of attention, of course. But it depends upon what kind of attention. It also depends upon the amount of responsibility that goes with it. If the burden is heavier than the bounty no fame, no stardom is worth it.

"I've never been a star in my life, printed stories to the contrary. I've never wanted to be one. I don't want to be one now. When studios have said to me, at different times: 'You're star material. We'll build you for star billing,' I have demurred. I'm safer as I am. I'd rather have one good part, such as I had in *Dodsworth*, than to be the star of fifty pictures of lesser magnitude.

"I'd rather have the part I have, be a part of the magnificent production of David Selznick's *Prisoner of Zenda* than to have any stellar role any star ever played. *Zenda* has a superb cast and I'm just one of the cast and proud of it. Which is exactly what I mean. *Zenda* will be billed, 'Ronald Colman in *The Prisoner of Zenda* with Madeleine Carroll.' And the cast, unfurling, will present the other names: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., C. Aubrey Smith, Raymond Massey, David Niven, Mary Astor and so on. I play the part of the French woman, *Madame de Mauban* and I think, I believe, she will be interesting, memorable.

"I am completely happy," Mary told me, "about my work. I'm under contract to Columbia for three pictures a year, with permission to make three other pictures a year for other studios, when and where and as I choose. No choosing, it seems to me, could be brighter or better than *Dodsworth* and *Zenda*. I couldn't be any more content about my work.

"AND I am happy in my marriage, which was not," Mary smiled, "quite so sudden as one might have supposed. It was all very simple and regular and normal and, to us, very sweet. I met Manuel at a dinner party at Ruth Chatterton's. I don't want to say that it was love at first sight—let's leave that to the poets—but certainly we were immediately congenial and began, at once, to see a lot of one another, to go everywhere together. It was, and it is, a contented and a happy companionship. There seems to be something so—so right about it.

"And we had planned to be married weeks, even months before we did marry. Manuel had even bought the ring. We were waiting only because we thought it seemed wiser to wait for a little while.

"So many misapprehensions," said Mary reminiscently, "got about. Such as the stories about Manuel being an actor or wanting to become an actor. Which is absurd. The truth is that Manuel is a Mexican, born in Mexico. His father was in the diplomatic service in England and Manuel was educated in England, went to Cambridge there. When, following the death of his mother, he went back to Mexico he tried to get interested in a business career. Insurance, bonds, that sort of thing. He loathed it. Then Auriel Lee, who had long been a friend of the elder Manuel's, came to visit them. She was aware of Manuel's efforts to find himself in an environment he neither liked nor fitted. And she suggested that he go to New York, get a writing job in a studio. Which is what he did. Later, Auriel and John Van Druten advised him to go to Hollywood.

"He came to Hollywood last November. We met in December. We were married in February. And Manuel is working now in the story department at Selznick's. He is not an actor. He never was an actor. He never had any desire to become an actor. The idea probably originated when he made a broadcast with Herbert Marshall. They needed a young man with an authentic English accent. Manuel has an authentic English accent. He went on the air with Bart for that one broadcast and that has been the little sum total of Manuel's acting.

"When Manuel knew that his father was dying he was distraught. There had been an unusually strong and affectionate bond between them. But it was only two hours before the plane took off that we decided to fly to Yuma and be married. We didn't tell a soul, not even Auriel Lee, who brought us together; not even Ruth Chatterton, my good friend, at whose home we met. The reason we wanted to keep it quiet was not because we had any romantic idea about a secret marriage—Heaven forbid!—but because we felt it would be easier for Manuel's family if, just at that time, they didn't know.

"IT MIGHT have been wiser to have waited awhile. It didn't seem so then. We were in love. Manuel was lonely. When one is lonely and grief-stricken, one turns instinctively to the loved one for comfort and nearness. And Manuel, quite naturally, I think, turned then to me." (There, again, is the maternal in Mary, seeking and being sought.) "We thought, too, that it might be some time, much longer than it turned out to be, before he could come back again. There was a comfort, an assurance in thinking that, however long the separation, there would be that bond between us. Just between us, no-one else knowing. . . .

"The trouble was," smiled Mary, "we got our stories mixed. My last words to Manuel were: 'Deny it, even if there are rumors, they will only be rumors. Disregard them and keep on denying it. I'll deny it, too.' I reached Los Angeles by plane before he reached Mexico City. And I was met by reporters and confronted by newspapers announcing our marriage. I saw at once that it was no use. Somehow, they had got it all correctly, down to the last detail. They had the time the plane left, the hour of the ceremony, everything.

"I don't know to this day," smiled Mary, "how they ever found out, but they did. I wired Manuel. The wire didn't reach him until some time after he got off the plane in Mexico City. And was met, to his amazement, by reporters and photographers. At first he didn't dream they were there to meet him. He looked at the other passengers to see if there was any celebrity aboard. Then, when he realized that they were there to meet him, and still believing that they had got hold of a rumor and that I would be busily denying it in Hollywood, he denied it, too. So here I was affirming it and there he was denying it. And so the cross-purposes.

"But that, too, is passed away," laughed Mary as we strolled indoors to join Manuel, typewriter silenced, in his book-lined den facing the lake. Dark and quiet and conservative is Manuel, with deep-set intelligent eyes, a gentle courtesy of manner, the authentic English accent, all making a charming personality. One senses immediately, seeing them together, a very explicit bond, firm and fine.

"We live in the Present now, don't we, Manuel?" Mary said, linking arms with him, "a day at a time. For this day, this very hour are sufficient unto themselves. I feel, now, that I am at last, cast in the right part—in my work—here at home—with Manuel and the baby and our plans together—"

SMALL Marilyn ran in as I was leaving—husky and happy and healthy, forget-me-not eyes bright and blue in the gold-spangled tan of her face. And I left them there, waving goodbye in the doorway, Manuel with his arm about Mary, Mary with her arm around the child—Mary happy now, perfectly suited to the role she is playing, her whole warm heart and loving, gallant spirit in the part she was born to play.

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"I Was a Sap Until I Married"

[*Continued from page* 24]

It was my mother who used the spurs, lovingly but very firmly and—well, when Dad died he left more than a sizeable fortune. I would have gone on as he began, in my way, if it hadn't been for Frances—

"I thought I was good," grinned Joel, "and I was bad. I thought I was doing okay and everyone was saying 'N.G.' if they bothered to say anything at all. I had about as much screen personality as one of six grains of sand, guess which!

"I *was* just a kid, nice, I hope, who wanted 'in' in the movies. I had about as much right to expect to be an actor as any one of fifteen freckled kids you may see on their scooters between the studio and your home. I didn't have any right to be in pictures. By which I mean there was no 'theatre' in the family, on either side. Nor any apparent fitness for it. Unless there might have been strong currents of drama in the veins of my grandfathers on both sides. My maternal grandfather, Albert Whipple, ventured West with the 'Forty Niners' and helped put San Francisco on the map. Odd, by the way, that my first real break away from being just a mouthing mug in pictures was in *Barbary Coast.* Could it be that Grandfather Whipples' stringent spirit was in on that? It's a thought. My paternal grandfather, Major John McCrea, fought the Apaches with Gen. Phineas Banning. It might be supposed that the grandson of those grand old fire-eaters could lick a make-up box and a wad of celluloid.

"ANYWAY, no one talked theatre in my family. No one thought about it. I didn't speak little pieces or make faces at myself in mirrors. We were just an average American family. I was just a freckled kid, tall for my age, mostly hands and feet and clumsiness. Just another kid who wanted to be a cowboy Monday, a cowboy and a streetcar conductor Tuesday, a cowboy and an ambulance-chaser Wednesday, and so on. But always a cowboy. Physical activity, that's what I wanted. I always had to be doing something. Selling papers, heckling housewives to take magazine subscriptions they didn't want, caddying, anything I could lay hand to. But a cowboy—life on the range—cow-branding—broncho-busting—he-man McCrea—that was little Joel's big dream. When I was fourteen I did drive a team on a ranch one summer. And knew, then, that someday I must have a ranch of my own.

"These were all legitimate enough ambitions. But what could have made me suppose that I would, could be a movie actor?" laughed Joel. He added, "We'll have to put it down in the category of fantastic delusions, I guess."

When he was ten or eleven, Joel saw his first movie. First one he remembered, anyway. It was *The Disciple,* a Thomas Ince picture. Then came *Sand* and *Wagon Tracks* with William S. Hart—and Joel was on his way to the portable dressing-room on the Goldwyn set of *Woman Chases Man* where he and I were seated talking.

From the half-opened door of his dressing-room, I could catch an astonishing glimpse of Miriam Hopkins hanging by her heels from the topmost branches of a nearby tree. A vision not exactly conducive to steady nerves. At any instant, I thought, Miriam may give life and limb for her Art. The next day she was to fall and sprain the muscles of her diaphragm and spend the following four days in bed. But— "that's nothing," said Joel, amused eyes following mine to where his partner in so many pictures dangled daintily from a limb, "that's nothing to what goes on in this picture. It's a lot of fun, though, and should get its quota of laughs.

"SO, AS I was saying, I saw those Bill Hart pictures and thought: 'A cowboy, yessiree. But a cowboy *in the movies* where you get paid for it. Real money. And not only could I be a cowboy in the movies but I could also be a sailor, a soldier, a miner, a fireman, a flier. There were no limits to the adventures I might have—and would have. It was the sense of adventure that first made me want "in" in the movies.'

"I began to hang around locations. I'd get jobs leading horses for the companies making Westerns. I'd work for nothing. First horses I led were for Ruth Roland. She took a liking to me and passed the word that I was a nice lad and had a way with horses.

"Then, when I was fourteen, I met young Michael Cudahy. And we knocked around together. Mike knew everyone at the studios, at the beach clubs. I got to know everyone, too. Valentino, Wally Reid, Norman Kerry, John Gilbert, all of the grand old-timers. I sat at their feet, all right. To me, they were then what they are now, the most colorful people I had ever met or ever would meet. I've never changed that opinion. And I don't think I missed a trick. My brother was studying the oil business. He learned oil from oil men. All right, why shouldn't I study the picture business? And learn acting from actors? I'd watch every one of the great stars carefully, not a single trick of manner escaped me. I'd make my mouth go like Valentino's, I'd try a Wally Reid laugh. I'd try to flash my eyes like John Gilbert's. They were my text books, my professors, my whole curriculum. Later, you know, I went to Pomona College and was a member of the Maskers Society there of which, later on, Bob Taylor was the president.

"I thought then, and I think now," said Joel, "that observing people, especially people successful in your own line, whatever it may be, is the best school anyone can attend. Medical students watch famous surgeons operate, don't they? Well, I watched famous actors. I still make a practice of observing successful people. Not only actors but doctors, bankers, lawyers, engineers. I make notes of their mannerisms, gestures, facial expressions, reactions to certain situations and emotions. So that, if ever I have to play a doctor, a lawyer, a candlestick-maker, or whatever, I can take out my mental note books and go to it.

"Yes, the method is good," said Joel, "but up to my coming-of-age some two years ago I applied the method wrongly. I had educated myself, you see, to be an ape, not an actor. I copied, I didn't create. Now I don't just copy my models. I try to sift what I have observed through the sieve of my own personality.

"In other words," smiled Joel, good-humoredly, "when people come to me—and they do—and ask how-come I have 'changed,' to what I attribute my 'rise in the cinema' these here now past two years, I say and mean, '*I have begun to think.*'

"BUT when I first met Frances I thought I was pretty good. That was what ailed me. I thought I was okay. I was satisfied with myself. Why not? I was a leading man. I was making sufficient money for my needs. I was working steadily. Chances are they would have let me go on as I was indefinitely. I certainly wasn't bothering anybody. I swam and played tennis and rode and went to the beach clubs and had a lot of fun. I was big, physically, I mean. People seemed to like me. Everything was swell. What was the matter with me?

"Frances told me. We hated each other when we first met, by the way. I thought she was a dizzy girl. She thought I was a lazy so-and-so. We were two forces, differently geared. Frances is fiercely ambitious. She is absolutely meticulous in everything she does. She has studied with some of the best coaches in the business. Frances has really worked—still does. I didn't work then—that was the difference. Frances won't speak a single word of dialogue until she has drained that line and its meaning right through the dragnet of her own personality.

"Well, she told me off. She made me realize, for instance, that I gave no shading, no savor to any scene I played. When I said 'I love you' on the screen I said it the same way no matter what kind of character I was playing. When I played a tough guy, a tender guy, a simpleton, a sophisticate, no matter what fellow or under what circumstances I just said 'I love you' and that was that. Good enough, too, I'd thought—or would have done if I'd been thinking.

"Frances made me realize that I wasn't taking any advantage of my size, nor of my own personality. I didn't do things on the screen with any finesse at all. I just frowned, smiled, said lines, did, amiably enough, what the directors told me to do and let it go at that. I was lazy, Frances told me, plumb downright lazy. I took exception to that. I always had worked hard, I protested. I never shirked doing anything, being props if necessary. I worked hard at meeting people, the right people. I worked hard at being popular. Frances told me 'You do work hard—physically. But mentally you are lying flat on your spine.' I was, too. She said that if I didn't like acting that was all right, too. Then the thing for me to do was get out of it and try something I would like. But if I intended to be an actor, for heaven's sake, to *be* one.

"'You don't know anything about the character you play,' she told me. 'That's the matter with you. You don't feel your characters. You aren't *any* character. You aren't even yourself, Joel McCrea. Your own personality doesn't come over. You are attractive, really. It doesn't get across. You have a charm peculiarly your own—everyone has. It doesn't photograph. The instant you step before a camera you put up a wall and behind that wall hides Joel McCrea and in front of it lazes a shadow, eternally and ineffectually the same.'

"THAT," laughed Joel, "was the kind of talk I got. Right from the time we first met on the set of *The Silver Cord.* And how right she was. She stabbed me wide awake. And I've stayed awake. Frances wouldn't let me go back to sleep again. Even now, though she admitted I had improved in *Private Worlds* and more so in *Barbary Coast,* she still says 'That was fine but—you can do better.'

"It really was *Private Worlds,* said Joel, "that first saw the phoenix McCrea rise from the pale ashes of his former self. Greg La Cava directed that picture, you know. And he dittoed Frances. He told me to relax, to let myself go. And I did. He told me to think about the character—me who had never really thought about a character before. I mulled it over. When I started to scream I felt, for the first time, that I had really stepped out of my shoes and into character.

"Then came *Barbary Coast.* Frances and I went over scenes together, at home. Not the scenes in my picture. Just any scenes, from an old script, from plays, anything. We worked them out, battled them out, argued them out. I learned to find the man hidden behind the pages of the script. And then Mr. Goldwyn, too, must have seen the travails of the man who was learning to think, for he signed me to a long-term contract. And here I am.

"Now I work and study. I realize that I was, for years, like a man in love with a woman and taking her for granted. In love with a woman and not taking the trouble to really know her, to study her reactions, her infinite possibilities. I'd just loved pictures and thought that was enough. Frances made me know that it was not enough.

"I think back and make use of the experiences I have had. Of my work on the ranch when I was a kid—of the time when, at seventeen, I worked my way to Panama on a ship. I read a lot—especially the biographies of famous men. Reading is the next best thing to traveling, to getting under the skins of living people. I'm glad I had my early contacts with locations and studio people. I'd certainly advise any would-be screen actor to get a job in a studio—any job. Sweeping out sets is all right, just so long as you can be around—and observe—experienced actors.

"PEOPLE have asked me whether I would advise a young actor to get married. I would certainly advise them NOT to get married until they are well on their way. Too early marriage is apt to ruin both the marriage and the career. I was, at least, a leading man when I married. I may have been asleep on my feet but I was *on* my feet, financially speaking. And they were headed in the right direction, though standing still.

"All this may sound," said Joel, hands clasped behind his head, his impressive length sort of lopping over the ends of the portable dressing-room cot on which he was reclining, "all of this makes me sound like the prexy of a correspondence school. Or as though I take my work home with me, go to bed with my grease-paint on. I don't. I have even been called a 'man of two worlds' so completely do I step out of this work when I go home.

"I do not make personal appearances for the benefit of my wife, the babies, the servants, the horses or my own mirror. We talk shop quite a bit, of course, Frances and I. Though less than we used to. But if I didn't shake out of it when I leave the set I would not only be a deadly bore but I would also lose the sense of adventure for which I first went into the business—and for the sake of which I remain in it. Because you've got to love it," smiled Joel. "You can't stay in it for the money or the glamour.

"The best part of traveling, you know, is the retrospect, looking back on the experiences you've had. The best part of my work is getting out to the ranch week-ends, standing on those hills, with Frances and the babies, or alone, and thinking back on that fellow, that actor, who has done such incredible things during the past week.

"I still think about it, you see," laughed Joel, "and that's the answer to the changing of the leopard spots on the pelt of a McCrea. Spurred on by Frances, a few digs by Greg La Cava, the confidence of Mr. Goldwyn, the brute began to think."

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With Shirley In Kipling's India

[*Continued from page 49*]

been the singing, dancing darling! Here she is an actress, primarily! She proved it to Director Ford in the first few days of shooting. The scene was difficult and very long. A scene between the child and her grandfather (C. Aubrey Smith).

A FEW moments after the scene was finished—and lights were dimmed, John Ford was found in a corner of the stage, laughing until the tears were running down his face!

"That child beats me," he commented. "She knows what I want before I tell her! And she does it perfectly every time!"

Perhaps he was really laughing—but the other eyes which had watched Shirley were dim—and there had been audible clearing of throats when the cameras ceased grinding!

This is the most elaborately-invested production in which Shirley has as yet appeared. At an isolated spot in the rocky Santa Susanna Mountains, forty miles from Hollywood, nature has provided a geographic replica of India's famous Khyber Pass, where much of the action takes place.

Over an area one mile square, Kipling's frontier India of 1898 has been reproduced. Crude stone look-outs of fierce Pathan warriors; a two-acre parade ground; twenty-two buildings to form the British army post; a native mountain village and fort—they are all here, made into reality by Hollywood magic.

Perhaps Mr. Kipling didn't order the poison-ivy which infests this region. Nor the periodic flights of planes, airport bound; nor the whistle of the train in the valley below. But these are matters which are dealt with efficiently.

A corps of laborers look after the ivy—standing by watchfully that the uninformed don't touch it. The cameras are timed to stop when the whirr of wings sound, or when the train begins its mournful plaint.

To Shirley this longest location schedule is heaven! Twenty-five days on location meant only one thing to her—twenty-five box lunches, to be eaten out-of-doors in her trailer. A sandwich, an apple, a glass of milk never tasted like this in her bungalow on the lot. The only fly in her ointment is that teacher is along. The moment a scene is finished—there are the books waiting to be read. There is her penmanship; there is arithmetic to be learned.

Geography, of course, is a lot easier. India is on the schedule at the moment—for wisely she is taught history and geography in correlation with the locale of her pictures currently in production. It becomes a painless and fascinating method of absorption of learning. And explains in part why Shirley is two grades ahead of her age-group.

WITH every new picture, tales to the Hollywood Saga of Shirley are added. *Wee Willie Winkie* is no exception. Jack Pennich, a retired British army man, relates with awe that it took Shirley exactly six hours to learn the British Manual of Arms.

"And I have seen grown-up soldiers take six weeks to master it—and they couldn't do it half as well as Shirley by then!"

It took some coaxing to get Sgt. Pennich to enlist in the service of a child. For years he has been handling the training of men for difficult army maneuvers for Ford productions. "Teach a girl?" he exclaimed, when the idea was suggested to him. "Nothin' doin'!"

The Temple joins the bathing beauties at Palm Springs and it looks like Shirley can hold her own. She swims, too

But he finally capitulated—and now he considers her his prize pupil—and practically nothing will stop Sgt. Pennich from talking about Shirley! He is captivated!

Wee Willie Winkie has brought to Shirley her most important possession—a kilted soldier's uniform, which she wears during the major portion of the picture. It is complete with khaki jacket, sporran, white spats, Kilkenny hat. The first time Shirley tried on the uniform in the studio wardrobe department, she did her persuasive best to obtain her mother's consent to wear it to lunch at the studio cafe.

Later, when the company went on location, Shirley pleaded for the privilege of wearing the uniform home each evening and back to the location in the morning, instead of changing into a dress. The first night she was permitted to wear her kilties home, she carefully laid them out on a chair beside her bed. Just before her mother turned out the lights, Shirley looked at her and said:

"I'm going to close my eyes right away because when I wake up it will be time for me to put on my uniform again."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is still the amazing, the miraculous child who brought the world to her feet with her first picture. With the same charm, the same directness. To her, acting is still a game—and director, crew and company conspire to make it continue so!

Wee Willie Winkie promises many surprises. First and foremost—a new Shirley Temple, a greater child-actress, with new laurels for her already laden brow, definitely in order. Twentieth Century-Fox has surrounded her with a superb cast—Victor McLaglen, C. Aubrey Smith, June Lang, Cesar Romero, Michael Whalen, *et al.*

But most important of all, young Miss Temple, recently eight, has had the most fun in her full career while making it! She has had twenty-five days on location and a kiltie uniform to wear!

Explaining the Real Hepburn

[*Continued from page* 27]

Franchot Tone was not allowed to have his friends or his business associates on the set. Franchot, who is almost vicious in his love of honesty, was quite annoyed.

"I had heard that Miss Hepburn objected to visitors on the set" says Franchot. "And I could appreciate her feelings. It is very hard for anyone to concentrate before strangers who stand and stare. When several friends of mine wanted to drop by and see me, I asked Miss Hepburn if she had any objection. She was charming in assenting. Naturally, on the days when she had heavy dramatic scenes to do, I never had anyone around. When I had to see interviewers, they came to my portable dressing-room. After they got their story they left the set again. There never was any argument at any time."

One day Joan Crawford visited the set and Katharine Hepburn, who was supposed to have the afternoon off, waited around to welcome Joan. It so happened that a few nights previously, Joan's latest picture had been previewed at Long Beach. Over the phone Joan pleaded with Franchot to ask director George Stevens if Franchot couldn't get away a bit early. Joan even threatened to send George Stevens a bouquet of flowers if he would grant her request. But George went Joan one better and agreed to quit early if Joan would deliver her flowers in person.

Joan, who is a great admirer of Hepburn's work, did not want to bother her. She selected a day on the advice of Franchot when Hepburn would not be working. Joan walked on the set, her arms loaded down with flowers. Franchot just happened to be out of sight and Joan stared, helplessly, around her strange surroundings. Then Katharine Hepburn walked up, introduced herself, brought Joan her own personal chair and ordered tea. Before Joan left, Hepburn even had the still-cameraman take pictures of them all together. Later on when Joan and Franchot celebrated their first wedding anniversary, they received a huge basket of flowers from the entire *Quality Street* company. Franchot learned from someone on the set that it was Hepburn who thought of it, went to the trouble of ordering it and including the names of the entire cast and crew when she made her gift.

Every day at a certain time, tea was served to the entire company. Hepburn saw to it that every man on the set had his cup of tea and piece of cake. Instead of ordering the cakes from the studio commissary, Hepburn had them baked specially and brought from home. When they were working on location out at Malibu Lake, Hepburn had her servants bring lunch from home for all the principals in the company. As there were over a hundred people working at the time, it was impossible for her to serve them all. But when she heard that the truck that was on the way out with the rest of the lunches had broken down, Hepburn would not allow her servants to set the table or her lunch to be served, until everyone on the set could sit down and eat at the same time.

THERE are few besides Franchot who can speak as intelligently and authoritatively on Katharine Hepburn. But there are those who have come in contact with her and are avid in their loyalty. There's the script girl for example, who worked on one of the earlier Hepburn pictures. Recently, when the star heard the girl could not afford a necessary operation she was packed off to the hospital the very next day and received the finest medical attention. There was the time when RKO studio club tried to put on an entertainment that would net them enough profit to purchase suits for the baseball team. Hepburn heard about it and the check she sent was so generous it more than took care of the club's needs and saved them weeks of labor.

One day, while working on *Quality Street* the weather was very bad. Franchot Tone and George Stevens were talking while the boys lined up the first shot. Hepburn arrived on the set wearing a snappy new raincoat, made of special material and smartly tailored. Stevens eyed it keenly and expressed his admiration for its style and color. In less time than it takes to tell, Hepburn had wired her tailor in New York, and a coat to Stevens' measurements was on its way out via airmail—to Hollywood. While Hepburn is on tour with her current stage venture, *Jane Eyre,* the same wardrobe woman who handles her studio clothes, is serving the star in similar capacity. Before she returns to Hollywood to start her next picture, Hepburn is planning a trip to Europe. If she goes this same wardrobe woman will go along—with a double raise in salary. When she comes back to Hollywood, Hepburn will see to it that the same crew who have served her so faithfully, will work with her again.

Speaking of the crew, there are very few sets where the star of the picture is addressed by her first name. With few exceptions, most of the boys who have known Hepburn over a series of pictures, refer to her as "Kate." She is considerate, friendly and even kids back and forth with them when her mind is more or less at ease. One day she was having a friendly argument with Argyle Nelson, her assistant director. Enjoying herself hugely, Hepburn humorously chased him around the set. Suddenly, quite by accident, he caught his coat pocket on a lamp and a huge hunk of the coat was ripped away. Hepburn went right on having fun, but a few hours later one of Hollywood's exclusive tailors was on the set, measuring Nelson for a new suit.

FRANCHOT TONE, who has many times been misunderstood himself, has been asked by many why Hepburn isn't friendly toward more people and why there are so many varied and different opinions about her. To all these questions Franchot just shrugs his shoulders and dismisses their importance with a wave of the hand.

"Katharine Hepburn is one of the most talented and sincere actresses I have ever worked with," he says. "Just as everyone has at some time or other, had weird and unfounded stories circulated about them, I had heard that Miss Hepburn was difficult to get along with and her sets the most unpleasant to work on. If she has the reputation for being severe, it is only because she is such an enthusiastic and honest worker and she has to believe in the things she is doing. I never once saw anything but the most profound respect for our director, and I never saw any demonstrations of anything that wasn't courteous and kindly at all times. Down to the most unimportant member of the crew, there is an unwavering loyalty for Miss Hepburn. I hope someday to have the pleasure of working with her again."

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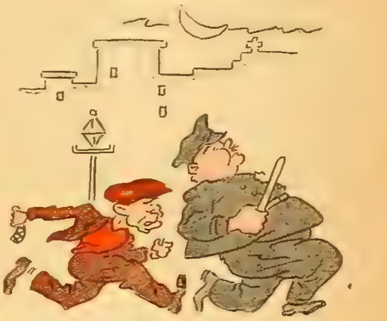

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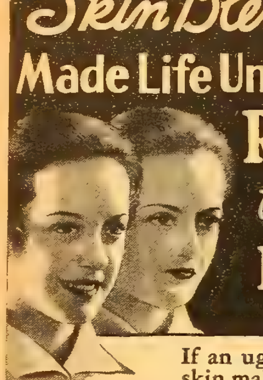

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Still Trying to Look Older

[*Continued from page 37*]

hop in, Miss Lang," said the driver. "Shouldn't walk in this hot sun."

At the cafe door she was welcomed by the manager. "Got something for you," he announced and presently brought to the table two gaily-colored Easter eggs. "They're my first," she crowed. "Bunny forgot to stop at the house. Aren't they thrilling?" And the manager beamed at her and the eggs, as if they had both been his own handiwork.

She is like a child, too, in that the whole world thrills her. She stands at the threshold of life, marveling at the treasures tossed into her lap—Easter eggs and a job at Twentieth Century-Fox, her peach and green bedroom, a trip to New York, chocolate ice cream and the chance to play Shirley Temple's mother in *Wee Willie Winkie*. "Isn't it thrilling?" she cries, her eyes like blue stars, her voice a song of thanksgiving.

She was twelve-and-a-half years old when she started her struggle to look as if she'd lived. She'd been taking dancing lessons from the age of five, and when her parents moved from Minneapolis to Los Angeles, entered the Meglin dancing school. She loved to dance. She didn't much care about school.

"I'm not going to need all these things," she kept telling herself impatiently. "I'm going to be a dancer. I'm going to be up all night and sleep all day. I don't want to know when Columbus discovered America. I won't need to do any arithmetic. My mother's going to take care of all my money. My mother's the best cook in the world, too. Why should *I* burn my fingers?"

Opportunity knocked. A revue was being put on at the Mayan Theatre. They needed dancers. You had to be eighteen. "So my girl friend and I decided to go down. We bought high-heeled shoes and practiced walking around, so we wouldn't wobble. We bought dresses we *thought* were grown-up. Mine was a canary yellow silk—nothing could look younger," she recalls with scorn. "And to make it worse, I had a little cape tied under my chin, very coylike, instead of getting something really sophisticated."

On the first day three hundred girls walked across the stage and did a time-step. Each day some were eliminated. Each day, when she heard the glad words: "Come back tomorrow," June would run home and call from the door: "Still in, mother."

"When I ran home the last day and told her they'd taken me, she just couldn't believe it. And, oh, it was such a thrill! I had to leave school and go to professional school. And we bought our first old Ford—one of those things that sits high up in the air. But we loved it. It was so much better than busses and streetcars. And we had such fun. Mother—" she confided, with what seemed an abrupt change of thought, but wasn't really—"Mother's so young she looks like my sister. And my father looks like my boy friend. Really he does."

FOR two years she worked in the line, busy and happy. She continued to lie about her age, and though, occasionally, someone would quirk an eyebrow at her and say: "Come across, little girl. Tell the truth. You're not eighteen—" still they didn't inquire too closely. Leroy Prinz, who directed the Mayan Revue, teases her about it now. "I don't know why I ever kept you, Junie," he says. "You were such an infant."

"And that's a very kind way of putting it," June tells you, blue eyes brimming with gratitude. "I was nothing but a gangling kid, really. I didn't look like *anything* at all. Guess it was just my lucky break."

One day a girl rushed into the dressing-room where June was making up. "They're testing girls for *Young Sinners* over at Fox. Let's go and try out."

June wasn't keen about it. She was going to be a great dancer. The movies didn't interest her. Besides, she was doing four shows a day.

"Oh, come on, June," her friend pleaded. "It's in between shows. They can't do any more than throw us out."

Which was just what happened to the girl friend. But John Blystone, the director, picked June. And remembered her flowerlike face and sent for her again. And though she went back to the chorus between calls, her passion to be a great dancer and a dancer only cooled a little. "I couldn't help making comparisons," she said. "And I realized how much easier the movies were. So many nice people around, and you talked to them, and sometimes—" mischief gleamed from under her lashes—"sometimes you worked."

One night her mother told her that Mr. Blystone had phoned again. "Another extra job, I suppose," said June. But over the phone Mr. Blystone said next day: "I've been talking to Mr. Sheehan about you and we want to make a test." June squealed. "We're not promising anything, you know," he warned her.

THE day after the test was made she waited in suspense. And the next day. And the next. A week passed, and there had been no call from Fox. Needing comfort herself, June sought to comfort her mother. "Just one of those tests," she grimaced. "I've heard about them."

At which point the phone rang. "We want you to come over and sign a contract," Mr. Blystone told her. The phone dropped from her hand. "I didn't hear right," June gasped to her mother. But her mother grabbed her hand. "Just one of those tests, huh?" she cried. "Come on, let's go."

"It was so wonderful," breathes June, face dreamy with memories of the first really "terrific" thrill of her life. "I had to tell them my real age then, and mother felt so ashamed, because, of course, I had to admit I'd been fibbing. But they were sweet. They just smiled and said: 'Well, we thought you weren't eighteen.' I went to school on the set and worked extra and stood near the cameras and learned what to do and how to do it—getting paid for it all the time." Her nose wrinkled like that of a gleeful baby under the delusion that it's put something over on its elders. "Then they cast me in little parts where I'd say, 'Hello, father,' or something silly like that. Then Mr. Sheehan was kind enough to have my teeth straightened. Which was a great blessing. Only," she added solemnly, "it proved to be my downfall for a while.

"They cast me in a picture called *Music in the Air*. I was so thrilled to play with Gloria Swanson and all those glamorous stars and to have my name on a chair—that was when Mr. Sheehan changed it from Vlasek to Lang. But still I kept thinking: 'Oh, dear. I'll have to take my braces off,' and I'd keep looking at my teeth to see if they'd moved. And I'd barely got the braces back on again, when they had to make additional scenes, and off they came. I was so worried.

"Well, I wore them for a few months after that, and then they wanted to put me into another picture. The dentist said: 'Don't dare take the braces off. You've got only two months more to go, and your teeth will be straight. But they told me at the studio I'd have to go into the picture or be let out. I was frantic. The same thing had happened once before, and that time I thought: 'If only I could see Mr. Sheehan!' But every time I called him, he was busy. Finally one day I saw him on the lot and just screamed: 'Mr. Sheehan' and ran after him.

"They're letting me out, Mr. Sheehan," she told him. "I'm sick over it, but there's nothing I can do, I suppose. I want to tell you how grateful I am for my teeth, and everything else you've done."

"Letting you out, are they?" said Mr. Sheehan. "Well, we'll have to see what can be done about that."

"And next day," she continued, "everything was all right. But this second time there was no Mr. Sheehan to run to. He was in Europe. So at last I decided: 'Well, if my teeth are crooked, no one will ever use me,' and I told them: 'All right, you'll have to let me out.'

"That was a dreadful time. I didn't even *try* to get into another studio. I couldn't bear to. I felt this place was my home. I'd stay in the house and read aloud and try to improve my voice and practice piano and dancing. Nobody *ever* called. When you're under contract, everybody knows you. Then when you're not, they suddenly misplace your number or something. I learned that lesson, anyway," said June, sober-faced. "I won't be so easy to fool again."

SOBRIETY vanished as the waitress brought her a plate of chocolate ice cream. "It's all I ever like for dessert," she sighed. "Isn't it babyish?" and slipped her spoon into her secret vice.

"Well, one night I went out with a friend who had mentioned me to Mr. Zanuck. Mr. Zanuck was there. And next day the phone *did* ring. They wanted me to make a test for *Captain January*. There were seven others testing, and I sat there, looking at these girls, wondering which of us would get the part.

June Lang keeps her figure trim by playing a neat game of tennis. And isn't that little gingham suit neat?

"Then everything happened at once. I got the part, and first thing I had to do was go to a beauty parlor. You see, when they let me out, I cut my own hair myself. I love to cut hair. It's a mania with me. I cut my mother's just the other day. Anyway, mine was all hacked, and I remember just racing like mad to the beauty parlor, singing inside myself all the way. And after *Captain January*, I got a contract and I bought a new car and made out the check myself. It was so thrilling. Mother had to show me how.

"I went into one picture after another, and then they sent me to New York for the premiere of *Road to Glory*. Imagine *me* in New York, and all those people being nice to me." Happy excitement was running away with her now, flushing her face, rippling in her voice, lighting her eyes to twin candle-flames. "We went through tunnels and over bridges and saw the *Queen Mary* and all the things I'd always read about. Oh, and Park Avenue. Our suite at the Waldorf looked down over it. We were on the fifteenth floor—I'd never been so high—and when I looked out, I squealed. The manager asked if I'd like to go higher. And I said: '*No!* I was just thinking about going lower.' It was like a dream to me really. I can't believe yet we were there.

"And last Christmas the studio gave me a little car and put my initials on it. I feel like Royal Lang riding down the street. And they just let me play a *real* grown-up in *Wee Willie Winkie*—Shirley Temple's mother. Isn't *that* thrilling!"

"She looks a year or two younger than the child," quipped Gene Markey, the producer, stopping by at that point. "But these things happen in the tropics."

Mr. Markey went on. "I never know what to say to things like that," mourned June. "I try to look languishing and haughty, but all I can look is flustered.

"Where were we? Oh—*Wee Willie Winkie*. A funny thing happened in that. I had to spank Shirley—but hard. My hand was red as a beet and shaking, when I got through. She's such a firm little girl. I felt so sorry, but Shirley got up and gave me one scornful look. 'Well, I certainly didn't feel *that*,' she said. 'My mother's better.'

"Oh, and the best thing of all that's happened to us—we've got our own home. That's what we always longed for when we lived in flats and duplexes. And I have the loveliest bedroom—all peach and green and gold. When my girl friends come over, that's the first thing they want to see. 'We could have such wonderful dreams in that bed,' they say. I don't dream myself," she confided a shade ruefully. Then she brightened. "But it doesn't really matter. Because my whole life's like one long wonderful dream."

It was a pleasant picture—the little princess, showered with gifts by her fairy godmothers, sleeping dreamlessly in the room of her dreams. But, as in all fairytales, an evil godmother was also present at the feast. June made a heroic effort to draw down the corners of her mouth.

"The only time I don't like being a movie player is when I have to sit under the dryer. It's really not fair. All my boy cousins have naturally curly hair. Isn't that awful?" she inquired and gurgled with joy.

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One Woman Man

[*Continued from page 29*]

after all and asked him to come back. And he did. And they changed the role the way he wanted it—and now Georgie has spun to new screen eminence in that tousle-haired, un-slicked-up role of a sea-going slave trader that's the biggest surprise and the finest work of his career to date.

Yeah. You've read all that, and you're sick of it, because it's old, old stuff by now. And you want to know just what sort of a guy this George Raft is anyway—this George Raft who looks like a racketeer's gunman and talks like a Harvard senior; this George Raft who looks like he could toss off third-rail red-eye straight but drinks pop instead; this George Raft whose eyes bore red-hot holes in a guy he hates, and melt the hearts of girls he likes. . . .

O-kay, then. Here he is. Here's the things he was and the thing he is; here's the things he likes and the things he doesn't. Here's what he thinks about George Raft and about women. Here are his friends and his intimates. And if you don't know and like George Raft better for having learned these things, then I'm all haywire. Because I do; I never liked the guy before—but after knowing him, I do. One can't help it.

FIRST, get his background: He got that *Valentino-ish* look from his mother. She was Italian. What's mixed with it came from his dad. Pop was German. Both ma and pa were pre-Hitler and pre-Mussolini. So George is a mixture of pre-war German-Italian old-worldism. And that was dumped by Ol' Doc Stork right in the middle of that toughest quadrangle in the New World—the Hell's Kitchen district of New York.

George isn't a big guy today. He certainly wasn't a big kid. And little kids get the hell knocked out of them in sections like Hell's Kitchen, usually. The tough bullies and the kid-riders of his block went to work on Georgie early. The day he first came out with his hair parted like he parts it today, they gave him the works. They gave him what's called the "dutch rub." It's an unkindly administered scalp massage that all but rubs the hair off a kid's head, and its main idea is to convince a kid that his playmates don't think much of combed hair.

The first tough kid that gave George the "dutch rub" got a bust in the eye from the Raft lad. That surprised and hurt the bully. The second one tried it and got the same dose. After that, nobody tried it, and ever since, George has worn his hair that way.

Now I tell you that story to illustrate one thing. It began then, and it's followed George ever since. Superficially, he looks like a little, easy-to-ride guy that can be bullied around. It's been tried often, since. It's been tried by strangers who didn't like him, and by producers who thought they could tell George off. But always, Georgie responded to their assorted "dutch rubs" with the same sort of sudden violence that astounded the Hell's Kitchen bullies. It has always accomplished the same effect. That's why George is sitting pretty in Hollywood. We'll skip the rest of his background now. This is no biography. And anyway, I've told you all that matters in knowing George. The rest of it is George, today.

TODAY, he's a movie actor that looks like a pattern, but who can't be fitted into any pattern Hollywood knows. He doesn't think or talk or drink or eat or play Hollywood style. While the hey-hey boys of movieland are flocking to the newest nite club and trying out the newest cocktail, be it the Duke of Windsor "abdicator" or the "C. I. O." that makes one go on sit-down strike because one can't stand after three, George sits on the sidelines and orders Sarsaparilla, straight. And strawberry sodas.

"Sure, I don't drink liquor," he told a questioner who intimated that non-drinking smacked of sissiness. "I don't think it shows manliness. Besides, I don't like the way it tastes. I like ice cream sodas much better, but they don't make 'em the way they used to. They put too much fancy stuff and whipped goo on 'em, instead of a squirt of syrup, a blob of ice cream and lots of fizz water." And he tells 'em how to make a real soda, but doesn't know or care what's in a new Sunset-stripper called "the Academy Award" because it makes consumers think they're Paul Muni's.

That non-drinking trait of his has led to other required demonstrations of his non-sissiness. Hollywood is never surprised to learn that George, kidded beyond decency by a visitor from the badlands, has taken said visitor out into the parking lot next door and parked him under some movie star's Rolls-Royce. George knows how to use his fists. He used to do it for a living.

But it's in his attitude about women and love that George deviates most startlingly from the commonly-understood Hollywood concepts . . . George, you see, is that *rara avis* of modern life, that Believe-It-Or-Not entity in Hollywood—a one-woman man! He not alone preaches it; he practices it.

"I DON'T see," he says, in so many words, "how a man can have what he calls his permanent girl, and at the same time go stepping out with a row of others. Yeah—I know it's good for a lot of publicity in the gossip columns and in the candid camera sections to be seen stepping out with a new and different girl every night. But how can they do it?—I mean, not only personally, but what about the picture of Hollywood that it creates. . . . ?

"Listen here: during my life, I've lived in tenements and in what's quaintly called palaces. I've worked in night clubs and fight clubs. I've hoofed vaudeville circuits. I've seen more 'LIFE' than ninety per cent of the people in Hollywood. But I still can't figure out their ideas and attitude on love!

"I don't see how a man can love one woman, and at the same time, play the field!!"

George himself loves one woman. George is NOT playing the field. The woman is Virginia Peine. He has loved her for years Some day, he hopes, he will marry her. He has been cherishing that hope for so long a time that Hollywood, which loves to talk about its stars and their women, doesn't even mention it any more. Hollywood just takes it for granted that some day, the way will be cleared for George's final and legal separation from the woman he has not lived with or seen for years, although she is legally Mrs. Raft. Then George will fulfill that "one-woman" love of his, and marry Virginia Peine.

And it won't be until then that the "except" in the beginning of this article will be wiped out. I said he had everything he could ask of life except Virginia. Not until he has Virginia will he ever be fully happy.

TO GEORGE, and to George's philosophy about women and men, no romance can be a surprise, no matter how startling it may superficially seem. He didn't discuss it in so many words, but I'm sure that he never raised an eyebrow over the Barrymore-Barrie combine; I'm positive that the Wally-Eddie excitement was nothing extraordinary, in his conception. That's because he thinks, very simply and bluntly, that *any woman, if she wants a man, can get him.*

Women are by instinct and by nature, actresses, he says. All of them. That's why they get their man. They put on an act. They learn their man, they learn his moods, and they "act" accordingly.

No word-mincer, George says right out that he thinks the best actresses in the world are NOT on the screen, or the stage. And by that, he isn't detracting from the artistry or the ability of the Crawfords or the Lombards or the Rainers. . . .

Far better acting is done every day and night, says George, by secretaries and salesgirls and co-eds and debutantes who are out to get the man they want. A gal with a spot of carmine on each cheek, walking down a street at night, puts on a better act when she tosses a smile that lures the man she's after than many a screen actress does. With that smile and that gesture, the girl has to act her part so realistically that in the instant, she's got to transport the man into unreality—into dreams of romance and loveliness and beauty that don't actually exist. And that, after all, is the prime job of any actress!

"Any girl, with her sweetheart, when she puts her heart and her love in it, outacts Garbo any day or evening" says Raft. "She weaves a splendid fabric of illusion and she gets her audience one hundred per cent. And even Garbo doesn't always do that. No screen actress can. Anway, that's what I think," says George.

BUT for men as clever actors on the stage of love, George Raft has no high regard. They're flops. They're lousy hams, in the jargon of the theatrical world, when it comes to putting over an act on the woman they want.

"A woman," repeats Raft, "can get any man she wants, if she wants him. BUT—the reverse is *not* true. A man cannot get any girl he wants, at all. Because *men aren't good actors!*

"Men's trouble is that when they're in love, they take it so big and they're so sincere that they forget to act. So they lose the girl. Besides, if they *do* try to put on an act, any woman can see through them like glass! No. In the game of love, men are not good actors. They're not good actors, particularly, anyway." He doesn't even except himself.

"Me?" he says. "I'm a lousy actor! I can't act. I never could, and I never will be able to. That's why I never want to be a star. I don't think anybody would come to see George Raft, alone, in any picture. I've got to have a 'name' in the cast with me. I don't want to be cast with any unknowns. I want a leading lady with a 'name' and a reputation at the box-office. It's not that I'm trying to put the load on her and lie down on the job myself. But I know my limitations.

"I like this job I've got. It's nice work and it pays good money. I'd like to keep it. But I've got no illusions about it. I'm no actor!"

RAFT'S not even an "actor" offscreen. No flashy dresser, no grandstand player. Not even a grandstand sitter. He loves baseball games, but he'd rather sit in the dirt on the sidelines watching kids play on a corner lot than in the president's box in a big-league ball park. If he does go to league games, he sits in the bleachers and takes off his coat and eats hot dogs and argues with the mechanic on the bench next to him about whether it was a ball or a strike.

"The hell with the grandstand guys. Give me the bleachers," says George.

Nor does George play his Hollywood game by picking his friends and intimates for their publicity and box-office and social value. Closest person to George is Mack "the Killer" Grey. The nickname was hung on him years ago, because Mack likes to affect being a tough guy. He talks out of the corner of his mouth, and looks like any moment he'll drag an automatic out of his armpit holster and start shooting cops. He's supposed to be George's bodyguard, but that's poppycock, because George doesn't need a bodyguard. He's really George's friend and all-around helper.

The girls take to swimming like a duck to water. Marjorie Gateson, Irene Hervey and Anita Louise having a ducky time in the pool at Sunset Plaza. But, what about the boys, don't they look well in bathing suits or are they afraid of the water?

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Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

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H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

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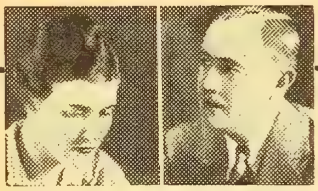

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California, Here We Come!

[*Continued from page* 12]

Hollywood! Here you will be escorted through the almost sacred portals of one of the greatest studios in the world by representatives of Fawcett Publications. Paramount has opened its gates to you!

Here you will be personally entertained by the filmland's great, for the program gets under full swing the first day you set foot in town. After a tour of far-famed Beverly Hills where the beloved Will Rogers was once mayor, you will be turned over to the dashing Basil Rathbone as his personal guests at a cocktail party. Basil has invited all his friends, so you will see all the stars on "dress parade" at the home of their friend. After the party, you will go either to the Cantor broadcast or to Grauman's Chinese Theatre for the show.

Monday is a bigger day yet, for then you will be the guests of Paramount studios for luncheon, then later to Jimmy Gleason's for a party. That evening, you once again become guests of Paramount studios for a private preview within the studio walls arranged especially for you! Thence to bed for a well-earned rest, for on the morrow, you will visit Max Factor's famous studio.

Then Tuesday nite comes the grand finale, for you will all go to the swank Wilshire Bowl for a grand party under the personal direction of Warren Hull, the golden-voiced star of the screen and radio! Here you will dance and dine with the stars, for Warren has promised to be our master of ceremonies in a grand party for all. Last year, we met and mingled with such famous stars as Jean Harlow at the grand finale party.

So once again, we urge you not to miss this opportunity of a life time . . . if you have not filled in the coupon, do it NOW. There is still time left for you to get your application in if you HURRY, HURRY.

Dimples and Dramatics

[*Continued from page* 70]

them on you again but my conscience won't permit me to finish a July beauty article without a warning on this unpleasant subject. So—remember that you can offend those near you with the odor of perspiration even though you do bathe regularly and wear clean clothing—for the enclosed nature of the underarm area causes perspiration to become odorous quickly. The solution seems to be—and, indeed, is—the checking or deodorizing of perspiration in this area. If this were a difficult or painful task, then there might be some excuse for neglecting it; but since it is simple, harmless and easy to accomplish, there *is* no excuse!

Take, for instance, the fragrant white cream that checks perspiration locally and ends your worries. You rub it gently on the skin, it vanishes; after a bit you wipe the skin with a damp cloth. Not a very arduous routine, is it? Yet, apparently, there are those who can't be bothered. I've encountered them everywhere and so, probably, have you. This particular preparation is most effective when you apply it at night, so that it can be absorbed when the glands are least active. It costs only 50 cents and comes in an attractive rose and white jar. Want the name?

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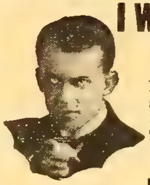

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AT DRUG AND DEPT. STORES

ANNETTE'S CLEANSER NO UGLY RING

Why They Call Her Annie

[*Continued from page* 43]

good thing—he didn't want to lose me!

"Since then I've been about the best customer those air lines have. Once I made four trips within a fortnight because I was called back here for retakes. And the retakes lasted three hours . . . The last time I went they were having a taxi strike. There were guards on my taxi with—what do you call 'em?—billy sticks. But in spite of that, some of the opposing faction attacked our machine. For a few minutes I crouched on the floor and prayed with all my might that Roger would get a contract in California so this would be the end of The Traveling Adventures of Annie. And just a short time ago I received word that he *is* coming! He opens next month at the St. Francis hotel in San Francisco for an engagement. Well, at least that's closer home!"

"OH, I admit I've been lonely. Terribly so sometimes. I bought a new radio just so I could get a clearer reception of Rog's program. And I've sat in front of it alone and listened and felt bluer than indigo.

"But my favorite pipe dream is having Roger working right here at home! We're building a house, you know, and maybe it will have some potent effect on making the dream come true. . . ."

SHE always takes charge when a disaster occurs, no matter where it is—at the studio, at home, on the highway . . . Last summer on the road in front of her beach cottage there was a terrific accident. Cars piled up on one another and Annie arrived on the scene as general pandemonium was breaking loose. "You can bring the injured in here," she directed. "And you, boy, cut off that ignition! Do you want the cars to burn? . . . There's a doctor a half-mile down the road . . . And Marie," (to her colored maid) "bring me some clean towels quick!"

Queerest thing about Annie—how calm she is in the face of Big Happenings and how she screams over Little Ones! The other day at RKO she had to remove her wedding ring for the first time in sequences for her latest picture, *There Goes My Girl.* She gave it to Marie and Marie slipped it carefully into her pocket and went down to the commissary to get a cup of coffee for Miss Ann. When she returned the ring was gone. It means more to Annie than any possession she has ever had or ever will have, but she only said quietly, "Don't cry, Marie. It will turn up somehow." And it did. A waitress in the commissary found it and brought it back.

But an hour later when she discovered a small bow misplaced on her dress—whee!

EVERYBODY looks at Annie when the ice cream man appears on the set. She gives a little signal and as quickly Marie opens up her big, black purse in which she carries Ann's trinkets and change, and buys 'em all one.

Annie collects recipes from the prop men, knits sweaters for their babies—and heaven help the person who'd say a word against her in their presence! They love playing jokes on her. For example, there's the rocking-chair of hers. She always has it right there on the stage, a high-backed, old-fashioned rocker, and how she can rock in it! Not long ago they put grease on the bottom and Annie skidded right into the lap of a visiting Admiral's wife!

And while she was over at Twentieth Century-Fox on a loan for *Fifty Roads To Town* she had a birthday. It was Norman Taurog, the director, who told me about it. He chuckled loudly, remembering—"What a day! We rigged up Annie's dressing-room on the set like an old shack. I don't know how we managed to dig up so much truck but there was even a wooden horse tethered to the door. And the crew solemnly presented her with a striped blue-and-white flannel night gown of the vintage of 1890! You should have seen Annie's face when she walked in . . . Then we pulled another gag on her. She had to shoot a gun off in the picture and I told her to go out and practice because she's scared to death of firearms. Well, she shut both eyes and pulled the trigger on a blank shot—and a stuffed rabbit fell at her feet! One of the electricians had dropped it from the catwalk . . ."

And Annie, who enjoys a joke as much as anyone in the world, proceeded to take both rabbit and nightgown to show Roger in Chicago.

ANNIE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE

And in case you don't believe us, here is Annie holding up her dear little flannel nightie and the rabbit, to boot. She seems to like horses, too, the wooden kind!

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Claudette Tells on Herself

[*Continued from page* 28]

reason why she is always refreshing. But, really, this was going mildly anarchist. When a girl becomes a star, she is supposed to concentrate on meriting a large slice of awe. She is supposed to create an illusion that she is in on the innermost mysteries of glamor and poise. If, by any chance, she should mention acting, she is expected to discuss it as an art, as a career—not neglecting to hint that struggle and study and everlasting perseverance alone have made her an actress. She is never expected to intimate that acting might be anything but a serious business.

Success is a dazzling, glamorous thing. And to keep it glamorous and dazzling, a girl who becomes a star is expected, by magazine writers and magazine readers, to dramatize it and glorify it—in a modest way, of course. To do that, she naturally emphasizes the obstacles she has encountered en route. Unconsciously, she omits the fun that she has had. That isn't dramatic enough, illustrative enough of a tussle with the fates.

She forgets that the fun that she has had, more than anything else, explains why she is where she is, and what she is, today. The amazing thing is that everyone else also forgets. Everyone but Claudette. She has a mischievous memory, coupled with lucid brown eyes and a talent for frankness even with herself. She can't forget.

All this explains a great many things about Claudette. Her naturalness, which is even more noticeable off-screen than on. Her lack of complexes about Art with a capital A, despite her winning of an Academy award. Her ability to veer from costume drama like *Maid of Salem* to sophisticated comedy like *I Met Him in Paris,* and being believable all the way.

CLAUDETTE isn't one to dwell upon success secrets. She has no belief in any magic formulas. But she does believe in hunches. And one of her most persistent hunches is that she wouldn't be where she is, if she hadn't had so much fun on the way. She admits it. And she also admits, with a smile, that it is time to admit it. There have been too many sob stories about the sad struggles of girls who have become actresses. Why not tell the other story that can be told? And Claudette does tell it, on herself:

"If you wanted to believe all of the success stories that you read, all actresses were destined to be actresses, from the cradle forward. Even when they were very young, they had terrific urges for dressing up and play-acting. As they grew, the urges grew—until acting careers became practically inevitable.

"But I wonder? I wonder, because *I* didn't have those urges, and I know others who didn't. As a youngster, I gave nary a thought to the stage, or the screen, so far as a possible destiny was concerned. I was realistic about myself even then. I had absolutely no illusions that I was a breathtaking beauty, whose face would be her fortune. I had a decided illusion that all actresses had to be breath-takingly beautiful.

"The first acting I ever did was at Washington Irving High School in New York—a little institution with only seven thousand students. And then I was shoved into it, on the promise that I'd have some fun. I wouldn't have had the nerve to go into it on my own. I went to Washington Irving to study costume design, with the definite idea of becoming a money-maker when I was finished with school. I had no balmy dreams even about that. I never aspired to the higher things, like designing clothes for famous women. My aim was to draw magazine covers some day.

"When I was shoved into a one-act French play, and then a comedy written by an instructor in the English department, I didn't give up my magazine-cover ambitions. The acting was just a bit of school fun. It appealed to me as fun principally because all the other girls would be looking at me, and I'd have grease-paint on my face. It was simple as all that. Fleetingly, I'd be the center of some attention. Everybody likes to be a center of attention—once in a while.

"Not that I had the desire very often. I suffered from a shy complex in those days. How I suffered! I could never get up in front of a class and recite. I would go tongue-tied in oral exams. I had to be behind something, to have any public poise. And being behind grease-paint and footlights gave me my chance. Then I didn't feel self-conscious. Then standing up in front of people was fun.

"BUT the idea of a stage career never occurred to me. I graduated from Washington Irving with the intention of going on with my art work. I was economics-conscious. I more or less had to be. It was up to me to be self-supporting as soon as I could be—and costume design looked like the soonest way. That is, until I was given another push toward the stage. I could never have got there by myself. I didn't have the urge or the nerve.

"I was tutoring another girl in French—again, with the idea of making a little money—and she knew a playwright who was having his first play produced. She pushed me into a 'bit' part in it. That first play was a lot of fun because I was living in a new, exciting world. I had never known anyone from the theatre even remotely. And now, suddenly, I was backstage, actually part of the theatre myself. I loved it—not because I felt that it was my 'destiny,' but because it was fun. It was adventure of a sort. I was in the first act for three minutes; I could have been home by nine o'clock. But no—every night I stayed to the very end. I didn't want to miss anything. It was too much fun. (There's that word again!)

"Even then, the idea of an acting career didn't occur to me. As a matter of fact, I had a guilty conscience about postponing my art work. My father wanted me to go to the New York School of Applied Arts. But I have always had strong hunches about things—things, that is, aside from stocks and race horses. And I had the feeling that that money would be wasted. 'No, no, no,' I'd say, 'I'll go back to Washington Irving and take a post-graduate course.' And I thought I meant it."

NO IMPELLING urge to act kept Claudette Colbert on the stage. What kept her there was the fun of it.

"I didn't give any thought to dramatic schools. I did give a thought to stock-company work—I wanted desperately to do it—but every time I asked for a job, I seemed to get something on Broadway. Today, I don't believe in dramatic schools. I do believe in Little Theatres, amateur dramatics. They can give you fun, as well as experience. And fun is important, I think. We all like to act, when we can enjoy acting. And nothing but experience can give us technique.

"In my first three years on the stage, I must have been pretty terrible. I had no technique, certainly. I didn't know why I should do this or that, or when, or how. I didn't know the first thing about timing. But at least I had the chance to learn, through experience. I was lucky to have that chance.

"I was never long between jobs. I can't explain that now. It certainly wasn't because I was an actress. Perhaps it was because I wasn't career-mad. The theatre was such a strange new world to me that I couldn't be hard-boiled about it. Maybe I had a freshness, a naive eagerness that sold me as an ingenue.

"One of the jobs was in Chicago, a bit in a play with Leslie Howard. He gave me an amusing tip. He told me that Al Woods, the producer, went for British accents. I should cultivate a British accent, and then cultivate Mr. Woods. I tried it, actually got in to see Mr. Woods (much to my amazement), sprang the accent on him, and told him of all my experience on the London stage. He signed me to a contract . . . I was fired three days before the opening of the play. But I almost got away with it. And trying was unquestionably fun. It almost convinced me that I *was* an actress."

THEN I did a play for Brock Pemberton—*The Marionette Man,* opposite Ullrich Haupt. He had just come over from Europe and had already made a terrific success in one play. This was to be his first starring vehicle—and, poor man, he had to draw me as leading lady. The play had its tryout in Washington, and the critics laid me out in lavender. But Haupt was magnificent about it. He told me what was wrong with me, in the gentlest possible way. At that time, it was my voice. It was very high, too high.

—Pearls by Heller Deltah

Anita Louise's complexion is not unlike the beautiful opalescence of the string of pearls adorning her throat

"I took time out for a month of voice lessons—and only a month, because I couldn't afford any more. I studied with a former star in a musty, dingy, picture-filled studio in the Metropolitan Opera Building. She made me 'elocute,' for the first time in my life. Between us, we brought my voice down two pegs in one month.

"It's a harrowing experience, to be panned, or to be fired. Or to go to Chicago on a contract that you think will pay you $200 a week, only to discover that the company is 'cooperative' and you earn $16 the first week, while your hotel bill is $58. Or to play to a matinee audience of just eight people, and hear your voice bounce back at you from the empty seats. Experiences like that can be dramatized for 'struggle' effect. But why should they be?

"All things counter-balance. Acting has no more heartaches, and no fewer, than any other profession. And it must be more fun than most. Look at the old actors who are still clinging to the fringes of the theatre, half-starving, principally because they'd rather act than do anything else. But, I assure you, acting is much *more* fun when you make money."

HAD she thought of movie-acting at all during those first three years? She could hardly avoid it.

"I wasn't so movie-conscious myself, but my father was a terrific picture fan. He couldn't understand spoken English awfully well, but he understood written English perfectly. And he loved symphonic music. His idea of a holiday was a visit to one of the picture palaces.

"But I had no connection with the movies. I knew no one in them. The only connection—and this *is* funny—was through my mother's chiropractor. He pounded the spine of some independent exhibitor. He sent me to see this man, and this man took one look at me, and said, 'You'll never be a success in pictures, because of your face.' Those were his exact words."

There is a legend that Frank Capra, for his direction of Claudette in *It Happened One Night,* is responsible for her success today. But when the movies first came to Claudette, the first picture she ever made—a comedy number entitled *For the Love of Mike,* opposite Ben Lyon—was directed by the same Frank Capra. They both laugh about it today.

"That was when I went through the experience with the make-up department. They did have a time with my face. I went through everything Gaynor went through in *A Star Is Born,* and then some. And developed an inferiority complex about my face that I had for years. . . . I had a contract for two pictures, and they cancelled the second."

Later, on the stage, she scored a hit in *The Barker.* Around came the movie moguls again, again offering the chance to make pictures in Long Island City in the daytime, while stage-acting on Broadway at night. She and the movies had both learned much since their first encounter. She accepted. One of those pictures was *The Lady Lies,* first of the sophisticated talkies.

"And was I scared to death of Hollywood! I don't think I really began to have fun here until the end of my first year. And then I had the biggest thrill I've ever had as an actress. I went around the world on a freighter, and in China, a perfect stranger said, 'Hello, Miss Colbert.' Six thousand miles from home I had been recognized. That really got me. From the beginning right up to now, acting has been a lot of fun. Much more fun than heartache. I don't think I'd be anything now, if it hadn't been. . . ."

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From Syntax to Cinema

[*Continued from page* 50]

the kind of artistic guy he was—and is. But not all sissy-fied. Don't get us wrong. He managed (senior manager) the basketball team, and then to balance things, performed as a member of the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet. His life was that of the typical first-rate student. A life that is multiplied by thousands, annually, in every American college town. But a paralyzing Depression is not annual, although it may stretch over a span of years. John and his classmates were caught in the backwash of the Great Drought that started in 1929. They knew that they would graduate into a world that had no use for their sheepskinned talents.

Howard, thinking it over, figured that one more year at WRU would make him ready to teach. He didn't know, at home, that funds were low. That, daily, his father and mother dreaded the time when they would have to tell their only child that he couldn't finish his senior year. If he had known these things, the youngster would have been more deferential to Paramount's talent scout, and famed Oscar Serlin, when that gentleman singled him out after a campus theatrical performance, and asked John if he didn't want to make a screen test.

TO this day, Howard's refusal ranks as his major dramatic experience in a life that has rippled peacefully along. The drama came in the news that awaited him at home. He wouldn't be able to finish his course. He couldn't, then, be an English professor. Swallowing his pride, he wrote to Mr. Serlin, saying that he had reconsidered the talent scout's offer. Was it too late? It was not. Between June and September, 1934, Howard left school, took a film test in New York, arrived in Hollywood.

With him came Poppa and Momma Cox (John's father is an agent for a theatrical equipment firm), and seventy-five ducks. Not live ducks, but porcelain ducks, Dresden ducks, celluloid ducks, glass ducks, majolica ducks, eiderdown ducks, wooden-carved ducks, Pekin pottery ducks . . . none over six inches. As proof of the upturn in John Richard's financial life, everything is "ducky" now—including his hobby.

The hobby started innocently one Easter three or four years ago, John confesses. He sent the girl-friend an inanimate reproduction of a flat-billed waterfowl of the *Anatidae* family (see Webster's) and she returned the compliment in kind. Well, that started it. As the romance flowered, the ducks flew thick and fast between them.

Ducky as his hobby is, his romantic life is beginning to give young Howard a bit of trouble. As attractive as John is with his open-collared sports shirt, his pipe, his level gaze fringed with long, dark lashes, his reticence, women are bound to fall in love with him. And vice versa. He has already been rumored enamored of Margo, Mary Taylor, Eleanore Whitney, Andrea Leeds (P. S. The latter looks like Head Woman to us.) One of the ladies is reported to have received daily orchids from him. "Not on my salary!" he snorts in quick denial.

But the scholarly John is also something of a mystic. Life, when it catches up with mystic, frequently runs roughshod over them. John, until one bright morning re-

[*Continued on page* 96]

LOSE Controllable FAT
*She Lost
55 lbs.

Read What Others Write

● Fat usually makes a woman look years older and so unattractive—yet often it can be easily controlled. That was the experience of *Mrs. L. R. Schulze of Jackson, Mich.

Read this lady's exciting story, in her own words: "After being overweight almost all my life I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS and lost 55 pounds! I look ten years younger." And trust a Graduate Nurse to know how to obtain a slender figure. Mrs. Gladysse Ryer, Registered Nurse, of Dayton, writes: "Reduced 47 pounds, though I did not diet." From Merion, Pa., Miss Elnora Hayden writes: "Reduced 30 pounds." Mrs. Porter Tyler, Crandon, Wis., writes: "I reduced 67 pounds, from 206 to 139 pounds. I feel like a new woman, and felt fine right from the start." Miss Loretta Lee of Los Angeles and many others write of their success.

IMPORTANT! Positively **NO DINITROPHENOL.** Pleasant to take. Genuine RE-DUCE-OIDS have been sold by leading stores for 22 years.

SATISFACTION—or MONEY BACK—every cent, if results do not please you. Sold by your druggist or department store. If your dealer is out he can get RE-DUCE-OIDS quickly—ask him to phone his wholesaler today. **FREE** — Write today for Free WEIGHT CONTROL CHART, to Dept. F377, American Medicinal Products, Inc., 746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 47]

at a Hollywood hotel. Next day, on the Goldwyn lot, where he's making *Woman Chases Man*, Joel was told that a man named Workman wanted to see him. Curious, Joel okayed the man in—and not until then did he recognize Workman as a lad he'd met in Hawaii, five years ago, and loaned ten dollars. The $16.50 check, Nathaniel explained to Joel, was repayment of the ten-dollar-loan, plus interest. This time, Joel accepted the check.

Payable In Advance

NO PIKER is W. C. Fields. Recovering from his long illness, the comicker wasn't well enough to join friends Gregory LaCava and Leo McCarey in their annual trip to Del Monte for golf. But Fields mailed them a check. "To cover my usual losses," said the note he sent with it.

Gadge & Giggle

BETTY FURNESS received a new bracelet charm from boyfriend Johnny Green. It was a tiny gold figure of an old man in a bathtub. Highly confused as to its symbolical significance was Betty until Johnny grinned: "Well, you're working in *The Old Soak*, aintcha?"

Film Trailers

WITH summer here, Hollywood has gone trailer conscious in a big way. Trailer owners include: Leo Carrillo, who has named his *La Cucaracha* (uhuh, the cockroach) and fitted it with four berths, electric refrigerator, and Mexican Atmosphere. At the christening, Leo broke a bottle of champagne over it. . .Wally Berry, Hollywood's most confirmed trailer addict. In it is a storage cabinet for Wally's guns and fishing-tackle, a full-size cabinet radio, and even kennel space for four hunting dogs. Atop it, he carries a collapsible boat, with outboard motor! . . Doris Dudley has called her trailer "The Dud." Because, she says, everything always goes wrong with it. Its outstanding individual characteristic is its scarlet-and-white color scheme, with potted geraniums at the windows. Neatest gadget in it is a miniature soda fountain, that works . . . Clark Gable has converted a station wagon into a hunting caravan. It's fitted with all manner of nimroddish appurtenances . . . King Vidor uses his trailer not for fun, but for work. It's fitted up as an office. Also a working-trailer is May Robson's. In it is her dressing-room.

Wild March Heir

FREDRIC MARCH'S young adopted son set Beverly Hills into a furore the other night. The youngster, to play a prank on his nurse, hid behind the nursery door. So well did he hide that the servants called the police, sent word to the theatre where March and wife Florence Eldredge were playgoing. The entire Beverly Hills police machinery went to work—special details sent out, radio warnings broadcast to find the missing or kidnaped child. Half frantic, Fredric and Florence arrived home, burst into the nursery—found their little son gurgling in high glee over all the excitement!

Jimmy Takes It and Likes It

IT TOOK a child's mind to put over a a fast one on wise Jimmy Cagney. Accepting a formal invitation to dinner at the Phil Regan home in Pasadena, Jimmy and wife carefully obeyed the written instructions to wear full evening attire, wondered why the Regans had suddenly gone so formal.

When they arrived at Regan's house, the Cagney's found no dinner party. Phil and his wife weren't even aware of the invitation. The mystery was solved by the appearance of a sheepish Phil Regan Jr., ten years old, who confessed he had written the invitation.

"Ya see, pop," he explained, "me and sis are in a school play tonight, an' we thought if we could get Mister Cagney there, all dressed up, it'd make it a hit."

Grinning, Jimmy went to the school play, made it a hit.

Neighborly

MR. AND MRS. HENRY FONDA noticed that the FOR RENT sign had been taken down from that lovely big house next door. "Wonder," they wondered, "who our new neighbors will be?"

Came moving vans, disgorged goods. Came decorators. Came servants. Finally, came the new neighbors—Margaret Sullavan and hubby Leland Hayward.

The catch (in case you don't know your Hollywood love-lives) is that Margaret is Henry Fonda's ex-wife, recently wed to Hayward. Margaret and Henry have been "good friends" since marriage.

Currently, Hollywood wonders how long they'll be good neighbors . . . . Quaint town, isn't it?

Mustn't Be Late To School

MARGARET'S other ex-husband, Director Willie Wyler, who made *Dodsworth*, also crashes this column—

Seems he was picked up for speeding so often that the irate judge finally sentenced him to attend the court's "traffic school" to learn how to drive legally. Two days later, Wyler was again picked up for speeding—on his way to traffic school . . . !

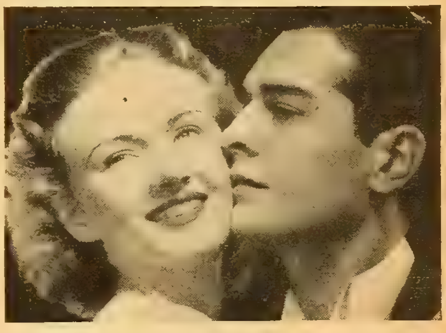
Knows All

YOU don't know your Hollywood chatter unless you know that the most talked-about manifestation currently is The Ghost of Hollywood. That's the whimsical title that's been

[*Continued on page* 94]

There's A New Thrill To Skin

When cleansed with this amazing beauty treatment



EVERYWHERE women are raving about a thrilling, new beauty cleanser that leaves the skin unbelievably soft, smooth and alluring. It is called Lavena, and it works such beauty wonders because it is utterly *neutral* in action. For, while Lavena removes *every* trace of dirt and make-up—*it does not dry the skin as do virtually ALL alkaline cleansing methods in use today.*

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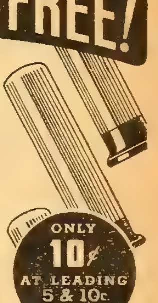

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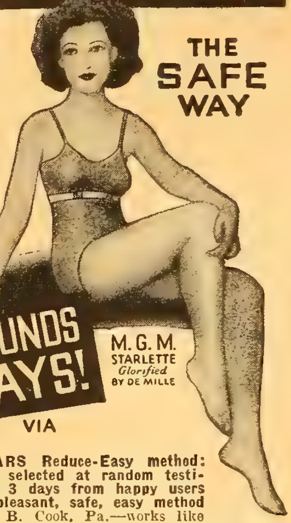

HOLLYWOOD STARS Reduce-Easy method: Read a few of the selected at random testimonials received in 3 days from happy users everywhere of this pleasant, safe, easy method of reduction. *Mrs. B. Cook, Pa.—works like magic, **I lost 65 lbs.**, with no ill effects or sagging skin, feel wonderful. Miss H. Olson, Minn.—**Lost 6 lbs. on 25c size,** amazed at results. Mrs. J. Best, Wash.—Reduce-Eazies improved my figure, cleared my complexion. Mrs. K. Smith, N. Y.—**Lost 48 lbs.,** feel and look like a young girl, had not slept in years, now sleep like a baby. **Reduce-Eazies did wonders by taking the fat away from my heart. Marion Swanson, 225 N. Kaukini, Honolulu, Hawaii—Reduce-Eazies are marvelous, I lost 11 lbs.,** ate anything I wished.

LOSES 26 POUNDS

*Tried all other methods, was desperate. Tried Reduce-Eazies, lost 26 pounds in a short time, feel like a new person. I want to help others so you may use this letter in any way you wish.—Miss Penny Cartier, Cherokee Road, Louisville.

DRAMATIC PROOF

After reading these actual case records, showing how unfortunate victims of useless fat are now enjoying the fullness of life so rightfully belonging to every woman, we feel sure that you too will wish to join them in their thankful praises.

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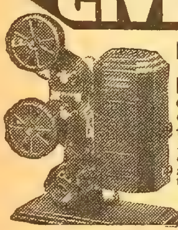


selected by a certain woman fortune-teller, whose chief claims to fame are (1) blue hair, and (2) an amazing ability to reveal the innermost secrets of Hollywood in her fortune-telling. Talk of Hollywood is whether the woman is just a good psychic, or whether she's got an inside "pipeline" to supposedly intimate secrets of the stars.

Jolly Home-Whimsies Of Stars

IN HER new home, Helen Vinson has installed these trick invisible electric rays at the entrances to the plate-glassed shower-bath cabinets. So all one has to do is step in and the water starts; step out, and the water stops. No faucets. To make it hollywoodier, the temperature of the shower is controlled by electric thermostats, so the bathee neither cooks nor freezes . . . at her new home, Irene Dunne has three rules: 1—all string is saved and rolled up in big balls, (2) everybody must wipe his feet on the welcome mat at the door, (3) rain or shine, all second-floor windows must be kept open. Just a card, Irene! . . . another magic-eye-beam installation is in Irene Hervey-Allan Jones' home. Only there, it's not at the shower bath; it's two feet from the door between dining-room and serving pantry, on both sides. Servants, carrying food, dishes, need not push the door. Irene figures she'll save the cost in dish breakage, food dumpage . . . swimming pool stunts: Brian Donlevy's is so close to the house that he can dive into it from his bedroom balcony.

Shiny Badge and All

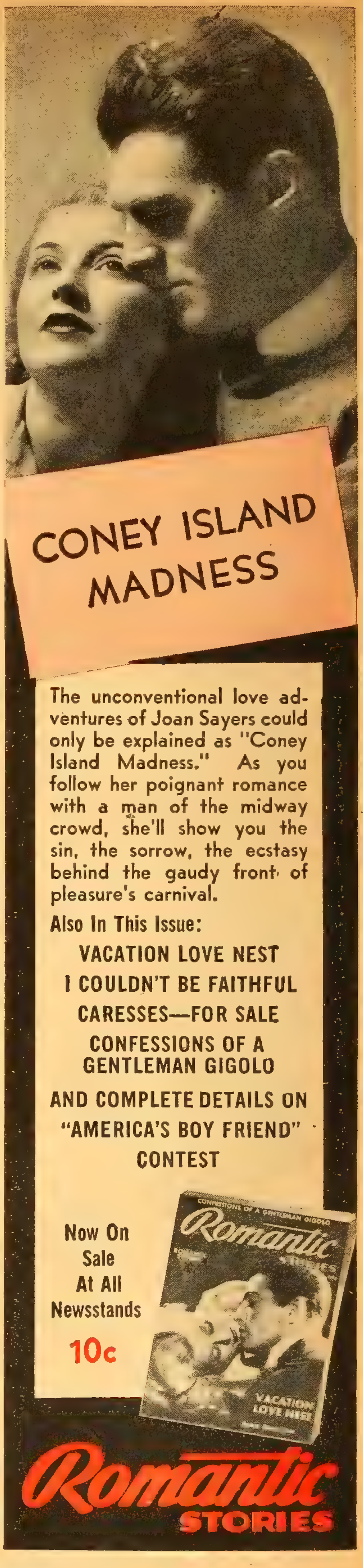
DON'T get tough with Lewis Stone, anywhere in California. Because no matter what county he's in, he's a deputy sheriff there. You see, recently the Sheriff's Association of California held a convention at Palm Springs. Lew served as master of ceremonies at their entertainment program. In reward, each sheriff of each county made him a deputy. Trouble is, says Lew, that he has to wear so many badges now that he sounds, when walking, like the kitchen range falling downstairs.

Papers And Magazines, Too?

A STICKLER for comfort is Connie Bennett. For commuting between her dressing-room and the Roach studio stage where she's starring in *Topper,* she had fitted up a trailer, complete with electricity, dressing-room facilities, *and* plumbing . . . Aye, a stickler for comfort is Connie.

More Hollywhittlings

LUISE RAINER takes her own salad dressing to restaurants with her . . . for Bette Davis' birthday, hubby Harmon O. Nelson hired a bingcrosbyish telegraph messenger boy to sing *Happy Birthday to You* under her window at 6 a. m. . . . when a chorus girl at 20th Century-Fox fell, broke her ankle, Bill Robinson carried her to his car, drove her to hospital, paid the bills, and then got mad when someone revealed his kindness . . . Melvyn Douglas imitates a Japanese house-boy when he answers his phone.



CONEY ISLAND MADNESS

The unconventional love adventures of Joan Sayers could only be explained as "Coney Island Madness." As you follow her poignant romance with a man of the midway crowd, she'll show you the sin, the sorrow, the ecstasy behind the gaudy front of pleasure's carnival.

Also In This Issue:

VACATION LOVE NEST

I COULDN'T BE FAITHFUL

CARESSES—FOR SALE

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AND COMPLETE DETAILS ON "AMERICA'S BOY FRIEND" CONTEST

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10c

Romantic STORIES

Hollywood Loves Its Fights

[*Continued from page* 35]

The Marx Brothers are probably the Legion's best customers. They roll up with parties numbering anything from ten to twenty, or even more. On a recent night, I saw Chico gesticulating wildy to Alan Hale, (who, with Conway Tearle, was one of the original ringsiders way back in 1925.) Alan points to the black corner; Chico to the white. Chico holds up five fingers. Alan nods. Settlement will be made later at the Trocadero.

One of the most hilarious evenings occurred when the (at present) champion of the world, one James J. Braddock was elected to put on an exhibition bout. Mr. Braddock appeared in the ring with a goodly roll of fat round his midriff, and the case-hardened Hollywood ringsiders settled back in their seats, politely resigned to boredom throughout four rounds of mild calisthenics before the main event. A Hollywood fight crowd cares no more for "exhibition bouts" than any other crowd, even though the world's champion is an accomplice thereto.

However, before the "bout" begins, a lithe, athletic gentleman hops into the ring, removes his coat, and, opening a Grand Canyon of a mouth, announces in a whisper, that he is the self-appointed referee. The crowd, anxious to be rescued from its doldrums, and loving Joe E. Brown, perks up, and gives him a welcoming roar.

The "boxing" starts. It lives up to expectations. It's terrible! Towards the end of the round, Joe steps in to break an affectionate cuddle. The champ gives him a playful pat, which Joe takes big. He staggers back against the ropes, and collapses. He manages to pull himself up, and grope his way to the champion's corner, where he brings himself to with the combined aid of a water bottle, a sniff of smelling salts, and a towel. At the bell, he comes out fighting, giving himself several punishing uppercuts and right crosses. Finally, with a great exhibition of pluck and endurance, he manages to knock himself out! The crowd is in hysterics, as Joe raises his own hand in token of victory, and then rushes over to shake hands with Braddock, who, during all this time, has been the forgotten man. (I've forgotten where his opponent was.)

BILL (BOJANGLES) ROBINSON is another inveterate ringsider. When the stadium ticket office receives a call, "Please reserve a couple for the Post Mascot," they know it is from the great tap dancer-actor. Two or three years ago, one of his best friends was made a colonel of Hollywood American Legion Post Number 43. You may have guessed who it was. If you haven't, it was Shirley Temple.

After the semi-wind-up, everyone stands up for a stretch. Over there is Pat O'Brien, with his wife, Eloise. She is looking over the two main "eventers" who have just climbed into the ring. She makes her choice. Pat nods. He always gives her the choice. And if Eloise is as good a picker as Pat, it will be poor Pat who pays. But he seems very nonchalant about it, as he leans his elbows on the edge of the ring, waves his hand at George Burns and Gracie Allen. Who knows? Maybe Pat has inveigled Gracie into a bet on the good-looking palooka with curly hair!

Down at ringside, is the KNX (The Voice Of Hollywood) CBS microphone, presided over by Gary Breckner, who does the blow-by-blow description, and Bill Lawrence, who adds the color between rounds. Bill turns to Jack La Rue, and asks him to tell the radio audience how he likes the Italian boxer in tonight's fight. Jack would like to tell the truth, but that "CBS" stops him, when he considers that he might be talking to women and children. Meantime, Gary has spotted Charlie Ruggles, and Bill passes the mike along to get the Gospel according to Mr. Ruggles.

Several seats away, Gary's eagle eye catches Jean Harlow, who slides down into her furs, hoping to dodge the mike; but Gary has such a way with him that Jean, laughingly, obliges with her expert opinion that, "It's going to be a swell fight tonight." Another "victim" is Jack Benny, who shoots something nifty into the mike concerning George Jessel.

I happened to be there the night that Mae West was asked to send her greetings to her friends in Alaska. She complied, and really went into her act, inviting them, one and all, to "come down some time."

When the Legion fights get under way it's Gary Breckner who gives the blow-by-blow account of socks delivered by the palookas who palook each other every Friday night

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From Syntax to Cinema

[*Continued from page* 92]

cently, hadn't realized that he and Love could ever get so completely together. He had been in love (with a small letter) many times, of course. But here was Love, big important Love, taking him over like a receiver in bankruptcy.

"The worst thing was that I knew I had to do something about it," admits John, a little befuddled by the sudden visitation. "But what to do? I couldn't marry on my small salary, and marriage is the only thing possible when you feel as I do about a girl. The amazing part of the whole thing is that I should suddenly become involved like this. All of my life I've been aware of love but I never gave a thought to the possibility that it might catch up and surround *me*. It was beyond any of my thoughts. It's a funny thing, but it's true. Then I awakened one morning and said to myself: 'You're in love, all right. Absolutely. This time it involves you.' It was quite a shock."

If socks in the jaw are much more familiar to Howard than Love, it's because John Richard, with Irish and German blood plunging through his veins, admits to a colossal temper. It's the kind of temper that he keeps well in hand, and of late in absolute abeyance.

AT FIRST glance John Richard may not look pugnacious, but a second look betrays him. His slightly flared nostrils set above his square jaw show that he has embraced in life the creed of *Lost Horizon's Shangri-La* "moderation in everything," which also includes self-control, and this before he was even cast in James Hilton's mystical novel. "I'll be so mad, sometimes," says Howard, "that I get weak, and if I wanted to strike someone I wouldn't have the strength to."

From this admission you can see what a wrestle young Howard is going to have with himself now that Love has raised its disturbing head. But you know that he will reach a winning decision on it. He always does. Marriage will probably have to wait for he is not established firmly enough in films or finances to be able to indulge in matrimony, although his recent work in Columbia's *Lost Horizon,* Universal's *Let Them Live!* and now his home studio's *Mountain Music* has brought him recognition. Despite these appearances, his favorite role is his first important part with the late Sir Guy Standing in *Annapolis Farewell.* His greatest desire is to play *Gimpy,* the crippled architect, in Samuel Goldwyn's production of the Broadway success *Dead End.* "But I probably won't get a chance," says Howard, fatalistically.

With Love and the plot of his trilogy revolving in his mind, plus busy days playing tennis or the piano, or sketching (when he is not working), John Richard finds time to mull over a few aversions: "Elderly women who fuss and make fools of themselves over young men," he says in honest disgust, "and young and idle society women."

Among the Hollywood acting *fauna* (and *flora,* too) Howard seems out of place. Never the exhibitionist, always the normal male, Howard has none of the pretty conceits of the confirmed powder-puff pusher. He's just a nice guy—scholarly, artistic; an all-around nice guy over whose tanned face a healthy blush can still creep if occasion demands. It's a good thing the cinema instead of syntax caught him.

"There's a new Technic in Love"

Says Jean Harlow

"Beauty has little to do with it, and youth doesn't matter . . . because women have learned to be . . . " well, read for yourself in

July Screen Play
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Just what the luscious Harlow has to say about the changes taking place in modern romance.

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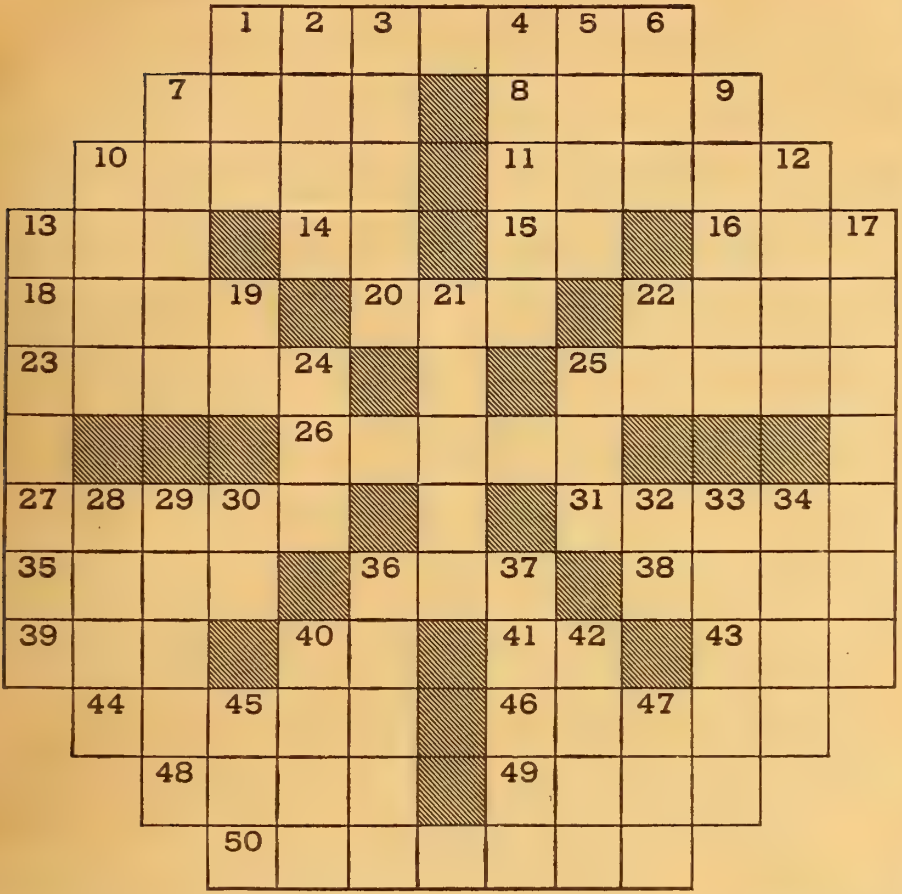

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	44		45			▨	46		47			
		48				▨	49					
			50									

ACROSS

1 Gable's latest film
7 He appeared in the old Keystone Comedies
8 M-G-M's famous Leo
10 Shirley Temple was born in —— Monica, Calif.
11 LAWYER ABBOTT in OUTCAST
13 He lately had role of BULLDOG DRUMMOND
14 Miss Duna's initials
15 HISTORY —— MADE AT NIGHT
16 Movie patrons are annoyed by those who do this (Colloq.)
18 FIRE —— ENGLAND
20 Is Irene Dunne Married?
22 —— ON THE JURY
23 Star of THE MAN WHO LIVED AGAIN
25 NICHETTE in CAMILLE
26 He was MICHAEL STROGOFF
27 Singer featured in HAPPY-GO-LUCKY
31 Descriptive of the hero
35 Gertrude Michael and George Murphy had leads in WOMAN ——
36 Ratoff's ancient vehicle in SEVENTH HEAVEN
38 Measure of film (pl.)
39 Title of late Guy Standing
40 Boy violinist in A DOCTOR'S DIARY.
41 Mr. Lowe's initials
43 Charlene Wyatt is one
44 UNDER —— OF NIGHT
46 If screen —— are successful, movie aspirants may get contracts
48 Star of THE GAY DESPERADO
49 —— WANTED TO MARRY
50 She stars in I MET HIM IN PARIS

DOWN

1 Remember Betty Bronson in PETER ——?
2 Performs in a motion picture
3 —— WILLING AND ABLE
4 PATRICIA WESTLEY in STEP LIVELY, JEEVES
5 HER HUSBAND ——
6 SWING HIGH, SWING ——
7 Metro-Goldwyn ——
9 WILLIE in THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY
10 You saw this comedian in ONCE IN A BLUE MOON
12 AUNT MILLY in A FAMILY AFFAIR
13 Feminine leads in GOD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN
17 Mrs. Gene Markey
19 State in which Nelson Eddy was born (abbr.)
21 One who plays in mob scenes, etc
22 Miss Lightner's initials
24 —— Antonio, Texas, is Joan Crawford's birthplace
25 JUDY NOLAN in THE GREAT O'MALLEY
28 He is teamed with Cecilia Parker in A FAMILY AFFAIR
29 She was once married to the late Lowell Sherman
30 Miss Pringle's initials
32 WOMEN —— GLAMOUR
33 Feminine lead in FAIR WARNING
34 Whose role is that of FARRA in I PROMISE TO PAY?
36 She was the girl friend of POLO JOE
37 Star of MARKED WOMAN
40 City in Nevada where Arline Judge divorced Wesley Ruggles
42 You've laughed at Lew —— in Fox Movietone Newsettes
45 Short for star of NANCY STEELE IS MISSING
47 Garbo does not allow visitors here

Last Month's Solution

C	R	O	S	B	Y		B	A	R	R	I	E
L	▨	F	O	R				L	O	Y	▨	I
A	T	▨	N	A	G		G	A	Y	▨	W	L
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W		I	G	O	R	▨	S	N	U	B		G
H	U	N	T	▨	A	C	T	▨	P	U	R	R
A	N	D	▨	I	F		A	L	▨	S	E	A
L	A	▨	D	O	T		R	I	C	▨	V	B
E	▨	D	A	W				L	A	D	▨	L
N	O	R	M	A	N		B	I	N	N	I	E

Science now shows how
SHAVING LEGS
causes stocking runs

Micro-Photo shows wiry stubble penetrates silk stockings, causes runs.

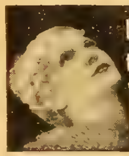
Micro-Photo of stocking. X-Bazin leaves no wiry stubble to tear hose threads.

Runs! Runs! You seldom know how they start—but if you are a "leg shaver" runs can easily be caused by the sharp wiry hair stubbles rubbing against hose. Yet to be attractive, legs must be hairless—and they can be! Simply apply perfumed X-Bazin Cream right from the tube, spread it on lightly, then wash off—in 3 minutes skin is smooth—soft and hairless.

Insist on X-Bazin, the perfumed hair remover, and remember it's just as dainty and efficient for arms and underarms. All druggists—ten cent stores. Try it.

HAIRLESS LEGS ARE ATTRACTIVE LEGS

X-BAZIN
Cream
FROM A FAMOUS FRENCH FORMULA
FOR REMOVING HAIR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Lechler's Lightning Hair Lightener is an amazing product; an antiseptic, white, creamy paste. It has many advantages over liquid preparations. You can use it to lighten the roots and scalp only. Cannot run to the ends of the hair like a liquid. Can't make the hair lifeless, dry or brittle. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. Cannot streak or over-bleach. Actually Beneficial to bleached hair and permanents. Used by famous stage and screen beauties for over 20 years. Harmless—guaranteed. Mail complete with application brush for only $1

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I enclose 10c (Canada 15c) for "Hide-it" ☐Cream ☐Stick.
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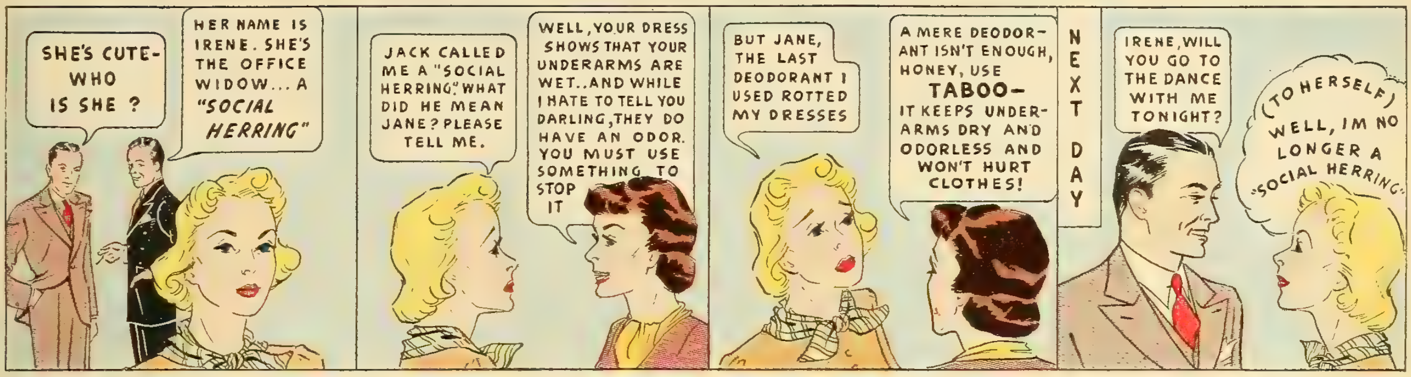
Name
Address

Our Own Winners

The votes are in for the Screen Star Popularity Contest. Taylor wins!

The votes have been counted in our Screen Star Popularity Contest which was conducted in the March and April issues of MOTION PICTURE—and Robert Taylor has been elected the favorite star. Over 30,000 votes were cast, and Robert Taylor came in first with a total of 3,157; Clark Gable second with 2,768 and Shirley Temple third with 2,537. They were followed by Greta Garbo, William Powell, Claudette Colbert, Nelson Eddy, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Errol Flynn, Norma Shearer, Fred MacMurray, Jeanette MacDonald, Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis and Myrna Loy—in the order named. Full details of the prize-winning entrants and the winning stars will be published next month

HOW LONESOME IRENE WON ROMANCE

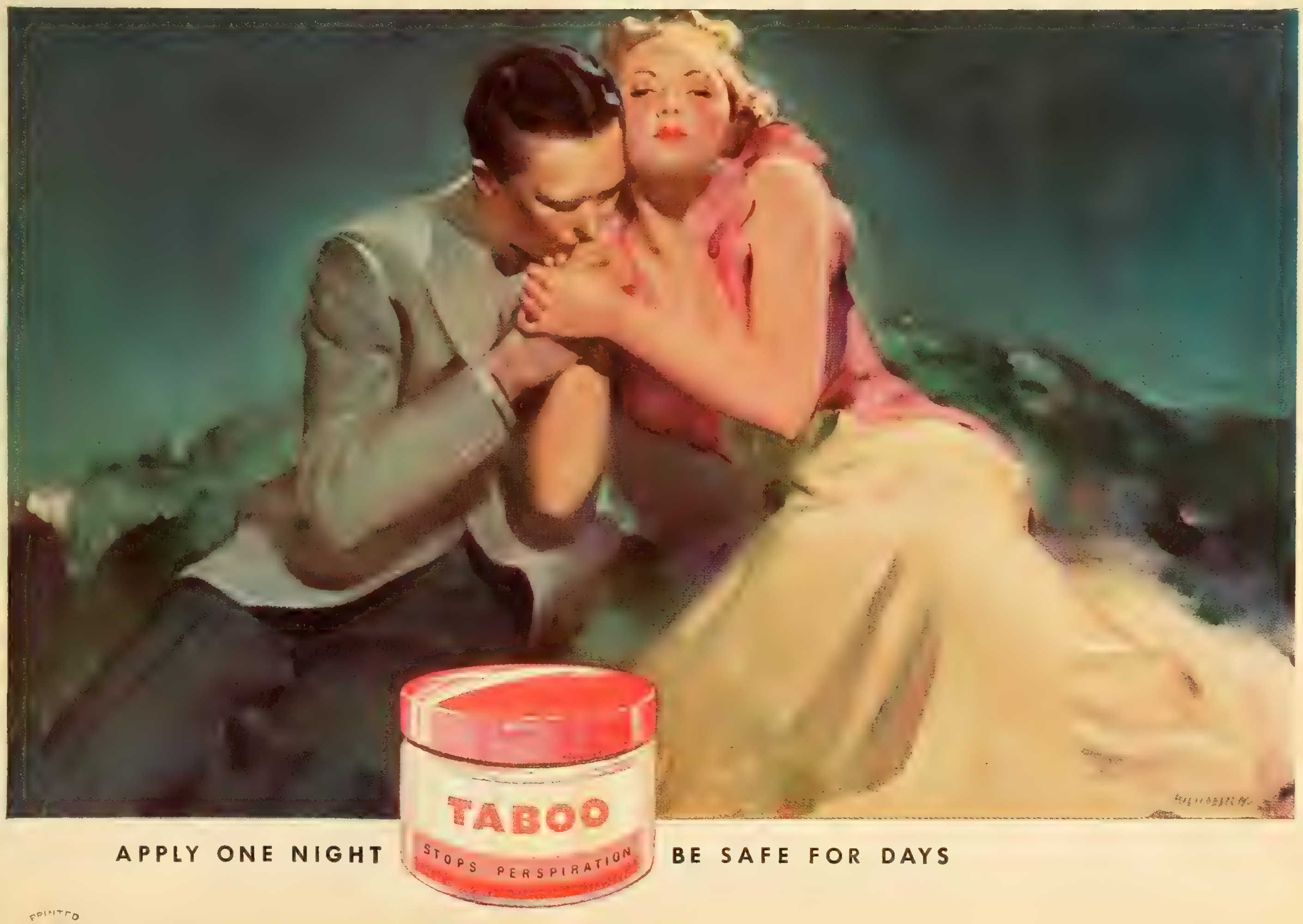

SHE'S CUTE-WHO IS SHE ?
HER NAME IS IRENE. SHE'S THE OFFICE WIDOW... A "SOCIAL HERRING"
JACK CALLED ME A "SOCIAL HERRING". WHAT DID HE MEAN JANE? PLEASE TELL ME.
WELL, YOUR DRESS SHOWS THAT YOUR UNDERARMS ARE WET..AND WHILE I HATE TO TELL YOU DARLING, THEY DO HAVE AN ODOR. YOU MUST USE SOMETHING TO STOP IT
BUT JANE, THE LAST DEODORANT I USED ROTTED MY DRESSES
A MERE DEODORANT ISN'T ENOUGH, HONEY, USE TABOO— IT KEEPS UNDERARMS DRY AND ODORLESS AND WON'T HURT CLOTHES!
NEXT DAY
IRENE, WILL YOU GO TO THE DANCE WITH ME TONIGHT?
(TO HERSELF) WELL, I'M NO LONGER A "SOCIAL HERRING"

UNDERARMS MUST BE KEPT DRY AS WELL AS ODORLESS

This dainty new vanishing cream does both

Perspiration wetness is as chilling to hearts as perspiration odor. TABOO completely disposes of both, by actually *stopping* the perspiration. Keeps underarms perfectly dry . . . keeps them absolutely odorless . . . freshly sweet. Neither stains nor otherwise harms clothing. And what a delight it is to use . . . for it's a delicately scented, pure-white vanishing cream . . . smooth as the cream you use on your face. Completely absorbed by the skin instantly upon application, where it remains for days the guardian of your charm and the loyal friend of romance. Obtain TABOO at the better toilet goods and drug counters anywhere . . . fifty cents. Introductory size at all 10c stores.

DREAMS COME TRUE WHEN UNDERARMS ARE DAINTY


TABOO
STOPS PERSPIRATION

APPLY ONE NIGHT BE SAFE FOR DAYS

PRINTED U.S.A.

Swimming is the favorite sport of this vivid Park Avenue matron

Mrs. Ogden Hammond, Jr.

aboard S.S. Conte di Savoia

YOUNG Mrs. Hammond, daughter-in-law of the former Ambassador to Spain, is an international figure in the world of society. She was educated in Rome. Made her début in New York. Traveled extensively. Mrs. Hammond is an enthusiastic traveler and swimmer. As she herself remarked, when photographed *(right)* at the Conte di Savoia pool: "I'm on board my favorite liner; I'm enjoying my favorite sport; I'm smoking my favorite cigarette—a Camel! So I'm happy. Camel's delicate flavor always tastes good, but especially so after a swim. Camels give my energy a cheering lift!"

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MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
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MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., *New York*
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